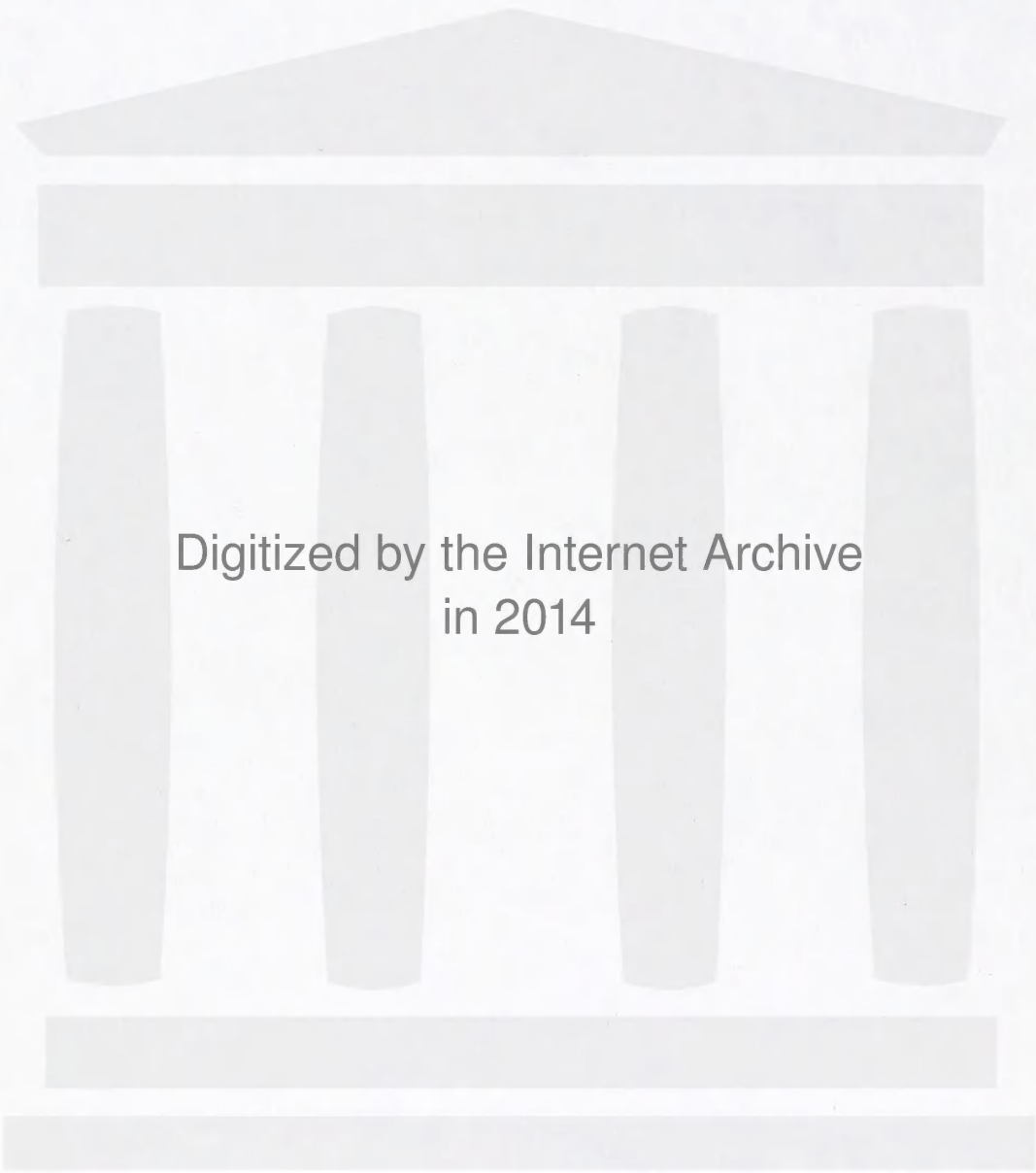


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JULY 1976

Bicentennial Celebration Issue!

LADIES' HOME

Journal

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S LAST (AND BEST) MYSTERY NOVEL

New! Miss Marple in "Sleeping Murder"

ZA MINNELLI
'hat happens when father and
ughter make a movie together

HE CANDIDATES' WIVES
raight talk about ERA
d other women's issues

HN WAYNE
new look at a
rprisingly gentle hero

MERICAN SUMMER FOODS
scious strawberries,
rtable picnic salads

. RUBIN
ways to tell if you
ed a psychiatrist

COND SKIN"
ek bathing suits
u can dare to wear

MEMBER THE LADIES!"
cinating excerpt from
important
entennial book

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Special portrait section
THE REAL BEAUTIES OF AMERICA
Readers who typify today's women

innelli

On men, gray hair is distinguished. On me, it's just plain old. Is a peroxide haircolor my only choice?

Sure, it's unfair. I have only a few grays. If I were a man, I'd be growing them gracefully. Instead, I'm plucking them furiously.

I can remind myself that what counts is what's in my head, not on it. And I can rant and rave as loud as the next woman.

But when the fuss is finished, there'd still be those nasty grays in my hair. I, for one, don't want to live with them.

I've thought about hair-coloring, but I'm wary of peroxide. I've heard it takes some of the natural color out of your hair.

It's a gray a day now. I have a woman-to-woman talk with my best and beautiful brunette friend. It seems a peroxide haircolor is *not* my only choice. I can use Loving Care® Color-Lotion from Clairol, like she does. (News to me.)

It has no peroxide, just covers your grays without changing your natural hair-color. And it comes in 15 shades, one like mine.

I certainly know how to pick best friends. Loving Care did cover my grays, but didn't change that natural color I'd grown so attached to all these years.

And who'd have expected it to make my hair silkier, softer and easier to manage than before? I really like my hair now.

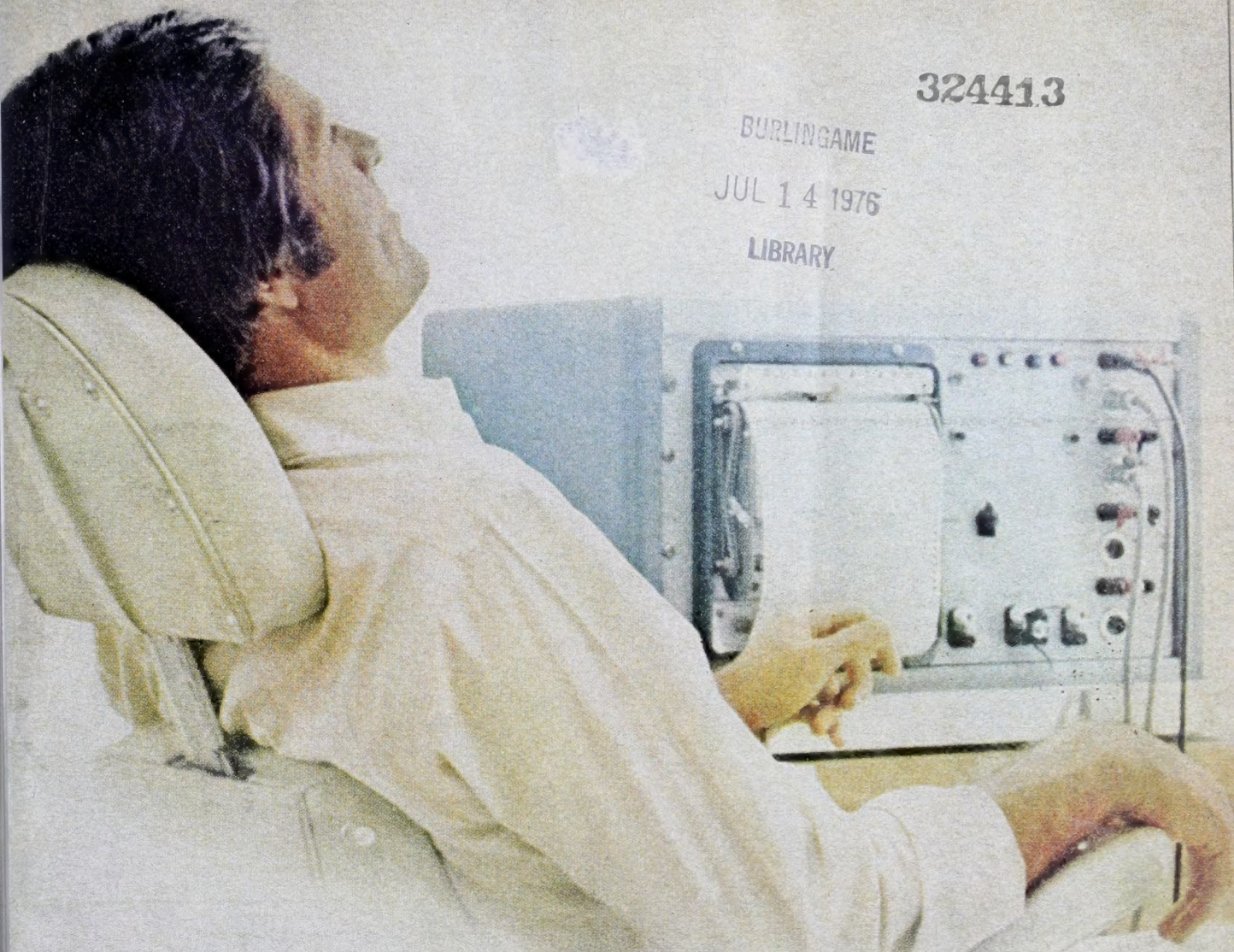




It's good for your hai

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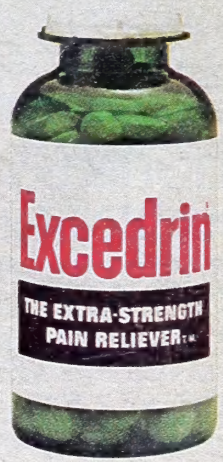
In an important medical study on pain, cedrin worked better than regular aspirin.

Here's why that could be important when u have a headache.

Headache pain is difficult to measure. So doctors used research volunteers to compare the effectiveness of regular aspirin tablets and Excedrin on pain that was more readily measured.

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The extra-strength pain reliever.

vers 1976



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VOL. XCIII, NO. 7
JULY 1976

LADIES' HOME Journal®

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®





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Cover photograph of Liza Minnelli by Sheldon Secunda. Page 34: photograph of President and Mrs. Ford—official White House photograph; the Reagans—Elyse Lewin/Transworld; the Carters—Ken Regan/Camera 5; the Udalls and the Wallaces—Doug Bruce/Camera 5; the Churches—Patricia G. Oriol; the Jacksons—Greg Gilbert.

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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey

A very personal view of the controversial Equal Rights Amendment



"OFFICE GIRLS," BY RAPHAEL SOYER, 1936

Painting courtesy of Whitney Museum of American Art

24 QUIET WORDS

This month, along with 35 other women's magazines, the *Journal* has volunteered to devote space to the subject of the Equal Rights Amendment. Before you react with either enthusiasm or hostility, we dare you to say aloud the 24 quiet words which have set off such thunderbolts of controversy. Are you groping? Here they are:

> "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex."

They are vague, dry words, shaped in the manner of most legal principles. And yet, they have become a raging issue, argued more often with emotion than fact, and sometimes obscured by the fanaticism on both sides of the issue. Already, this magazine has been deluged with a write-in campaign urging us to present the negative side along with what everyone would expect from me: a persuasive polemic urging my own views on our 15-million Journal readers. The pro and con debate is fairly well handled by the presidential candidates' wives on page 34. I decided against making a laundry list of my own. (I remember once listing the reasons to marry a man who had asked me. Then I met my husband, and decided lists were unnecessary.)

THAT'S HOW I FEEL ABOUT ERA

I'm for it on a chiefly instinctual reaction. I grew up as a young woman who wanted to be loved, cherished and protected, who leaned on men and knew that the best way to keep them happy was to feed their sense of superiority. Lots of women still feel the same way, and perhaps even I still act out the role occasionally. But times have moved on. I've grown up, and so have women. I have had my eyes opened to the realities of discrimination and to the inevitable truth that, in the end, women must fall back on their own resources and their own sense of being equal both to men and to life. ERA is a legal document and, like the Bill of Rights, it is open-ended. Certainly, it is filled with some possible shake-ups, although the spectre of communal bathroms or girls fighting in the trenches to me seem like false alarms. On the other hand, I also do not identify with the most strident feminists who translate those 24 quiet words into their own version of revised standards and conduct. (They don't need ERA to have that freedom, by the way; they have it now.)

A PRINCIPLE, STATED

To me, the Equal Rights Amendment is simply putting into the Constitution a large group our Founding Fathers forgot to mention: the women. The Fourteenth Amendment did it for our black population. When ratified by four more states, the ERA will include women of all races, colors and creeds. Many presumptions have been forwarded on how legislators will react to this new guideline, and I must admit I cannot completely foretell where it will all lead us 75 years from now. (I hope not away from home and family and all the solid values that give our country strength.)

I do know that 75 years back, another editor of the *Journal*, Edward Bok, stuck his neck out rather embarrassingly. A brilliant, if woman-suspicious Dutchman, he and this magazine came out against women's suffrage. In his own words, he just felt women weren't ready for the vote. In other words, they couldn't hack it. As the second woman editor in the *Journal*'s history, I just feel that it is too late to turn back to Mr. Bok's attitude. I am an optimist about both women and men . . . about women's aptitude to grow and live multi-personal, achieving lives and about men's ultimate abilities to live with women who aren't necessarily slaves. Equality, after all, is not 24 quiet words. Equality is achieved when people have an acceptance of and a respect for each other that transcends sexual stereotypes. That may be a long way away, but meanwhile, I think it's a good idea to make a beginning. You don't have to agree with me. That's your right, whatever your convictions. But I do believe that all women should learn more about the amendment, discuss it with their friends, neighbors, husbands. *And make up your own mind.* That's not just a right. It's an obligation to yourself, and to your sons and daughters.

MEANWHILE, FOR THE BICENTENNIAL

I would also like to announce that a new book will be published by the Viking Press in October. It will be called *The Journal of the Century*, and it will be a beautiful, 352-page volume that takes you back through the whole history of *Ladies' Home Journal*, evoking a whole century with the greatest writers, journalists, artists and illustrators of their times. I can only say that every *Journal* reader will covet a copy. Watch for it!—LENORE HERSHEY

The most exposed part of your body is your hair. Don't let summer get to it. Use condition*."

Julius Caruso



"Tanning lotions protect your body from burning sun. Skin creams moisturize it against drying wind, salt water, chlorine, air conditioners.

But what about your hair? I've never seen a suntan lotion for that. It's a shame because the most beautiful tan can't make up for hair that's dried, broken, frizzled by summer. What's more, the damage done in summer can last all winter long.



The way I see it, you have 2 choices. Either stop doing the things you love all summer, or use condition* at least once a month to help undo the damage.

condition* Beauty Pack Treatment from Clairol has 4 times the protein of any leading conditioner. This intensive 30-minute treatment is so rich and creamy, that instead of dripping off your hair like watery conditioners, it sinks right into the hair shaft, supplying all the deprived hollows with protein.

It helps repair split ends so your hair has a new body and fullness. And a healthy, glossy shine.

condition* costs more than most other conditioners, but then, how much do you value your hair?

This summer, keep your hair in as good shape as the rest of you.

With condition*."

condition*

The 30-minute treatment for summer-damaged hair.





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What's happening

Painting courtesy of Whitney Museum of American Art



"TWENTY CENT MOVIE," BY REGINALD MARSH, 1936

The brightest movie news this month is the light-hearted comedy, *The Bad News Bears*. A hit!

By Gene Shalit What could be happier for sunny summer viewing than a movie starring Walter Matthau in a disreputable but, oh so, appealing role? Here he is in *The Bad News Bears*, playing a beer-guzzling scrubber of California swimming pools who's hired by a local politician to manage the Bears, a Little League baseball team. What a conglomeration of kids!—a motley melting pot of backgrounds, a brood of all breeds. They don't know second base from a salami sandwich. The league teems with tyros: a too-fat catcher, fielders who make 24 errors in a game and uniforms imprinted with the name of their sponsor, *Chico's Bail Bonds*. Here they come tagging after Matthau—and mostly *missing* the tag. But with Tatum O'Neal as a 12-year-old girl with a terrific curve, and a gaggle of stumblers who play their hearts out, they're suddenly on the move, making you grin, choke and cheer. Into each slice of life some crumbs must fall—and the biggest crumb in this movie is the manager of the other team. Will justice triumph? Will the Bears win the championship? Well, I'm not going to spoil the picture for you by giving away the ending. Just know that *The Bad News Bears* is a lighthearted jubilation directed by Michael Ritchie and written by Bill Lancaster, who catches the schoolyard vocabulary dropped by today's elementary schoolers. Caution: Much of the language may seem out of place in a GP movie, so if the street language of many kids offends you, this is a warning. But if you want a warmhearted comedy that is happily entertaining, run, run, run to *The Bad News Bears*. It's a hit.

IT'S ALL STEIGER

There are all sorts of reasons for going to the movies: You've just *got* to get out of the house because life at home has turned into a vacuum . . . or you're in front of the theater and there's a sudden downpour . . . or you have an irresistible urge for popcorn . . . or there's a good actor in the movie. If *acting* is your reason, have I got a movie for you! It's *W. C. Fields & Me* starring Rod Steiger in a challenging role: He portrays that unique personag W. C. Fields, one of the few *important* comedians in the history of the movies. What makes this so difficult is that W. C. Fields can easily be imitated badly: that nasal speech, those bird-like steps, that insolent stance, those cowardly con-man eyes. But Steiger does not do a night club routine; he delivers a characterization of Fields that is always effective and often affecting. The Me in *W. C. Fields & Me* is Carlotta Monti, the mistress of his later life on whose book this film is based. She's played by Valerie Perrine, who does what she can with this thin and unrevealing script. There are a few skits and some horseplay with John Barrymore and Gene Fowler, who were Fields' heavy drinking pals in those lush days of Hollywood. But Steiger rises above all of this and gives a terrifically moving performance. Watch *him* and skip the movie.

TEDIUM A LA INGMAR

There may be a horribly hideous hole in Hades for any critic who dares find any imperfection in a film by Ingmar Bergman. If that's the case, I'm ready for a hot eternity because the new Bergman is blemished. It's called *Face to Face* and it *does* have a gripping performance by Liv Ullmann, who *is* a splendid actress. Bergman is undeniably an *(continued)*

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	tar, mg/cig.	nicotine, mg/cig.
Brand D (Filter)	14	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	***2**	**0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***2**	**0.2**

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
*1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



No wonder Carlton is fastest growing of the top 25.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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What's happening

continued

artist, but *Face to Face* is more Scandinavian gloom than I care to read through (the film is in Swedish with English subtitles). *Face to Face* is the profile of a physician (Liv Ullmann), whose husband has deserted her. She has taken a lover but is lured away by a homosexual professor (Erland Josephson) and ultimately slides to a swallow of suicide. Cinema scholars can take their tweezers and pick out the symbols, but if you're not a fan of psychology textbooks this may remind you of *Tedium 101*. I admire Bergman, but this is enough already.

SALVAGE EFFORT

Jeff Bridges is a fine young actor who seems determined to prove that he can save *any* movie. If he were a cook he would come into the kitchen with the pot bottoms burning and act as if it were a gourmet meal. His newest salvage operation is called *Stay Hungry*, a movie by Bob Rafelson, a director of uneven achievement. He made *Five Easy Pieces* (cheers), but he also made *The King of Marvin Gardens* (noncheers). *Stay Hungry* is set in Birmingham, Ala., where Jeff Bridges is a wealthy orphan who's inherited a grand estate but is adrift in his aimless life. He's entangled with real estate swindlers who get him involved with a bodybuilding building they want him to buy. There he meets Arnold Schwarzenegger. Arnold is type cast as a contestant in the Mr. Universe contest, since I'm told he *is* Mr. Universe. This, he discovers as he goes along, is a lot easier than acting. The swindlers' plan is to cross Bridges when they get to him, but he eventually takes his toll on *them* in a ridiculous ending featuring all sorts of musclemen jamming downtown Birmingham. But by that time I didn't really care any longer: I'd had my fill of *Stay Hungry*.

FUTILE EXERCISE

Carlo Ponti, the husband of Sophia Loren, has produced a new movie comedy called *Virility*. It's set in sunny Sicily, where a young fellow comes home after a three-year sojourn in London. He left a boy, he returns a man. At least that's what everybody *assumes*, especially his father, the richest man in town since he's the owner of the local fish canning factory. Pop is a middle-aged womanizer, just divorced and just married outside the church to a (compared to the others in this town) young girl. The boy brings home a couple of English pals, including a girl whose hair is so short and whose voice is so deep and whose clothes are so shirt-and-slacked that everyone takes her for a boy. So when he kisses the girl, everyone thinks he is kissing a boy. The whole town laughs, whispers and mocks the father, who's been boasting about his studability. How can he prove that his son is straight? The girl-who-looks-like-a-boy has left town and things look bleak until the father catches his son in bed with his own young bride. *What wonderful news!* The whole town rejoices as the head-scratching audience creeps from the theater. *Virility* has the facility to mix incredibility with imbecility, so that *Virility* ends up as an exercise in futility.

UGLY DOGGEREL

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea sounds poetic, but the movie is doggerel. I don't know what sort of texture the original story had: its Japanese author, Yukio Mishima, is famous in his homeland, but in this English setting it is flat. What we have here is Sarah Miles as a widow in a British seacoast town. She's running an antique shop and living in an old house with her odd 13-year-old son. The boy goes to school where he has fallen in with a secret claque of kids who call each other by numbers instead of names. One day a wounded tramp steamer is towed into port. Who should be aboard but Kris Kristofferson. And who should fall in love with him but Sarah Miles. This upsets sonny. He has been spying into his mother's bedroom through a hole in the wall, and now he feels displaced and threatened by the sailor whom he loathes. The film is filled with evil precocity, moody conversation and explicit sexual scenes. She propositions, he proposes, they run into a diabolical turn of the plot, and finally sink to a sickening end. Sarah Miles is a good actress, and Kriss Kristofferson certainly appeals to many women, but they cannot save this ugly and pretentious movie.

WATCH THE SUGAR

The only part of *Birch Interval* that disappointed me was the interval between the beginning and the end. No doubt some parents and children will approve of this gooey newey—especially those who do not have to watch their sugar intake. What is so disappointing is that it was made by Robert Radnitz, who made *Sounder*. The difference is that *Sounder* was based on a fine novel. This is a story by Joanna Crawford, which is thoroughly undistinguished. *Birch Interval* is devoted to a pubescent girl whose mom hops off to gay Paree and parks her daughter with grandpa (Eddie Albert) in a Pennsylvania village in Amish country. Golly gee whiz, what a family it is. There is Albert, the white-haired grandpa, and his son—Uncle Thomas—who is the local iconoclast or loon, depending on which neighbor you talk to. He is married to a na who is having an affair with a cop. The are a bunch of sadistic children who t our little heroine to a tree and comm sexual insults but are never heard fro again. It's as if the script writer change her mind about this sequence but left in anyway. *Birch Interval* is probab supposed to be concerned with the pa of a little girl growing up, and some that pain comes from her love for poo old, sick Uncle Thomas—Rip Torn. He in a bad way. He is also in a bad pictur But what can he do about it? Torn pr vides the only shred of professionalis in this yarn. The story is hokum, t script is hopeless, and if this were novel, the last line would probably b "In the distance, a dog barked." **Er**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

All the President's Men is quite simply smash. If there were a Pulitzer Prize for mo ies *Men* would win.

Barry Lyndon. A feast for eyes and ears; famine for the mind.

The Dutchess and the Dirtwater Fox su jects George Segal and Goldie Hawn to cru and unusual punishment. Were audiences form a posse, they'd run *Dutchess* out town.

Family Plot is the newest Hitchcock, a this time horror is on hiatus. It's all just f fun, with a Hitchcock wink.

Grey Gardens deals with the recluse au and cousin of Jacqueline Onassis. A wistf tale, but through the ruins comes a love light.

Hustle. A "B" police movie of a slight higher caliber because of love affair plot i volving Burt Reynolds, Catherine Deneuv

The Killing of a Chinese Bookie stars B Gazzara, is directed by John Cassavetes. T plot's pot-holed with gaps, but it's the peop who count. Memorable.

Lipstick is agleam with rotten gloss, one the worst of the year.

Man Friday stars Peter O'Toole in the Ro inson Crusoe legend. The Defoe classic h been diminished to a tiresome political p lemic.

The Man Who Would Be King. A roy relief for fans who adore good adventu Sean Connery, Michael Caine and Chris pher Plummer lunge into John Huston's jo ous film set in Victorian India and remo points north.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Ja Nicholson gives one of the best perfor ances in years in one of the most grippi movies in years.

Robin and Marian shows two of our favor characters in middle age. Sadly, a treasu turned to dross that rarely takes flight.

Salut L'Artiste, starring the incomparab Marcello Mastroianni, is a romantic come with a dash of bitters. Hail, Marcello!

Seven Beauties is an indelible film by t extraordinary Italian director, Lina We muller.

Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother. Ge Wilder, Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman a Dom DeLuise, in a film that lacks M Brooks' wild abandon, making it often, b not always, merrily mad.

The Story of Adele H, from François Tru faut, tells of a woman obsessed by love.

The Sunshine Boys. One of the best com dies in years, with Walter Matthau a George Burns as a couple of old vaudev lians. Based on Neil Simon's Broadway h

Taxi Driver is a morbid but well-made film *for adults only*—with a brilliant performan by Robert DeNiro.

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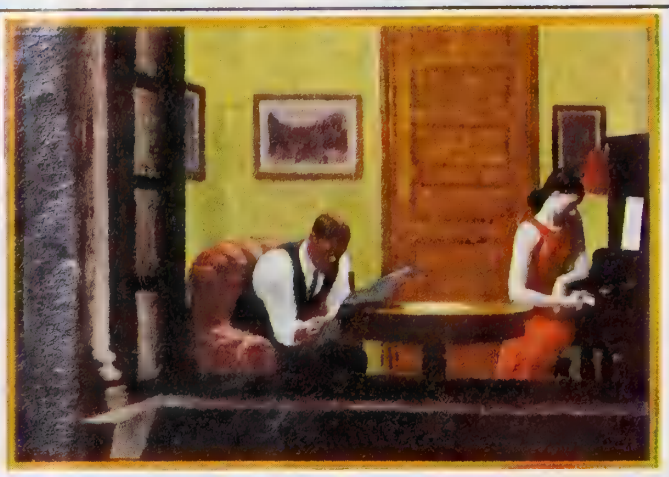
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Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Tom was desolate—maybe he would wake up and find that his pregnant wife and shotgun marriage were just a bad dream.



Painting courtesy of the F. M. Hall Collection of University of Nebraska Art Galleries, Lincoln

"ROOM IN NEW YORK," BY EDWARD HOPPER, 1932

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest marriage-counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from the counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Irving D. Croshier.

Paul Popenoe, Sc. D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

TRUDY SPEAKS FIRST

"When our baby was born dead 18 months ago, I was sure that Tom would leave me," said 21-year-old Trudy, a diminutive, curly-haired brunette with brown, sorrowful eyes. "Our little son was a healthy seven pounds, two ounces, but he was strangled by the umbilical cord.

"I was four months pregnant when Tom and I got married, and I'm sure that he wasn't happy about it. We'd gone steady for nearly two years, and my pregnancy came as a terrific shock to us both. This sounds awfully naive, I suppose, since we took only rudimentary precautions, but we were just teenage kids and counted on our luck.

"I fell wildly in love with the back of Tom's neck when we were seniors in high school—it was all any of the girls ever saw of him," Trudy laughed. "Tom was a transfer student from Hawaii who starred in sports but shunned the popularity that went along with athletics. I was a transfer student myself, but just an average person who had moved to an ultra-sophisticated city school, where people were pretty unfriendly to ordinary outsiders like me. When a 'Sadie Hawkins' dance was announced on the bulletin board—a dance where the girls ask the boys—my younger sister Sue dared me to invite Tom. I had no intention of doing it, but that afternoon as Tom dashed along the crowded hall on his way to football practice, Sue gave me a shove. I landed practically in his arms, figured why not, and invited him to the dance. Tom stared at me, cleared his throat and finally said he would think about it. For a solid week he thought about it and I sank deeper in despair. But then, at the last possible minute, Tom stopped me in chem class and said okay.

"By the time we graduated in June, we were considered a permanent couple. This doesn't mean we indulged in much giddy dating—or in much sex, either. To tell the truth, our sexual relationship has never been that great. Sex always seems to come last with Tom. Even in high school, sports swallowed up the major part of his energy and attention.

"That fall the two of us enrolled as freshmen at the community college; Tom had an athletic scholarship that covered his tuition and I earned my way with a part-time job in a lab. On Sundays, we always tried to visit my parents, who were crazy about Tom—my mother in particular.

"Tom's parents weren't crazy about me. His dad, a big, blond Scandinavian, was polite, but rarely said much. His mother, a native of Hawaii with millions of Island customs and prejudices, said a lot, however—and everything she said showed that she disliked me.

"My mother is an optimistic, psychologically oriented, very modern woman. When we told her I was pregnant that Thanksgiving, she supported me completely, saying the baby would probably draw Tom and me closer. Of course, she adores kids—she was thrilled to pieces by the prospect of a grandchild and she didn't care who knew it. Anyhow, Mom decided that Tom and I deserved a real, honest-to-goodness church wedding. After a colossal argument with my father—Dad is a problem drinker and was unemployed at the time—Mom got her way, as usual.

"My in-laws refused to come, although Tom's father did send flowers to the church. It was a deliberate slap in the face, and naturally I was hurt. But I was hurt far worse, actually, by their reaction—their non-reaction, really—to the death of their grandchild. My mother stayed at the hospital all night to stand by Tom and me—even my father came for a while. My in-laws sent no word, no flowers, no nothing. To this day they have never acknowledged that it happened."

There was a long pause. "Tom and I never really discussed what happened to us that night," Trudy said slowly. "We haven't talked about our feelings, like the tears pouring down my face when Tom finally came to my bedside—tears he pretended not to see; the way he forgot to kiss me until reminded by the nurse; the little funeral the doctor wouldn't allow me to attend. I doubt that Tom and I will ever have another child. Actually, I doubt I can hold him as a husband.

"He dropped out of college at the end of the spring semester, without saying a thing to me, but naturally, as soon as I found out, I dropped my classes, too. I located a full-time job without difficulty, but poor Tom, a darn good mechanic, spent three months in an unsuccessful search for the kind of work that suits him.

"With just one paycheck coming in, we had to live with my parents for a while, and I imagine the arrangement embarrassed and hurt Tom—although he didn't complain or talk about it. Anyhow, I took (*continued*)

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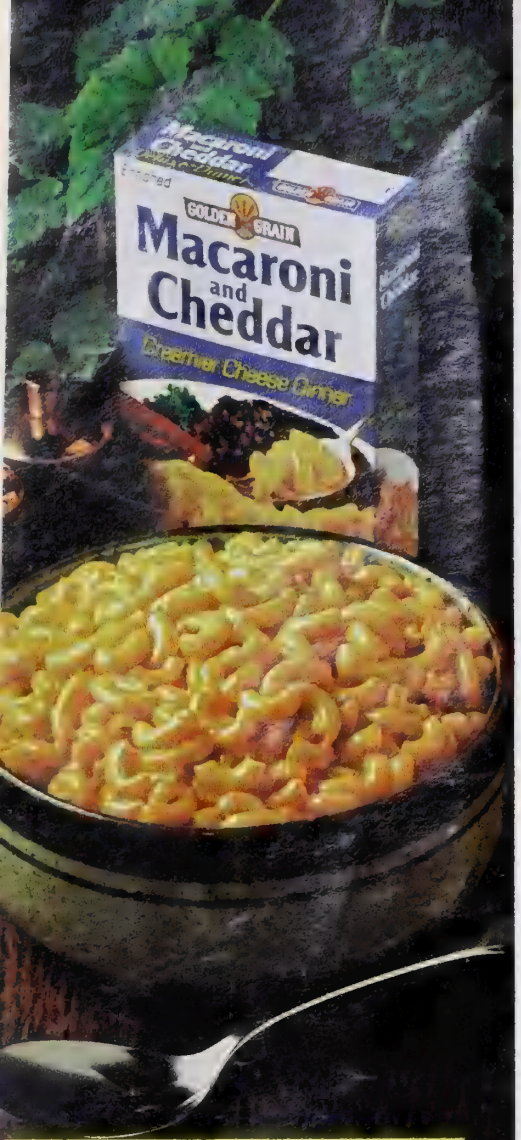


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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

out a loan and we moved to our own apartment. I suppose he was probably pleased, but he didn't tell me so.

"The only time Tom ever seems willing to say two words is when his father happens to be home from a sales trip and we visit them. Tom talks sports to his dad, who sometimes responds but more often talks about Tom's brilliant older brother, Raymond, a recent graduate from medical school. My mother-in-law talks steadily about Raymond's two little girls, aged three and ten months, his flourishing medical practice and his pretty wife. Everybody acts as if I'm invisible."

Trudy sighed. "Six months ago, Tom landed a good job with a wealthy factory owner who operates a fleet of trucks. I had high hopes that we could be happy at last. To spare Tom the extra driving chore, my mother usually takes me to and from my office. Afternoons, Mom and I grocery shop, and often we wind up in her kitchen—she is a far better cook than I am—and she prepares enough stew or casseroles for everybody, including Tom and me.

"Tom has no dreary domestic tasks to hinder him, nothing to tie him down. I've done everything in my power to be a good wife, but it's been weeks and weeks since we've had intercourse. He sleeps on the farthest side of the bed and sometimes just stretches out on the living room sofa by himself. He is unhappy with me, I know. In the evenings, when I come home from Mother's carrying a delicious, steaming-hot meal for him, he is usually watching TV. He doesn't get up or even look up to say hello. Three or four nights a week he doesn't eat a bite but goes off to some sports event without me.

"Sometimes I come in and find him sitting on the sofa doing nothing, not even watching a program, just sitting there. Last Friday I got home late, thought he was gone and turned on the lights. But there he was, sitting in the dark. Before I could say a word, he turned on the TV. I switched it off. I asked him what was wrong and he didn't answer until I screamed at him to tell me. Several minutes went by. Tom finally said he was tired of being married and wanted to take a trip around the world. It was crazy. I told him we couldn't afford for him to take a trip around the world—and he walked out.

"I didn't know what to do, so eventually I phoned my mother. She went through the For Rent ads in the newspaper, and the next morning we put a deposit on a furnished efficiency apartment not far away. Tom can move his things tomorrow and we can have a trial separation for a few months, if that w satisfy him. But I am terribly afraid trial separation may turn out to be pe manent—and I can't bear to lose him.

TOM'S TURN TO TALK

"I want to bum my way around t world," Tom said in a draggy, almc inaudible voice. A blue-eyed towhea he looked even younger than his years. "I want to be free," he said de perately. "I'm trapped in a crampe airless apartment, a stone's throw fr all the nagging females in my life. Tru paid the first month's rent on the plac and helped me move my things out didn't even have the guts to prote She's always been kind to me, kinc than I deserve, except when she g mad and yells and screeches like l mother—it scares the pants off me.

"I wish I loved Trudy, but I don't often wonder if I ever did love her, sir I have no basis for comparison. She the only girl I've ever known, the or girl I ever dated. Most of the guys know who are into sports are real m —they've dated dozens of girls, hu dreds, some of them.

"Those guys would sure get a lau if they knew what I don't know abc sex. The last time Trudy and I got gether, last March or April as I rec it was a disaster. I tried something n to us, but Trudy was squeamish, wh turned me off cold—so neither of us ca to climax. After that, I more or less cided I was tired of having sex w Trudy and tired of marriage.

"I didn't want to marry Trudy or a one else at nineteen years of age. I with Trudy pregnant, it seemed lik had no choice. Practically everyone v against me and on the side of marriag my mother, who always mistrusted T dy, was the solitary holdout. Unfor nately, Mom's opinions don't regis very high with me. From the time I v a kid, she tried to keep me in line quoting her endless Hawaiian super tions to prove that sons meet an fate unless they heed their moth Dad and Raymond make fun of her perstitions. Since Mom can't con eit of them, I don't intend for her to me, either, even though she really i always wrong.

"Trudy is dead set against a per nent separation. How can I be sure won't trap me into going back to her w another pregnancy? I don't want the sponsibility of a family. I need the portunity to find my own identity."

Suddenly Tom stood up and wal restlessly around the counselor's off "When Trudy's baby was stillborn tried to feel sorry for her sake, but T dy's pregnancy always seemed unrea me; I couldn't picture myself the fat of a child. When it turned out I wa to be a father after all, I was relieve

(continued on page 6)

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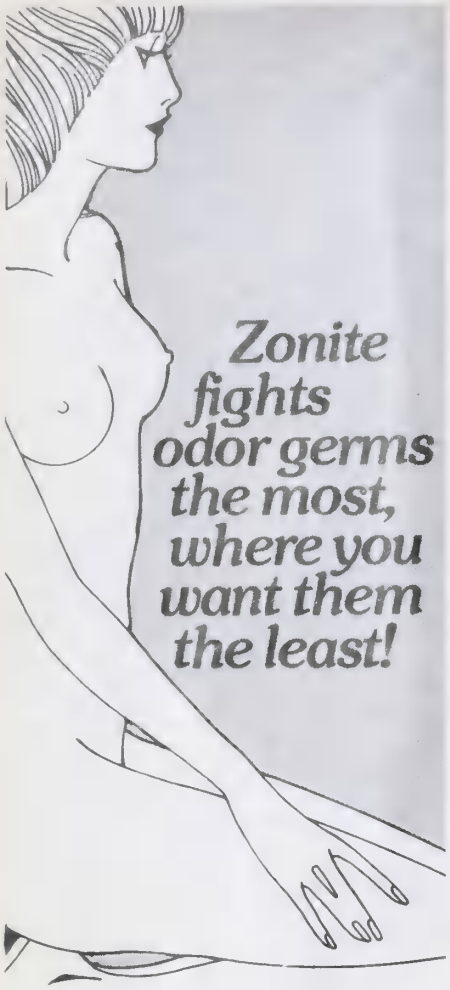
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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

"I guess I had the feeling that my marriage, the horrible wedding ceremony, the weird, unreal months afterwards—the whole bit—would disappear like a bad dream and I would wake up single again, free and independent. But Trudy hung on to me tighter than ever, so tight I damn near smothered. At the same time that Trudy clung to me, she and her mother began telling me how to act, what to wear, what to eat, where to work—until it seemed like I was married to both of them, with my own mom pulling just as hard in the opposite direction. Once or twice I tried to ask my father's advice, but I got the brush-off. Except for a mild interest in my athletic talents, Dad basically isn't concerned with my affairs. I originally went out for football in the hope of impressing him, but he seldom showed up at a game. His great pride is my brother, Raymond.

"I have no specific plans for the future," Tom said somberly. "But I'm good with my hands and understand machinery, so I'm confident that I can earn my way around the world. Before I'm too old, I think I'm entitled to date more girls and have a few adventures and exciting experiences like other guys."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Trudy and Tom, at nineteen, were extremely immature for marriage. They needed to loosen their ties to domineering parents on both sides. Even more important, they needed to learn to communicate and share their inner feelings, fears, desires, goals. At my suggestion, Tom signed a short-term lease and continued living in his bachelor apartment. Also at my advice, Trudy refrained from telephoning him there and dropping in uninvited.

"She and Tom began to see each other and 'date' like an unmarried couple—with no outside pressure. With her new independence, Trudy easily mastered a course of driving lessons. One triumphant weekend, she drove Tom to a nearby skiing resort for a short vacati They began going to movies, to beach—in short, they had youthful together.

"During this pleasant interval, t began to learn the art of communicati It was a period of self-discovery them both. Trudy learned that her p sonality reflected the personality of quick-tempered, bossy mother far m than she had realized or wished—a she gradually began to make chang

"Tom learned that he was secr afraid of women, his domineering m er-in-law, his manipulative mom w her obnoxious habit of justifying eve thing with an Island superstition. T was particularly afraid and mistrus of Trudy, clinging, overdependent, bossy, too—a mixture reminiscent of h her mother and *his* mother. As Tr changed her ways, she learned to come a person in her own right and T relaxed and began to trust her.

"Honest communication taught Tr and Tom that leveling with each ot was not as dangerous as they had fea To his astonishment, Tom discove that Trudy was no more anxious to s a family in the near future than was And they began to share their guilt f ings about the lost baby.

"Under my direction, they recei elementary instruction on various se techniques—information badly nee by both. Tom no longer considers h self a failure in bed; in fact, Trudy sures me he is quite adept. After a th month separation, the two moved b together.

"Tom still works as assistant su visor in the maintenance departmen the trucking firm. He is fairly con with the job, but doesn't intend to h it much longer. He and Trudy are sa their money as fast as possible, bec next spring they intend to quit their and travel for a year. They don't ex to make it around the world, but t do expect to take a trip around the tire U.S.A. Trudy and Tom are now erating as a loving partnership, and t marriage, after an unhappy start, sh excellent prospects for continued cess.



"It's my own recipe for beef stew only instead of beef I used liverwurst."

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Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

Thrifty tips for gardeners, camera enthusiasts, mortgage purchasers, etc.



"PURCHASE OF MANHATTAN ISLAND," BY WILLIAM RANNEY

Painting courtesy of Kennedy Galleries, Inc.

I'm planning to save a lot of money by home canning this year—and so far our vegetable-fruit garden is more than living up to expectations. But will there be enough canning equipment available? Last year, from what I heard, the shortage of canning equipment forced many people to throw away—or give away—the produce on which they had counted for winter eating.
There should be adequate supplies of jars this year, and there certainly are more metal lids on the market now than in 1975. No major shortages are expected in jars or in pressure and water bath canners. Since this is July, though, why wait until the last minute to purchase supplies you know you'll need? Plan ahead by shopping now and finding the best buys you can.

Next month, our church holds its semi-annual rummage sale. I always donate many items of clothing that are sold rapidly. How should I handle the tax angles so I can get all the tax benefits to which we may be entitled?
You are entitled to a deduction for clothing you donate to charity—and you should not miss out on this deduction because of ignorance, laziness or failure to take the right steps at the right time. When you make your donation, ask your church for a written appraisal of the clothing's value. Keep the statements with your other tax records, so you'll have the appropriate proof to back up the deductions you take when you file your next return.

My husband has spent a fortune on expensive cameras and lenses. It's his greatest hobby. I'm worried whether we could possibly replace this equipment if it was stolen. Is insurance easy to get? A sound idea?
Yes, to both your questions. Expensive cameras and extra camera gear are easy to steal, easy to hide and easy to re-sell—so your concern is more than justified. Insurance is simple to get and rates are comparatively low. You can insure equipment with an endorsement to your homeowner's policy or take out a separate camera "floater." If you do insure your equipment, set the amount of the insurance at the equipment's replacement value; keep your insurance up-to-date (to cover increases in your equipment's value); be sure to keep a list of all serial and model numbers in a safe place.

Is a self-cleaning electric oven worth it, considering today's high electricity rates?
Worth it or not, this type of oven is the most desired in the country today. Other ovens are less expensive, but these demand some work on your part (which probably is what you are trying to reduce through the self-cleaning feature). A typical 30-inch self-cleaning model uses an average of about 89 kilowatt hours per month for cooking and cleaning, says the Consumers Institute of General Electric and Hotpoint. That's about 10¢ of electricity a day at the current national average rate (3.4¢ per kwh). So the cost of operation should not normally be a factor.

My son has just bought a good used bike at a price so low that I'm sure something must be wrong. What might be the explanation?
The bike probably was stolen—a usually valid explanation for such a bargain in this type of equipment. A used bike in good condition ordinarily costs 75 percent of the price of a new one in its category.

In 1968, my husband gave me an absolutely magnificent, flawless one-carat diamond ring. Now we are being divorced and I want to sell the ring. What do you think I should ask for it?
If it is as good a diamond as you suggest, you should get at least $5,000, as against a retail value of less than $2,500 when your husband bought it. Today, a flawless one-carat diamond, with as fine a color as yours must be, will sell for up to $7,000 retail. Get an appraisal from a recognized appraiser, and don't resent the moderate commission he will charge you. Have the stone certified by the Gemological Institute of America. You can go in person to the GIA's offices in New York or Los Angeles, or send the stone by registered mail. The GIA's charge is relatively minor —$30 to authenticate a one-carat diamond.

My boy friend and I are both 18 and plan to be married this summer. Both of us want to live in our own house more than almost anything in the world, but my parents say that we are too young to get a mortgage. Is that true?
Your parents are wrong. At the age of 18, in most states, you change from a minor to an adult—and as an adult, you have (among other rights) the right to enter contractual relationships, such as obtaining credit to buy a house. As a minor, you could only buy and sell personal property, such as a bicycle or a car. Other significant new economic rights you have gained on reaching 18 include: your parents can no longer legally control your earnings and you are no longer required to get a work permit.

My husband and I are arguing about whether to buy a washer and dryer because these are such expensive appliances, and a laundromat offering cheap washer-dryer facilities is located on our street. Is doing your own laundry at home really worth it?
That depends on five variables: 1. cost of laundry equipment; 2. how frequently you use it; 3. amount of fuel and water you use; 4. cost of detergents you buy; 5. rates you pay for the utilities.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture's Agriculture Research Service worked out figures based *(continued)*

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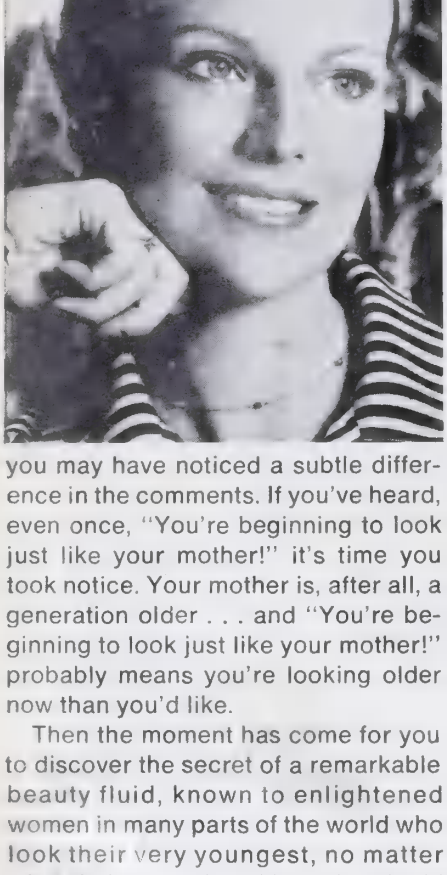
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Do You Look Like Your Mother Too Soon?

When you were younger, it may have pleased you when people mentioned your resemblance to your mother. It was flattering to hear "You lucky girl, you have your mother's hazel eyes" or "Aren't you glad you inherited your mother's marvelous legs!" But lately



you may have noticed a subtle difference in the comments. If you've heard, even once, "You're beginning to look just like your mother!" it's time you took notice. Your mother is, after all, a generation older . . . and "You're beginning to look just like your mother!" probably means you're looking older now than you'd like.

Then the moment has come for you to discover the secret of a remarkable beauty fluid, known to enlightened women in many parts of the world who look their very youngest, no matter what their age. This skin-loving liquid was discovered by beauty connoisseurs and is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Gentle Oil of Olay onto your face and throat. You'll be astonished how quickly and completely Oil of Olay penetrates. Within moments, you can actually feel your skin grow softer and smoother. And when you look in the mirror you'll notice a radiance and lustre, a look you once had and probably never expected to see again. Oil of Olay works with nature in a mysterious way to ease away dryness, that unwelcome dryness that accents little lines and wrinkles that can too easily make you look older than you are. Older than you need to look.



Oil of Olay, with its abundance of pure moisture, along with tropical oils and other emollients, works almost like your own natural moisture in fighting aging dryness. And the precious fluid helps keep natural moisture in your skin, to maintain a youthful-looking complexion, a beautiful bonus as the years pass.

For the most quickly-visible results, apply Oil of Olay at least twice each day. In the morning, to provide a moist climate for your complexion or as a superb makeup base. (Oil of Olay never leaves a greasy afterfeel, so it's marvelous under cosmetics, letting them stay fresh for hours.) Again at bedtime to let the beauty fluid continue its good work through quiet nocturnal hours. You may, of course, want to use Oil of Olay more frequently, whenever your skin feels dry or taut, or you'd like the moisture level of your skin increased.

Why look like your mother too soon, when Oil of Olay (from your drugstore) can help you look your very youngest. Don't you wonder who will be the first to notice?

Beauty Secrets

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* * *

Oil of Olay is too precious to waste. When you've smoothed it on your face and throat, use leftover drops on your elbows or any other dry area crying out for attention.

* * *

Whenever you can take time for a nap, cleanse your face and apply Oil of Olay® first. You'll awake both looking and feeling refreshed.

Spending your money

continued

on an automatic washer-dryer bough on credit for $305 and $299. It sprea the costs over the anticipated lifespa of the equipment. It added 5 percent the purchase price to cover the cost repairs for a year. The results: thre loads of laundry cost 53¢ per week; fou loads cost 46¢. Using cold water cuts 4 off each load. Drying (electric) cos 39¢ for three loads, 34¢ for four load Or, for three complete loads per wee (wash and dry), the cost comes to 92 and for four complete loads, to 80¢.

Now compare these totals with wh you spend at the nearby laundromat f three or four loads per week. Since yo need not use transportation to get to th public washer-dryer facility, that wi give you and your husband the answe (I'm not including such intangible fa tors as convenience and savings in time

We're back in the stock market an I'd like to buy what the experts i Wall Street are buying. Any way t find out?

The top favorite of all stocks held toda by the professionals who manage th nation's mutual funds is IBM (Intern tional Business Machines). It also w the No. 1 favorite six years ago and years ago, the dates of other Vicker surveys to find out the top 20 favorit of the mutual funds managers.

Out of the thousands of stocks trade in the U.S., only five other stocks al have been listed among the top 20 the end of 1969 and 1964. They ar Exxon, AT&T, Eastman Kodak, Texa and General Motors. (Incidentally, th favorite industries of the professiona now are stocks of the electronics an electrical companies.)

In considering how much state such as New York, spend for the ca of the elderly, I think it's disgrac ful how little attention has bee paid to the fact that so many of th 65 and older in the United State live in New York with no intentio of moving. Can you give the stati tics to bolster my belief?

More than 2,000,000 of those 65 an older live in New York, and anoth 2,000,000-plus live in California. In th instance, the problems of our two mo populous states are similar. Another fi states have more than 1,000,000 elder each: Florida, Texas, Pennsylvania, Il nois and Ohio. As recently as 1970, state had as many as 2,000,000 perso 65 and over. And the number of stat with more than 1,000,000 elderly three more than at the time of the 197 census.

En


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that lasts and lasts.
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America's unsung heroines

Without fanfare, women have been fighting consumer and environmental battles for years. Now, Ralph Nader cites five who merit special praise.



Painting courtesy of Museum of the City of New York

"UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY," BY EDWARD MORAN, 1886

A largely unrecognized aspect of the consumer and environmental movements is the work of unsung women who have added to their roles as housewives, mothers and retired professionals to make major civic contributions. The achievements of these women often go far beyond the communities in which they live. One woman has caused reverberations within the nuclear power establishment. Another prompted a city to revamp its drinking water system and helped expose a national drinking water crisis. A third has created the most effective movement ever to attack age discrimination.

The five women whose work is described here are mostly unknown to the general public. It is about time they received due credit for their accomplishments.

JUNE ALLEN began learning about the risks of nuclear power when, in the fall of 1972, she read a series of articles in *Environmental Action* calling for a nuclear moratorium. Ms. Allen, a language arts consultant, who lived in Charlottesville, Va., had never thought about nuclear power before, but the articles made a deep impression on her. A few days later, she read a newspaper story about a forthcoming hearing on the nuclear power plant being built by the Virginia Electric Power Company (VEPCO) on the nearby North Anna River. She also noticed a letter to the editor urging citizens to attend the hearing. Ms. Allen phoned the letter writer, Margaret Dietrich, an artist and organic gardener. Ms. Dietrich was a well-informed opponent of nuclear power.

In January 1973, Ms. Allen, Ms. Dietrich and a few others formed the North Anna Environmental Coalition (P.O. Box 3951, Charlottesville, Va. 22903). They were determined to inform the public about the hidden costs and high risks of nuclear power and, if possible, to stop construction of the North Anna plant.

Ms. Allen went to work full time with the coalition, working out of her home without pay, reading stacks of documents, writing and speaking. Then the coalition began hearing rumors that the North Anna plant was constructed over a geological fault. In July 1973, Ms. Allen called an Atomic Energy Commission lawyer, who confirmed the rumors.

In August, "the coalition made public the truth about the earthquake fault," said Ms. Allen. The embarrassed AEC called a hearing, ordering VEPCO to prove its plant was safe. The coalition continued its investigations and discovered that the fault had been known at least as early as 1970, when three geologists identified it on field trips to the site. Despite AEC efforts to quash the issue (its investigation predictably found that the plant was "safe"), June Allen and the coalition persisted. They appealed the AEC decision that VEPCO could retain its license, and formally charged VEPCO with making 19 "material false statements" in covering up evidence of the fault. The Atomic Safety and Licensing Board found the company guilty of 15 of the false statements and fined VEPCO the maximum penalty—$60,000.

The geological fault, Ms. Allen emphasizes, is only one of the issues that she and her colleagues are attempting to expose. The danger of nuclear technology is, she believes, "the major issue before us now," and for her it has become a "constant and total job."

ARLENE LEHTO grew up on the north shore of Lake Superior. The lake was crystal clear in those days, and you could easily see the huge boulders, 12 to 15 feet below the surface. There's a cliff on the shore about 15 feet above the water where, as children, Ms. Lehto and her friends used to play—tossing stones into the water, trying to make them land on those gigantic boulders, 20 to 30 feet from shore. One day, eight years ago, Ms. Lehto took her son down to the lake to teach him this childhood game. To her horror, she found that the lake was so filthy that the boulders were no longer visible. "It was a tremendous shock," she recalls. "I had always loved that lake."

The shock prompted Ms. Lehto, in 1969, to organize a group of north shore citizens to fight pollution of Lake Superior: the Save Lake Superior Association (901 E. 7th St., Duluth, Minn. 55805). One of their chief targets was the Reserve Mining Company, which was dumping 65,000 tons of waste into the lake every day. The SLSA concentrated on *(continued)*



Left to right: June Allen, Arlene Lehto, Jean Farmer, Kay Pachtner, Maggie Kuhn



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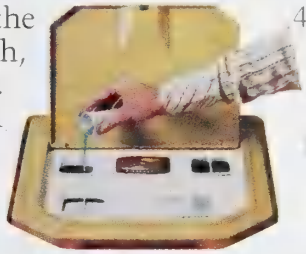
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figures a GE Washer with the Dispensall™ System will last through all this.



America's unsung heroines

continued

publicizing the effects of pollution on fish—no one had yet begun talking about the effects on human beings.

Then, in December 1972, Ms. Lehto met Dr. Joseph Mengel, a geology professor at the University of Wisconsin in Superior. Dr. Mengel mentioned that the Japanese were ingesting cancer-causing asbestos with their rice. He noted that the shape of the asbestos fibers was identical to that of cummingtonite, a trace element in the waste from Reserve Mining Company.

Later that night, Ms. Lehto and her son looked up in the encyclopedia the items the professor had mentioned. The definitions of asbestos and cummingtonite were identical. Ms. Lehto knew that the city of Duluth did not filter its drinking water. If Reserve Mining's industrial waste contained asbestos, then it was likely that the people of Duluth were drinking it.

The next morning, Ms. Lehto was to speak before a U.S.-Canadian organization concerned with the Great Lakes. She decided to mention the asbestos peril—and the possibility of polluted drinking water. The board of directors of the Save Lake Superior Association rebuked her for making "rash" statements—but the result of those rash statements was that several scientists sampled Duluth's drinking water—and the Reserve Mining Company's waste. Six months later, the Minnesota Pollution Control Agency and the National Water Quality Laboratory brought out concurring reports: the Reserve Mining Company's waste products contained asbestos tailings, and the Duluth drinking water contained asbestos.

The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers immediately ordered filters installed in all Duluth schools as well as in fire halls, so that the public could draw filtered water. The city began building a new filtration plant that will be completed in the spring of 1977. Last May, Reserve Mining was fined $1 million for polluting Lake Superior—$837,500 to the state of Minnesota and $200,000 to state and environmental groups that had filed suit against the mining firm.

Battle not over

"But the battle is not over," says Ms. Lehto. In April, after extensive testing, the government issued a warning that citizens should eat Lake Superior fish no more than once a week because of traces of asbestos found in fish flesh. The local fishermen are furious and the SLSA is using these new facts to further their anti-pollution efforts.

When JEAN FARMER took on the vending machines in the Bloomington, Ind., schools, she had never taken up a cause before—she'd never even joined the PTA. She was 40 and the full-time mother of four children. One evening, at the urging of a friend, she attended a PTA meeting and heard a parent complain about the vending machines that dispensed high-sugar, no-nutrition snacks in the schools. When she got home, she found one of her children's uneaten lunches in her garbage can—along with some candy wrappers.

Ms. Farmer wrote her first letter to an editor, asking that the schools get rid of these foods. Nothing happened. So she wrote more letters—to anyone who might do something. No one even answered.

Continuous pressure applied

Baffled by the lack of response, but determined not to give up, Ms. Farmer spoke at a citywide PTA council meeting. She urged that if unwholesome snack foods were vended, at least good foods—such as milk, juice and fresh fruits—could be sold, too. As a result, the PTA passed a resolution urging that schools supplement vended items with nutritious foods, but leaving it up to school principals to follow up on the suggestion. It took another year of continuous pressure from Ms. Farmer before the Binford Middle School principal agreed to poll parents on the vending issue. The result: a resounding vote against the snack items, and a school board decision that all vending machine food must "make a significant contribution to the students' nutritional needs." The Bloomington school vending machines remain—but now they contain milk, juices and high-protein snacks.

Jean Farmer had spent two years and over $2,000 of her own money, mostly for books, duplicating costs and postage. She still spends each morning writing letters, speaks and writes frequently for publication and acts as a clearinghouse for other parents who want to do something about the vending machines in their schools. (115 East Wylie St., Bloomington, Ind. 47401)

In 1971 KAY PACHTNER was in her early thirties, had one child and a half-finished master's degree from the University of California at Berkeley. She couldn't find a job, so she decided to make one. She, her husband and another couple decided to launch a new, action-oriented consumer organization. As a first step, Ms. Pachtner persuaded a local radio station to refer its consumer calls to her fledgling San Francisco Consumer Action. She and another volunteer housewife answered the calls in Ms. Pachtner's livingroom. They were soon flooded with complaints.

From this beginning, Kay Pachtner and her colleagues built a consume terest group that is the largest in west—and one of the most imagina and successful in the country. San F cisco Consumer Action (26 7th St., Francisco, Calif. 94103) was among first to publish shoppers' guides for sumers. The group's publications clude guides to banks, pharmacies, insurance, food fact sheets, a guid public records, a study of the eye industry and a study of the Calif Department of Consumer Affairs.

Ms. Pachtner, executive directo Consumer Action, calls her pos "more akin to referee and earth mo than chieftain." She demonstrates a job can be created with little more imagination and energy, and in Pachtner's case, a commitment to b ing consumer power.

When MAGGIE KUHN was fo to retire at the age of 65, she k better than most what retirement m In her work with the YWCA and United Presbyterian Church S Action Board, she had been heavily volved in getting medical care for aged. She knew, too, about other s problems that old people face—and ticularly about their isolation from ciety, an isolation she considered criminatory and wasteful. Having s most of her life organizing people, decided to organize the minority which she had become a member.

Change not services

In 1970, with five friends also ret or about to retire, Ms. Kuhn gather nucleus of about 200 retired men women, and began to tackle the is of age discrimination. Working of a church basement in Philadelp her volunteer older people and cerned students began to press change—and to get it. One of their e victories was to persuade a major Pl delphia bank to offer free checking other services to older people; o banks followed. Groups in New Y fought successfully for better pu transportation, reduced fares, b with ramps for wheelchairs.

Ms. Kuhn and her colleagues wa to change the system, not just pro services. When Philadelphia's tra system ignored their demand for vamped schedules in non-rush hou during which older people could reduced fares—the group threatene stand on the trolley tracks in protes

A New York TV show coined name "Gray Panthers" for the gr Ms. Kuhn and her friends adopted i

Maggie Kuhn was soon criss-cros the country speaking out against ism," a societal illness she consider serious and pervasive as racism and ism. "Our society scrap-piles old pe like old automobiles," she says.

(continued on page



n the days when women had no right to smoke, a woman had to hide out in the forest if she wanted to sneak a cigarette. In this picture, can you find the eight ladies who have no rights?

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

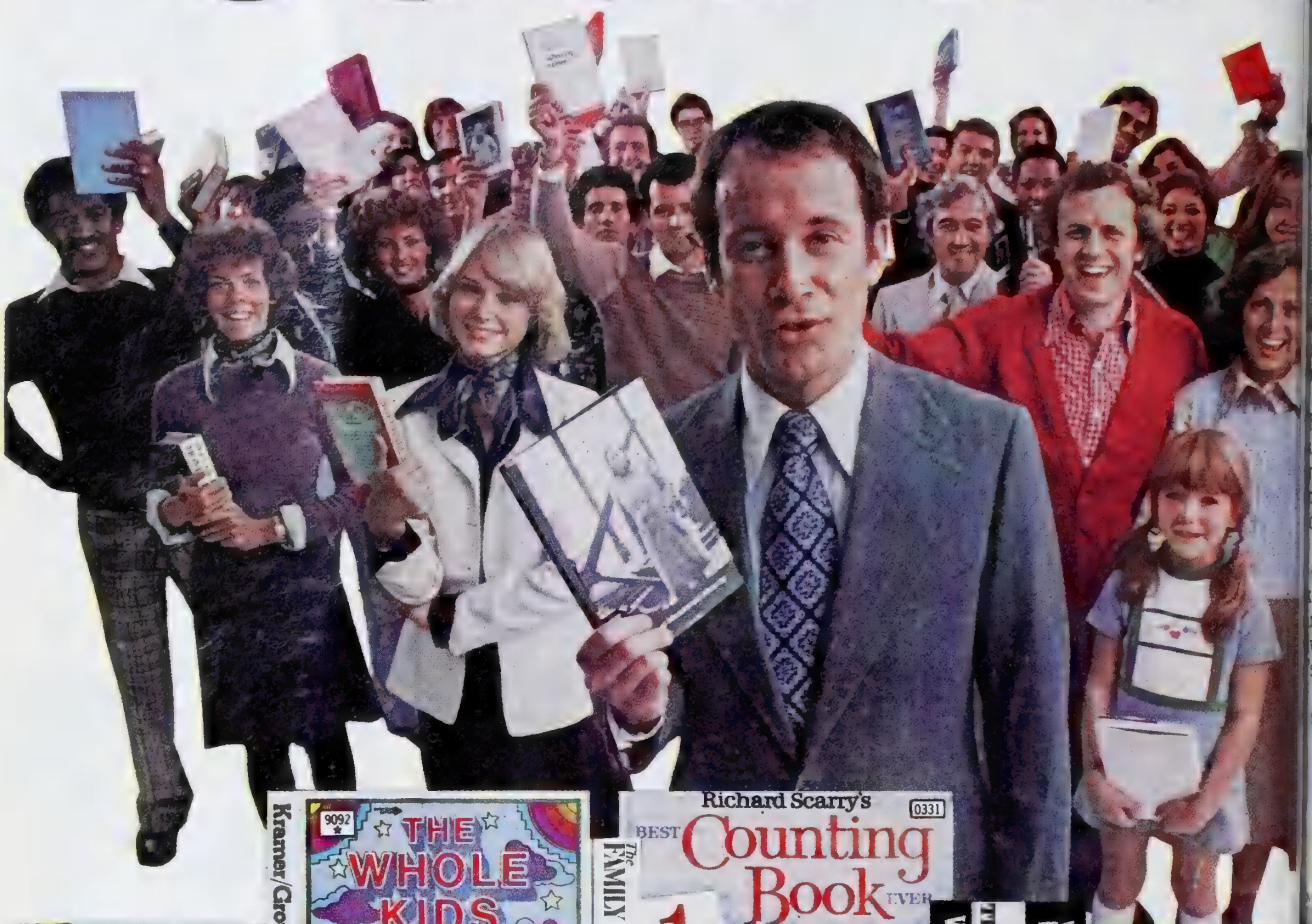
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"Remember the Ladies"

This is the way it was for working women when America was very young. An excerpt from an important, new Bicentennial book. By Linda Grant de Pauw and K. Conover Hunt



DETAIL FROM "THE FIRST, SECOND AND LAST SCENE OF MORTALITY," BY PRUDENCE PUNDERSON, 1775.

Painting courtesy of The Connecticut Historical Society, Hartford

Remember the Ladies: Women in America, 1750-1815, published in collaboration with The Pilgrim Society, shows for the first time what early American life was really like for women in the era of the American Revolution. Diaries, documents, rarely seen artifacts, portraits and engravings shown in this book will be part of a major national exhibition, sponsored by Clairol and Philip Morris, that will tour the U.S. during 1976-77. Sponsors of the exhibition include Joan Kennedy, Nancy Kissinger, Barbara Howar, Barbara Walters, Fawn Brodie and Katharine Graham. *Remember the Ladies* is the first book developed by Jacqueline Onassis in her job as consulting editor for The Viking Press.

There was such a great shortage of labor in the pre-industrial age that there was no such thing as a leisure class. Before the Revolution, even wealthy ladies and gentlemen had work to do. Wealthy women did much of their own housework, and the duties of overseeing a large family, which included numerous servants and slaves, made the mistress of a wealthy home a combination of housekeeper, factory overseer and community midwife. Only after the shortage of labor eased and some families were able to accumulate great fortunes could a leisure class of ladies devoted to ornamental rather than practical occupations develop.

The occupation of most American families from the wealthiest to the poorest was farming. Ordinarily, husbands and wives worked together to assure that the family would be self-sufficient and, it was hoped, make a profit. Women who were widowed, however, or whose husbands were away—as a great many were during the Revolution—ran their farms by themselves. Women would usually have sons or male servants or slaves to do the actual field work. White women did not usually labor in the fields, but those who are desperate to survive cannot be fussy about the work they do, and when necessary, poor farm women would plow and harvest. Women were often quite successful in their independent farming ventures.

The full participation of the farmer's wife in the family business has been the rule throughout American history into modern times. In the eighteenth century, however, women were productively employed in all of the occupations entered by men, since all occupations centered in the home or a nearby office or workshop, and women and children as well as men worked to make a success of the family enterprise. There was no formal education required for the professions of law and medicine until the end of the eighteenth century, so that women might draft wills and other legal documents. Some appeared in court arguing on their own behalf or as attorney for an absent husband. Women monopolized obstetrical practice until the last part of the century, and they were preferred as medical practitioners by most of the population. Only after schools of law and medicine were established were women driven from the practice of these professions.

All the crafts and trades practiced in early America included at least a few women. Most women worked in an enterprise controlled by a husband or father, but widows and spinsters often carried on alone. Colonial newspapers carried advertisements of women in every business, from those of apothecary and blacksmith to shopwright and undertaker. Widow Mankin of Philadelphia sold to the public "such things as are principally used in the Modern Practice of Physick, being a great variety of Materia Medica, both simple and compound, Cymical and Gallenical."

Mary Salmon of Boston ran a shop "where all gentlemen may have their Horses shod in the best Manner, as also all sorts of Blacksmith's Work done with Fidelity and Dispatch." In New York City, Marguerite Hastier was a silversmith, and a Mrs. Sommer ground glass for spectacles. Jane Massey of Charleston, S.C., was a gunsmith, and Mary Wilson of Norfolk, Va., was a shoemaker. Elizabeth Russell advertised as a shipwright in the *South Carolina Gazette*, and Lydia Darragh told the readers of the *Pennsylvania Gazette* that she would "make Grave-Clothes, and lay out the Dead, in the Neatest Manner."

In the nineteenth century, as the center of economic activity moved away from the home into factories and offices, most occupations came to be viewed as unsuitable for women or incompatible with their work in the home. The few jobs that remained open to them came to be typed as "women's" jobs, and most middle-class and upper-class women withdrew from the work force. Those of the middle class who did leave their homes to work were mostly young girls who had no interest in training themselves for skilled jobs since they expected to retire from the labor force when they married. As the American population grew and the labor shortage eased, the economic opportunities for women narrowed even further. They were no longer regarded as skilled workers in all trades and crafts, but were considered easily replaceable unskilled workers. As factories became established, women were grouped in the lowest-paying, least-skilled jobs, and by the early nineteenth century it was accepted practice to pay women much less than men for comparable work.

In the pre-industrial period in America, men and women earned equal pay. Tobacco and corn cost as much when purchased from a woman farmer as when purchased from a man, and it cost as much to have a female blacksmith *(continued)*

Copyright © 1976 The Pilgrim Society. From the book REMEMBER THE LADIES: WOMEN IN AMERICA, 1750-1815, by Linda Grant de Pauw and K. Conover Hunt, to be published by The Viking Press, Inc.



My name is Polly and Nice 'n Easy is the first hair color I ever used. It's got the conditioners I need and the color is really "me." I love it!



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All of this makes Aim a true advance.

If you have children in the cavity-prone years, see to it they get good check-ups!

Take Aim against cavities!



"Remember the Ladies"

continued

shoe a horse as it cost to have a man do the work. Women who were printers or sextons received remuneration equal to that of males, and servants and slaves of both sexes received comparable allowances of food and clothing. Technically, of course, most women who worked in the eighteenth century, even those who made the most money, can be said to have worked actually for no more than room and board. For while women got equal wages or made equal profits, the law did not recognize their right to control this income. Most men were not mean enough to exploit their rights to their women's earnings and usually allowed them great freedom and provided for them lavishly when they could afford to do so. But the right of a husband to all of his wife's property was exercised frequently enough to make it clear that the right was not a dead letter by any means.

Widows and spinsters could hold property of their own, but it was difficult to make a living outside of a family business in the eighteenth century, and unmarried women were often impoverished. Some of the early textile factories were set up to give employment to such "deserving poor." An advertisement in a Pennsylvania newspaper in 1775 was addressed: "to the SPINNERS in this CITY and the SUBURBS. Your services are now wanted to promote the American Manufactury. . . . One distinguishing characteristic of an excellent woman as given by the wisest of men is 'that she seeked Wool and Flax, and worketh willingly with her hands . . . In this time of public distress you have each of you an opportunity not only to help to sustain your families, but likewise to cast your might into the treasury of the public good."

Room, board and small wages

Most unattached women, however, worked as servants. Some might work for their keep by spinning and doing other household tasks in the home of a relative, while others worked for room and board and possibly a small wage in the home of a stranger. Eighteenth-century newspapers show that women were employed as wet nurses, dairy maids, governesses, cooks and even slave overseers. Servants who accepted positions such as these had a certain amount of independence; even though their wages might be low, they were free to resign the position to take another or to marry. Many servants, however, were bound by contracts called indentures, which left them with little more freedom than slaves. **En**

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Candidates' wives tackle the tough women's issues: ERA, abortion and more. A special report.



Clockwise: Betty & Gerald Ford, Nancy & Ronald Reagan, Rosalynn & Jimmy Carter, Ella & Morris Udall, Helen & Henry Jackson, Cornelia & George Wallace, Bethine and Frank Church.

THE NEXT FIRST LADY

Less than ten years ago, the wives of presidential candidates were, for the most part, ornaments to be seen and not heard—at least not on the important issues facing the nation. Child-rearing, household management, clothes—those were the acceptable topics. Now, however, with the growth of the women's movement—and the candor of First Lady Betty Ford—candidates' wives have begun to emerge as thoughtful, outspoken individuals in their own right.

To find out how they feel about issues crucial to the lives of women, Washington correspondent Winzola McLendon spoke to candidates' wives and asked each three key questions.

What is your stand on the Equal Rights Amendment?

MRS. CARTER: I support ERA. It means equal rights for women and equal pay for an equal job done. There are so many women in Georgia—as there are everywhere—who are the sole supporters of their families. ERA would help them.

MRS. CHURCH: I was a proponent of equal rights for women long before the ERA bill. In Idaho and in the rest of the West, women and men have pulled equal loads for a long, long time.

MRS. FORD: I support the Equal Rights Amendment because economic and legal restrictions against women cripple women, their families and society as a whole. Women have been bound far too long by laws and social customs that prevent them from full use of their talents and management of their lives. Prevailing attitudes also have seriously undervalued the contributions of women as wives and mothers. One of the most important results of ratification of ERA would be to give women more options and to increase understanding of the importance of the choice of being a homemaker and a mother. A constitutional change not only influences laws, but provides a moral yardstick for measuring behavior and customs. As a supporter of equal rights for women, I am as concerned about improving attitudes about the capabilities and contributions of women as I am about promoting legal changes. Fairness begins in the heart as well as in the law.

MRS. JACKSON: I'm a supporter of ERA and so is Scoop. In fact, he supported ERA back in 1953, when he first came to the Senate. I didn't have to lobby him about this! He's long recognized the problems that women have with legal inequalities.

MRS. REAGAN: I'm for the ER—I'm not for the A. For heaven's sake! I'm for equal rights for everyone, not just for women. Everybody should have equal pay, equal opportunity, equal rights. But I don't think the best way to go about giving it to people is the amendment process. If you start fooling around with the Constitution then you're liable to open up something you might be sorry for. You would be bound legally by it. As it is now, the Constitution does give some rights to women that would be done away with if the ERA were ratified. So I think the best way to correct the inequities is by statute. We're all for the same thing; we just differ on the way to approach it.

MRS. UDALL: I'm 100 percent for ERA, even though I personally have never felt discriminated against, and I worked for years. But I do see grievances that should be corrected. There are many women with a lot of talent who do not have, but should have, equal rights and opportunity. If it takes an ERA to give it to them, then we should certainly have an ERA.

MRS. WALLACE: My husband and I believe in equal pay for equal work, and in equal opportunity for women. But I have never been satisfied with the Equal Rights Amendment because wives and mothers living and working in the home have no protection of equal rights under it. It does not give a woman half of her husband's pay check. It does not give her half of her husband's property. It does not guarantee her half of his estate if he dies. It doesn't guarantee that he isn't going to come in, drunk, and beat her up. If she has children, she's just got to take it. The women who work outside the home have the Civil Rights Amendment that guarantees equal rights regardless of race, color, creed or sex—and the Equal Opportunity Act, which prohibits job discrimination. But there is nothing for the woman who has been in the home. Because she doesn't receive wages, she doesn't have Social Security [in her own right]. But she is sacrificing a career in order to stay home and raise her children. She is shaping her children's values, instilling the values of the next generation. And that is very important.

What is your stand on legalized abortion?

MRS. CARTER: I, personally, don't like abortion, but I am not for an amendment to the Constitution to make it illegal. In Georgia, our anti-abortion law was one of the two tested before the Supreme Court while Jimmy was governor. It was struck down and we had to write a law legalizing abortion; we wrote the most conservative one the Supreme Court would allow. But I don't favor an amendment, because I've seen what happens when abortion *(continued)*

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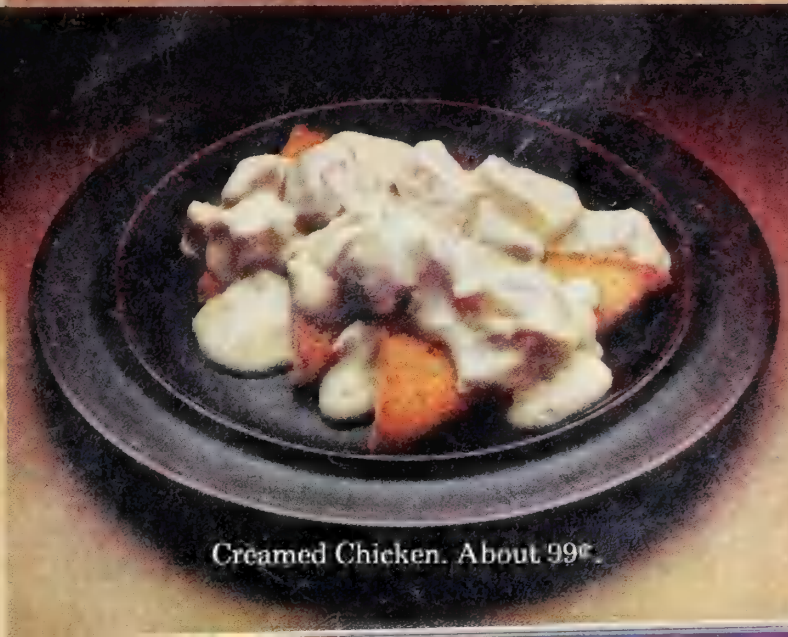


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THE NEXT FIRST LADY

continued

is illegal in some states. Abortion mills spring up in those states where it is legal. We should try to prevent the need for abortion by stressing family planning, sex education and adoption procedures.

MRS. CHURCH: Very definitely, the Supreme Court ruling legalizing abortion has to be followed. A constitutional amendment making it illegal would pull this country apart. People are passionate about this; they are very much divided. But Frank feels strongly, as I do, that religious hospitals should not be denied funds if they refuse to perform abortions because of religious principles. People do not stop to think that some hospitals will *not* perform abortions and that they will close their maternity clinics rather than do them.

MRS. FORD: The abortion debate has become so emotional that the dangers of stringent anti-abortion laws are obscured by the use of shorthand phrases like "pro-life" and "abortion on demand." I believe the 1973 Supreme Court decision was good, because it took abortions out of the backwoods and put them in hospitals. It is important to remember the emotional and medical dangers of illegal abortions. I fear overturning the decision would mean the return of an insidious form of social and economic discrimination. Those who suffer most from illegal abortions are the young and the poor. I agree with many others who think that, regardless of one's personal view of abortion, imposition of a strict anti-abortion law is an imposition on the freedom of the individual.

MRS. JACKSON: Scoop and I have different opinions. I'm for abortion but Scoop believes that life begins at conception and is opposed to abortion unless the mother's life is in jeopardy.

MRS. REAGAN: I'm not for abortion on demand. Unless the mother's life is *really* endangered. It's very difficult for me to get beyond the realization that you're taking a human life. I don't understand women who say they should have control over their own bodies. What about the body they are carrying?

Example cited

I've used this example before and I'll use it again because it's very graphic: One of our children had a teacher who, when discussing abortion, said, "Picture a pregnant woman who has a window in her tummy so she can watch the child grow within her. I wonder at what point she would say, 'Take that child out and kill it'?" Unwanted babies should be put up for adoption. There are many people willing to adopt and not enough children to go around. I think abortion is being done for convenience sake. I do[n't] think it should be done.

MRS. UDALL: I stand 100 percent b[e]hind legalized abortion. The Supre[me] Court is the highest court in the land; [it] ruled abortion is legal and we ought [to] abide by that ruling. If we did not ha[ve] legalized abortion, I strongly belie[ve] we'd still have butchers performing ba[ck] alley abortions. And I think that is f[ar] more dangerous and detrimental [to] health—and expensive, for those wo[m]en who can't afford to fly overseas, [or] here and there, to obtain proper care.

MRS. WALLACE: George supports t[he] Pro-Life Amendment making aborti[on] illegal and I don't go against my hu[s]band's political stance. But I feel th[at] the whole issue should not have entere[d] the political arena at all. It's a medi[cal] and moral problem. Doctors and min[is]ters should work on it. Getting poli[ti]cians involved strikes me as wrong.

What has your husband done—during his political life—that has been the most help to women?

MRS. CARTER: Even though Jimm[y] was in a part of the country that gene[r]ally opposed ERA—in fact, in a sta[te] that did not ratify the amendment—h[e] took a strong stand for it. Not becau[se] it was the political thing to do, but b[e]cause he thought it was right. Also,

(continued on page 62)

"Usually, I look like a potato chip."

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Mothering

By Geraldine Carro

News, ideas and information for parents.

WHO SAYS OUR CHILDREN NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD?

America's children—surrounded by love and provided with the best money can buy, from progressive educations to brand-new bicycles. This is our mental portrait of the youngest generation.

However appealing this picture, it bears scant resemblance to reality, according to psychologist Kenneth Keniston, who heads The Carnegie Foundation for Children.

"It's extraordinary! We Americans say we care about children. But as a country, we do less for them than any other industrialized democracy," says Keniston.



"YOUNG MOTHER AND TWO CHILDREN," BY MARY CASSATT, 1908

Painting courtesy of The White House Collection

France, Great Britain, Sweden and other major countries—unlike the U.S., says Keniston, guarantee adequate medical care to their children through national programs. The difference shows up dramatically in our infant mortality rate, twice that of Sweden and higher than in 14 other countries.

European nations recognize a child's right not to grow up in destitution. They support that right with legislation. In our land of plenty, one out of four children lives in poverty.

Parents Are Having a Hard Time

Along with the lack of child-oriented national policies, another major reason children are having a hard time, says Keniston, is that their parents are too.

"Our country tolerates a high rate of unemployment," says Keniston. This hurts children of single-parent and minority households most, he says.

Another economic trend, the massive entry of mothers into the job market, often—to make ends meet at home—poses problems. Because of scarce day-care facilities, children return from school to empty homes. The TV set (Keniston calls it the "flickering-blue parent") serves as babysitter.

"There are six million mothers of preschoolers with jobs and one million day-care spaces," Keniston says. He recommends both full-day centers and afternoon care for school children.

Keniston, however, is not against mothers working. But, he stresses, there must be someone to care for the children. He thinks flexible work shifts in industry would help. Then at least one parent could be home at a time.

Needed: New Sense of Community

Changes in community life are also making things harder on both parents and children. "Our romantic view of the old-fashioned extended family, where three generations lived under one roof, is mostly myth," says Keniston. "But it's true that people lived in more *stable* communities. Relatives and friends nearby provided backup support for the family. (Today the definition of a good neighbor is someone who minds his business.)"

What changes does Keniston propose to improve life for parents and children?

Not all start with the government. Parents themselves must act to create a new, child-oriented community.

He suggests parents form community information centers where families could locate the kinds of help they need. He also advocates parents' groups to influence government and corporate policies that concern children. As an example, he cites ACT, a Massachusetts group that lobbies for better children's TV.

"So many things that affect children today are out of parents' control," Keniston observes. Among them are the quality of air children breathe, the television programs they watch, the housing they must live in.

Because vast changes are necessary, Keniston says that as parents we must work in the interests of all children—not just our own.

VACATION: TRAVELING BY CAR WITH CHILDREN

You've spent half the night packing, and just as you hit the highway you realize that you forgot the teddy bear without which Susie refuses to sleep.

Vacations may be fun, but getting there may be less so. Packing is one problem. So is the fact that small children get bored very quickly in cars.

Apart from pills to ease your headache, there is no magic formula to make the trip a breeze. But good planning can make matters much easier.

Strategy—Keep to normal schedule for meals, naps and bedtime. If you're traveling long distances, plan most of the driving during naps and after bedtime. During the day, stop every two hours to let the kids stretch.

Packing—In addition to the teddy bear, keep an extra change of clothes for each child handy for accidents. (Two diapers on the baby helps.) Also pack pre-moistened wipes, plastic bags for wet clothes and garbage, first-aid equipment including adhesive bandage strips, baby aspirin, alcohol, thermometer, Vaseline and motion sickness pills (if your doctor approves). Include a folding stroller if there's room.

Safety—A government-approved car seat is a must for children four and under. Over four, they should always use a seat belt. Children should ride in the back seat. They should sleep in their car seats, never lying down on back seat, in a bassinet or on an adult's lap.

Distractions—For meals, plan car picnics with foods that don't spoil easily. (Also keep a supply of such foods—crackers, fruit, canned juices, etc., for emergency delays.) When good humor begins to fail, try songs. Also bring along a bag of toys and games to be dispensed as needed. Play identification games, like counting exit signs, stop signs, red cars, etc. One book we read suggests giving kids a hairbrush to use as a make-believe microphone.

Think of the trip from the children's point of view as well as your own. You'll be fine after a good night's sleep.

MAILBOX

Do you have ideas to share with other parents? What topics would you like us to cover in this column? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

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How America Lives:
A Special Beauty Supplement for the Bicentennial

The Real Beauties of America

Produced by Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor
Photographs by Evelyn Hofer

You won't find these attractive women parading on the runway at a beauty pageant. You may find them at home bandaging bruised knees and egos. Or making decisions at the office, acquiring college degrees, hiking through the woods or leading an employees' meeting.

They are America's real beauties—resourceful, dynamic and largely uncelebrated, except among a knowing circle of family and friends. They are great-looking, yes. And often flattering makeup or a few color highlights in the hair have been added to enhance things. But what makes these women truly beautiful are their inner resources, which identifies them as symbols of today's changing woman.

These are the eight winners of the Journal's Bicentennial search announced in our February and March issues. They were selected from thousands of women proposed by our readers. Sometimes the women nominated themselves; other entries of photographs and descriptive letters were sent in by admiring mothers, daughters, husbands, sisters and friends. Our own editors served as judges.

Ranging in age from 24 to 84 (half are 30 or under), these women represent a variety of generations and lifestyles. They are married and they are single. They are mothers, grandmothers or without children by choice. Whether their careers are focused in or outside the home, they are women who are in command of their own lives and aware of their personal options.

When we visited them for interviews we found women with clear opinions about the world. And all but 84-year-old "Giddy" Burns felt that they had been influenced, directly or indirectly, by the women's movement. As Bostonian Midge Rowbotham put it, "It has given words to feelings I guess I always had."

And as for Giddy, who raised six children and ran the tractor on the family farm, she reminds us that the spunky American woman is nothing new. What is new are the many different ways today's women, in their personal image, show their strength and their enthusiasm for life.

"I was trained all my life to be a wife and mother"



Starr Scherf doesn't fit the classic image of a minister's wife. For one, she rarely serves tea. She also streaks her own blond hair and is most at home in a T-shirt and floppy Indian cotton pants. An energetic mother of four boys, she lives in an airy Houston house that comes with her husband Jim's ministerial assignment. On the walls are the weavings 32-year-old Starr creates.

She hopes the weavings will become a lucrative business, but right now Starr's professional ambitions are secondary to that of raising her children. "I was trained my entire life to be a wife and mother. I'm very good at it. But," she adds, "I can't be super mommy all the time."

Two years ago, Starr suddenly realized she'd made room for everyone in her life except herself. She began to expand her own interests. First she took her weavings to shops and galleries. With the money they brought she enrolled in ballet classes. Today she also coordinates the 200-member parent-volunteer program at her local school.

Luckily, says Starr, her husband understood her needs. He insures her free time by helping with the house and children. "I think it takes a lot of sharing," says Starr, "to make a go of a marriage."

"The more active I became, the more I could see the need..."



Karyn Farr Freed looks like a pussycat with her softly-coiffed blond hair and large blue-gray eyes. But behind that feminine facade and low-key manner lies a woman with the quiet courage of her own convictions.

At 30, Karyn is an executive secretary with the California Department of Transportation. She is also the elected head of the Clerical Worker s Council of the California State Employees Association.

"The more active I became," explains Karyn, "the more I could see the need. It's hard to get other people to pick up the standard and bear it."

She and her husband own their ranch-style home and love to travel. They have no children by choice. "I think women should make conscious decisions to be mothers. I think motherhood is really a full time job. I have a full time job," says Karyn, "and I would not choose to stay home and have children."

Despite a demanding job, and council activities, Karyn recently found time to become a volunteer officer in the newly formed Tierrasanta Junior Women's Club in San Diego. "I felt," she says, "I should do something in my community."

"She is our soul... our source of loving"



Her silver hair knotted at the crown, her face lined by her 84 years, Eva Burns ("Giddy," as she is known to those close to her) remains at the center of a family that counts six children, 11 grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren. "She is our soul, our source of comfort, our source of learning, our source of loving," says granddaughter Barbie Ward.

Born and raised in upstate New York, Giddy has spent her life on the farm. Her memories are flooded with winter sleigh rides, tapping for maple sugar and driving a tractor. "Did I enjoy it!" she says.

There were the hard times, too, for Giddy and her late husband, Frank. But Giddy, as her granddaughter puts it, "has always possessed a never-dying drive to keep going."

Today she lives in her small Ogdensburg, N.Y., cottage surrounded by the furniture she has refinished and her handmade rag rugs and quilts. There is always a great-grandchild who comes by to dip a hand in Giddy's cookie jar and have her fix a pair of jeans. "Their parents all have sewing machines," says Giddy, "but the children think I can do it better. I can't. But as long as they think that, I'm willing to do it."

"You get a second sense about each child"



One demanding toddler going through "the terrible two's" can be a trial for even the most dedicated mother. Paulette McKittrick Imperiale is mother hen to six of them—and she loves it.

The children are her charges at The New York Foundling Hospital, where Paulette is a trained child care worker. Because they often come from homes where they were neglected or abused, her children need even more love than most.

Paulette, who has a remarkable inner calm for her 24 years, tries to give each child special attention. "You get to know which cry means 'I'm lonely' and which means 'you're not paying enough attention to me,' " she says. "You get a second sense about each child."

For Paulette, whose tall, slender figure and waif-like beauty might qualify her for a glamorous model's career, child care has always been a calling. "All my life I've been drawn toward children," says Paulette, who grew up one of six in a happy family. "I guess I'm anxious to re-create for the children the joy I knew in being a child."

Newly married to high school friend, Billy Imperiale, Paulette hopes to have children of her own.

"It's fun being a late bloomer"



Margery ("Midge") Stafford Rowbotham comes from family that landed in America in 1636.

What led her to turn mountain climber at 50 and embark on a career as a travel lecturer and photographer may partly have been her pioneer heritage.

But there was also the feeling after two marriages (one that lasted 20 years) and raising her eight children and stepchildren, that she needed time for her own growth.

Casting around for new activities, Midge, a natural athlete, joined the Sierra Club. That began the hiking trips that eventually led to a 24-day trek on Mt. Everest.

A tournament-ranked tennis player, Midge found preparing for serious climbing a bit like training for the Marines. "At times I thought I was going to fold up." But says Midge, "it's good for middle-aged women to keep challenging themselves. It's good to keep up a sense of adventure, no matter how big or small."

Midge, now an attractive 53, with blond hair cropped short "so I can wash it in a stream if I have to," started giving travel lectures professionally in and around Boston after her Himalayan trip. "I started a little late in life," says Midge. "But it's fun being a late bloomer."

"I really feel I've got control of my own life"



The four Martin children don't have a roomful of shiny toys and fancy clothes. But what they lack in frills, they make up for in family spirit.

Their mother, slim, pretty, 28-year-old Evelyn Martin, is a Specialist 4 in the Army, a rank equivalent to corporal. She is also the sole support of Eugenia 12; Karan, 10; Elaine, 8; and 6-year-old Tony. The children's father is dead.

The Martins live together in a simple house at Fort Jackson, S.C., where Evelyn is stationed. The girls help with the housework and care of their younger brother.

The day we visited Evelyn, Elaine had just picked bouquet of wild flowers for her mother. "They're goo kids," said Evelyn. "Really deep down good—not put o And I try my best to bring them up right."

Evelyn, who exudes unselfconscious strength, isn waiting for a man to make life easier. She had a brie unsuccessful second marriage. "I understand it's hard f a man," she says, "to take on four children who aren't hi

She has come to enjoy being head of her own hous hold. "I can provide for myself and for my kids. You kno I really feel I've got control of my own life."

"Women are people, too"



One day Louann Van Pelt pulled up to a service garage th the bumper sticker on her car which reads, "Women e People, Too."

"Aw, you don't really mean that," said the owner. "I like e little critters."

"That's exactly what I mean," said Louann. "We're *not* le critters."

At 47, Louann, who sees herself as "outgrowing the other-homemaker role," has become an active defender the dignity of women. She is public relations director her Norfolk-Virginia Beach branch of the National Organization of Women and belongs to a consciousness-raising group.

She also works part-time in her husband's sales office. The three of the five Van Pelt children that still live at home help their parents with the housework.

Neil Van Pelt is proud of his wife's feminist activities. "He believes women have to work together more," Louann explains.

Despite her busy life, Louann still spends time on her appearance. "I'd put on makeup even if I don't expect to see anybody. I like to look the best I can for myself."

"Thirty symbolizes to me I've finally grown up"



Her twenties were pretty hectic, says Jan Enright, looking back on the years when her husband, Tim, was in law school and she was finishing her master's degree in education. At first there was one child, and then two.

Jan, whose children are now aged three and five, turns 30 this month. She says she is looking forward to the next stage in her life. "Thirty symbolizes to me I've finally grown up," she says. "I'm not a kid anymore."

Jan now teaches half days at Hillel, a Hebrew day school in Akron, Ohio, where the Enrights live. Raised a Congregationalist, she also attends a Catholic church with her husband and her children. Jan finds no problem being t only non-Jewish member of the school staff.

Eventually she hopes to complete her PhD. in eleme tary education. Right now, however, she prefers spendi most of her time being a wife and mother. "I'm proud to Mrs. Tim Enright," she says.

In her spare time she manages to read, sew, play go wash her hair every night and attend education cours twice a week. "I think because I have so many intere that fulfill me as an individual I'm a better wife a mother."

TEXT BY GERALDINE CAR

The following cities* have fluoride in their drinking water to reduce cavities.

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WAUKEGAN
WESTCHESTER
WHEATON
WHEELING
WHITE HALL
WILMETTE
WINNETKA
INDIANA
ALGIERS
ANDERSON
BATESVILLE
BEDFORD
BLACK OAK
BLOOMFIELD
BRAZIL
CARMEL
COALMONT
COLUMBUS
CORYDON
CULVER
DALE
EDGEWOOD
ELKHART
EVANSVILLE
FORTVILLE
FT. WAYNE
GARY
GREENDALE
GREENSBURG
GRIFFITH
HAMMOND
HARMONY
HIGHLAND
HUNTINGBURG
INDIANAPOLIS
JASONVILLE
JASPER
KOKOMO
LAFAYETTE
LA PORTE
LOGANSPORT
LONG BEACH
LYNDHURST
MARION
MARTINSVILLE
MAYWOOD
MICHIGAN CITY
MISHAWAKA
MONTGOMERY
MONTPELIER
MT. VERNON
MUNCIE
NEW CARLISLE
NEWCASTLE
NORTH VERNON
OLDENBURG
PAOLI
PRINCETON
RENSSELAER
RICHMOND
RUSHVILLE
SEYMOUR
SOUTHPORT
VALPARAISO
VEVAY
WABASH
WALKERTON
WAYNEDALE
WINAMAC
ZIONSVILLE
IOWA
AMES
AUDUBON
AVOCA
BANCROFT
BELMOND
BETTENDORF
BOONE
BURLINGTON
CARLISLE
CEDAR FALLS
CEDAR RAPIDS
CENTERVILLE
CHARITON
CLARINDA
CLINTON
CLIVE
CORNING
COUNCIL BLUFFS
CRESCO
CRESTON
DAVENPORT
DECORAH
DES MOINES
EAGLE GROVE
ELDORA
EMMETSBURG
FAIRFIELD
GLENWOOD
GREENFIELD
HARTLEY
HUMBOLDT
IOWA CITY
JEFFERSON
KEOKUK
LAKE VIEW
LAMONI
MANCHESTER
MARION
MONTICELLO
NEWTON
OSKALOOSA
OTTUMWA
PERRY
POSTVILLE
RED OAK
SAC CITY
ST. ANSGAR
SIGOURNEY
SIOUX CENTER
SIOUX RAPIDS
TIPTON
URBANDALE
WALKON
WINTERSET
KANSAS
ARKANSAS CITY
ASHLAND
BONNER SPRINGS
BURLINGTON
CHANUTE
CLEARWATER
COFFEYVILLE
COUNCIL GROVE
EDWARDSVILLE
EL DORADO
EMPORIA
EUREKA
FAIRWAY
FT. SCOTT
FREDONIA
HAYS
HERINGTON
INDEPENDENCE
KANSAS CITY
LA HARPE
LAWRENCE
LYONS
MARION
OLATHE
OTTAWA
PAOLA
PARSONS
PHILLIPSBURG
SENECA
SHAWNEE
STAFFORD
TOPEKA
YATES CENTER
KENTUCKY
AFLEX
ANCHORAGE
ASHLAND
BARDSTOWN
BARDWELL
BEATTYVILLE
BELLEWOOD
BENTON
BEREA
BROAD FIELDS
BUECHEL
BURGIN
BURKESVILLE
CALVERT CITY
CAMPBELLSVILLE
CARROLLTON
CENTRAL CITY
CHERRY WOOD
CYNTHIANA
DANVILLE
DEVONDALE
DRUID HILLS
ELKTON
EMINENCE
FAIRMOUNT
FRANKFORT
FRANKLIN
GLASGOW
GRAYMOOR
GRAYSON
GREENSBURG
HARDINSBURG
HARRODSBURG
HAZARD
HENDERSON
HICKMAN
HOPKINSVILLE
HUSTONVILLE
IRVINE
JACKSON
JETT
JUNCTION CITY
KINGSLEY
LA GRANGE
LANCER
LEBANON
LEXINGTON
LOUISA
LOUISVILLE
LYNCH
LYNDON
LYNNVIEW
MARTIN
MAYFIELD
MAYSVILLE
MIDDLETOWN
MOCKINGBIRD
MORNEHAD
MORGANTOWN
MT. STERLING
MURRAY
NEW CASTLE
OWENSBORO
PAINTSVILLE
PARIS
PIKEVILLE
PRESTONSBURG
RADCLIFF
RUSSELLVILLE
ST. MATTHEWS
SCOTTSVILLE
SHELBYVILLE
SHIVELY
SPRINGFIELD
SPRINGLEE
STURGIS
TAYLORSVILLE
THEJAS
VANCEBURG
VERSAILLES
WILLISTON
WINCHESTER
LOUISIANA
HOUMA
JONESVILLE
LOCKPORT
RAYVILLE
THIBODAUX
MAINE
BAILEYVILLE
BAR HARBOR
BELFAST
BRADLEY
BRIDGTON
BRUNSWICK
CARIBOU
FAIRFIELD
HAMPDEN
JACKMAN
MADAWASKA
MILFORD
MILLINOCKET
MOUNT DESERT
NORWAY
OLD TOWN
PITTSFIELD
PRESQUE ISLE
RUMFORD
TOPSHAM
VASSALBORO
VEAZIE
WATERVILLE
WINSLOW
MARYLAND
ABERDEEN
ADELPHI
ALTA VISTA
ANNAPOLIS
ANNESLIE
ARBUTUS
ARDWICK
AVALON
BALTIMORE
BARE HILLS
BAYNESVILLE
BEL AIR
BELTSVILLE
BERWYN
BLADENSBURG
BREWOOD
CABIN JOHN
CARNEY
CATONSVILLE
CAVETOWN
CHESACO PARK
CHEVERLY
CHEVY CHASE
COCKEYSVILLE
COLLEGE PARK
COLMAR MANOR
COTTAGE CITY
DUMBARTON
DUNDALK
EASTPORT
EDGEMERE
EDMONSTON
ELKRIDGE
ESSEX
FAIRTOWN
FITZELL
FOREST GLEN
FORESTVILLE
FOUR CORNERS
FREDERICK
FULLERTON
FUNKSTOWN
GAITHERSBURG
GARRETT PARK
GLEN ECHO
GLEN MONT
GLYNDON
GOLDEN RING
GREENBELT
HAGERSTOWN
HALETHORPE
HARBOR VIEW
HARRISTOWN
HEBBVILLE
HILLENDALE
HYATTSVILLE
IDLEWILD
INVERNESS
HUTCHINSON
KENWOOD
LANDOVER
LANHAM
LANSDOWNE
LARCHMONT
LAUREL
LENOX
LINHIGH
LOCH RAVEN
LOCH FOREST
LUTHERVILLE
MIDDLE RIVER
MILFORD
MONUMENTAL
MORNINGSIDE
MT. RAINIER
NECKER
NORTH EAST
NORTH POINT
OAK FOREST
OVERLEA
PADONIA
PARADISE
PARKVILLE
PERRY HALL
PIKESVILLE
PINEHURST
RALSTON
RIDERWOOD
RIGGS ROAD
RIVERDALE
RIVER NECK
ROCKDALE
ROCKLAND
ROCKVILLE
ROSEDALE
ROSEMONT
ROSLYN
ROSSVILLE
RUXTON
SALISBURY
SEABROOK
SECURITY
SHEPPARD
SILVER HILL
SILVER SPRING
SMITHSBURG
SNOW HILL
STEMMERS RUN
STONELEIGH
SUITLAND
TAKOMA PARK
TEXAS
TIMONIUM
TOWSON
TURNER
VILLA NOVA
WALTERS
WEST GATE
WESTMINSTER
WHEATON
WILLIAMSPORT
WOODBROOK
WOODSIDE
MASSACHUSETTS
ASHBURNHAM
ATHOL
BEVERLY
COHASSET
DANVERS
HAMILTON
HINGHAM
HULL
MIDDLETON
NEWTON
SALEM
SEEKONK
SHARON
SHREWSBURY
SUDBURY
TEMPLETON
WINCHESTER
MICHIGAN
ADRIAN
ALGONAC
ANN ARBOR
BATTLE CREEK
BAYVIEW
BENTON HARBOR
BIG RAPIDS
BRIGHTON
BUCHANAN
CENTER LINE
CENTRAL LAKE
CHARLEVOIX
CHARLOTTE
CHELSEA
EAST JORDAN
EAST LANSING
ESCANABA
ESSEXVILLE
FRANKENMUTH
GLADSTONE
GRAND HAVEN
GRAND RAPIDS
GRANDVILLE
HASTINGS
HILLSDALE
HOWELL
JACKSON
KALAMAZOO
LANSING
LOWELL
LUDINGTON
MANISTIQUE
MARINE CITY
MARION
MARQUETTE
MARYSVILLE
MASON
MENOMINEE
MIDLAND
MILFORD
MONROE
MT. CLEMENS
MUSKEGON
NEGAUNEE
PARCHMENT
PEARL BEACH
PETOSKEY
PINCONNING
PLAINWELL
ROCKFORD
ROGERS CITY
SHERIDAN
SOUTH HAVEN
SPARTA
SPRING LAKE
STAMBAUGH
TECUMSEH
WEST BRANCH
WHITE PINE
WYOMING
YALE
YPSILANTI
MINNESOTA
ALBERT LEA
ANOKA
ARLINGTON
ASKOV
AURORA
BAYPORT
BENSON
BIRD ISLAND
BLAINE
BLOOMINGTON
BLUE EARTH
BUFFALO
CLOQUET
CROOKSTON
CRYSTAL
DASSEL
EDGERTON
EDINA
EXCELSIOR
FERGUS FALLS
FOLEY
FOREST LAKE
GAYLORD
HALLOCK
HOPKINS
HOYT LAKES
HUTCHINSON
LAKEFIELD
LITCHFIELD
MADISON
MANKATO
MARSHALL
MINNEAPOLIS
MONTEVIDEO
MOORHEAD
MORNINGSIDE
MORRIS
NORTHFIELD
OLIVIA
ORTONVILLE
PERHAM
PINE ISLAND
PIPESTONE
RANIER
RICHFIELD
ROBBINSDALE
ROCHESTER
ROSEVILLE
RUSH CITY
SAUK CENTRE
SCANLON
SILVER BAY
SPRINGFIELD
STAPLES
TRUMAN
VIRGINIA
WATERVILLE
WAYZATA
WEST CONCORD
WINDOM
WINNEBAGO
WINONA
MISSISSIPPI
BROOKHAVEN
CALHOUN CITY
CANTON
CLEVELAND
COLUMBIA
COLUMBUS
COMO
DURANT
FOREST
KOSCIUSKO
LEXINGTON
LOUISVILLE
MARKS
MERIDIAN
NEWTON
PHILADELPHIA
QUITMAN
TUPELO
UNION
MISSOURI
ALBANY
BALLWIN
BERKELEY
BEVIER
BOONVILLE
BRENTWOOD
BRIDGETON
BROOKFIELD
CABOOL
CAMERON
CAPE GIRARDEAU
CARTHAGE
CHAFFEE
CHAMP
CHARLACK
CHILLICOTHE
CLAYTON
CLINTON
COOL VALLEY
CRESTWOOD
CREVE COEUR
CRYSTAL CITY
DELLWOOD
DES PERES
EDMONDSON
ELLISVILLE
ELMDALE
FENTON
FERGUSON
FESTUS
FLORISSANT
FRONTENAC
GILLIAM
GLASGOW
GLENDALE
GREENDALE
HANLEY HILLS
HANNIBAL
HAYTI
HAZELWOOD
HILLSHOUSE
JACKSON
JEFFERSON CITY
JENNINGS
KENNETT
KIRKWOOD
LA DUE
LAKESHIRE
LAMAR
LIBERTY
MACKENZIE
MACON
MANCHESTER
MARCELINE
MARLBOROUGH
MARY RIDGE
MARYVILLE
MOLINE ACRES
NORMANDY
OAKLAND
OVERLAND
PACIFIC
PAGEDALE
PERRYVILLE
PINE LAWN
PLATTSBURG
RICHLAND
RIVERVIEW
ROCK HILL
SALISBURY
SARCOXIE
SAVANNAH
SHELBINA
SHREWSBURY
SIKESTON
SLATER
SUNSET HILLS
TIMES BEACH
TWIN OAKS
UNIONVILLE
UPLANDS PARK
VALLEY PARK
VERSAILLES
VINITA PARK
WARSON WOODS
WELLSTON
WILBUR PARK
WINCHESTER
MONTANA
BOZEMAN
CONRAD
MILES CITY
ROUNDUP
ST. IGNATIUS
NEBRASKA
COLUMBUS
FAIRBURY
NEBRASKA CITY
SUPERIOR
NEVADA
DWYHEE
NEW HAMPSHIRE
DURHAM
HANOVER
LEBANON
NEW JERSEY
ALLENHURST
ATLANTIC CITY
BURLINGTON
DEAL
E. BRUNSWICK
EATONTOWN
FAIR HAVEN
FAR HILLS
HIGHLAND
INTERLAKEN
LITTLE SILVER
LONG BRANCH
MIDDLETOWN
NEPTUNE CITY
OCEAN GROVE
OCEANPORT
PERTH AMBOY
PRINCETON
RAHWAY
ROOSEVELT
RUMSON
SEA BRIGHT
TRENTON
WHARTON
WOODBRIDGE
NEW MEXICO
ABIQUIU
AGUA FRIA
ANTON CHICO
CAPULIN
CORDOVA
CUNDIYO
EAST PECOS
GLORIETA
LA PLACITA
PENASCO
RATON
RIO LUCIO
RUIDOSO
SANTA FE
SENA
TAOS
VADITO
VALDEZ
VALLEY RANCH
WAGON MOUND
NEW YORK
ALLEGANY
ARDSLEY
BATAVIA
BELFAST
BINGHAMTON
BRONXVILLE
BUFFALO
CANANDAIGUA
CASTLE
CELORON
CHENANGO
COBLESKILL
DELHI
DICKINSON
DOBBS FERRY
DRESDEN
EAST AURORA
EASTCHESTER
ELMIRA
ELMSFORD
FAIRPORT
FALCONER
GENESEO
GLOVERSVILLE
GREECE
GREENBURGH
HAMBURG
HASTINGS
HIGHLAND
HILTON
HONEOYE FALLS
HOOSICK FALLS
HOPEWELL
HUDSON FALLS
JAMESTOWN
JOHNSTOWN
KENMORE
LAKEWOOD
LARCHMONT
LEVITTOWN
LEWISTON
LYNDONA
LLOYD
LOCKPORT
MADISON
MAMARONECK
MEDINA
MIDDLEPORT
MINEOLA
MONTICELLO
MOUNT VERNON
NEW ROCHELLE
NEW YORK CITY
NEWARK
NEWBURGH
NEWFANE
NIAGARA FALLS
NISKAYUNA
OGDEN
OLEAN
ONEONTA
OSWEGO
PALMYRA
PARMATOWN
PELHAM
PELHAM MANOR
PENFIELD
PENN YAN
PERINTON
PERRY
PHELPS
PITTSFORD
PLATTSBURGH
PORTER
POUGHKEEPSIE
ROCHESTER
ROTTERDAM
SARANAC LAKE
SCARSDALE
SCHENECTADY
SCRIBA
SYRACUSE
TONAWANDA
TUCKAHOE
VESTAL
WALDEN
WARSAW
WATERTOWN
WEBSTER
WESTFIELD
WHEATFIELD
YONKERS
NORTH CAROLINA
ABERDEEN
ALBEMARLE
BROOKFORD
CARRBORO
CHAPEL HILL
CHARLOTTE
CONCORD
DALLAS
DUNN
DURHAM
EAST SPENCER
EDEN
ERWIN
FAYETTEVILLE
GASTONIA
GOLDSBORO
GREENVILLE
HICKORY
HIGH POINT
LAURINBURG
LENOIR
LEXINGTON
LILLINGTON
LONGHURST
LOWELL
LUMBERTON
MISENHEIMER
MONROE
MORGANTON
MOUNT AIRY
NEW BERN
NEW LONDON
NEWTON
PINEVILLE
RALEIGH
RANLO
REIDSVILLE
RICHFIELD
ROCKINGHAM
ROCKY MOUNT
ROXBORO
RUTH
SALISBURY
SANFORD
SHELBY
SMITHFIELD
SPINDALE
STATESVILLE
TARBORO
WASHINGTON
WILMINGTON
WILSON
NORTH DAKOTA
BELCOURT
BEULAH
BISMARCK
CARRINGTON
CAVALIER
CROSBY
DEVILS LAKE
DICKINSON
DRAYTON
FARGO
GRAND FORKS
JAMESTOWN
MANDAN
MINOT
RIVERDALE
RUGBY
VALLEY CITY
WALHALLA
WILLISTON
OHIO
AMHERST
AVON
AVON LAKE
BAY VILLAGE
BEACHWOOD
BEDFORD
BEREA
BRECKSVILLE
BROOK PARK
BROOKLYN
CANFIELD
CHESAPEAKE
CLEVELAND
COAL GROVE
EASTLAKE
ELYRIA
EUCLID
FINDLAY
GALLIPOLIS
GATES MILLS
GEORGETOWN
GIRARD
GLENDALE
HAMILTON
HARBOR VIEW
HARRISVILLE
HASKINS
HOLLAND
HUDSON
HURON
INDEPENDENCE
IRONTON
JACKSON
LAKELINE
LAKEWOOD
LISBON
LORAIN
LYNDHURST
MADEIRA
MARIETTA
MAUMEE
MAYFIELD
MCDONALD
MEDINA
NEW BOSTON
NEWARK
NILES
NORTHFIELD
OBERLIN
ORANGE
OREGON
ORRVILLE
OTTAWA HILLS
PARKVIEW
PARMA
PEPPER PIKE
PERRYSBURG
PORTSMOUTH
ROCKY RIVER
ROSSFORD
SALEM
SHAKER HEIGHTS
SHEFFIELD
SOLON
SOUTH EUCLID
STRONGSVILLE
TERRACE PARK
TIMBERLAKE
TOLEDO
TONTOGANY
VERMILION
WADSWORTH
WALTON HILLS
WATERVILLE
WEST VIEW
WESTERVILLE
WICKLIFFE
WILLOUGHBY
YELLOW SPRINGS
YOUNGSTOWN
OKLAHOMA
ADA
ALTUS
ATOKA
BARTLESVILLE
CLINTON
DEWEY
GUTHRIE
HYDRO
IDABEL
MCALESTER
MIDWEST CITY
NORMAN
NOWATA
OKLAHOMA CITY
PAWHUSKA
PONCA CITY
SHAWNEE
STILLWATER
TULSA
OREGON
ASTORIA
CEDAR HILLS
CHARLESTON
COOS BAY
COQUILLE
DALLAS
EAST SALEM
EASTSIDE
FLORENCE
FOREST GROVE
GEARHART
GOLD BEACH
HAMMOND
MCMINNVILLE
MILL CITY
NEWPORT
NORTH BEND
PENDLETON
SALEM
SUBLIMITY
SWEET HOME
TURNER
WARM SPRINGS
WARRENTON
PENNSYLVANIA
ARNOLD
BALDWIN
BEDFORD
BETHEL
BRACKENRIDGE
BRADDOCK
BRENTWOOD
BRIDGEVILLE
BRIDGEWATER
BROOKVILLE
BURGETTSTOWN
CAMP HILL
CARLISLE
CARNEGIE
CATASAUQUA
CHALFONT
CHAMBERSBURG
CHESTER HILL
CHURCHILL
CLARION
CRAFTON
CUMBERLAND
DORMONT
DU BOIS
EASTON
EBENSBURG
FINLEYVILLE
FORD CITY
FOREST HILLS
GREENTREE
GREENVILLE
HARRISON
HEIDELBERG
HOMESTEAD
INDIANA
INGRAM
JEFFERSON
KANE
KITTANNING
LANCASTER
LEMOYNE
LIBRARY
MANHEIM
MANOR
MANORVILLE
MANSFIELD
MCDONALD
MEDIA
MILLERSBURG
MT. OLIVER
MUNHALL
NATRONA
NEW CASTLE
NORTH EAST
OSBORNE
PATTON
PERRYOPOLIS
PHILADELPHIA
PHILIPSBURG
PITCAIRN
PITTSBURGH
QUARRYVILLE
RIDGWAY
SCOTT
SEWICKLEY
SHARPSVILLE
SHENANGO
SHIREMANSTOWN
SOMERSET
STATE COLLEGE
SWISSVALE
THORNBURG
TRAFFORD
TURTLE CREEK
UNIONTOWN
WEST HOMESTEAD
WEST MIFFLIN
WHITEHALL
WILKINSBURG
WILLIAMS
WILMERDING
WILSON
WORMLEYSBURG
ROCK ISLAND
BARRINGTON
BRISTOL
CRANSTON
JOHNSTON
MIDDLETOWN
NEWPORT
PAWTUCKET
PORTSMOUTH
PROVIDENCE
SMITHFIELD
WARREN
WARWICK
WOONSOCKET
SOUTH CAROLINA
AIKEN
BISHOPVILLE
CHERAW
CHESTER
CHESTERFIELD
CLEMSON
CLINTON
DARLINGTON
FORT MILL
HARTSVILLE
HONEA PATH
JOHNSTON
LANCASTER
MARION
NINETY SIX
NO. AUGUSTA
ORANGEBURG
ROCK HILL
SENECA
SUMMERVILLE
SUMTER
UNION
WESTMINSTER
WINNSBORO
YORK
SOUTH DAKOTA
ABERDEEN
BROOKINGS
HOSMER
HURON
MITCHELL
MOBRIDGE
VERMILLION
WATERTOWN
TENNESSEE
ALAMO
ALCOA
ARLINGTON
ATHENS
BARTLETT
BRISTOL
BROWNSVILLE
CHAPEL HILL
CHATTANOOGA
CLARKSVILLE
CLEVELAND
CLIFTON
COLUMBIA
COOKEVILLE
COVINGTON
COWAN
DECATUR
DECHERD
DRESDEN
DUNLAP
DYERSBURG
EAST RIDGE
ERWIN
ETHRIDGE
FAYETTEVILLE
FLAT WOODS
FRANKLIN
GALLATIN
GERMANTOWN
HARRIMAN
HARTSVILLE
HIXSON
HUMBOLDT
JACKSON
JOHNSON CITY
KINGSPORT
LA FOLLETTE
LAKEWOOD
LA VERGNE
LEBANON
LINDEN
LIVINGSTON
MANCHESTER
MARYVILLE
MILAN
MILLINGTON
MT. PLEASANT
NASHVILLE
NEWPORT
NIOTA
OAK RIDGE
PARIS
PARSONS
PERRYVILLE
PIKEVILLE
PORTLAND
RALEIGH
RIDGELY
RIPLEY
SAVANNAH
SEWANEE
SHELBYVILLE
SMYRNA
SOUTH BRISTOL
SPARTA
SPRINGFIELD
TIPTONVILLE
TRENTON
UNION CITY
WAVERLY
WAYNESBORO
WINCHESTER
WOODBINE
WOODBURY
TEXAS
BRECKENRIDGE
CENTER
CONROE
CROCKETT
DENTON
FORT WORTH
GONZALES
GREGORY
GRIFFING PARK
INGLESIDE
IOWA PARK
KILLEEN
LAKEVIEW
LAWRENCE
MARSHALL
MESQUITE
MUENSTER
ODEM
PARIS
PEAR RIDGE
PORT ARTHUR
PORTLAND
SABINE PASS
SWEETWATER
TEMPLE
TERRELL
TRENT
WELLINGTON
UTAH
HELPER
VERMONT
BURLINGTON
DERBY LINE
ESSEX JUNCTION
SWANTON
VIRGINIA
ALEXANDRIA
AMHERST
ANNANDALE
BEDFORD
BLACKSBURG
BLUEFIELD
BRISTOL
CHARLOTTESVILLE
CHATHAM
CHESAPEAKE
DANVILLE
DUBLIN
DUMFRIES
FAIRFAX
FALLS CHURCH
FALMOUTH
FARMVILLE
FREDERICKSBURG
FRONT ROYAL
FRIES
HAMPTON
HARRISONBURG
LAKESIDE
LEXINGTON
LYNCHBURG
NEWPORT NEWS
NORFOLK
NORTON
PETERSBURG
PORTSMOUTH
PULASKI
RADFORD
RICHMOND
ROANOKE
ROCKY MOUNT
SPRINGFIELD
STAUNTON
SUFFOLK
VINTON
VIRGINIA BEACH
WARRENTON
WAYNESBORO
WISE
WOODBRIDGE
WYTHEVILLE
YORKTOWN
WASHINGTON
ANACORTES
CATHLAMET
CENTRALIA
COULEE DAM
DUVALL
FORKS
KALAMA
KELSO
KENT
KIRKLAND
LONGVIEW
LYNDEN
MANSON
MONTESANO
OAK HARBOR
PULLMAN
RAYMOND
VANCOUVER
WOODLAND
WEST [redacted]
ALPHEUS
ANMOORE
BECKLEY
BENTON FERRY
BENWOOD
BETHLEHEM
BIDDEFORD
BUCKHANNON
BURKE HOLLOW
CAMERON
CHARLESTON
CHESAPEAKE
CHESTER
CLARKSBURG
CLEARVIEW
COLFAX
CROSS LANES
DAKOTA
DIAMOND
DUNBAR
ELBERT
ELKINS
FAIRMONT
FAIRVIEW
FAYETTEVILLE
FILBERT
GLEN JEAN
GLENVILLE
GRAFTON
GRANTSVILLE
HARRISVILLE
HARVEY
HENDERSON
HUGHESTON
HUNTINGTON
HURRICANE
INSTITUTE
JANE LEW
KINGMONT
KINGWOOD
LENS CREEK
LEWISBURG
LOCHGELLY
LOGAN
LONDON
MAN
MARTINSBURG
MATEWAN
MCCONNELL
MILTON
MONTGOMERY
MORGANTOWN
MT. GAY
NITRO
NORTH FORK
OAK HILL
PARKVIEW
PEACH CREEK
PHILIPPI
POCA
PINEVILLE
POCA
PRINCETON
QUINCY
RAND
RED JACKET
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WAYNE
WEIRTON
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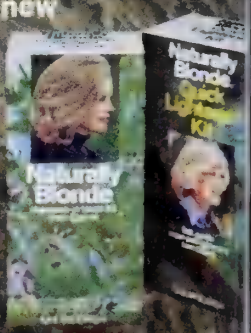
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Beauty Journal

July is a beauty-action month. Here are ways to handle these days with scents and sensibility.

NO-FUN BURNS

A burn is a burn. There are sunburns, windburns, sandburns and barbecue burns—all adding ılt and injury to your fair skin . . . . N: Not to fool with, "broiled lobster" can be a bad second degree burn. Even a milder case p layer redness, taut tingling skin, ouch-pain), mustn't be ored. Apply a cold wet towel or ice pack (on and off) any ts that flame. Or soak for 20 minutes in a tepid tub laced h a cup of bran, oatmeal or cornstarch. Another home e is a paste of baking soda and water; let dry on skin, se off. Baking soda is endothermic, meaning it absorbs t. Just a feel-better idea: sprinkle baby powder on your ets, reducing friction. If your burn borders on severe, ık liquids to balance any body dehydration. You may e blisters, swelling, headache and slight fever. If so, take irin, take plenty of fluids and take to bed—you're sick. y more serious reactions—call a doctor.

ND: Cool down and moisturize with baby oil, mineral or any aftersun lotion—cut down on drying soaps.

ND: Or scuff or brush burns—any scrape when you fall l rub the outer layer of skin. Quickly apply a cold dress- to ease the pain, reduce the swelling.

RBECUE: If you have grill-contact, forget your old habit slicking the spot with butter, grease or petroleum jelly. ce immediately under or in cold water for a few minutes ool down the heat. Pat dry. After a day, lubricate with st-aid cream.

SUNGLASSES: A SHADY STORY

e sunglasses you casually plunk on your face can reflect ır inner personality: hip aviator cool, motorcycle mirrors ink plastic and rhinestones. But whether your choice is stly fashion or mainly medical, here are a few und rules for good eye care.

A quick test for quality. Stand under a fluorent fixture, hold glasses with the light reflecting the inside lens. Move slightly. If image is disted, the lens are faulty; will cause strain.

Government regulations now call for shatterstant glass. Check for the sticker.

In bright light, no more than 15–30 percent light uld filter through a good pair of glasses. Gray green are best. Blue lets in ultraviolet light.

f you can see your eyes clearly, glasses are too t for top-notch glare control.

Sunglasses are light years away from sunglasses.

f you wear contact lenses—they're now available h an ultraviolet inhibitor factor (referred to as I) to cut glare.

To aid sports fans—lenses come mirrored with a n of stainless steel to block visible glare bounc- off of water, sand, snow.

Without really good sunglasses, you'll tire faster, e some night vision. But sunglasses worn in the k will make eyes more light sensitive.

Q *Although I'm average weight for my height (5'7"), I have a real problem with my thighs. Bumps stick out on both sides. Is there an exercise for these bulges?* —A.S., Chicago, Ill.

A Try this for gradual help: Stretch out on your side, head resting on one elbow (as shown). For balance, use your other hand as a brace in front of you. Keeping your body in a straight line, raise both legs together and hold to a count of five; lower. Do 3 times, roll over and repeat on other side. Hint: The more limber you become, the higher you'll be able to raise your legs.



ON THE GO

Whether travel means a weekend at the shore or India overland, be ready with beauty-to-go. All small-sized totables. ▪ Just 4 oz. of Final Net non-aerosol hairspray goes a long way; Clairol, $1.39. • Skinny scenting, Coty's Sweet Earth Fragrance Sticks with dab-on applicator; choice scent, Patchouli, $2.50. ▪ Perfect for bag or beach, tiny Vaseline Intensive Care Lotion, 1 oz., about 15¢. ▪ Refreshing Touch of Naté (4 mini-size products for bath and body, plus 6 towelettes), by Jean Naté, $3.25. • To slip in your pocket, Cachet perfume in a shiny silvery pot; Prince Matchabelli, ⅛ oz., $3.75. ▪ Tuckable size for travel kits or for on-the-spot outdoor showers, a trim tube of Prell Concentrate shampoo; Procter & Gamble, 1.7 oz., about 79¢.

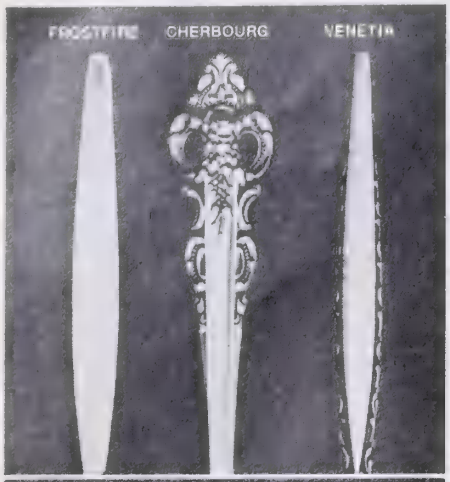
REFRESH-SCENTS



With Tennyson's penning, "Nothing in Nature is unbeautiful" in mind, we looked for aromatic yet decorative ways to harness the flora and flotsam of nature. For extra inventive ideas, we turned to Amelia Bassin of Bassinnova, a fragrance environmentalist who matches room scents to room decor. She has concocted easy, at-home methods to combat any staleness, stuffiness or smokiness in the air. Her sound advice: work with wonderful, all-natural things such as cutting a curlicue of orange rind (as shown here) and combining with crushed cinnamon sticks, cloves, drops of orange extract, perhaps little dried flowers for show. Other Bassin-ettes: freely mix wood shavings, shells and pebbles with essence of peppermint . . . add a mini-splash of brandy to revive any fading potpourri . . . or toss gravels, grasses, herbs and pine cones with a mingling of lemon and vanilla extract . . . blend the sense-pleasers together in baskets, Mason jars, big brandy snifters or whatever fits your own environment.

Illustrations by Thea Kliros; border by Julia Noonan







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"FAMILY GROUP" BY FREDERICK R. SPENCER, 1840

Anemia in IUD users. Promising news about lung cancer. Flight precautions for cold sufferers.

By David R. Zimmerman **IUD-induced blood loss.** English scientists have measured the menstrual blood loss of 300 women who wear IUDs. The largest IUD, the Lippes Loop D, caused the most bleeding. Average monthly flow was two and two-thirds ounces—the threshold of iron deficiency anemia. In fact, one in four of these women had anemic blood iron levels within a year. The smaller Dalkon Shields (standard and small sizes) caused slightly less blood loss on the average, but more users—one in every three—had anemic hemoglobin levels. The smallest IUD tested, the Copper 7, caused the least blood loss—between one and one-half and two ounces—and produced the fewest anemic changes.

Cancer report. There now is a report of unprecedented success in treating the deadliest kind of lung cancer, oat cell carcinoma, which kills 15,000 Americans annually. Cigarette smoking is widely considered its principal cause; most of its victims are dead within one year. This cancer spreads so implacably that few doctors try to slow its advance, let alone stop it; pain relief for its victims is their principal aim.

The promising new report comes from National Cancer Institute radiologist Ralph Johnson, M.D. To treat oat cell carcinoma, he uses high doses of cancer drugs and potent X-rays, aimed at both the afflicted lung and the brain, where many of the cancers had spread. He described these "unparalleled" results to a recent American Cancer Society press briefing: Complete remissions were achieved in 26 of 27 gravely ill men and women, of whom 22 remained alive, and 21 were free of cancer for periods of up to one year. He added: "We're getting the kind of remissions that have never been achieved before!"

Help for sun-shunners. Summer may be more fun this year for people who suffer from erythropoietic protoporphyria, a rare disorder that makes it impossible for them to stand sunlight. A little sun turns a chemical in their skin into an itchy, burning poison. Researcher Micheline Mathew-Roth, M.D., says most sufferers who she has treated can now stay out-of-doors four or five times longer by taking a new pill that contains the vitamin A precursor B-carotene (*Solatene*, Roche). The pills, she stresses, don't help other sun-sensitive individuals; for them the chemical PABA (para-aminobenzoic acid) is the best sunscreen.

Averting ear injury aloft. Airline pilots and cabin attendants are told not to fly with head colds. One reason is that a cold can stop up the eustachian tubes, which carry air from the throat to the inner side of the ear drums to equalize outside air pressure. If the tubes are blocked by a cold, the rapid rise in air pressure as the plane descends can force the eardrums inward, causing painful earache. An eardrum even may rupture —a permanent injury. Flight crew members can postpone journeys until their head colds clear up. Vacation-bound travelers often cannot. To protect their ears, Pan Am medical director Joseph C. Constantino, M.D., suggests that vacationers with head colds ask their doctors to prescribe medication that will open blocked respiratory passages. Over-the-counter cold sprays and decongestants, he says, also may be helpful. **End**

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Sun Valley's Cultural Pioneer

Glenn Janss glories in the natural wonders of her Idaho resort home. But she's also worked successfully to make it a thriving center for the fine arts.

Glenn Janss is that rare woman who, through choice and circumstance, has found an immeasurably rare and fulfilling lifestyle in the mountain vastness of Idaho. She has brought art and culture to one of America's last wilderness areas, while preserving its untamed beauty.

A 43-year-old former Southern California socialite, Glenn is the wife of William Janss, owner of the famed Sun Valley ski and summer resort. As first lady of Sun Valley, Glenn has established a cultural oasis in the Northwest which, perhaps because of its awesome natural wonders, has lagged behind much of the country in the acquisition and appreciation of mankind's works of art.

With her husband and her five children, Glenn lives in an elegant modern home on the banks of Trail Creek. Towering peaks of the rugged Sawtooth range dominate the terrace view, and inside hang the works of De Kooning, Jackson Pollock and many other artists—a collection worthy of a museum. It is here that the Jansses welcome guests from around the world.

Glenn, trained for the role of hostess from childhood, *was* born with a silver spoon in her mouth, but her character was shaped of unalloyed steel. She became lady of the house early in her teens when her mother fell ill. She acted as hostess for her father, Walter Candy, Jr. and for her grandfather, P. G. Winnett, who founded the Bullock's department store chain in California.

Winnett, a brilliant and daring businessman, doted on his only granddaughter. He confided business matters to her, frequently seeking Glenn's opinions, and he infused in her the virtue of self-discipline and the will to succeed in all things.

Glenn responded with straight A's in school, became president of her high school student body and graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Wellesley College. She is an excellent tennis player, water-skier and skier.

The dark-haired, brown-eyed Glenn returned to California from Wellesley to settle into a comfortable, socially acceptable marriage to lumber tycoon William Garritt Cooper. But the affluent life, chic parties and Junior League balls were not enough for her. Glenn soon turned to painting and the study of art history. She became a founding member of the



Los Angeles County Museum of Art. As a volunteer worker for the Los Angeles school system, she was largely responsible for a program which brought 70,000 children a year to the Museum for their first experience with the arts. "The earlier children are aware of culture," Glenn says, "the more they grow to appreciate it for the rest of their lives."

Glenn was working toward her masters degree in art history at UCLA six years ago when, in the wake of her divorce from Cooper, she decided to move to Sun Valley with her children: Brandt, Christin, Kelley, Cameron and Candy, who ranged in age from seven to 14. She chose the Idaho wilderness country because she loved its sparkling air and crystal streams, and because it was a haven from the broken relationships, smog and congestion of Los Angeles.

"I had skied Sun Valley from the time I was fifteen," Glenn said. "But I was amazed at the number of things to see and do in Idaho. And we were overwhelmed by the beauty of the mountains in summer. In California we practically lived separate lives, and when we moved to the mountains we became a family again—we belonged to one another for the first time in years. We rode horses and bicycles and ice skated together. There is tennis and golf, boating and fishing—literally dozens of sports for every family. We had dinner together as a family every night."

Her youngsters embraced the new life as enthusiastically as Glenn did. There were float trips on the Salmon and Snake Rivers, hiking to Alpine lakes set like sapphires at 10,000-foot altitudes in the breathtaking Sawtooths. And, of course, there's skiing.

Still, Glenn craved the intellectual and artistic stimulation she had known in Los Angeles. "Idaho is the lowest of all states in contributions to the arts," she said. "It provides only $10,000 a year for the State Commission on the Arts. Even the federal government gives more—$200,000 to each state. If I wanted cultural associations in the area, I would have to form them myself."

It took a near-crippling accident for Glenn to turn her energies to establishing an art colony in the mountains. In 1971 she broke a hip skiing. The enforced physical inactivity provided time for her to organize the Sun Valley Creative Arts Center. Five workshops in painting, weaving and ceramics were a modest beginning that first summer, but by the following year the number of workshops increased to 15. Her husband donated a six-acre tract for the Center and Glenn began a fund drive.

She has gathered a quarter-million dollars in the past three years from grants, foundation and private contributions. The newly renamed Sun Valley Center for the Arts and Humanities now offers scores of seminars and workshops in painting, photography, theater, music, writing, dance and other fields of creativity.

Just as a ski mishap got Glenn going with her arts center, so did an accident on the slopes bring her and her husband Bill together. In 1973 Glenn and Anne Janss, Bill's first wife, were skiing with a group of friends when they were caught in an avalanche. Glenn saved herself by clinging to a tree, but watched, horrified, as Anne was swept to her death.

Glenn's parents and the Janss family had been acquainted when Glenn and Bill were children, but until they came to know one another in Sun Valley, they were virtual strangers.

"It seems now that we are really two people leading one life," Glenn said. "We both love living in the midst of great art, we both share a love for sports and wilderness—and we both feel strongly about preserving the ecological balance of this wonderland. We have the same goals for Sun Valley. To provide the best physical and intellectual stimuli for those who live here, as well as for the thousands who visit America's mountain frontier every year." **End**



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TRICIA, THE FORGOTTEN NIXON

A revealing look at Tricia Nixon Cox's private, almost solitary, world after the trauma of her father's fall from power. By Penelope McMillan.

Though the Nixons have long since left the White House, only one of them—Tricia Nixon Cox—has truly left the public eye. Her name rarely heard, her picture rarely seen, she has proved more than any public figure who ever lamented a lack of privacy that, if you really want to, you can make the world go away.

The other Nixons—Richard, Pat and Julie—are not afraid of publicity. Julie Nixon Eisenhower went with her husband to China last year and this year the former president and Mrs. Nixon went. But though Tricia and her husband, Edward F. Cox, also were invited by the Chinese government, they decided not to go. They remained in their luxurious New York City high-rise apartment. "Except for shopping, I don't think Tricia ever goes out," says a family friend.

Her only "public" appearance, if it can even be called that, was when she accompanied her mother around New York City a few months ago, and the local press gathered to photograph Mrs. Nixon. When a photographer complimented her on her appearance, Tricia made her first public statement in two years: "You are very kind."

Tricia, 30, always resented press intrusions even when she lived in the White House. She never liked to be watched, photographed, stared at or even idolized as a president's pretty daughter. But since the Watergate scandal, acquaintances, family friends and Nixon watchers have noted an even deeper reclusiveness in Tricia. She always was introverted, they say, and is now more so. One woman who has entertained the Coxes in her home finds the ex-president's eldest daughter an "uneasy person," who seems to feel that people look at her as "some kind of freak," because of what's happened to the Nixons. For someone who never sought attention, fear of that kind of notice has made her withdraw further.

Her once socially active, outgoing husband, who is an associate at the law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, also refuses requests for interviews and avoids notice. "We plan to keep our lives private," he says. Some say *(continued on P.S. 6)*

Illustration by Roland Des Combes

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TRICIA

continued

it's so private that they fear for the state of the marriage, but family friends discount this. The rumors that Tricia is pregnant pop up from time to time and are an inside joke between her and her husband. Socially, they are "almost nonpeople," never seen at New York's largest parties, benefits or major cultural events. They are not known to dine at big-name restaurants in Manhattan, nor in romantic upper East Side bistros.

The Nixon notoriety has aroused concern among those fond of Ed Cox. They worry that the young lawyer's career could be damaged. Five years ago, when he and Tricia were married at a glamorous White House wedding, the opposite seemed true. Cox and his family enjoyed instant celebrity. Now Ed, 29, avoids such celebrity. He remains conspicuously outside the Nixon orbit. He did not appear publicly with Tricia and her mother when Mrs. Nixon visited New York. The two times Tricia has been to San Clemente since Christmas (once to welcome her parents home from China), she went alone; her husband was working. (In Washington circles, Ed Cox, along with David Eisenhower, is said to be one of the "thinly disguised" sources for Woodward and Bernstein's latest book, *The Final Days*, which among other things describes Nixon talking to portraits of former presidents hanging on the walls of the White House.)

ADORATION OF HER FATHER

Tricia has had a hard time reconciling what's happened to all their lives with her adoration of her father; she believed he could lick the world with one hand tied behind his back. When she lived in the White House, reporters had to work hard just to find out that she played the radio, answered her mail and didn't drink alcohol.

But the one thing she made perfectly clear was that she supported her father and his politics wholeheartedly. "He's a loser like Lincoln and Churchill," she once flashed at a reporter while the Watergate scandal was unfolding. And Edward Cox is quoted in *The Final Days* as saying, "I can't talk to my wife. She is determined that her father shall not resign."

Once her father went into exile at San Clemente in August, 1974, Tricia seemed to family friends in a "permanent trauma." Last summer, for example, she was reportedly so unwilling to have contact with the world that she insisted that her husband play golf in Westhampton, Long Island, late in the day—when the course was cleared of people; she didn't want "to make small talk with anyone."

In the early months after the resignation, Tricia often went out to San Clemente. She appeared to be the favorite child of the Nixons; her father used to enjoy comparing her personality to his and noting their similarity. Sometimes he embarrassed her when he praised her long blond hair again and again. The first exclusive interview he gave as president was actually about Tricia, as a way of settling a family argument. Tricia had objected when her mother agreed to give an interview about her to the JOURNAL, but found the publicity bearable when her father said he would do it.

TWO DIFFERENT DAUGHTERS

Tricia's favored status probably explains in part the different behavior of the two Nixon daughters. Julie has always been the more outgoing, the one seeking attention, perhaps as much from her own parents as from the public. It was Julie who staged a ringing public defense of her father in the summer of 1974. Since then she has written a cookbook and has gone on a nationwide tour to publicize it. She edited a Bicentennial book and designed a needlework kit, both of which will go on sale this year. She took the trip to China and helped pave the way for her parents' visit. This year she hopes to launch her own television interview show.

While Tricia hides in her singular world, Julie makes an effort to stay in the public eye. The two young women seem almost living symbols of the paradoxical nature of Richard Nixon: Julie, his extroverted side—seeking attention, approval and notice; Tricia, his withdrawn side—the introverted, brooding person, seeking acceptance from the upper class and then not really enjoying the fruits of that acceptance. Tricia is the first Nixon ever admitted into the Social Register. She attained this new status through her husband. (Ed Cox's parents, Col. and Mrs. Howard Cox, are listed as members of no fewer than 17 exclusive clubs.) But Tricia doesn't join her contemporaries at the cultural events or philanthropic activities that she's automatically invited to because of her social position in New York. Old classmates from Finch College say they never see her.

Tricia was scarred by her father's fall from power as surely as the rest of her family, but the scars of political life were there long before Watergate; the scandal only deepened them. Family friends and acquaintances portray Tricia as someone who shrinks from any situation where she might be judged—and this was true before Richard Nixon's resignation. She was always masterful at public appearances and ready to smile and say the right thing with the same steely poise her mother was kn for.

But while Tricia could handle self in a crowd of 500, she was opposite with small groups of six eight. As one perplexed acquainta puts it, she cannot relate on a one one basis: "She can't handle herself. just clams up."

NO CAREER

Unlike Julie, Tricia never attemp a career. It was almost as though expected the public to follow her pounce on every mistake. "Why do t stare so?" she was already asking mother at age 12, when they were sea in a restaurant. People had started s ing almost as soon as she was born 1946, as Nixon began his very first p ical campaign. Discipline was drilled to her: "Remember Daddy's positi Tricia instructed Julie when they v children.

Somehow Julie emerged from all with enough confidence in herself t ahead and try anyway. Tricia didn't. answer to not being judged or watc seems to be to do nothing judgeabl

Consequently, the marriage of Ed Tricia Cox always has been a myster anybody who knew the Cox family— then met Tricia. She is described someone with "no initiative." Not is Ed striving and ambitious, but the women are doers. Ed's mother once her own fashion design house and for years headed many charity bene His sister, Mazie Cox, who is marrie Brinkley Thorne but continues to use maiden name, is an architect.

Tricia appears to do the cooking cleaning in her 4½-room apartment self. Apparently she does enjoy sh ping, and likes to wander through tique stores on the East Side. Trades in the vicinity of her apartment so times see her—a small, dainty figure still prefers Princess-style dresses coats to the jeans and T-shirts usu seen on women in her neighborhoo know she loves history and reads a Mazie Cox says. But very few seem know exactly how she spends her t "Only she knows the answer to question," says her sister-in-law.

A FEELING FOR PRIVACY

"If you grew up that way, m you'd have a real feeling about pri too," Mazie says understandingly. maybe life hasn't been terribly fa Tricia. She was denied a normal c hood and adolescence because of father's political life. And now, with father's disgrace, she's been denied satisfaction that it was a worthwhile rifice. Tricia's life of silence, comp to her family's more public lives, im as great if not greater suffering. Bu lence is the only course she knows trusts.


MAY WHIPS UP
CHCREME
OFT FROSTS
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you can glow all summer in
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y's new softly-frosted Rich-
ne Lipcolor—quiet lustre
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RLD'S LEADING AUTHORITY IN HYPO-ALLERGENIC COSMETICS
Dress by Bill Tice for Malcolm Starr.



Photograph by Dick Sharpe. Design by Taylor, Wilson and House

Natural Changes

New ways to make the old monocromatic schemes look exciting and different in a way that is anything but monotonous.

Just when everybody thought that just about everything possible had been done with the neutrals and the naturals, not to mention the use of plants and rocks, along comes something new under the sun. Just when we all had had it up to here in the beiges, browns and earth colors, it all looks fresh again. One difference in the old tried-and-true is the change of scale: not just a few relatively small stones randomly placed on the coffee table or étagère, but really giant-size boulders of quartz or rock crystal; not just some normal garden variety ferns or potted ivies, but great forests of fish-tail palms and huge stands of tropical trees and shrubs, planted in jardinieres, capacious enough to hold Ali Baba and his forty thieves; not just wicker from your grandmother's sunporch, but wicker with clout, deep and comfortable, that makes a bold statement; not just an ordinary sisal or industrial carpet beneath it all, but a great sweep of amethyst. And to make even more differences: the touches of tradition—mural-scale paintings, a marble bust.



Sold.

The tire-kicking is over.

You've beaten down the temptation to put the grocery ɔney into that two-seater that had just enough room for a ıall passenger and an extra pair of driving gloves. It went ɛ blazes.

Likewise, the four-door blackwalled yawner with the ck heater has been duly considered and rejected.

There is a moment of calm. Of elation, actually.

Because you have made your decision. And you are nfronting more car than you ever really thought you'd end with.

A brand-spanking-new Buick Century.

It handles the pragmatic issues rather nicely for you. anks to its terrific Buick V-6 engine. And its mid-sized, very ınageable dimensions. And its manageable price.

Ah, but it's also a Buick. Well endowed with comfort, smoothness, and fine touches. And it's a handsome little devil.

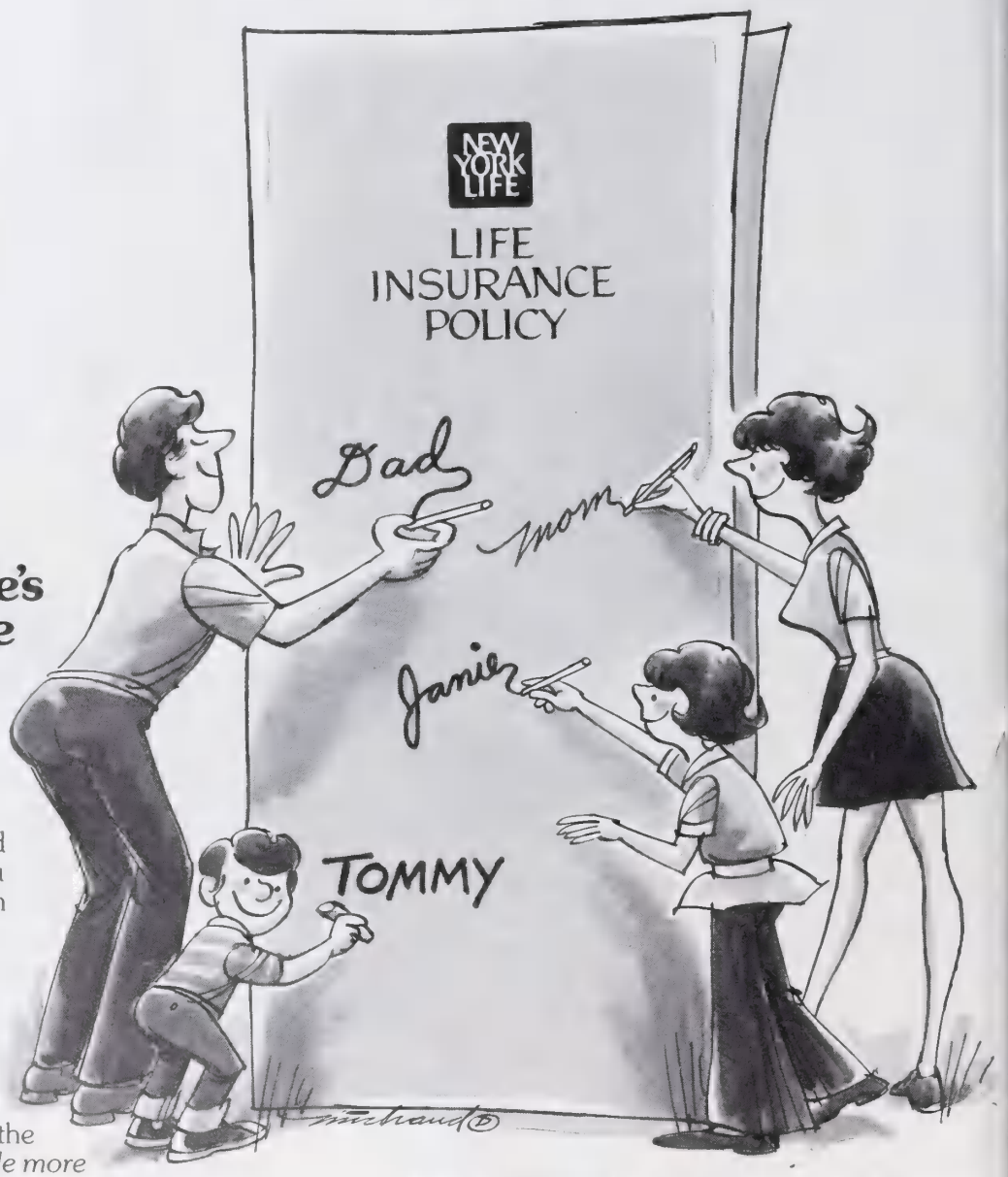
You are sold. Your family is sold.

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Free Spirit, it would appear, is contagious.

BUICK *Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone.*

Insure yourself first, then sign up the family at a bargain rate.



New York Life's Family-style Policy.

If you're the family's major breadwinner, you need life insurance first.

But, like more and more people today, you may want protection on other family members, too.

Good news. New York Life's family-style policy—with a Spouse and Children's Insurance Rider—lets you insure the the whole family for *little more* than it costs to insure you alone.

Say you buy a $25,000 New York Life cash value policy.

Your spouse can get up to $25,000 of decreasing term insurance for less than $26 a year for each $5,000 of coverage at age 25. After age 25, the coverage declines—but the cost is still far less than your spouse would pay for an individual policy of his or her own.

At no extra cost, each child who qualifies would get up to $5,000 of level term insurance under the same policy. And no matter how many children you may have, there's no increase in premium.

A similar Children's Insurance Rider is available for the one-parent family at an even lower rate.

Family-style. It's just one of the creative approaches to life insurance that your New York Life Agent can suggest to assure your family's financial security. See him or her, soon.

We guarantee tomorrow today.

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THE VINEYARDS OF NEW YORK STATE

Co-authored by Clifton Fadiman, one of our best-known literary figures, and Sam Aaron, one of the world's great wine experts.

ough New York State is second only California in total wine production, compare them would be like com- ring the Catskills to Yosemite. Cali- nia has some 600,000 acres of vine- ds yielding about 300 million gallons wine annually—enough to supply ery man, woman and child in our ntry with more than six bottles. The ,000 acres of vines in New York State oduce only about 15 million gallons h harvest, or well under half a bottle wine per person in the United States. Size is not the only difference be- een our two major winegrowing re- ns. Nature is kinder in California; the rs of bright sunshine are long, and growing season is seldom shortened a killing frost in autumn. There the *is vinifera,* with its sensitivity to cold, reach maturity in almost carefree hion. It is only recently that any vines, e the hardy *Vitis labrusca* native to East, could survive the New York te sub-zero temperatures of January l February. The Catawbas, Concords l Delawares had their vogue, but to- most experts think we pay a price in or for American wines made from erican grapes. Catawba and the other ruscas give a heavy taste, an overpow- g aroma and only simple character their wines—the composite effect led "foxy." Those who have grown up h wines having this combination of or and aroma like and vigorously de- d it. But it is unfair to judge these es seriously alongside the fine table es of California.

Just as alchemists tried to turn lead o gold, winemakers in the Eastern tes have tried to make their wines re like classic European ones. Cali- nia wineries have had the advantage being able to work easily with the ndard European grapes.

In the East, winemakers now have a w friend—a large family of vines own as the French-American hybrids. e new strains combine some of the st vinifera traits with a constitution rty enough for the rigors of a New rk State winter. The new vines are de- oped by grape scientists at experi- ntal vineyards in Europe and America ough a painstaking and lengthy proc- of crossing two or more compatible stocks and then grafting the new shoot onto disease-resistant American roots. Yet even after the successful birth of a hybrid, the eager scientist parent must wait years for an answer to the most important question about the new vine: Does it make good wine? Many of these hybrids we know today do give us good honest wine. But even the ones now praised had rough going when they first vied for acceptance in the aristocratic circles of the vinifera.

More recent than the hybrid revolution is a trend that may eventually help Eastern winemakers produce more and even better wines in the European style. Dr. Konstantin Frank, a true pioneer, has jumped the hybrid hurdle and has managed to grow the delicate *Vitis vinifera* vines themselves in New York State.

Wine drinkers often refer to "New York State" wines. In truth we should perhaps call them "Finger Lakes" wines, since this relatively small, delimited area in the northern counties of the state, between Canada and Pennsylvania, is responsible for most "New York State" wines. Actually, only the shores of two of the lakes, Keuka and Canandaigua, are important wine-growing areas. However, the Chautauqua-Erie grape belt, stretching 60 miles along the Lake Erie shore, also produces vast quantities of wine grapes. Today, as tastes have changed, the future of nearly every winery in the Finger Lakes area depends upon the fine French-American hybrid vines planted only in the last three decades. It is well worth a trip to visit the important vineyards: Gold Seal, Great Western, Taylor, Bully Hill, Widmer's, Boordy and the famed Dr. Frank's Vinifera Vineyards. They are all fairly near one another, and everyone is welcome.

At some of the larger producers it is particularly interesting to note the tremendous quantities of champagne and other sparkling wines: half of the total United States consumption is supplied by New York State. Fortified wines also play a big part at the wineries; few spirits stores do not carry a New York State sherry or port. These fortified wines are usually blended with neutral wines and brandy from California. **End**

Galliano and Soda?
Galliano and Soda.
Instead of having your usual-and-soda have something a little out of the ordinary. 1½ oz. Liquore Galliano® over ice. Fill to the top with Club Soda. Drop in a fresh wedge of lime.
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Armour makes a case for not turning on the oven.

Serving Armour Star Canned Ham doesn't have to be a big production, unless you want it to be. After all, Armour Star Ham is fully cooked, boneless and ready to slice and eat. And it's delicious that way.

If you're entertaining this summer, we think you should know there are many ways to serve Armour Star Ham without using a lot of energy. Yours or your oven's. So we consulted the following authorities to help make our case:

WOMAN'S DAY ENCYCLOPEDIA OF COOKERY

Glazed Cold Ham
Cover a canned ham with this golden glaze flavored with mustard and cloves.

FANNIE FARMER COOKBOOK

Ham in Aspic
Serving slices of fully cooked ham arranged on aspic in a mold.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING COOKBOOK

Ham and Egg Sandwich Loaf
A whole loaf of bread sliced lengthwise and filled with a layer of ham-horseradish filling and one of curry-egg filling.

JAMES BEARD'S AMERICAN COOKERY

Cold Decorated Ham for a Buffet
Create your own design with a little imagination and everything from fresh tarragon leaves to hard-cooked eggs, and carrot strips, red or green peppers, pimiento, sprigs of parsley or dill.

GOURMET COOKBOOK

Ham in Cider Buffet Mold
Raisins and julienne strips of ham molded in cider and garnished with such things as finely shredded red cabbage, gherkin fans, asparagus tips, radish roses, olives or bunches of watercress. You can even decorate with tinted mayonnaise pressed through a pastry tube.

But if that's too elaborate, we suggest you explore the whole delicious subject of ham salads.

BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS MEALS IN MINUTES

Ham and Orange Salad
Ham and mandarin oranges in a mustard-mayonnaise dressing.

Chef Salad Bowl
Ham, avocado and cheese star in this recipe.

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPING COOKBOOK

Ham and Cheese Salad
Ham and cheese with celery, peas and onions on lettuce.

Ham and Chicken Salad
Two old favorites together.

SUNSET SALAD BOOK

Pineapple and Ham Salad
Diced ham with pineapple chunks, green peppers and sweet pickles.

Ham and Turkey Salad
Beautiful combination that includes red-skinned apples, grapes and almonds.

BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS COOKBOOK

Rice and Ham Salad
A colorful medley of cauliflower, peas, ha green onions, celery and radishes tossed w rice and served on rings of casaba melon.

WOMAN'S DAY ENCYCLOPEDIA

Ham Fruit Salad
Scrumptious blend of ham, oranges, appl pineapples and bananas.

Ham Salad Boats
This traditional ham salad piled on hot d buns is sure to please the kids.

We hope you try a new ham recipe soon. even send you some of ours free. Write to "Magic Can Recipe Booklet," Armour and Company, P.O. Box 4354, Dept. L, Chica Illinois 60680.



Look for the Armour Star outside. You'll find Armour quality inside.

TRIUMPHS OF THE AMERICAN TABLE

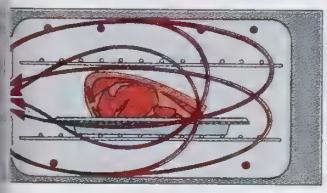
Only the Jenn-Air Grill-Range lets you enjoy them all.



he Jenn-Air Char-
ıvored Beefsteak!

triumph of the Jenn-Air
ooktop Grill, it comes sizzling
your table. Its crunchy brown
ust has the taste of smoke.
nd it splits under the knife to
veal a lush pink meat running
th juices that bathe your
outh with every bite.

And it's only one of a whole
umphant rangefull of foods Jenn-Air
oks in a stream of power-
ven air. Jenn-Air's *five*
ooktop Convertible units with
face ventilation let you grill,
t roast, griddle, shish-kebab
d deep-fry. On the rangetop
in the oven, Jenn-Air's
stream cookery cooks cooler,
aner, better . . . whisks away
oke and odors . . . exhausts
ectly to outdoors to keep
ur kitchen cleaner, sweeter.



ne Jenn-Air Power Oven.
s two ovens in one!

st, it's a conventional electric
en and broiler that lets you
ok all your present recipes
hout change. But then, just
flicking a switch, it becomes
entirely new kind of oven that
s you cook foods in a stream of power-driven air.

As a result, the Jenn-Air Power Oven cooks cooler and faster (roasts, turkeys, hams *cook at a 50° cooler temperature in up to one-third less time)!* It cooks evenly, because the heat is spread evenly throughout the oven. It cooks cleaner, because there's less spattering, and smoke and steam are exhausted directly to the outdoors. And it has *two* oven cleaning controls. It cleans itself continuously during use. If deposits accumulate during heavy use, you just switch over to "accelerated cleaning" and the job is done in half the time.



THE JENN-AIR GRILL-RANGE

A magnificent cooking instrument



Jenn-Air's Down-home Yeast Breads.

Hot loaves, fresh from the oven. They fill your kitchen with a basic, down-home fragrance. And they all bake beautifully, dependably nestled in the even heat and double-thick insulation of the Jenn-Air Power Oven. How long has it been since the family came home to the smell of fresh baking at your house?



Jenn-Air Open-Spit Roasted Chicken.

Open-spit roasting makes chicken taste chicken-ier. Clear, radiant heat strokes the chicken as it revolves, develops a fuller, richer flavor, probes deep into the meat to make it more richly gelatinous. Meanwhile, smoke, spatters, odors, and steam that could give meat a steamy taste are whisked away by Jenn-Air's rangetop surface ventilation. And there are no end of good things you can spit-roast—pork, duck, even a bologna basted with cherry preserves. **The Jenn-Air Grill-Range** is available with ceramic smooth-top or conventional surface heating elements. Heating elements slip out in seconds, to be replaced by any of the 5 Cooktop Convertible units. Also note the digital clock and brushed stainless steel top.

For the Jenn-Air dealer nearest you, see the Yellow Pages, call toll free 800-428-1825 or write Jenn-Air Corporation, Indianapolis, Indiana 46446. Also available in Canada.



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New Strawberry Waffles from Eggo, made with imitation strawberries, are as easy to fix as dropping a slice of bread in your toaster. And they're as nutritious as they are delicious. So add the delicious taste of strawberries to your next breakfast with new frozen Eggo Brand Strawberry Waffles. And save 10¢.

Golden Punch

2 cups water
¼ cup Nestea®
3 cups orange juice
1 cup lemon juice
1 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
½ cup sugar
¼ cup grenadine
1 28-oz. bottle ginger ale, chilled

bowl, combine water and Nestea® Instant Tea, dissolved. Add orange, lemon and pineapple gar and grenadine; stir until sugar dissolves. r tea mixture into 4½-5 qt. decorative bowl; add s or ice ring. Before serving add ginger ale. with halved fresh strawberries and orange slices. . Punch cups may be garnished with a whole ry or orange wedge slipped onto the rim.

with Lemon may be substituted for Nestea; cup lemon juice.

22 4-oz. servings.

le Company, Inc.

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The rich iced tea flavor of Nestea® Instant Tea gives you a delightful, refreshing taste. It's a delicious blend of Nestea, tangy fruit juices and bubbling ginger ale. Serve it chilled. Or add a fresh fruit garnish. It's a brand new recipe with Nestea. For 36 other delicious recipes made with this and other Nestea products, get our free booklet, "Nestea Recipes For All Seasons."

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New Hawaiian Punch Powdered Drink Mix. It's got a taste you can't get in any other powdered drink mix. And it comes in four delicious pre-sweetened flavors: Red Punch, Grape Punch, Cherry Punch, and Strawberry Punch. Available in convenient 2-quart envelopes and in resealable 8- and 12-quart cans.

Use the coupon to save 25¢ on either one 8- or 12-quart can or on four 2-quart envelopes.



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Top photograph by Ben Swedowsky

Seafarers and landlubbers alike will gain inspiration from "Sailor's Prayer." Easily done on stamped homespun, it measures 16 x 12 in. Kit is complete. Wood frame assembles easily.

THE NEXT FIRST LADY

continued from page 36

governor, he started family planning clinics in every single one of Georgia's 159 counties. In two years, the use of the clinics increased 200 percent. Jimmy was inspired by his mother, a registered nurse. When she was 68, she joined the Peace Corps and went to India for two years to work in family planning.

MRS. CHURCH: Frank sponsored an early ERA bill. He helped sponsor the hearings on sex discrimination within the Social Security system. He also pushed for the Equal Opportunity Act. Frank believes women are much too valuable to be wasted. There are women of responsibility in almost every area of his campaign committee, on his steering committee and in his Idaho office.

MRS. FORD: My husband voted for the Equal Rights Amendment as a congressman, and he continues to support this very vital constitutional change. His outspoken support for ERA is among the many visible actions he has taken for women. Others include his selection of a woman Secretary of Housing and Urban Development and a woman ambassador to Britain. In his official capacity as president, he has given active support to International Women's Year and to enforcement of anti-discrimination hiring and promotion in the Federal government. As a father, he encouraged Susan's development in all fields as strongly as he did our sons'. His belief in individuality includes the entire family. I believe his concern for the talents of individuals, regardless of sex, is reflected in his personal and official life. While it is easier to point to his public statements and actions, which are numerous, I feel his deep sense of fairness is equally important, because it influences his public position.

MRS. JACKSON: Scoop really is on the women's side and is trying to help them. He supported a bill providing flexible hours and fringe benefits for part-time Federal employees, which helped working mothers. He supported bills requiring equal credit opportunities, because women have a terrible time getting credit or trying to buy a house. Even now some women can't maintain their credit status after they're divorced or widowed. In 1964, Scoop supported the Civil Rights Act calling for equal job opportunities and equal pay for equal work, not only for minorities, but for women. That was crucial in those days. In 1972, he supported the Day Care Bill, as well as a tax credit on day care costs for working mothers.

MRS. REAGAN: Everything my husband has done applies equally to men and women. All the welfare reform benefits helped both men and women in California. All the labor negotiations he set up in the Screen Actors' Guild benefited both sexes.

MRS. UDALL: My husband supports ERA and worked hard in the Arizona legislature to have it passed—although he hasn't been successful. In our election campaign, we have all top-level women. And I'm happy to say that my husband would consider a woman as his running mate if he were nominated. Also, about ten years ago, he successfully pushed to change the Civil Aeronautics Board rule that airline att dants could not be married and ha stop work at a certain age. He also sponsored the resolution for the In national Women's Year in Mexico C and the bill providing part-time emp ment for women in government.

MRS. WALLACE: The one thing George did, which really benefited w en, was allowing his wife [his late w Lurleen] to become governor of bama, thereby giving his support to fact that he believed in women ha equal opportunities. Of course, he accused of doing it for his own polit gain. But I know a lot of men who w never have done it even if it had b to their political advantage. They w never have allowed their wives to at a station in life equal to their own.

Also, the vocational trade sch George started benefited women, as as men. He built 27 of these schools 18 junior colleges throughout the s so children—black or white—could at home and still attend classes. Also started two medical schools and sev nursing schools in the state, and he f ed a cancer treatment hospital.

Journal Shopping Cente

FASHION: ON THE BEACH/1976
PAGES 70 and 71: From left: Racing type s by MAIDENFORM, $20.00. Available at: Lord Taylor, N.Y.; Cameo, Philadelphia; Filene's, B ton; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Bullock's partment Store, Los Angeles. Tank suit with wh belt by CALVIN KLEIN, $36.00, at Bergdorf Goo man, N.Y.; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; for ot stores contact Susan Lawson at Calvin Klein, West 39 Street, New York, N.Y. 10018. Tri-co maillot, $22.00, by MARILYN K. of CALIFORN INC. Available at: Abraham & Straus, N Cameo, Philadelphia; Swim World, Memph Tenn.; College Shop, Tucson, Ariz. ANNE KLE FOR PENFOLD halter tied suit, $36.00. At: Bon Teller, N.Y.; Woodward & Lothrop, Washingt D.C.; for more stores contact Susan Banner Anne Klein for Penfold, 205 West 39 Street, N York, N.Y. 10018.
All prices approximate



"Hey, Mom—there's nothing but clean towels in the bathroom—should I start one?"

America's unsung heroin

continued from page 24

The Gray Panthers are trying change this. They are organizing o people to protect their rights in ho tals and nursing homes; to act as wa dogs for public agencies, to spearh citizen groups. They have issued a port on nursing homes and an ex of the hearing aid industry. They confronted the American Medical A ciation with demands to humanize care of the old. They are pressing reforms in medical care, housing transportation. Their media-watch ect has been instrumental in revising program standards to include sensiti to age as well as to sex, race and c

Maggie Kuhn lives with two o women, both in their late twenties 1975, at age 70, she traveled 110 miles—speaking, organizing. Retirem she says, ought to mean "going steam into a second and third car (Gray Panthers, 3700 Chestnut Philadelphia, Pa. 19104)

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Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

How can you tell if you need psychotherapy? Dr. Rubin gives 50 "warning signals."



Painting courtesy of Kennedy Galleries, Inc.

"A CHILD'S WORLD = 1," BY PETER PAONE, 1960

Do you need psychiatric help? Do your problems require professional attention, or will they simply go away by themselves in time? These are important questions, well worth asking, though the answers are somewhat complex.

Generally speaking, I think anyone who wants help should consult a qualified therapist. Be wary of the advice of well-meaning friends, relatives—even family doctors. They may discourage you for reasons of their own, such as deeply-buried personal problems or a desire to play amateur psychiatrist.

The initial consultation—or several visits—will help you to decide what course of action, if any, you should take. You should consult an expert with the maximum amount of training. My own bias is toward psychiatrists (M.D.'s) and clinical psychologists (Ph.D.'s) who have graduated from psychoanalytical institutes recognized by either The American Psychoanalytical Association or The American Academy of Psychoanalysis.

I have listed below 50 "warning signals" that indicate a need for professional help. All of us experience some of these symptoms from time to time; the question is, are they debilitating? Are they interfering with healthy functioning at work or in personal relationships? If so, you will probably benefit from help if one or more of the following problems plagues you:

1. Insomnia or sudden and sustained restlessness.
2. Gross weight loss or weight gain despite the absence of physical findings.
3. Such symptoms as undue digestive disturbances, asthmatic attacks, migraine headaches, irregular heart beats, when an internist has ruled out physical causes.
4. Chronic destructive relationships—especially sadomasochistic ones.
5. Inability to keep a job.
6. General underachievement.
7. Phobias or fears of unknown origin.
8. An uncontrollable compulsion to perform certain acts or rituals without knowing why.
9. The inability to say "no" and general difficulty in asserting one's self.
10. Addictions—food, alcohol, drugs and tobacco.
11. Sexual difficulties.
12. Chronic boredom and inability to "find one's self."
13. Unusual difficulty in making decisions.
14. Chronic or severe anxiety.
15. Depression.
16. Excessive attacks of guilt and an overwhelming, inappropriate sense of responsibility.
17. Chronic frustration.
18. Undue shyness.
19. Excessive jealousy, envy and over-protectiveness (of spouse or child).
20. Hyper-irritability and chronic fighting over nonexistent issues.
21. Inability to express anger and/or other feelings.
22. Inability to feel pleasure and to enjoy leisure.
23. Withdrawal from others, and inability to sustain friendships.
24. Chronic bad judgment, leading to frequent legal entanglements.
25. Accident proneness.
26. Any loss of mental function: memory, ability to think clearly, orientation in time, place or person.
27. Sudden and pronounced change in personality and behavior.
28. Over-talking and over-activity.
29. Suicidal and/or murderous preoccupations.
30. Obsessive, unreasonable worrying.
31. Feelings of worthlessness and inadequacy despite genuine reassurances to the contrary.
32. Heightened suspiciousness and fear of people.
33. Dread of new situations or undue and unusual fear of change.
34. Inability to accept the aging process.
35. Heightened and sustained cynicism and bitterness.
36. Hallucinations (hearing voices or seeing things).
37. General feelings of discontent and unhappiness without being able to find appropriate reasons.
38. Poor tolerance of frustration.
39. Preoccupation with illness and death.
40. Preoccupation with the possibility of sudden disaster—war, illness, loss of job, death, etc.
41. Sudden and inexplicable attraction, preoccupation and infatuation with much younger person or persons.
42. Marked decrease in ability to function.
43. Marked perfectionism in many areas, leading to chronic disappointment and resignation.
44. Inability to realistically limit expectations of self and others, leading to chronic hurt and disappointment.
45. A constant feeling of being abused by others.
46. Inability to spend money or otherwise be kind to one's self.
47. Chronic feelings of martyrdom.
48. Disturbed relationships due to vindictiveness and arrogance in regards to others.
49. Apparently sudden loss of one's sense of humor.
50. Exclusive fascination with tragedy.

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Love Me, Love My Fool" (David McKay). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.



rning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
at Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

"Your age is just a number. It has nothing to do with how young you are."

Says Diane Davison, 41.



"When my son asked me if forty-one is over the hill, I said, 'No way, not by a long shot!' Forty-one, I told him, is young. So is fifty-one and sixty-one. The numbers don't count, it's how you feel and what you do. That's what keeps you young.

"People tell me I look young. That makes me feel good, and when they say to me that my hands look young, I'm really pleased. I think hands are important, so I always try to take care of mine.

"I'll tell you something else that I think helps them, and that's Ivory Liquid. I like its mildness. It feels nice when I put my hands in the suds...just very gentle for my hands. That's why I'd never use anything but Ivory Liquid for my dishes."

Mild Ivory Liquid helps hands say "young," at any age.



"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE," BY JOHN McRAE, 1876

THE ART OF CELEBRATION

RINGING IN A JOYOUS BICENTENNIAL

Birthdays, holidays and other rites give life the diamond-shine of legend. They are a time to pause, to mark, to reconsider. And also to celebrate; joy and sentiment are the absolutes!

This July fourth, at exactly 2 P.M. EDT, our entire nation will burst into bell-song. In Philadelphia, exactly two centuries to the minute after it pealed its original message of independence, the repaired Liberty Bell will again sound the call. Simultaneously, churches, schools, town halls, fire stations and homes—wherever there is a bell or carillon—will join in the joyful noise for two glorious minutes. Listen to the bells. They are tolling for you, and for the beginning of the third century of our American nation.

A THOUSAND CELEBRATIONS like this will ornament the months ahead. Fireworks, festivals, parades, pageants, regattas, flag ceremonies, worship services, ethnic programs, policy seminars, will be part of the world's biggest birthday party. Visitors from abroad will include Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain and the president of France. All summer long, parents will travel up and down the land with their children to see historic places and national shrines, echoing Jefferson's own thought that "the world belongs always to the living generation."

FROM THE ARCHIVES OF AMERICAN ART we have chosen our own Bicentennial spice for this issue. (You'll find a full list of works and artists on page 130.) Our intent in this unusual illustrative technique: to highlight the role of visual artists in our history, and to encourage more family visits to museums and galleries.

HAPPY BICENTENNIAL, AMERICA. Your citizens sometimes treat you shabbily, focusing too often on your faults and failures. Your media dwell too much on the disparities and not enough on the unity. It is time for a Bicentennial celebration, to reach down under the cynical glaze. A familiar flag ripples on its pole, and evokes deep memories. The ringing of the bells reverberates within the chambers of the heart. A child stands, awed and silent, before the Lincoln Memorial, and we are all caught in the web of continuity.

Something still stirs; something still responds. Something immutable, a conviction that the principles of liberty and equality on which this country was founded are still worth reaching for, giving us the courage and energy to build a better future.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, AMERICA. May we all find our own way to celebrate—with joy and with pride. —THE EDITORS

Enid Klass, Art Research Consultant
Engraving above courtesy Kennedy Galleries, Inc.



AMERICAN CLASSICS

Proudly we hail the fine de
of the American craftsma
a rich heritage of native works from a nest of Shaker boxes, simple Revere bowl
stenciled Boston rocker to handmade quilting. All authentic reproductions; details
shopping information, page 102. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Des



"THE BIRTH-PLACE EORGE WASHINGTON," BY CURRIER & IVES, ABOUT 1870

Lithograph courtesy of the Harry T. Peters Collection, Museum of the City of New York

Photograph by Tosh Matsumoto

ON THE BEACH/1976 All-American freedom suits, racer-sleek and body-wonderful, are a far cry from the flounces of yesteryear. Take the plunge—these one-piecers are already for beach action as you are. By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor

Photograph by Charles William Bush hairstyles and makeup by Bjorn

Shopping information on page 62. All prices approxima



Jump in—fun and free with the three—red, white and blue. All fitting like second skins in nylon and Lycra lex. Left to right: Body-sleek racer, by Maidenform, $20. • Tank top side-riped swimmer with white canvas belt achable), by Calvin Klein, $36. • White maillot with bright rays of color, by yn K. of California, Inc., $22. • Halter-tied stretch, criss-cross of blue piping, by Anne Klein for Penfold, $36.

Painting courtesy of
Canajoharie Library and Art Gallery



"ON THE BEACH," BY WINSLOW HOMER, ABOUT 1870



"BASKET OF STRAWBERRIES OVERTURNED" BY MARY JANE PEALE

Is there anyone who can resist t
temptation of a luscious r
strawberry? Summer's perfe
gift: the sensual delight of f

IN LOVE WITH STRAWBERRIES



Left: Trio of dips for whole berries. Below: Bavarian crown mold set in almond custard. Opposite: Ruby ring for salad or dessert: rosé wine, creamy cheese center.



Painting top courtesy of Kennedy Galleries, Inc
Photographs by Irwin Horowitz

ant berries caught at the peak ripeness or crushed to release eir rosy sweetness. Feast on ch dishes as the forever-be-loved shortcake, a strawberry wine or elegant meringue tartelettes. Recipes are on page 84.

By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor





"A 'PIC NICK,' CAMDEN, MAINE" BY JEROME B. THOMPSON, ABOUT 1850

PICNIC SALAD

Picnics, whether tabled in
glade or just splendor in t
grass, are perfect scenes for s
ads. These portable, colorf
dishes—favorites updated
fresh innovations—all serve
as side dishes or hearty ma
attractions. Recipes, page 8

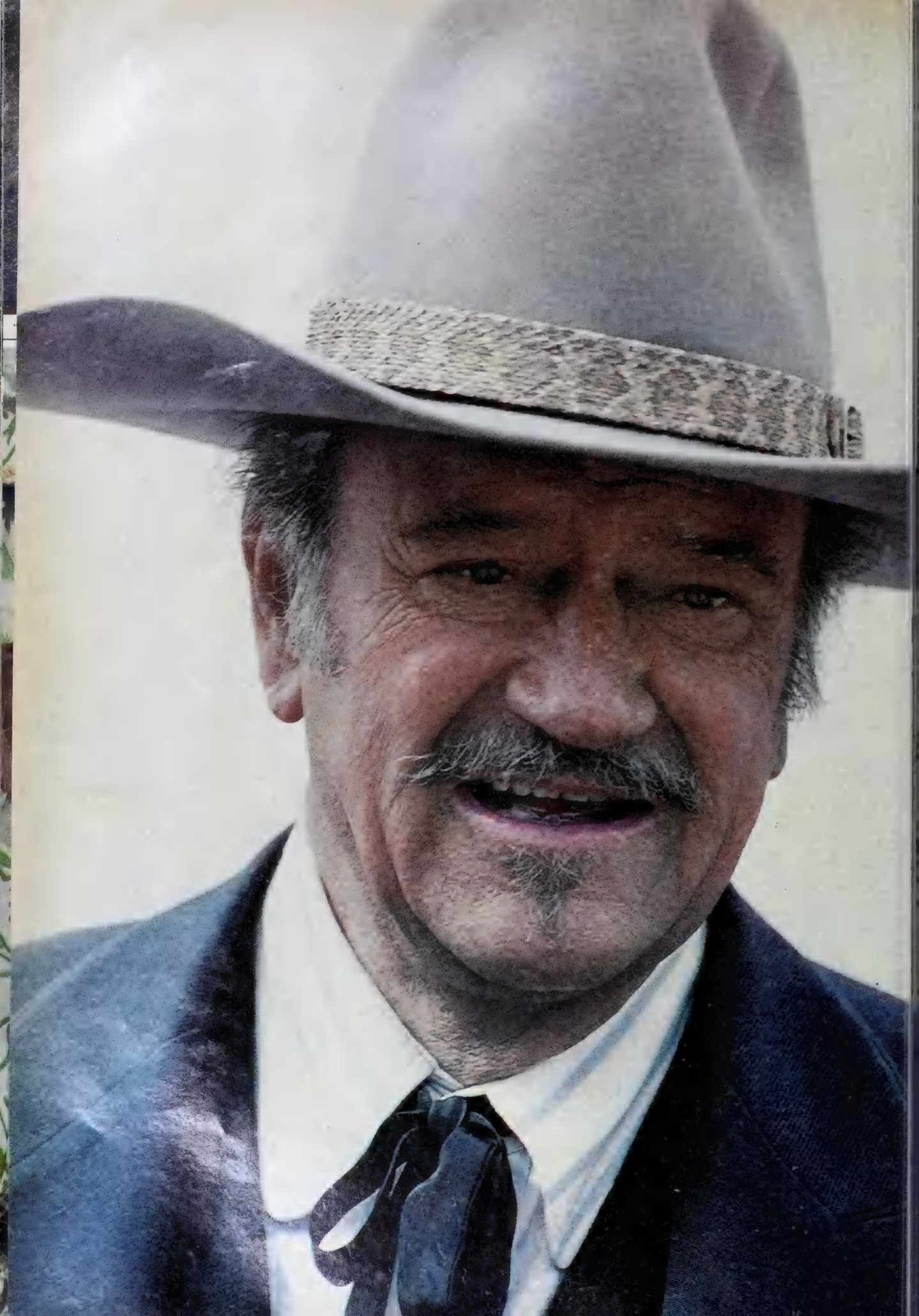
2

1

1. Sweet'n sour cabbage slaw.
2. Spicy Szechwan broccoli and beef.
3. New twists, salami chunks and macaroni.
4. Egg wedges top tuna, lima beans and olives.

g left. Courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston
raph by Fred Schulze







Painting courtesy of the Montana Historical Society

"THE HERD QUITTER," BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL, 1897

WAYNE

WESTERNS AND WOMEN

An Eastern movie critic meets the Duke, and promptly falls in love.

By Molly Haskell

We're on the set of *The Shootist*, the new John Wayne movie, in next to last day of shooting at Burbank Studios. The scene is the interior a barber shop in the Western town Culver City, Nevada, 1900. Wayne, ing ornery and full of life in the barber's chair, plays John Bernard Books, egendary gunfighter dying of cancer. here are certain reverberations, since e 69-year-old Wayne himself had ncer in 1964, and has been living on e lung ever since. He had pneumonia fore filming began, and more recently the set shut down for two weeks hile Wayne was out with the flu.

While the barber cranks Wayne to upright position, John Carradine unters in. As Beckum, the town undertaker, Carradine has a proposition: e finest funeral Culver City can offer, aturing a casket befitting the dying nfighter's status, a Carrara marble adstone, a funeral with a minimum two mourners and guaranteed plot aintenance . . . all for nothing! Wayne ows what Carradine is up to. The dertaker will place him on display d charge admission to spectators; en, when interest peters out, he'll ap him in a gunny sack and dump n in a hole. Somehow Wayne manes to turn the tables on Carradine so that the offer is not only rejected, but the undertaker comes out promising Wayne a decent, dignified burial—and $50 to boot.

Carradine is about to depart when Wayne reminds him of the $50.

"Books, you're a hard man to deal with," says Carradine.

"I'm alive," says Wayne.

The way he says it, in that rich, familiar baritone, the low, husky drawl rising ruefully at the end, says it all. It's a comic moment. Wayne, talking to me a few moments later, will insist on its humor. But if it's so funny, why do I have tears in my eyes?

The two words, the way they are said, are more than a simple assertion of fact. They express the knowledge of a lifetime, filtered through the awareness of a man who sees precisely what the whole sorry world is all about, but won't surrender an inch of its space or a moment of its precious time without a struggle. They say, *I'm here because I want to be here, make no mistake. I've survived in a rough business not by luck, don't kid yourself, fella, but by outguessing the other guy as well as outdrawing him. Yeah, I'm a little bitter, but less than I've a right to be, since people I expected a hell of a lot more from than you have let me down. Don't misunderstand me, I'm not asking for any favors. But if you don't mind, I'll just hang around a little longer, keep the buzzards at bay till I'm ready. And when I'm ready, it won't be a two-bit chiseler like you that gets the last word.*

I'm alive. Not dead. It is one of those electrifying moments when life and art intersect, when the literal miracle of the real John Wayne's survival merges with that of the character he plays. The audience will be led to the association by watching scenes from early John Wayne movies, which begin the film and set its obituary tone. (Wayne will not concede that this is what drew him to the project, only that it's a good story about real people.)

As I watch Wayne, remembering all of his mythical heroes—from the youthful Ringo Kid of *Stagecoach* through the tall-in-the-saddle cowboys and gunfighters of *Fort Apache* and *Red River* through the obsessed wanderer of *The Searchers* to the bent old-timers of his late period—I am filled with an emotion that surprises me by its force.

I am here because I consider Wayne one of the great movie actors of all time—a view not universally held among my fellow film critics and the folks back East. At least, that's why I think I am here. But I am beginning to realize that it is much more than that. Wayne has special meaning for me not just as a critic and movie buff, but as an American, and, especially, as a woman. Sure I'm a John Wayne fan, in case you haven't *(continued on page 88)*

---

olly Haskell is a film critic for The illage Voice *and author of "From verence to Rape: The Treatment of omen in the Movies."*





SLEEPING MURDER

BY

AGATHA CHRISTIE

The queen of "whodunits" writes her last mystery—in which the queen of sleuths, Miss Marple, solves the case of a young woman haunted by the memory of a secret murder. First of two installments.

Gwenda Reed, a young woman of 21, stood shivering a little on the quayside at Plymouth. It was in that moment that she made the decision that was to lead to such very momentous events.

She wouldn't go by the boat train to London as she had planned. She would go to a hotel. And the next morning she would hire a car and drive slowly all through the south of England looking for a nice house—the house that she and Giles had planned she should find. In that way she would see something of the England that Giles had told her about, and which she had never seen—although, like most New Zealanders, she called it home.

Giles would follow her in about six weeks. His suggestion had been that Gwenda should precede him in his job transfer to England and should look about for a suitable house.

"A bit of a garden, of course, and not some brand-new horror—and not too big. Somewhere on the south coast was my idea," he'd said.

She liked the idea of finding a home and having it all ready for Giles, cozy and lived in. They had been married just three months and she loved him very much.

The following morning, after breakfast, Gwenda hired a car and chauffeur and set off on her journey through England. It was about a week later that the car came down the road into Dillmouth and on the outskirts of that seaside resort passed a *For Sale* board where, through the trees, a small, white Victorian villa could be seen. Immediately Gwenda felt a throb of appreciation—almost of recognition. This was *her* house!

Presently, she was standing in the old-fashioned drawing room with its two French windows giving onto a flagged terrace in front of which a kind of rockery interspersed with flowering shrubs fell sharply to a stretch of lawn below. Through the trees at the bottom of the garden the sea could be seen.

A tall, melancholy woman named Mrs. Hengrave entered. The tour of the house began.

"Linen cupboard here, I expect . . . Yes . . . Bathroom—I expect the bath has a mahogany surround—Oh, yes, it has! Isn't there another bedroom at the end of this passage?"

There was—and it was just the sort of room she had imagined—almost round, with a big bow window.

They were starting back down the stairs when quite suddenly Gwenda felt a wave of irrational terror sweep over her. It was a sickening sensation, and it passed almost as quickly as it came. Yet it left behind it a new idea.

"The house isn't—haunted, is it?" demanded Gwenda.

Mrs. Hengrave looked up *(continued on page 96)*

Copyright © 1976 by Agatha Christie Ltd. Condensed from "Sleeping Murder," by Agatha Christie, to be published by Dodd, Mead & Company.
Collage by Fred Otnes

PICNIC SALADS

continued from page 75

SWEET 'N' SOUR COLE SLAW
pictured on page 74

Our managing editor adores cole slaw—this version passed his taste test with flying colors.

1 medium head green cabbage, finely shredded
1 medium head red cabbage, finely shredded
1¼ cups white vinegar
1 cup vegetable oil
⅔ cup sugar
½ cup chopped onion
1 tablespoon salt

Combine shredded cabbages with remaining ingredients in a large bowl. Mix well. Cover and chill 2-3 hours. Just before serving, toss well again. Makes 12 servings. About 255 calories per serving.

SZECHWAN BROCCOLI AND BEEF SALAD
pictured on page 74

An innovative main dish salad for lovers of spicy food (add more hot red peppers if you dare).

2 bunches (2 lbs. each) fresh broccoli
½ to ¾ cup peanut or vegetable oil
2 sweet red peppers
4 cups sliced fresh mushrooms
½ cup white vinegar
¼ cup naturally brewed soy sauce
2½ teaspoons salt
5 dried, hot red peppers, crushed
2 pounds rare lean roast beef, julienned
1 can (8 oz.) water chestnuts, drained and sliced
1 can (4 oz.) bamboo shoots, drained

Wash broccoli. Cut broccoli flowerets from their stems in fairly large clusters; place them in a bowl. Discard coarse stem ends and leaves. If necessary, scrape the stems slightly with a potato peeler. Cut the stems diagonally into ⅜-in. slices. Place the pieces of stalk in a separate bowl.

In a wok or large skillet, heat ½ cup oil and add the broccoli stalks. Stir-fry for about 1 minute to coat the broccoli thoroughly with oil. Add broccoli flowerets and stir-fry for 1 more minute. Then cover the pan and cook over moderate heat for 2 to 3 minutes; the broccoli should be tender but still crisp. Transfer broccoli to a large bowl.

Stir-fry sweet red pepper strips in the same pan for 1 to 2 minutes, adding more oil if needed. Add pepper strips to broccoli.

Stir-fry mushroom slices in the same pan for 3 to 4 minutes, adding more oil if needed. Add to the broccoli-pepper mixture.

Combine vinegar, soy sauce, salt and crushed hot red pepper. Pour over broccoli and toss well. Add beef, water chestnuts and bamboo shoots. Toss, cover and chill 2-3 hours. Makes 12 servings. About 285 calories per serving.

TUNA-LIMA BEAN SALAD
pictured on page 75

Basil adds just the right touch to this nutritious tuna-lima bean creation.

Dressing:
¼ cup olive oil
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 teaspoons dried basil leaves, crumbled
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Tuna-Lima Bean Salad:
6 packages (10 oz. each) frozen fordhook lima beans, cooked
4 cans (6½-7 oz. each) tuna in oil
1 can (6 oz.) pitted ripe olives, drained and sliced
6 hard-cooked eggs, quartered

To prepare dressing: Combine all ingredients. Cover and let stand for 1 hour.

To prepare tuna-lima bean salad: Combine lima beans, tuna and olives. Pour dressing over salad and toss. Cover and chill for 2-3 hours. Serve garnished with hard cooked egg quarters. Makes 12 servings. About 440 calories per serving.

MACARONI AND SALAMI SALAD
pictured on page 75

Salami spices up a perennial summer favorite.

2 tablespoons plus 1½ teaspoons salt
6 quarts boiling water
1 pound rotelle (spiraled macaroni)
½ cup milk
2 tablespoons vegetable oil
1 cup chopped sweet pickles
½ cup chopped onions
½ cup sour cream
½ cup mayonnaise
1 envelope instant bouillon or broth
1 tablespoon white vinegar
1 shallot, finely minced (optional)
1 tablespoon pickle juice
¼ teaspoon white pepper
1 pound hard salami, cubed

Add 2 tablespoons salt to rapidly boiling water. Gradually add macaroni so that water continues to boil. Cook, uncovered, stirring occasionally, until tender. Drain in colander. Cool by under cold water.

In a large bowl, toss macaron milk and oil.

Combine chopped pickles, sour cream, mayonnaise, bouil broth, vinegar, shallot, pickle juic per and remaining 1½ teaspoon Add dressing to macaroni and tos salami and toss again to mix well. and chill 2-3 hours. Makes 12 se About 455 calories per serving.

HEALTH SALAD
pictured below

The kids will flip over this one.

10 cups grated fresh carrots
2 cups seedless raisins
3 cans (8¼ oz. each) pineapple tidl drained
1 can or package (7 oz.) flaked coc
1 cup roasted hulled sunflower seec
½ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Combine all ingredients in a large Cover and chill 2-3 hours. Mal servings. About 370 calories per s

SALAD RUSSE
pictured below

Versatile recipe—try it as a bed for cold meats or for stuffing tomato

Dressing:
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup sour cream
3 tablespoons chili sauce
2 teaspoons fresh or frozen chives
1 teaspoon chopped pimiento
Russian Salad:
4 cups diced cooked carrots
4 cups diced cooked potatoes
2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen gre peas, cooked
2 jars (3½ oz. each) pickled cocktai onions, drained
1 jar (3 oz.) capers, drained
1 can (16 oz.) whole beets, drained diced

To prepare dressing: Combine gredients. Refrigerate until com with salad ingredients. *(cont*



Left to right: Health Salad, Salad Russe, Tarragon—Green Bean Salad, Italian Cheese Salad

"Are these salads identical twins? Your eyes say: yes. Your mouth will say: no."



oore-Betty,
ing teacher,
salads.



"Some of the flavor was hidden in this salad."

The dressing in this salad was made with one of those oils which has a noticeable taste of its own that can hide the delicious flavors of a tossed salad (or any salad). But Wesson Oil is a flavor-saver.

"All the flavor is alive in the Wesson Oil salad."

The dressing in this salad was made with Wesson Oil which has no noticeable taste of its own. So the full flavor of salads comes through. With the Wesson mild blend of pure vegetable oils you taste the greens, the herbs, the seasonings – not the oil.



Unlike some oils, Wesson has no noticeable taste of its own.

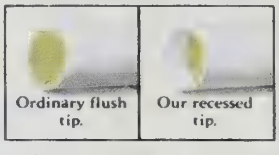
With Wesson® you taste the salad-not the oil.

The low-tar cigarette with the recessed tip.



The thoughtful choic in low-tar smoking.

Most low-tar cigarettes are flush-tipped. So tar bu is flat against your lips.



But Parliament h the recessed tip. T means tar buildu never touches you lips. All you get is that neat, clean So if you're trying to find a l tar cigarette that tastes good, why not choose the one with difference, Parliament with the recessed tip.



Parliame

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PICNIC SALADS

continued

are Russian Salad: Combine all ingredients, except ith dressing. Cover and chill 2-3 hours. Add well- beets and toss well. Makes 12 servings. About 200 per serving.

TARRAGON-GREEN BEAN SALAD
pictured on page 80

ious it's bound to become a favorite.

:
egetable oil
ed wine vinegar
ons salt
on dried tarragon leaves crumbled
arlic, crushed
oon pepper
ean Salad:
16 oz. each) whole green beans, drained
es, cut in eighths
4 oz.) hearts of palm, drained
it in quarters lengthwise

are dressing: Combine all ingredients. Set aside.
are green bean salad: Arrange green beans, tomato and hearts of palm in a large bowl. Pour dressing getables. Cover and chill for 2-3 hours. Makes 12 About 155 calories per serving.

ITALIAN CHEESE SALAD
pictured on page 80

go-along with, this pasta creation would make a fine entrée as well.

oons plus 1 teaspoon salt
boiling water
fettuccine noodles
ite vinegar
ive oil
oons chopped parsley
ons oregano leaves
oon garlic powder
oon white pepper
fontina or mozzarella cheese, julienned
oz.) pitted large ripe olives, drained

ablespoons salt to rapidly boiling water. Gradually lles so that water continues to boil. Cook uncovered, ccasionally, until tender. Drain in colander. Cool by nder cold water.
ine vinegar, oil, parsley, oregano, garlic powder, pper and remaining 1 teaspoon salt.
rge bowl, toss noodles with vinegar-oil dressing. Add nd olives; toss again. Cover and chill 2-3 hours. 2 servings. About 555 calories per serving. **End**



"Okay! Okay! You can grow a moustache—but not a beard."

IF PRIME CHOICE® CAN IMPROVE THE TASTE OF STEAK, IMAGINE WHAT IT CAN DO FOR GROUND BEEF.

INTRODUCING THE CHOICE ENTREE: BEEF LUAU.



If you want to turn ordinary ground beef into an exotic entree, put some Prime Choice® Steak Sauce in it. Prime Choice is the only steak sauce with just the perfect hint of sweetness to add the flavor that makes it perfectly delicious.

For an exotically delicious dish follow this recipe. And remember, it won't be a luau worth feasting over, unless you use Prime Choice.



Beef Luau

PATTIES
1½ pounds ground beef
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 clove garlic, minced
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 tablespoons Prime Choice
Combine all ingredients thoroughly. Shape into six patties and brown well on both sides in large frying pan. Remove from pan. Make sauce in frying pan.

SAUCE
1 can (8 oz.) chunk pineapple in juice
1 can (14 oz.) beef broth
¼ cup Prime Choice
¼ cup cornstarch
¼ cup water
⅛ teaspoon ginger
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 orange, sliced very thin
1 green pepper, cut into strips

Drain pineapple chunks, reserving ¼ cup juice. Combine juice with beef broth and Prime Choice. Mix cornstarch and water to make a paste. Stir into broth mixture. Add ginger and brown sugar. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture becomes transparent. Return patties to sauce and heat through. Add pineapple, orange slices and green pepper. Cover and cook until tender crisp. Serve with steamed rice.

IN LOVE WITH STRAWBERRIES

continued from page 73

DIPS FOR FRESH STRAWBERRIES
pictured on page 72

Probably the best way to serve strawberries is whole with a selection of dips. You're doubtless already on to the sour cream/brown sugar and powdered sugar dips—here are three more to try.

Cocoa-Cinnamon Sugar:
¾ cup superfine sugar
2½ tablespoons cocoa
1 tablespoon ground cinnamon

To prepare: Combine all ingredients. Makes about 1 cup. About 40 calories per tablespoon.

Cardamom-Honey Dip:
1 cup sour cream
3 tablespoons honey
2 fresh strawberries, washed and hulled
1 teaspoon ground cardomom

To prepare: Place all ingredients in blender container. Blend until smooth. Chill for 1 hour. Makes 1¼ cups. About 35 calories per tablespoon.

Orange-Cream Dip:
¾ cup heavy cream
3 tablespoons orange liqueur
I teaspoon orange rind
1 teaspoon superfine sugar

To prepare: Whip cream until soft, glossy peaks form. Stir in remaining ingredients. Makes about 1½ cups. About 35 calories per tablespoon.

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN
pictured on page 72

Serve with or without the almond custard—heavenly either way.

Strawberry Bavarian:
3 pints fresh strawberries, washed and hulled
3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
¾ cup cold water
1½ cups sugar
½ teaspoon almond extract
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Almond Custard Sauce:
3 egg yolks
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 teaspoon almond extract
1 cup milk, scalded

To prepare Strawberry Bavarian: Save 3 or 4 perfect berries and use for garnish. Purée remaining strawberries in electric blender at low speed, then strain to remove seeds.

Sprinkle gelatin over water to soften. Bring ¼ cup strained strawberries and sugar to a boil in a saucepan, stirring to dissolve sugar. Remove from heat and add gelatin, stirring until dissolved. Add remaining strawberry purée and almond extract. Chill, stirring occasionally, until slightly thickened. Fold in whipped cream. Turn into a 6-cup mold. Chill until firm. Makes 8 servings. About 315 calories per serving.

To prepare almond custard sauce: Beat egg yolks lightly with sugar, vanilla and almond extracts; gradually stir in hot milk. Pour mixture into top of double boiler set over simmering water; cook and stir until custard thickens and coats the back of a metal spoon. Chill in refrigerator. Makes about 1 cup. About 70 calories per 2-tablespoon serving.

To serve: Unmold bavarian on a shallow dish. Pour some almond custard sauce around mold, serving remaining sauce in a small bowl. Garnish bavarian with reserved strawberries and huckleberry leaves, if desired.

STRAWBERRY-ROSÉ MOLD
pictured on page 73

Designed as a salad, this could also be a knockout dessert.

Strawberry-Rosé Mold:
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1¾ cups cold water
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
1¾ cups rosé wine
1 cup sliced fresh strawberries
½ cup honeydew melon balls
Additional strawberries and melon balls for garnish
Cheese Dressing:
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese, softened
½ cup ricotta cheese
¼ cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon vanilla extract

To prepare strawberry-rosé mold: Sprinkle gelatin over ½ cup water to soften. Bring remaining 1¼ cups water and sugar to a boil. Remove from heat and add gelatin and orange rind; stir until gelatin is dissolved. Add rosé wine.

Pour ½ cup gelatin mixture into a 5-cup ring mold; chill until set, but not firm. Cool remaining gelatin. Arrange sliced strawberries in a flower design on set gelatin, cover carefully with a few spoonfuls cooled gelatin to anchor sign and chill until set, but not Combine remaining cooled gelatin melon balls; pour into mold. Chill firm. Unmold on serving plate, fill c with cheese dressing and garnish strawberries and melon balls. Mal servings. About 220 calories per ser

To prepare cheese dressing: Whi ingredients until smooth. Makes 1⅛ About 45 calories per tablespoon.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUES
pictured on page 86

Fancy tarts for favorite guests.

Meringues:
4 egg whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups confectioners' sugar
Strawberry Buttercream Filling:
⅓ cup butter or margarine
2 egg yolks
⅓ cup confectioners' sugar
1 teaspoon kirsch liqueur
2 strawberries, mashed
1¼ cups sliced fresh strawberries
Mint sprigs (optional)

To prepare meringues: Beat egg w with an electric mixer until frothy. cream of tartar and salt; continue ing until soft peaks form. Beating tinuously at highest speed, add slowly at a rate of 3 tablespoons per ute. Beat until very stiff peaks for

Preheat oven to 200°. Grease flour a cookie sheet. Using a cardb pattern, draw 6 rectangles, 3½x2¾-i cookie sheet. Spread or pipe m rectangles ⅓ to ½ in. deep with meri Spoon remaining meringue into a p bag fitted with a No. 5B pastry Edge meringue rectangles with bo building up layers to form shells 1½ in. deep or carefully build up with a spoon. *(conti*



Left to right: Strawberry Shortcake, Strawberry Ice, Dieter's Delight, Strawberry Wine Bowl


Delicious.
Smooth.
Rich.
Tempting.
Delectable.
Luscious.
Toothsome.
Tasty.
Wet.
Potent.
Full-strength.
Pre-mixed.
and
Ready-to-Pour.
Delicious.
Smooth.
Rich.
Tempting.
Delectable.
Luscious.
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IN LOVE WITH STRAWBERRIES

continued

Bake in a 200° oven for 2 hours until creamy white and firm, turn off oven and let meringue dry in oven overnight.

To prepare strawberry buttercream filling: Cream butter or margarine until fluffy; beat in egg yolks, sugar, kirsch and mashed strawberries.

Spread buttercream on bottoms of meringue shells. Arrange sliced strawberries on top. Garnish with mint sprigs, if desired. Makes 6 servings. About 280 calories per serving.

DIETER'S DELIGHT
pictured on page 84

A quick, low-cal pick-me-up—as tasty as it is pretty.

½ cup skim milk
2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup fresh strawberries
⅓ cup strawberry ice milk
Club soda

Place skim milk, sugar and vanilla in blender container. Add washed and hulled strawberries, reserving 1 for garnish, and blend until smooth.

Pour into a 12-oz. glass. Top with ice milk and club soda. Garnish with strawberry. Makes 1 serving. 175 calories.

STRAWBERRY WINE BOWL
pictured on page 84

If you like kir—white wine laced with a dash of currant-flavored crème de cassis—you'll love this. Add a splash of club soda for a spritzer.

3½ cups Rhine white wine
2 cups sliced fresh strawberries
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
Additional strawberry slices and mint sprigs for garnish

Combine all ingredients in a glass bowl. Cover and refrigerate for 4 days. Strain wine through a cheesecloth-lined sieve, pressing to extract the juice from the strawberries. Serve over ice, garnished with strawberry slices and mint sprig, if desired. Makes 4 cups. About 200 calories per cup serving.

STRAWBERRY ICE
pictured on page 84

A refreshing dessert for any meal.

4½ pints fresh strawberries, washed and hulled
2 cups superfine sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Purée strawberries in an electric blender at low speed, then strain to remove seeds. Add sugar and lemon juice; mix well. Pour into 2 refrigerator trays or baking pans and freeze until mushy. Spoon into a large bowl and whip with an electric mixer. Cover and return to freezer until firm. Makes 2 quarts. About 140 calories per ½-cup serving.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE
pictured on page 84

The real thing—and it's just as good as grandma used to make.

Strawberries:
2 pints fresh strawberries, washed and hulled
2 tablespoons superfine sugar (or sweeten to taste)
1 teaspoon almond liqueur (optional)
Shortcake:
4 cups all-purpose flour
⅔ cup sugar
2 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons baking powder
1½ teaspoons salt
1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup milk
½ cup water
Whipped cream:
1 cup heavy cream
1 tablespoon superfine sugar

To prepare strawberries: Save about 20 perfect berries and use for garnish. Slice remaining strawberries into a bowl and sprinkle with sugar and almond liqueur. Refrigerate for about 1 hour.

Shortcake: Preheat oven to 450°. Sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Cut in butter or margarine with two knives or a pastry blender until like coarse meal. Make a well in center and pour in milk and water; mix lightly but thoroughly with a fork. Do not overmix. Divide into two equal parts and pat into 2 greased and floured 8-in. layer cake pans. Bake in a 450° oven for 18 minutes until lightly browned. Turn out of pan and cool.

Whipped cream: Whip cream with sugar until stiff peaks form.

To assemble shortcake: Place one shortcake layer, bottom side down, on cake plate. Spread with one-third of whipped cream and all of the sliced strawberries. Add top layer of shortcake, bottom side down, and top with whole strawberries. Spread or pipe remaining whipped cream on top of shortcake. Makes 8 servings. About 685 calories per serving.

STRAWBERRY TART
pictured below

Serve this as the grand finale elegant dinner party.

Puff Pastry:
1 package (10 oz.) frozen patty shell
1 egg, slightly beaten with 1 teaspoo water
Apricot Cream:
2 egg yolks
¼ cup sugar
3 tablespoons flour
⅔ cup milk, scalded
1 tablespoon sieved apricot jam
1 teaspoon apricot brandy (optional)
Strawberries and Garnish:
1 pint fresh strawberries, washed an hulled
½ cup plus 2 tablespoons sieved apricot jam
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup chopped blanched almonds
Green food coloring

To prepare puff pastry: Allow shells to defrost in refrigerator over or on a kitchen counter until work but always keep them cold to the t

On a lightly floured board or p cloth, stack 4 patty shells on top of other with edges aligned. Press the shells together with the heel of hand to flatten slightly before ro Using a rolling pin, roll out to an 1 circle; trim edges evenly with a s knife to a 10½-in. circle. Place on a greased cookie sheet.

Place remaining 2 patty shells edges touching; press edges toge Roll out to a 4x13-in. rectangle. Cut four 1x13-in. strips.

Brush edge of circle with beaten Using 2 of the strips of pastry, curve form a collar around edge of c Brush with beaten egg, then curv maining 2 pastry strips and place o of first 2 strips. Fold a 12x28-in. le of aluminum foil into quarters so t is 3-in. wide and 28-in. long. Place on the inside edge of pastry collar. P bottom of pastry with a fork. Chil 30 minutes. *(contin*



Left to right: Strawberry Meringues, Strawberry Tart

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When students get ood grades everybody s happy.

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So they put breakfast o a test.

They took groups of tudents and started iem off each day with well-balanced break- ast, and carefully ested them against tudents who didn't get reakfast.

Summary:
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his study shows there's definite connection etween the stomach nd the head.



Breakfast Graded A.

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Why did breakfast help so much?

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IN LOVE WITH STRAWBERRIES

continued

To prepare apricot cream: Meanwhile, beat egg yolks lightly with sugar and flour in a small saucepan; gradually stir in hot milk, blending until smooth.

Heat and stir over moderate heat until thickened and smooth. Remove from heat and stir in jam and brandy. Cover, chill.

To bake and assemble strawberry tart: Preheat oven to 450°. Place pastry in oven, immediately lower temperature to 400° and bake 15-20 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from cookie sheet and cool.

When thoroughly cool, spread apricot cream on bottom of pastry tart. Arrange strawberries on top.

In a small saucepan bring ½ cup apricot jam and sugar to a boil. Cook and stir until jam reaches 225° on a candy thermometer. Working quickly, brush apricot glaze on strawberries and top of pastry.

Brush sides of tart with remaining 2 tablespoons apricot jam. Combine almonds and a few drops of green food coloring. Press almonds around side of pastry. Makes 6 servings. About 545 calories per serving. **End**

WAYNE

continued from page 77

guessed—and contrary to what you might expect of an Eastern liberal lady with feminist leanings. But I never expected the sight of him to wipe me out.

I first met him the previous day. He came off the set wearing the Western outfit that is as timelessly a part of him as his eyes or voice. Most movie actors are disappointments in the flesh, shrunken shadows of their voluptuous screen images, but John Wayne is larger than life in real life, too. It is not just a matter of size, but of magnetism, of an authority that he wears as easily as his Western outfit.

I ask him how he feels.

"Good," he says, "Actually, I feel good today for the first time in a year."

We chat. "Molly," he muses as he walks back to his trailer. "That was my mother's name. Finest girl I ever knew."

His huge bulk disappears into the makeshift dressing room, where a running chess game is in progress with a photographer on the film. The publicist tells me I will just have to grab Wayne whenever I can. I'm not very good at that, particularly when I discover I am awe-struck and tongue-tied at the mere sight of him. When I am with him, I feel like I am about 12 years old. Once or twice, he simply walks up to me and hugs me, and walks off without saying anything. We have this terrific subverbal rapport, but how will I convert it into words? Wayne is wary of interviews and he doesn't trust critics, particularly those who represent what he sneeringly refers to as the "Eastern Liberal Establishment." And why should he, after the sneering abuse he's taken from them? With its bias towards the European art film, the Eastern cultural establishment has been persistently and provincially blind to the beauties of the Western, and to an acting style like Wayne's that is self-concealing, not done up in the duds of foreign accents, make-up and disguises that win awards.

But little by little, we become friends, or as close an approximation as is possible between takes, visitors, lung treatments, chess games and under the pressure to finish a film that has gone on too long and almost done everybody in.

The director, Don Siegel, looks pale and beaten down, whether because he has never recovered from his own bout with the flu, or because he has never emerged with a clear victory in his running battle with Wayne over who's directing the picture. The scenes I watch look splendid, but Wayne doesn't hesitate to tell me what he thinks of Siegel's direction (too rigid, he blocks out scenes instead of letting them flow). Of course, Wayne has been directed by the greats —John Ford and Howard Hawks—b he's also had patsies and house directo on his latest pictures, and knowing mo than they do, he has gotten used to l ing boss.

He doesn't wait to be called for scene, but seems to sense when his pr ence is required. He ambles over where they're setting up the scene, co siders what is going on, offers sugg tions and occasionally produces irri tion in the crew because, as one mem put it, "he's almost too damn knowledg able." He knows as much or more abo their craft than every crew member. began his movie career as a prop m (in 1926) and he has always been acu ly aware of the contribution props c make toward the atmosphere of a sce

After failing to become an overnig sensation in his first starring role Raoul Walsh's *The Big Trail* in 193 he worked for a lean, unglamorous, ultimately rewarding decade in acti serials. There he learned an indispen ble lesson: how to give dramatic int est to the kind of expository dialog that characterizes B films. He also got the habit of doing all of his own stu and it was he who developed the te nique for throwing a punch so that body gets hit.

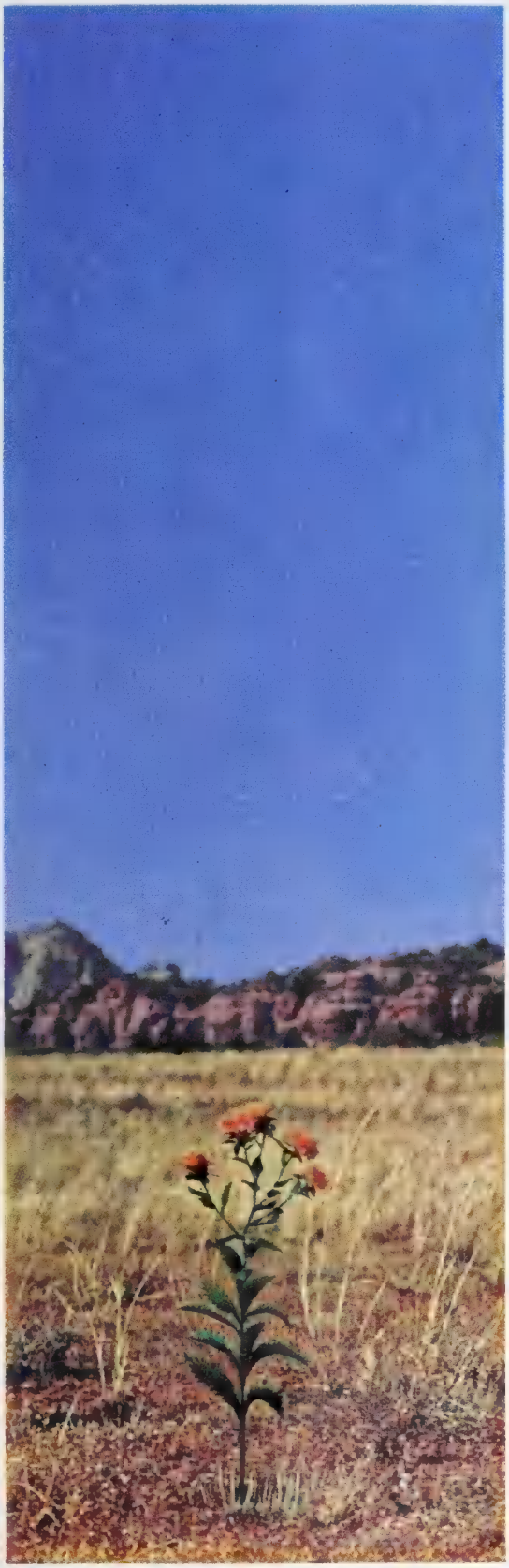
More hero than villain

He has played both character ro (the simpleminded Norwegian sailor *The Long Voyage Home*) and heav (*Reap the Wild Wind*)—and he has casionally allowed himself to be kil (*The Shootist* will be the seventh f in which he dies). But for the most p he has played heroes who triumph over villainy and over death. His sc was high because he was unique—he both right and might on his side. combination of moral and phys strength is rare enough in movie her let alone life. Why? Because the two generally contradictory. Moral fo urges physical restraint, while br strength rides roughshod over m niceties. But Wayne had both. You co see it in his eyes, alternately gentle fierce, and in his body, alternately gressive and relaxed. And you could it from the beginning.

There, in the slightly tarnished h of *Stagecoach* (1939), played by a year-old Wayne; is a man with the f of an angel, but one who has put so miles between himself and heaven. looks clean-cut, capable and all-Am can, yet there is something else: ethereal quality that dates back to dreamy youth of the Iowa boy.

In that role as the Ringo Kid, wh proved the turning point of his car Wayne hasn't the narcissistic beauty Cooper nor the glib, easy charm of ble. Awkward with women, he beco a character lead rather than a roma one. He is closer to Fonda (*continu*

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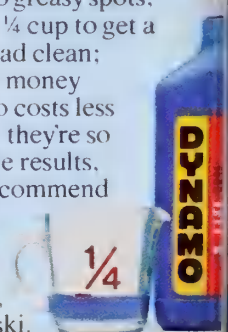
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WAYNE

continued

and Stewart in type and the movie terrain he will come to occupy, yet he differs markedly from them, too. Less naive to begin with, he paradoxically retains true innocence longer. Fonda and Stewart are too green to begin with—and perhaps a little spoiled. Disillusionment will sour their ideals into, respectively, cynicism and complacency, whereas Wayne, who has had to fight his battles from an early age, is incapable of either.

This holds true even in their relationships with women: The characters played by Fonda and Stewart would be romantically involved more often, and more centrally, than Wayne, but there was something distant, diffident, in their courting, even in their moments of intimacy. But you always felt Wayne was *there*, mentally and physically.

He has played heroes who were fallible in different ways: sometimes wrongheaded, sometimes puritanical, sometimes ruthless, sometimes drunkards, sometimes shy, sometimes earthy, sometimes crotchety, but rarely mean-spirited and never petty. Nor for Wayne the pusillanimous rogue or the shaggy anti-hero in the modern tradition. While it is nonsense to say, as many have, that he "always plays John Wayne," he makes no bones about wanting to play a man with whom audiences can identify.

"They have got to have vitality," he says of the parts he chooses. "I don't like to play prissy, pure people. Before I went into Westerns, the hero wore white gloves and a white hat and he never got dirty. I went in with a good pair of boots and a good hat, and what was in between didn't matter. The heavy threw a table at me, and I turned around and hit him, knocked him out. He said, 'What are you doing?', and I said, 'My dad told me if I got in a fight, to win.' "

The beauty of Wayne is that he does stand for something—self-reliance, generosity, largeness of soul, moral consistency—characteristics that have come to seem archaic or idealized because so few people have them or honor them. Moreover, Wayne comes out of a classical tradition of Hollywood acting built on type: stars using their faces and personalities as basic texts on which to build characterizations. Unlike most modern actors, these stars didn't want to, or have to, invent themselves anew with each role. Wayne is all of a piece; at any given moment, he is the sum of his past performances and experiences. He thus resonates and grows richer with each performance, while modern actors slip in and out of theirs without a trace.

He has had the power to choose and alter properties in accordance with his tastes. The original script of *The Shootist* was not to his liking. It was, he says, "dirty," which turns out to mean not just its language, but its vision of life: nasty (or in modern language, "realistic"), cynical *and* clinical, brutal and unfunny. The script is now funny, less clinical and decidedly less cynical. For example, the young boy who becomes Wayne's surrogate son (played by Ron Howard, of the TV series *Happy Days*), was originally an unscrupulous brat who couldn't wait to see the old gunfighter bite the dust. The script has been changed to make the boy more honorable, and to give Wayne's death a redeeming power for him.

They are doing a scene togethe a woodshed. A terrible misunderst ing has occurred. The boy Gillum, is like a son to Books, has discov the old man is dying and investig selling his horse. Books is de wounded.

"Gillum," Wayne says sadly, "I er thought you were a horse thief."

He is so powerful, so quietly manding, that it is a miracle he do wipe everybody else off the scree I tell him this.

He doesn't hesitate to acknowl the possibility. "Hawks used to w about that," he says, "and so he w give other actors things to do, to l up their parts."

Are there, perhaps, a few chin my knight's shining armor? He ta lot about patriotism, but there been rumors about "special treatm accorded him by the I.R.S. He stand "dirty" talk on the screen, bu own conversation is packed with pletives. But somehow, when he them, it's different. You laugh o quake. I wouldn't have liked to the shoes of the clumsy crew-me who walked between Wayne a light as he was trying to read the s "Will you get the **** out o light?" he roared.

I suggest that certain of the freedoms of expression in films been beneficial, or that at least Production Code (the old Holly system that censored all referenc sex) wasn't an entirely happy But there's no arguing with him. he's dead right about the inve ways good directors circumvente taboos.

"I'll give you an example," he "In *The Quiet Man*, Ford w Maureen O'Hara to come into confessional and say that she h slept with her husband. *(conti*

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WAYNE

continued

'You can't show that on the screen,' the producer told him. This irritated Ford into a good scene. He has the confession take place in the open air, down by the river. It's half in Irish and half in English, and you understand everything she was saying to him by his answers. He had to use more imagination. The loss of illusion has hurt the artistry of the business."

A woman arrives with a cookbook of recipes contributed by the stars. Wayne has one in it, a cheese soufflé, which he swears is his very own. We talk about food, about the time he had an ulcer and had to swear off booze and cigarettes for six months and could have only milk and baby food. I allow as to how I think milk would be worse than baby food.

"I don't like it, either," he says, "except with toast."

"With toast?"

"Yeah, in the morning for breakfast, you put a piece of toast in milk. Then an egg on top of that. Then sugar on top of that." (I make a face.) He thinks for a moment. "It's a cake—unassembled."

We talk about women. About his mother ("She was the first women's libber. She used to smoke when women didn't smoke—I caught her when I was seven or eight. She was a campaign manager for a local politician, she kept him on the straight and narrow"), and about Marlene Dietrich.

"She was great, just a German *Hausfrau*. She used to cook pressurized beef to make beef bouillon for everybody. It may have been an act, but it brought her a great deal of enjoyment. 'Course, [he stops and reflects] maybe one reason she enjoyed it so much was she didn't have to do it all the time."

Still appeals to women

There's an intuitive understanding and a sensitivity in Wayne that have gotten little attention, and that have increased as he has grown older and more dependent. The heroes of his later films lean on others: on James Caan in *El Dorado*, on the young girls in *Rio Lobo* or Kim Darby in *True Grit*, and on Katharine Hepburn in *Rooster Cogburn*, with a vulnerability that has made him all the more appealing, especially to women. I discovered this when I talked to people about my interview. "Wayne!" The men seem surprised. "What is there left to say about him? He's creaking in the saddle." Could it be that men see in him a reflection of their own mortality and approaching old age? Are they made uncomfortable by the sight of a man who refuses to give up? Whereas women, less demanding of physical perf tion, see that youth has nothing to with virility, and respond to him m passionately than ever, and on m levels.

On one level, Wayne is the fat figure who has come home to us, father who will make, has made, world safe for us so that we may expl and find ourselves. In the light women's struggles for independen father figures have gotten a bad nam and rightly so, for their authority often been hollow, or abused. But fil are full of fathers, real and surrog who served to nurture and prot heroines of the most spirited ki They watched over and guided th and, in a rite of passage similar to t served by the "older woman" for young man, allowed them to beco themselves more fully.

But fathers were not just autho figures and watchdogs and mentors, t were people with whom we identifi whom we modeled ourselves upon, much as we did our mothers.

And so our loyalty to Wayne g back to when we were flat-chested a lescents, tree climbers with dirty fa and with more rats-and-snails t sugar-and-spice in us, to when we w to the movies and identified w the heroes rather than with the her girlfriends. We weren't the *(continu*



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WAYNE

continued

ones in aprons who waved good-bye, who stayed home and tended the hearth and kept the coffeepot hot. We rode the range and slept under the stars and shot bad guys with the best of the men. It was only when the sexual highway forked, and the rites of adolescence planted us more firmly on the route to femininity that we realized with dismay that we weren't supposed to identify with the hero but with the "little woman."

Many abandoned the Western never to return, but for those of us who hung in there, Wayne made the transition less bitter. He was paternal without being a patriarch; he was involved in an action cinema that concentrated on male friendships, but he was not a symbol of *machismo*. If we didn't desert him, it was because he didn't desert us. He never seemed to be fleeing the grasp of a woman, the strings of domesticity. Often his quest was motivated by a woman, by some great love. And the fact that he wasn't a ladies' man, a womanizer who winked at every passing dame, made him more attractive. He treats every woman with a respect that may or may not grow into love, but that allows a woman her freedom. It doesn't immediately see her in terms of her sexual possibilities, doesn't force her into a romantic mold to satisfy male fantasy.

Defies youth obsession

Moreover, in a cinema obsessed with youth, particularly in its women, Wayne has had the most startlingly rich and sensual relationships with mature women: with Patricia Neal in *In Harm's Way*, with Colleen Dewhurst in *McQ* and, of course, with Katharine Hepburn in *Rooster Cogburn*. These December-December romances ripen in an atmosphere of mutual appreciation.

Wayne makes his co-stars look good because he is secure enough that he doesn't need sweet young things to bolster his ego. Unlike, say, Paul Newman in *The Drowning Pool*, he doesn't require an endless supply of nubile nymphets—whom he can take pleasure in rejecting! That, to me, is what *macho* is all about: sexual arrogance and preening, excesses of masculinity that come at a time when the real thing—the functional masculinity that Wayne represents—is disappearing.

"They tag you with the image of the male chauvinist," I said to him, "whereas to me it's the 'effete Easterners' who have to strut to prove themselves."

"It's true," he replied. "I've never done those things. I've avoided them because I'm quite sensitive to them. Everybody thinks of me with a machine gun [here he mines the gesture], mowing down a patrol of Japanese. But I never did that. The real swashbuckling guy was John Garfield. He was the one with the virility thing. But sooner or later, I got tagged with it. Finally you just let them say what they want.

"Yesterday these two fellas come in here [two British journalists] and all they can talk about is politics. So finally I just give them an answer that will fit their preconceptions. I just accommodate them quickly, it saves time.

"They say I'm a conservative, too, but I think I'm a moderate. I listen to people. I've given money for three Democrats and three Republicans."

I remind him of the time he went to Harvard. The kids, who came to jeer someone they regarded as a sort of Godzilla of American imperialism, stayed to cheer the man.

Honest in his beliefs

"Yeah," he laughed, "they went from one extreme to the other. They thought I was a horse's ass, but when they saw I was as honest about what I thought as they were about their beliefs, they came around. Then they went too far the other way. We stayed up all night drinking. I guess I was the father they never had."

Or the father we had but lost, which is, I suppose, what he is to me. *The Searchers* is perhaps his greatest film. And its most devastating moment occurs when the vengeful Ethan Allen, played by Wayne, has finally found the niece (Natalie Wood), who has been brought up and assimilated by the despised Indians. As he stands there looking at her, all the hardness of heart and hatred that had stiffened him for the search melt out of him, and he picks her up in his arms in one of the most beautiful scenes of Christian reconciliation in art.

For me, an even more personally devastating moment occurs in *Wings of Eagles*, the film based on the life of Naval Commander Spig Wead—not an entirely sympathetic character, devoted to the Navy first and only secondly to his wife. When he is on one of his bri visits home, he falls on a child's toy an winds up in a wheelchair. The film w made in 1957, the year my own fath died as the result of a disease he h contracted three years earlier, a disea that had progressively crippled him. H was an extraordinary man—tall, bra and true, my own personal god. Perha I would have begun to qualify my adu tion if he had been around longer, but died before the struggles could beg frozen in time at a period when I wo shipped him.

And when I saw *Wings of Eagles* the first time about ten years later, a watched John Wayne succumb to a si ilar fate, it was almost more than could bear. I suppose that ever sinc without quite realizing it, I have sociated Wayne with my father, who name was John, too (though that's n the Duke's real name, which, as eve one knows, is Marion Morrison)

Is that why, when I see him, I despe ately want him to take me in his arm to tell me that everything is all righ That he is not going to die. That he not going to leave me. That it is all rig for me to be a little girl sometimes.

I ask him about working with Kath rine Hepburn. "I heard that Hepbu said you were the person who remind her most of Spencer Tracy since death."

"I don't know. I don't know. Sh some woman. A strong feminist, and y you know, she worshipped her fath He was a kind of god."

"But he was the only one."

"The only one except Tracy. He w like her father to her, a god. He really Wayne searches for words, then mak his arms into a circle—"enclosed her."

I have only a few more minutes b fore I must go. We are talking about t cameraman, about some ideas of his th misfired and made Wayne furious. don't mind taking orders from peop who know more than me," he said, "b when these guys try something as if th were the first ones to do it, and I kno it's been done before, well, it hurts me know it, because it becomes an irritan

And in that ranting, irritable frame mind, he walks over to the set. As does, I secretly cheer his cantankerou ness and his irritation, his memory a his impatience and his total involv ment. And I want to call after him- didn't then but I do now—the words Dylan Thomas to his father:

"Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light."

Don't go, John Wayne, not yet, not f a long while yet! **En**

RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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Dear Joan,
Here's "my" pound cake recipe you asked for.
Thanks for all the compliments!
Marge

DUNCAN HINES
DEVIL'S FOOD POUND CAKE
(Makes 12 to 16 servings)

1 pkg. Duncan Hines Deluxe II Devil's Food Cake Mix
1 package chocolate instant pudding mix (4 serving size)
½ cup Crisco Oil* 1 cup water 4 eggs

Preheat oven to 350°. Blend all ingredients in a large bowl; beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Bake in a greased and floured 10-inch tube pan at 350° for 50-60 minutes, until center springs back when touched lightly. Cool right side up for about 25 minutes, then remove from pan.

CHOCOLATE GLAZE. In a small saucepan combine 2 tbsp. cocoa, 1 tbsp. + 2 tsp. water, 1 tbsp. oil and 1 tbsp. corn syrup. Cook and stir over low heat until mixture is smooth. Remove from heat; immediately beat in 1 cup confectioners sugar. Drizzle over cake.

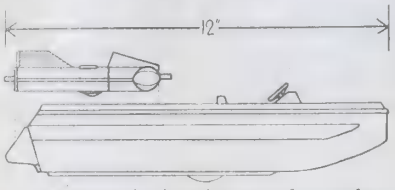
***Be sure to use Crisco Oil as some other oils may cause the cake to fall.**



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For Children 4 to 9.

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued from page 79

in an affronted manner. "Not that I am aware of, Mrs. Reed."

"Nobody's *died* here?"

"My husband recently died in a nursing home," said Mrs. Hengrave stiffly.

Gwenda hastened to soothe Mrs. Hengrave. They were now once more in the drawing room. It was a peaceful and charming room. Her momentary panic just now seemed incomprehensible. What *had* come over her?

Asking Mrs. Hengrave if she could look at the garden, Gwenda went out through the French windows onto the terrace. "There should be steps here," she thought, "going down to the lawn."

But instead there was a vast uprising of forsythia that shut out all view of the sea. Gwenda nodded to herself. She would alter all that.

Gwenda made a firm offer, and after lunch received a telephone call saying Mrs. Hengrave accepted her offer. Gwenda dispatched a cable to Giles.

"Bought a house. Love. Gwenda."

A month passed and Gwenda had moved into Hillside, although she was hardly settled yet since she still had workmen in the house. In the kitchen, a Mrs. Cocker was now installed, a lady of condescending graciousness.

On this particular morning, she deposited a breakfast tray on Gw knees as she sat up in bed.

Gwenda was not occupying t double bedroom. That could wai Giles returned. She had chosen i the end room, the one with the rc walls and the bow window. Sl thoroughly at home in it. She exc impulsively: "I do like this room.

Mrs. Cocker looked round indu ly. "It is quite a nice room, Mad the bars on the window I should had been the nursery at one time

Gwenda looked round the roor it would be a nice nursery. She furnishing it in her mind. Not thi ous mustard wall. No, she would gay wallpaper. Little bunches of p alternating with bunches of cornfl . . . She'd try and find a wallpap that. She felt sure she had see somewhere. One didn't need mu niture in the room. There was a chest with a charming porcela atop it. And there were two l cupboards, but one of them, a one, was locked. Indeed it had painted over. She must get the r open it up before they left.

Gwenda dressed and hurried ou the garden. Foster, the gardene at work outside the drawing window. Gwenda's first action ha to get a path made down throu rockery at this point.

Foster greeted her with a ch "Looks like you're going back times, Miss."

"Old times? How?"

Foster tapped with his spade. " on the old steps—see, that's wher went—just as you want 'em now. someone planted them over and c them up."

"It was very stupid of them, Gwenda. "You want a vista do the lawn and the sea from the dr room window."

She asked suddenly, "Who live before the Hengraves?"

"Before them? The Miss Elw Before them—now let me see, Mrs. Findeyson. He gestured towa hedge on the left, through whic gleam of a new building showed. to be the Cottage Hospital. It's a school now. Moved in ten year Changes all the time."

Gwenda returned to the drawing and wrote some letters. Among th respondence that remained to l swered was a letter from cousins o in London. Any time she want come to London they begged her t with them at their house in Chels

Raymond West was a well-l novelist and his wife Joan, G knew, was a painter. It might be go and stay with them.

Mrs. Crocker sounded the dinner

(continued on pag

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Filter: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC Report (Nov. '75).

SLEEPING MURDER

continued

Gwenda walked quickly acros drawing room to the wall by the far dow, then brought herself up short an exclamation of annoyance. It the third time she'd done that. Sh ways seemed to expect to be able to through solid wall into the dining next door. She went back across room and out into the front hall and round to the dining room.

"I don't see," thought Gwenda, I shouldn't have a doorway through from the drawing room t dining room. I'll talk to Mr. Sims it when he comes this afternoon."

Mr. Sims was the builder. When sulted, he was keenly appreciative. plest thing, Mrs. Reed—and a grea provement, if I may say so."

"Would it be very expensive?" G da asked.

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Reed," Mr. Sims. "I'll get Taylor to have a and then I can give you an exact i

Gwenda assented. She wrote to West thanking her for her invita but saying that she would not be lea Dillmouth at present since she wa to keep an eye on the workmen. she went out for a walk along the f She came back into the drawing r and Taylor, Mr. Sims' leading work greeted her. "Won't be no diffi about this wall, Mrs. Reed," he "Been a door here before. Some just had it plastered over."

Gwenda was surprised. "How ext dinary," she thought, "that I've al seemed to feel there was a door th Quite suddenly, she felt a tiny shiv uneasiness. How had she guess known—that there was a door just th Or that path outside from the te down to the lawn? Had she in s way known they were there when was so insistent on having them r in those particular places?

"Perhaps I *am* a bit psychic," tho Gwenda uneasily. "Or is it somethin do with the house?"

Why had she asked Mrs. Heng that day if the house was haunted

She brought her mind back with effort to her discussion with Ta "There's one other thing," she ad "One of the cupboards in my room stairs is stuck. I want to get it open

"I'll get the man to get it open for tomorrow if that will do," Taylor s

That evening Gwenda felt jun Sitting in the drawing room, she aware of every creak of the furnit She told herself that there was noth in the incident of the door and the p They were just coincidences.

he next morning she had various matters to see to in
n. When she came back it was almost lunch time.
The men have got the cupboard open in your bedroom,
am," said Mrs. Cocker.
wenda went upstairs to her bedroom. She pulled open
door of the corner cupboard. Then she uttered a sudden
tened little cry. The inside of the cupboard revealed
riginal papering of the wall, which elsewhere had been
over in the yellowish wall paint. The room had once
gaily papered in a design of little bunches of scarlet
ies alternating with bunches of blue cornflowers.
wenda stood there staring a long time. Here she was in
use she had never been in before, in a country she had
r visited—and only two days ago she had imagined a
r for this very room—and it corresponded exactly with
aper that had once hung on the walls.
e could explain the garden path and the connecting
as coincidence—but there couldn't be coincidence about
No, there was some explanation that eluded her—and
tened her. Every now and then she was seeing back to
former state of the house. The house frightened her. But
t the house or *herself?* She didn't want to be one of these
le who *saw* things. . . .
e put on her coat and slipped quickly out of the house.
e post office she sent the following telegram:
est, 19 Addway Square, Chelsea, London. May I change
mind and come tomorrow? Gwenda.

mond West and his wife did all they could to make
g Giles' wife feel welcome. "We've planned to take you
show or two" said Raymond. "The ballet tonight, and to-
ow we've got a birthday party on for my quite incredible
Jane—we're going to see *The Duchess of Malfi,* with
gud.
ou'll adore my Aunt Jane," said Raymond. "She's Vic-
n to the core. She lives in the kind of village where noth-
ver happens, exactly like a stagnant pond."
omething did happen there once," his wife said drily.
ymond waved his hand. "A mere drama of passion—
e—no subtlety."
ou enjoyed it frightfully at the time," Joan reminded
"Anyway, Aunt Jane distinguished herself over that
ler."
h, she's no fool. She adores problems. Why the grocer's
took her umbrella to the church social on a fine evening.
t happened to the Vicar's surplice? So if you've any
em in your life, put it to her, Gwenda."
venda was introduced to Aunt Jane, Miss Marple, on the
ving day. Miss Marple was an attractive old lady, tall
thin, with pink cheeks and blue eyes that often had a
twinkle in them.
ter an early dinner, they all went off to the theater. The
was superb and Gwenda enjoyed it very much.
e performance drew to a close with a supreme moment
rror. The actor's voice came over the footlights filled
the tragedy of a perverted mentality.
over her face. Mine eyes dazzle, she died young. . . ."
venda screamed. She sprang up from her seat, pushed
ly past the others out into the aisle, through the exit
o the street. She did not stop. It was not until she had
ed Piccadilly that she hailed a taxi and gave the address
e Chelsea house.
e ran up the stairs to her room, pulled off her clothes
ot into bed. She lay there shivering.
e did not hear the sound of fresh arrivals downstairs, but
about five minutes the door opened and Miss Marple
in. She had a cup in her hand.
venda sat up in bed, trying to stop her shivering. "Oh,
Marple. I'm frightfully sorry. I don't know what hap-
d. It was awful of me. Are they very annoyed with me?"
ow don't worry, said Miss Marple. "Drink this cup of

(continued on page 104)



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AMERICAN CLASSICS

continued from page 68

The drawing on this page and the shopping information below are keyed to the photograph on pages 68-69: **1.** Susannah, #681933, and **2.** Clarissa, #581970, are 54" wide cottons from The Sturbridge Village Crafts Collection by Waverly Fabrics, at fine stores and through decorators. These designs were taken from an old quilt and a child's dress in the Sturbridge Village Restoration Textile Library, and date from between 1780 and 1840 as most of the collections at this re-creation of colonial life in Massachusetts.

3. The United States Capitol Chair is of a limited edition available during 1976 only, made by the Hitchcock Chair Co., Riverton (Hitchcocks-ville), Ct. 06065, in the same factory that Lambert Hitchcock set up in 1826 to mass produce fancy chairs—a combination of Directoire and Sheraton styles—that were extremely popular in that day.

4. Revere bowl, a shape available in many sizes in both sterling and silverplate, by The Gorham Co., Providence, R. I. 02907. When not dumping tea into Boston Harbor or riding to warn Middlesex villages and farms of the coming of the British, Paul Revere created designs in silver that equal those of the best European craftsmen.

5. Pennsylvania Dutch (a popular and incorrect interpretation of Deutsch) pottery plate with peacock pattern, $24, one of many bird or "distelfink" designs, in the naïve style in which the early Swiss and German settlers of eastern Pennsylvania decorated their household furniture and utensils.

6. Brass candlestick with a candle ejector, $65, was a necessity in the days when candles were burned down to the end because they were very costly.

7. South Jersey looped pattern blown glass pitcher in amber, $75, is an example of the blown glass produced in this area, where the first successful glass house in the colonies was founded by Caspar Wistar in 1752.

8. Dolphin candlesticks, $38.50 pr. ($20 for a single). **9.** Comet pattern compote, $39.50, and **19:** Three-face pattern biscuit jar, $25, are designs made in a mold, and called pressed glass, many of which duplicated classic and mythological designs. The Boston and Sandwich Glass Works was famous for its pressed glass, although blown glass was produced there, too. Nos. 5–9 and 19 are reproductions and can be ordered by mail from The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Dept. FLH, 225 Gracie Station, N. Y. C. 10028; add 8% tax for N. Y. City addresses, 4% tax for N. Y. State address, and $1.25 postage and handling for each address to which an item or items is to be sent.

10. Five oval wood boxes of Shaker design that nest one within the other, $100 set, plus $2.50 postage and handling, from Shaker Workshops, Bradford St., Concord, Mass. 01742—or send $1 for a catalog of reproduction furniture in the graceful lines made and designed by members of the Shaker sect, who created perhaps the purest and truest real-American design.

11. Prints: Primitive Boy and Girl, $15 ea. from Oestreicher's, 43 St., N. Y. C. 10036. Such portraits are the work of itinerant artists who painted signs, carriages, shop signs or portraits. Usually the portraits were completely painted during winter months, so only faces were from life.

Pewter reproductions: **12.** Annapolis, $32.50; **13.** Newport pint tankard, $32.50; Old Mystic Seaport barman's mug, $32.50; **15.** Williamsburg tankard, $26.75; Williamsburg chamberstick, $25, and Sturbridge Village candlesticks, $22.50 each, by The Stieff Co., Baltimore, Md. Pewter, an alloy of lead and tin was used as a substitute for silver; today, pieces of pewter often command higher prices than silver, particularly those produced in America.

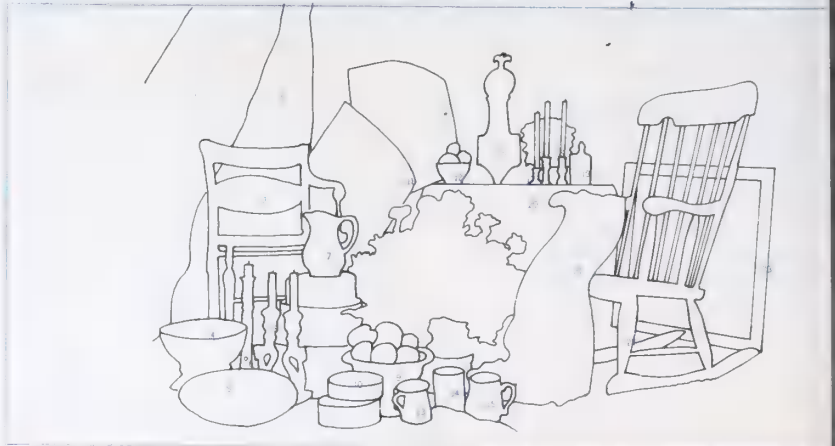
16. Banjo clock, so called because its shape approximates that of the instrument, a Brookfield 8-day key wind with painted dial in a mahogany-finished case with brass rails, bezel and finial, strikes the hour and half-hour, $169.95, by Seth Thomas Clock Co., Thomaston, Ct. 06787. A most graceful shape, the banjo clock, invented and patented by Simon Willard in Roxbury, Mass., about 1802, is a very functional design.

20. For you to make, a pieced quilt in the traditional Turkey Tracks design; $2.50 plus 25¢ postage and handling, for Kit #23, to The Stearns and Foster Co., P. O. Box 15380, Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio 45215, or write for a free brochure showing traditional quilt patterns. Thrifty housewives used scraps of fabric left from clothes purchased for dresses or shirts to make their pieced quilts, and a number of women would gather to quilt them, making a social "bee" of the occasion.

21. Rebecca Boone Carriage Throw, Kit #47517, color 21, is a 34" x 48" hand-loomed wool adaptation of a traditional design, $7.50 plus $1.50 postage and handling, from The Churchill Weavers, Box 30, Berea, Ky. 40403. Wool from the family's sheep was carded, spun into yarn, colored with dyes made from roots, bark or berries, then woven—often in the home—following a pattern handed down from generation to generation.

22. Boston rocker in black with gold stencil decoration by Nichols and Stone, Gardner, Mass. 01440. Strictly an American adaptation sometimes attributed to Benjamin Franklin, the rocking chair was probably inspired by the combined chair and cradle or rocking bench made in New England from 1760 to 1765.

23. Picture frame, an early 19th century style, from the House of Heydenryk, 46 76th St., N. Y. C. 10021. Frames of this period were often painted to resemble tortoise shell or marble, with touches of gilt.



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SLEEPING MURDER

continued from page 101

Gwenda obeyed. The shivering less acute now. "Just lie down and sleep," said Miss Marple.

Downstairs Raymond was sayin tably to Joan: "What was the r with the girl? Did she feel ill, or w

"I don't know, she just scream suppose the play was a bit too ma for her. But I shouldn't have thou She broke off as Miss Marple cam the room. "Is she all right?"

"Yes, I think so. She'd had a shock, you know."

"Shock? Just seeing an Elizal drama?"

"I think there must be a little m it than that," said Miss Marple.

Gwenda's breakfast was sent her. When she got up and came stairs, Miss Marple was sitting l window, busily knitting. She look with a placid smile as Gwenda en "Good morning, my dear. You're f better, I hope."

"Oh, yes, I'm quite all right. I could make such an utter idiot o self last night, I don't know."

Miss Marple glanced up over he ting. "Hadn't you better tell me all it?" she asked gently.

Gwenda walked restlessly up down. "Well, I think I'm going mad

Then, with a sense of relief, Gw poured out the whole story, startin her first view of Hillside and goi to the incidents that had first pu her and then worried her.

"And so I got rather frightened ended. "And I thought I'd come London—get away from it all. C followed me. You won't believe said Gwenda. "You'll think I'm h cal or something. I'd enjoyed the And then he said those words—"

"*'Cover her face, mine eyes d she died young.'*"

"I was back there—on the stairs ing down on the hall through the ters, and I saw her lying there. Spr out—dead. Her hair all golden an face all—all blue! She was dead, gled, and someone was saying words in that same gloating way I saw his hands—gray, wrinkle hands—monkey's paws. It was hor

Miss Marple asked: "Who was

The answer came back quick an chanical: "Helen."

For a moment Gwenda stared a Marple. "Why did I say that?" she "I don't know any Helen!" She dr her hands with a gesture of de "You see," she said, "I'm mad! I ine things. First it was only wallp

now it's dead bodies. I'd better see a psychiatrist, *at e.*"

"Well, of course, Gwenda dear, you can always do that, I always think it's better to examine the simplest explaions first. Let me get the facts quite clear. There were ee definite incidents that upset you. A path in the garden t had been planted over but that you felt was there, a door t had been closed up, and a wallpaper which you imagd correctly and in detail without having seen it?"

"Yes."

"Well, the easiest explanation would be that you *had* seen m before."

"In another life, you mean?"

"I mean in *this* life. They might be actual memories."

"But I've never been in England until a month ago, Miss rple. I've lived in New Zealand all my life."

"Were you born there?"

"No, I was born in India. My father was a British Army cer. My mother died a year or two after I was born and sent me back to her people in New Zealand to rear. Then himself died a few years later."

"It seems possible to me," said Miss Marple, "that when r mother died, your father brought you back to England h him first, and that you actually lived at this house, Hill-. You've told me that the house felt like home to you as n as you got inside it. And that room you chose to sleep it was probably your nursery—"

"It *was* a nursery. There were bars on the windows."

"You see? It had this pretty gay paper of cornflowers and pies. Children remember their nursery walls very well."

Gwenda said thoughtfully. "It's true that I seemed to know it away just where everything was. But surely it's quite ossible that I should come to England and actually buy identical house I'd lived in long ago?"

"It's not *impossible*, my dear. It's just a very remarkable ncidence—and remarkable coincidences do happen. Your band wanted a house on the south coast, you passed one stirred memories and attracted you. Had the house been it is called haunted, you would have reacted differently. you had no feeling of repulsion except at one definite nent, and that was when you were starting to come down staircase and looking down into the hall."

ome of the scared expression came into Gwenda's eyes. said, "You mean that Helen—that's true, too?"

Miss Marple said very gently: "I think we must face the tion that if the other things are memories, *that* is a nory, too. . . ."

That I really saw someone strangled—lying there dead?"

Children are odd little creatures. If they are badly frightl especially by something they don't understand, they t talk about it. They bottle it up. Seemingly, perhaps, forget it. But the memory is still there, deep down."

venda drew a deep breath. "And you think that's what pened to me? But why don't I remember it all now? And was Helen?" asked Gwenda, bewildered. "It's frightfully because I don't know who 'Helen' is—but at the same I know that it was 'Helen' lying there. . . . How am I g to find out more?"

"Well, I think the obvious thing to do is to find out nitely if you ever were in England as a child."

wenda interrupted. "Aunt Alison. She would know."

"Then write to her by airmail."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Marple. You've been so kind. And I ope what you've suggested is true."

Miss Marple smiled. "I should be *very* curious to know."

"Of course, dear Miss Marple! Anyway, I want you to meet husband Giles. He'll be arriving in London soon."

wenda's spirits were fully restored by now. Miss Marple, ever, looked thoughtful.

was some ten days later that Miss Marple entered a l hotel in Mayfair, and was given an *(continued)*

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

enthusiastic reception by young Mr. and Mrs. Reed. Miss Marple's gentle blue eyes summed up Giles Reed favorably. A very likable young man, tall and fair.

Aunt Alison's letter was spread out and read.

Dearest Gwenda,

I was much disturbed to hear that you had had some worrying experience. To tell you the truth, it had really entirely escaped my memory that you had actually resided for a short time in England as a young child.

Your mother, my sister Megan, met your father, Major Halliday, when she was on a visit to some friends of ours stationed in India. They were married and you were born there. About two years after, your mother died. Your father wrote that he was resigning from the Army and taking you back with him to England.

I understand that on the voyage home, your father met a young woman and married her as soon as he got to England. The marriage was not, I gather, a happy one, and I understand they parted about a year later. It was then that your father wrote to us and asked if we were willing to give you a home. I need hardly tell you, my dear, how happy we were to do so. You were sent out to us in charge of an English nurse. About a year later your father died in a nursing home. I surmise that he had already received bad news about his health when he sent you out to us.

I'm afraid I cannot remember where you lived while with your father in England. It was in the south of England, I know—and I fancy Dillmouth is correct. I believe your stepmother married again, but I have no recollection of her name, not even of her unmarried name.

I hope this is all cleared up now.

Your loving aunt,
Alison Danby

"It's almost exactly as you suggested," said Gwenda to Miss Marple.

"I'm very grateful to you, Miss Marple," said Giles. "Poor Gwenda was thoroughly upset."

"And the house? What do you feel about the house?" asked Miss Marple.

"Oh, that's all right," said Gwenda. "We're going down tomorrow. Giles is dying to see it."

"I don't know whether you realize it, Miss Marple," said Giles, "but we've got a first class murder mystery on our hands—or, more accurately, in our front hall."

"And Giles simply loves detective stories," said Gwenda.

"Well, I mean, it *is* a detective
There can't be any clues after
time, but one can at least try to p
some of the threads. Oh! I dares
won't succeed in solving the ri
"I think you might," said Miss
ple. "Even after eighteen years.
think you might."

"But at any rate it won't do any
to have a good try?" Giles pause
face beaming.

Miss Marple moved uneasily, he
was grave. "It might do a great d
harm," she said. "I would advis
both to leave the whole thing alo

"Leave it alone? Our very own
der mystery—if it *was* murder?"

"It was murder, I think. And
just why I should leave it alone.
der isn't a thing to tamper with
heartedly. Don't, I beg of you, st
uncover things that may—how shall
it?—upset and distress you."

Gwenda stared at her. "What
you're hinting at?"

"Not hinting, dear, just advising
Because I've lived a long time and
how upsetting human nature can

Giles' voice was stern. "Hillside
house. I'm not going to stand for m
in my house and do nothing abo
even if it *is* eighteen years ago!"

On the following day Miss M
was back home in St. Mary Mead
remarked that she did not feel very
and took to her bed. The next mo
she sent for Dr. Haydock, her phys
friend and ally for many years. H
tened to her account of her symp
and gave her an examination.

"For a woman of your age," he
"you're in remarkably good fettle.
you've been gallivanting about.
nights in London."

"I do find London a little tiring
adays," Miss Marple said. "And th
—so used up. Not like fresh seaside

Miss Marple looked at the d
guilelessly. "I wondered if, perha
change of air—?"

"Let's hear why you really sen
me," Dr. Haydock said. "You want
opinion that what you need is sea a

"I knew you'd understand," said
Marple gratefully.

Dr. Haydock sat down.

"My curiosity is roused. What sea
town are you suggesting?"

"Well, I *had* thought of Dillmou

"Why Dillmouth?"

"Supposing that one day, by acci
you turned up a fact that seemed t
dicate that many years ago a murder
occurred. That fact had never been
pected or reported."

"Hm. Murder in retrospect. Slee
murder. Well, I'll tell you. Messing a
with murder could be *very* danger
There's a type of murderer who com
a crime and manages to get away wit
But supposing somebody *(continu*

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

goes poking about, digging into things, and finally, perhap hitting the target? What's your killer going to do? Just st there smiling while the hunt comes nearer and nearer? N I'd say let it alone. Let sleeping murder lie."

"But it's not I who am involved," Miss Marple said. "I two very delightful children."

She told him the story. "Extraordinary," he said when sl had finished. "I suppose you see the implicatons?"

"Oh, of course. But I don't think it's occurred to them yet

"So that's what you're doing with your excuses to get Dillmouth. Mixing yourself up in something that's no co cern of yours. Can't you *ever* leave murder alone, woma Even murder in retrospect?"

Miss Marple gave a prim smile. "But you do think th time at Dillmouth would be beneficial to my health?"

"More likely to be the end of you," said Dr. Haydock.

"Where do you think the body was? About here?" aske Giles. He and Gwenda were standing in the front hall Hillside. Giles was in full cry, as pleased as a small boy wi his new toy.

"Just about," said Gwenda. She retreated up the stairs ar peered down critically.

"Crouch down," said Giles. "You're only about three yea old, you know."

Gwenda crouched obligingly.

"You couldn't actually see the man who said the words

"I can't remember seeing him."

"What about 'Helen'? Surely you must remember *som thing* about Helen?"

"I don't remember anything at all. It's just a *name*."

Giles tried another tack. "Who else can you remembe Your father?"

"No. I mean, I can't tell. There was always his photograp you see. Aunt Alison used to say: 'That's your Daddy.' I don remember him *here*, in this house. The more I try and r member, the more it's all a blank. The things I know are underneath—like walking to that door automatically. Tryi to find out about it all is hopeless. It's so long ago."

"Of course it's not hopeless—even Miss Marple admitte that," said Giles positively. "We must stop speculating, Gwe da, and set about things in a systematic way. We've made beginning—I've looked through the Parish registers of death There's no 'Helen' of the right age among them. Now we mu think of the next profitable approach. If your father, and pr sumably your stepmother, lived in this house, they must eith have bought it or rented it. Our best bet is to go round th house agents."

There were only two house agents in Dillmouth. The agen Galbrait and Penderley were the ones from whom Gwen had bought the house. Had they any record of it being let a Major Halliday? It would be about 18 years ago.

Mr. Penderley confirmed that a Major Halliday had indee rented the house. "Now I remember. Nice fellow. Very pret wife—wanted to be near her people or something like that

Giles and Gwenda thanked him and came away. "So tha proved," said Gwenda. "My father and I were at Hillsid What do we do next?"

"I've been an idiot," said Giles. "Somerset House."

"What's Somerset House?" asked Gwenda.

"It's a record office in London where you can look up ma riages. According to your aunt, your father was married his second wife immediately on arriving in England. Don you see, Gwenda, it's perfectly possible that, 'Helen' ma have been a relation of your stepmother's—a *(continue*



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2 Tbsp. brown sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. caraway seed
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2 lb. beef round steak, cut into 1½-inch cubes
1 green pepper, cut into cubes
12 mushrooms
1 onion, sliced

Combine first 6 ingredients. Gently toss beef cubes, pepper, mushrooms and onion with tomato mixture; thread alternately on skewers. Place on rack over hot charcoal. Grill eight to ten minutes; baste and turn several times.* Yield: 6 portions.

Stuffed Double Burgers

1½ lb. ground lean beef
3 Tbsp. Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce
1¼ tsp. salt
2 slices processed American cheese, diced
¼ cup thinly sliced dill pickle

Combine beef, Lea & Perrins and salt; mix lightly. Shape into 12 patties. Top 6 patties with cheese and pickle slices. Place remaining patties over filling; seal edges. Place on rack over hot charcoal. Grill 5 minutes on each side.* Yield: 6 portions.

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Slit 10 frankfurters lengthwise; do not cut through to bottom. Stuff with mixture of ½ cup chopped tomato and ½ cup shredded American cheese. Brush with 4 tsp. Lea & Perrins. Wrap each frank with 1 slice bacon. Place on rack over hot charcoal. Grill 6 minutes; turn and brush often with 2 tsp. Lea & Perrins.*

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

young sister, perhaps. Anyway, once we know what surname was, we may be able to get on to someone knows about the general setup at Hillside. If Mrs. Hallid people live near here, we may get something."

Giles put through a trunk call to his office. "Got it, exclaimed, when the expected reply arrived.

"Here we are, Gwenda. Kelvin James Halliday to H Spenlove Kennedy."

Gwenda cried out sharply, "*Helen?*"

They looked at each other. Giles said slowly: "But it c be *her*. I mean—they separated, and she married again—v away."

"We don't know," said Gwenda, "that she went away

A few days later Gwenda, walking along in a sharp w stopped suddenly beside a glass shelter. "Miss Marple?" exclaimed in surprise.

For indeed, Miss Marple it was, wrapped up in a th coat. "Quite a surprise to you, I'm sure, to find me here," Miss Marple briskly. "But my doctor ordered me away to seaside for a change. I decided to come here."

"But why didn't you come and see us?" demanded Gwen

"Old people can be a nuisance, my dear. Newly mar young couples should be left to themselves. How are progressing with your mystery?"

"We're hot on the trail," Gwenda said. She detailed th various investigations up to date. "And now," she enc "we've put an advertisement in lots of daily papers. We just said will anyone with any knowledge of Helen Spenl Halliday, née Kennedy, communicate, etc. I should think t we're bound to get some answers."

"I should think so, my dear—yes, I should think so."

Miss Marple's tone was placid as ever, but her eyes lool troubled. She said gently and apologetically, "I hope won't think me very inquisitive if I ask you to let me kn how you progress?"

"Of course," said Gwenda warmly. "You shall be in everything. Tell me your address here, and then you m come and see the house."

When she had gone, Miss Marple frowned.

Giles and Gwenda scanned the mail eagerly every day few days later a letter arrived.

Gall Hill, Woodleigh Bolton
Dear Sir,

In answer to your advertisement in the *Times*, Helen Spenlove Kennedy is my sister. I have lost touch with her for many years and should be glad to have news of her.

Yours faithfully,
James Kennedy, M.D.

"Woodleigh Bolton," said Giles. "That's not too far aw We'll write and ask Dr. Kennedy if we may come and s him."

Dr. Kennedy was a gray-haired, elderly man with shrew eyes. "Now, what's all this about?" he said.

Giles went fluently into their prearranged story. He a his wife had been recently married in New Zealand. Th had come to England, where his wife had lived for a sh time as a child, and she was trying to trace old family friend and connections.

Dr. Kennedy remained stiff and unbending. "And y think my half-sister—and possibly myself— *(continue*

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

are connections of yours?" he asked Gwenda, civilly, but with slight hostility.

"She was my stepmother," said Gwenda. "My father's second wife. I can't really remember her properly, of course. I was so small. My maiden name was Halliday."

He stared at her—and then suddenly a smile illuminated his face.

"Good Lord," he said. "Don't tell me that you're Gwennie!"

Gwenda nodded eagerly. The pet name, long forgotten, sounded in her ears with reassuring familiarity.

"Yes," she said. "I'm Gwennie."

"God bless my soul. Grown up and married. How time flies! You don't remember me, I suppose?"

Gwenda shook her head.

"On a visit—or settling down here?" he asked.

"We've bought a house." Gwenda paused and added, "Hillside."

Dr. Kennedy said vaguely, "Oh, yes. In Dillmouth. You wrote from there."

"It's the most extraordinary coincidence," said Gwenda. "It's the same house where we used to live long ago."

Dr. Kennedy frowned. "Hillside? But surely—Oh, yes, I did hear they'd changed the name. Used to be St. Catherine's—if I'm thinking of the right house."

"Yes. And I did live there, didn't I?" Gwenda said.

"Yes, of course you did." He stared at her, amused. "Why did you want to come back there? You can't remember much about it, surely?"

"No. But somehow—it felt like home."

"It felt like home," the doctor repeated. There was no expression in the words, but Giles wondered suddenly what he was thinking about.

"So you see," said Gwenda, "I hoped you'd tell me about my father and Helen and—" she ended lamely—"and everything. . . ."

He looked at her reflectively. "I suppose they didn't know very much—out in New Zealand. Well, there isn't much to tell. Helen—my sister—was coming back from India on the same boat with your father. He was a widower with a small daughter. Helen was sorry for him or fell in love with him. He was lonely, or fell in love with her. They were married in London on arrival, and came down to Dillmouth to me. They seemed happy enough together—then."

He was silent for a moment before he said, "However, in less than a year she ran away with someone else."

"Who did she run away with?" asked Gwenda.

He bent his shrewd eyes upon her. "She didn't tell me," he said. "I wasn't in her confidence. I'd seen that there was friction between her and Kelvin. I was always a believer in marital fidelity. Helen wouldn't have wanted me to know what was going on. I'd heard rumors, but there was no mention of any particular name."

"There wasn't a divorce, then?"

"Helen didn't want a divorce. Kelvin told me that. That's why I imagined, perhaps wrongly, that it was a married man."

"And my father?"

"He didn't want a divorce, either."

"Tell me about my father," said Gwenda. "Why did he decide suddenly to send me out to New Zealand?"

"After the breakup of his second marriage, I gather he thought it was best. He was in rather poor health."

"What was the matter with him?"

"I couldn't really tell you, my dear. He finally went into a sanatorium. He died about two years later."

"Where was this sanatorium exactly?"

"I'm sorry. I can't remember now."

There was definite evasion in his manner. Giles and Gwenda looked at each other for a second.

"Do you know," Dr. Kennedy said rather indistinctly, "I don't really think I should dwell too much on the past. It's a mistake. The future is what matters."

Gwenda said: "I should at least like to see my father's grave."

"I'm afraid I can't help you." Dr. Kennedy's tones were pleasant but cold. "It's a long time ago, and my memory isn't what it was. I lost touch with your father after he left Dillmouth. I've no idea where he is buried."

"How very odd," said Giles.

"Not really. The link between us, you see, was Helen. I was always very fond of Helen. She's my half-sister and very many years younger than I am, but I tried to bring her up as well as I could. Helen—well, she never had a stable character. There was trouble when she was quite young with a very undesirable young man. I got her out of that safel Then she elected to go out to India ar marry Walter Fane. Well, that was a right, nice lad, one of Dillmouth's lea ing solicitors, but frankly, dull as ditc water. When she saw him again, it w all off. She wired me for money for h passage home. I sent it. On the wa back, she met Kelvin. They were marri before I knew about it. I've felt, sha we say, apologetic for that sister of min It explains why Kelvin and I didn't kee up the relationship after she went away He added suddenly: "Where's Hel now? Can you tell me? I'd like to get touch with her."

"We don't know," said Gwenda.

"Oh! I thought from your advertis ment—" He looked at them with cu osity. "Tell me, why did you advertise

Gwenda said quickly: "I thought— I could get in touch with her—she'd t me—about my father."

"Yes, I see. Sorry I can't help."

"At least," said Giles, "you know wh kind of a sanatorium it was? Tuberc lar?"

Dr. Kennedy's face again looked su denly wooden. "Yes, I believe it was

"Then we ought to be able to tra that quite easily," said Giles. "Thank yo very much, sir, for all you've told us."

They went out of the room. "He know something he won't tell us," said Gwe da, as they got into the car. "There *something!* Oh, Giles! I wish—I wish no that we'd never started. . . ."

They looked at each other, and i each mind, unacknowledged to th other, the same fear sprang.

"We needn't go any further," sai Giles uncertainly.

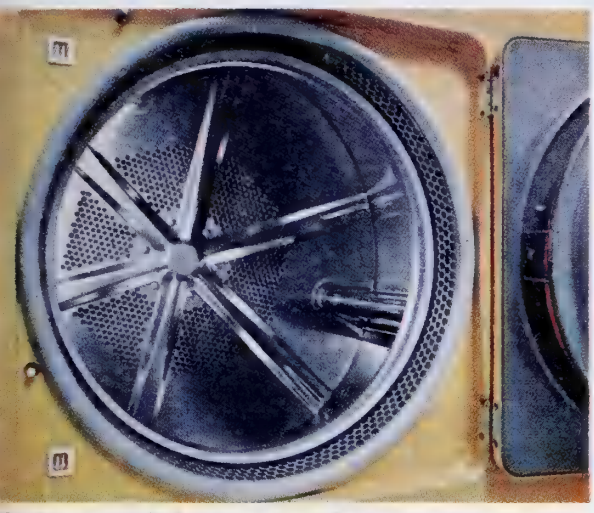
"No, Giles, we can't stop now. W should always be wondering and im agining. We'll have to find out wha really happened. Even if it was m father who . . . " But she couldn't go o

The following morning Dr. Kenned phoned. "I've been thinking over ou conversation yesterday, Mr. Reed. The are certain facts which I think perhap you and your wife ought to *(continued*



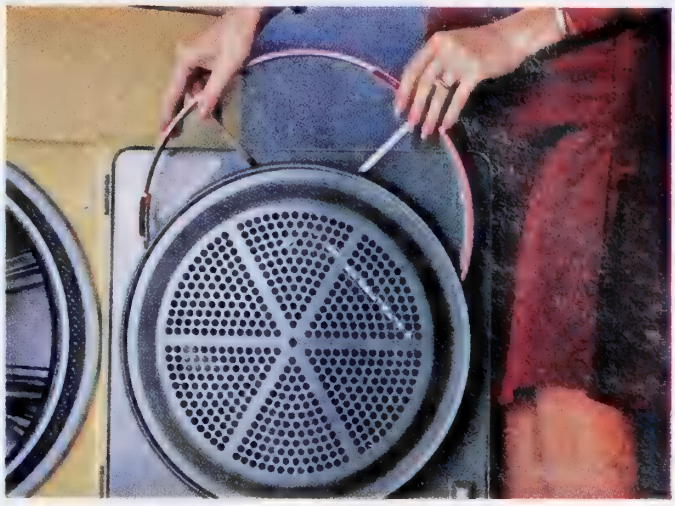
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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

know. Will you be at home this afternoon?"

Dr. Kennedy arrived punctually. Looking round the drawing room he said, "Seems odd to be here again." Then he came to the point without preamble.

"I take it that you two are quite determined to track down the sanatorium where Kelvin Halliday died and learn all the details you can about his death?"

"Definitely," said Gwenda.

"Well, I've come to the conclusion that it will be less shock to you to hear the facts from me. I'm sorry to have to tell you, for it will probably cause *you*, Gwennie, a good deal of pain. The sanatorium was a mental home."

"A mental home? Was he out of his mind then?" Gwenda's face had gone very white.

"He was never certified. And in my opinion he was not insane. He had had a very severe nervous breakdown and suffered from delusional obsessions."

"Delusional obsessions?" Giles repeated the words questioningly.

"He was under the impression that he had strangled his wife."

Gwenda gave a stifled cry.

Giles said, "And had he?"

"Eh?" Dr. Kennedy stared at him. "No, of course he hadn't. Helen left him for another man. He'd been in a very unbalanced condition for some time. The final shock sent him over the edge. I'm not a psychologist, but if a man would rather his wife was dead than unfaithful, he can manage to make himself believe that she is dead—even that he has killed her."

Giles said quietly, "You are quite sure that there was no question of his having actually killed her?"

"Oh, quite sure. I had two letters from Helen. The first one from France about a week after she went away and one about six months later."

Gwenda drew a deep breath. "Please," she said. "Will you tell me all about it?"

"I'll tell you everything I can, my dear. To begin with, Kelvin had been in a rather neurotic state for some time. He came to me about it. Said he had had disquieting dreams. These dreams ended in the same way—with his throttling Helen. I suggested that Kelvin should consult a psychologist, but he wouldn't hear of it. I had an idea that he and Helen weren't getting along too well, but he never spoke about that. The whole thing came to a head when he walked into my house one evening—I remember I'd just come back from the hospital and found him waiting for me. He said: *'I've killed Helen.'*

(continued)

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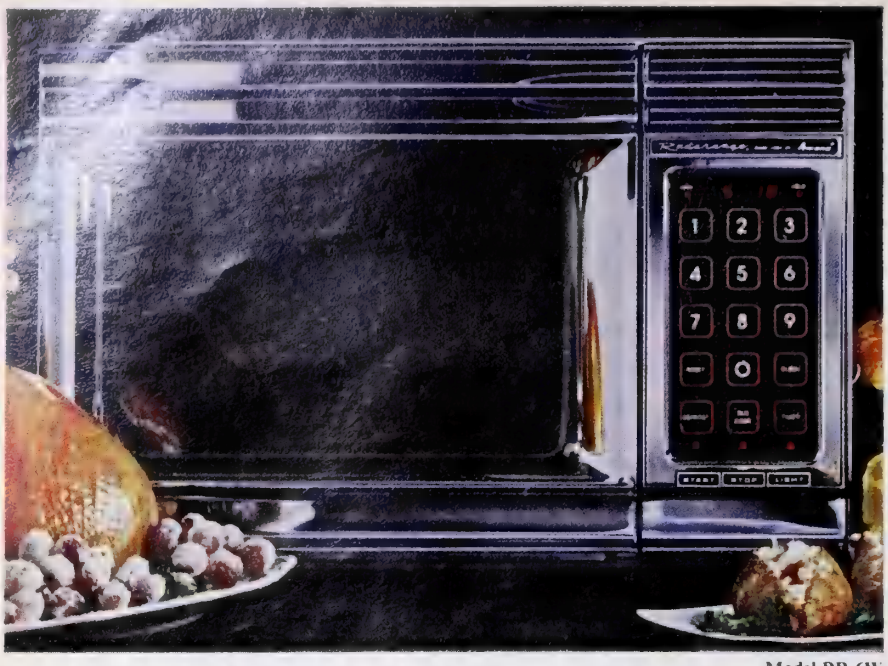
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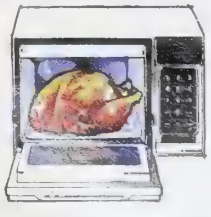
2 Touch the numbers for defrost time. Touch Defrost. Touch the numbers for cooking time. And start. The Amana Touchmatic Radarange is the first microwave oven with a memory. It "remembers" how long to defrost. "Remembers" to wait for the temperature to equalize. Then "remembers" with split second accuracy just how long to cook. Finally, when cooking's done, it "remembers" to shut itself off and call you for dinner with a "beep."

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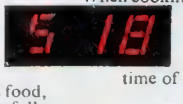


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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

"I didn't know what to think. He w matter of fact. I said, 'You mean you' had another dream?' He said, 'It isn't dream this time. I strangled her.'

"Then he said, 'You'd better cor back with me to the house. You can ri up the police from there.' We drove he and went up to the bedroom—"

Gwenda broke in, "*The bedroom* Her voice held astonishment.

Dr. Kennedy looked faintly surprise "Yes, that's where it all happened. course when we got up there there w no dead woman. The whole thing h been pure hallucination."

"But what did my father say?"

"Oh, he persisted in his story. really believed it, you see. I persuad him to let me give him a sedative a I put him to bed. Then I had a goo look round. I found a note that Hel had left crumpled in the wastepap basket in the drawing room. She h written something like: 'This is goo bye. I'm sorry—but our marriage h been a mistake. I'm going away with t only man I've ever loved. Forgive r if you can. Helen.'

"Evidently Kelvin had come in, re her note, gone upstairs, had a kind emotional brainstorm and had th come over to me persuaded that he h killed Helen.

"Then I questioned the housema It was her evening out and she had cor in late. I took her into Helen's room a she went through Helen's clothes. It w all quite clear. Helen had packed a su case and had taken it with her.

"I had a very difficult time with Kelv in the morning, but he realized at la that it was a delusion—or at least he sa he did, and he consented to go into nursing home for treatment.

"A week later I got a letter fro Helen. It was posted from Biarritz, b she said she was going on to Spain. was to tell Kelvin that she did not wa a divorce. He had better forget her soon as possible.

"I showed the letter to Kelvin. He sa very little. He wired his first wife's pe ple in New Zealand asking them to tal the child, then entered a very goo private mental home. The treatment d nothing to help him. He died there tw years later. I can give you the addres It's in Norfolk. The present superinten ent was a young doctor there at the tim and will probably remember the case

Gwenda said: "And you got anoth letter from your sister?"

"About six months later. She wro from Florence. She said she realized th

(continued on page 11

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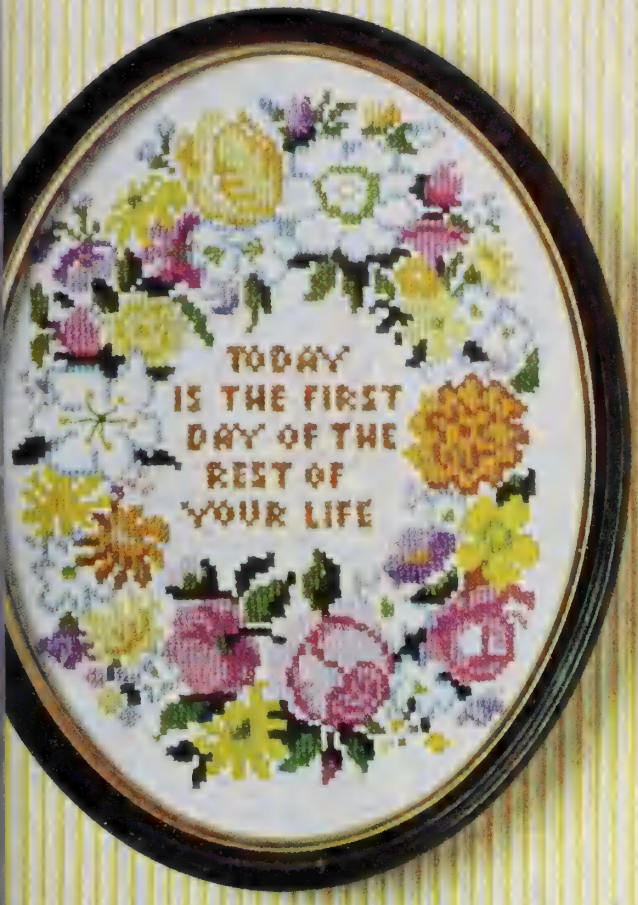
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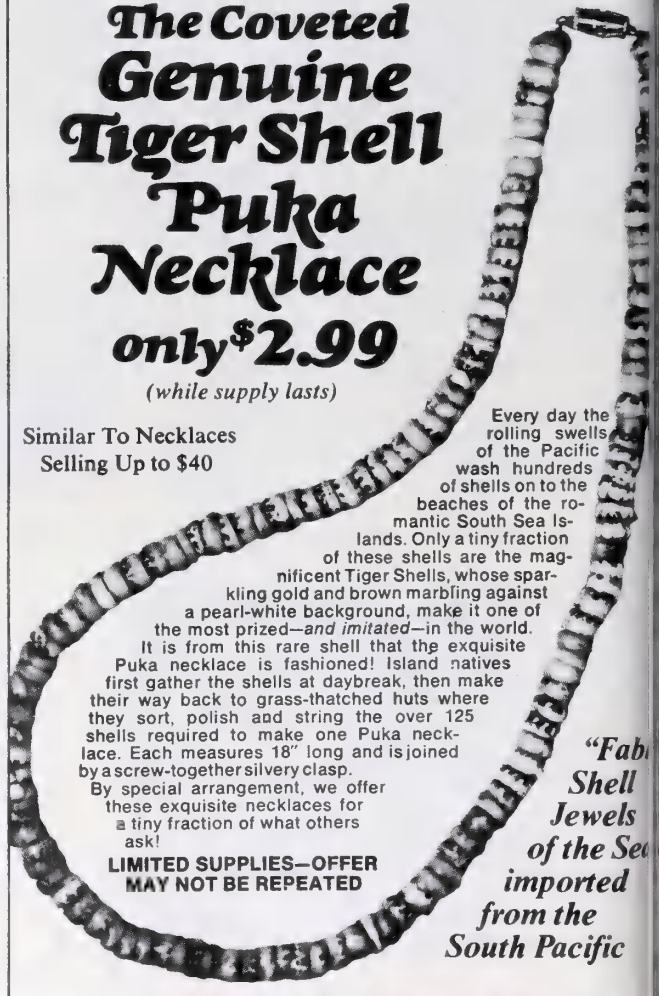
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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

haps it was unfair to Kelvin not to
e a divorce—though she herself did
want one. If he wanted a divorce
l I would let her know, she would see
t he had the necessary evidence. I
k the letter to Kelvin. He said that he
not want a divorce. Since then, I
e never heard any more. I don't know
he is alive or dead. That is why I was
acted by your advertisement and
ed that I should get news of her."
He added gently: "I'm very sorry
ut this, Gwennie. But you had to
w. I only wish you could have left
l enough alone. . . ."

hen Giles came back from seeing
Kennedy off, he found Gwenda sit-
g where he had left her. Her eyes
ked feverish. When she spoke her
e was harsh and brittle.
Why didn't we leave it all alone?
y didn't we? It was my own father
o strangled her. No wonder it all
ne back—no wonder I was so fright-
d."
But Kennedy is quite positive your
ner didn't—"
Because he didn't find a body. But
re *was* a body—and I *saw* it."
You saw it in the hall—not the bed-
m."
What difference does that make?"
Well, it's queer. Why should Halli-
say he strangled his wife in the bed-
m if he strangled her in the hall?"
Oh, I don't know. That's just a minor
il."
I'm not so sure. Suppose that your
ner *did* strangle Helen. When he
ught Kennedy back, there was no
y in the hall—*or* in the bedroom.
re can't be a murder without a
y."
Perhaps my father buried it some-
re."
And *then* went to Kennedy and told
he'd murdered his wife? Why? Why
rely on the story that she'd 'left
?"
I don't know," Gwenda admitted.
you think Dr. Kennedy was telling
ne truth?"
Oh yes. From his point of view it's a
ectly reasonable story. Dreams, hal-
nations. He's got no doubt that it was
allucination because you can't have
urder without a body. That's where
e in a different position from him.
know that there was a body."
wenda stirred. "Those letters. How
ve explain those?"
We don't—but we've got to."
I suppose they really were in his
r's handwriting? He recognized it?"
You know, Gwenda, *(continued)*



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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

if those letters were written in a reasonably close imitation of Helen's handwriting, it wouldn't occur to him to doubt them. He's already got the preconceived idea that she's gone away with someone. The letters just confirm that belief. If he had never heard from her at all—why then he *might* have got suspicious. They're exactly the kind of letters a murderer would devise if he wanted to allay any suspicions on the part of his victim's family. To get the letters posted from abroad would be easy."

"You think my father—?"

"*No*—that's just it—I *don't*. Take a man who's deliberately decided to get rid of his wife. He spreads rumors about her possible unfaithfulness. He stages the departure—note left behind, clothes packed and taken. Letters will be received from her at carefully spaced intervals from somewhere abroad. Actually, he has murdered her quietly. That's one pattern of murder. But what that type of murderer doesn't do is rush to his brother-in-law and say he's murdered his wife and hadn't they better go to the police. On the other hand, if your father was the emotional type of killer, and was terribly in love with his wife and strangled her in a fit of frenzied jealousy—and that fits in with the words you heard—he certainly doesn't pack cl and arrange for letters to come befc rushes off to broadcast his crime. I wrong, Gwenda."

"Then what are you getting at, G

"I don't know. It's just that throug it all there seems to be an unknown tor—call it X. Someone who hasn' peared as yet. But one gets glimps the technique."

The ring of the front doorbell rupted him. Gwenda looked dism "I quite forgot. It's Miss Marple. I her to tea today. Don't let's say any about all this to her."

Yet, strangely enough, it was Gw who, during tea, interrupted Miss ple and poured it all out—their ca Dr. Kennedy, his subsequent cal them and what he had told them. " was what you meant in London, w it?" Gwenda asked breathlessly. thought, then, that my father migl involved?"

Miss Marple said gently, "It occu to me, yes."

"I see why you urged us to lea alone," said Gwenda. "Oh, I wish had. But one can't go back."

"No," said Miss Marple, "one go back."

"All I say is," said Giles, "th doesn't fit." And lucidly, clearly, he over the points as he had previ outlined them to Gwenda.

"It is a perfectly reasonable hypo sis," Miss Marple said, "the possibili X. Someone who hasn't appeared but whose presence can be deduc

"We're going to the sanatorium w my father died," said Gwenda. "Per we'll find out something there."

Saltmarsh House was set pleasa on the coast. Giles and Gwenda v shown into Dr. Penrose's study, and Penrose rose to greet them. "I had letter, and Dr. Kennedy's," he said remember your father's case quite v It presented certain peculiar featu

"Such as?" Giles asked.

"Well, the delusion was very str Major Halliday was most emphatic he had strangled his second wife in of jealous rage. I don't mind telling that had it not been for Dr. Kenne assurance that Mrs. Halliday was a ally alive, I should have been prepa at that time to take your father's as tion at its face value."

"You believed that he had actu killed her?" Giles asked.

"I said 'at that time.' Later, I cause to revise my opinion, as M Halliday's mental makeup became m familiar to me. Your father, Mrs. R was neither mad nor was he danger to others. But he did have this fixat about Mrs. Halliday's death."

He paused. "You know, I presu that Major Halliday committed cide?" *(continu*

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- 10-oz. pkg. frozen peas
- ⅓ c. LAND O LAKES Sweet Cream Butter
- 1 tbsp. instant minced onion or 3 tbsp. chopped fresh onion
- ¼ tsp. *each* salt, garlic powder and crushed oregano leaves
- ⅛ tsp. ground pepper
- 2 tbsp. sliced stuffed olives (3 to 4 olives)

In heavy 2-qt. saucepan, cook peas according to package directions. Drain. Add remaining ingredients except olives. Heat through. Toss in olives just before serving. *TIP:* 2 c. fresh peas can be substituted. Cook in boiling salted water 5 to 8 min. or until tender.

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

"Oh, *no!*" cried Gwenda.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Reed. I thought you knew that."

"Was he so dreadfully unhappy?"

"No. I do not think so. It was more a guilt complex, a desire for a penalty to be exacted. He had insisted at first, you know, on calling in the police, and though persuaded out of that, and assured that he had actually committed no crime at all, he obstinately refused to be wholly convinced. Yet it was proved to him over and over again, and he had to admit that he had no recollection of committing the actual act. His account of that evening never varied. The servants were out. He went into the dining room, poured himself a drink and drank it, then went into the drawing room. After that he remembered nothing—until he was standing in his bedroom looking down at his wife, who was dead—strangled. He knew he had done it—"

Giles interrupted. "Excuse me, Dr. Penrose, but *why* did he know that he had done it?"

"For some months past he had found himself entertaining wild and melodramatic suspicions. He told me, for instance, that he had been convinced his wife was administering drugs to him. He had, of course, lived in India, and the practice of wives driving their husbands insane by Datura poisoning often comes up there. He had suffered fairly often from hallucinations, with confusion of time and place. He denied strenuously that he suspected his wife of infidelity, but nevertheless, I think that that was the motivating power. It seems that what actually occurred was that he went into the drawing room, read the note his wife left saying she was leaving him, and that his way of eluding this fact was to prefer to 'kill' her. Hence the hallucination."

"You mean he cared for her very much?" asked Gwenda.

"Obviously, Mrs. Reed."

Dr. Penrose picked up a small, shabby black book. "If you would like this diary, Mrs. Reed, you are the proper person to have it. It contains various jottings set down by your father during the time he was here."

On the way back to London, Gwenda took out the diary and began to read at random. Kelvin Halliday had written:

> I suppose these doctors know their business. . . . I don't believe a word of it. . . . I can't help feeling this is a simple police case—not a crazy loony bin matter.
>
> I've written to James. . . . urged him to communicate with Helen. . . . Let her come and see me in the flesh if she's alive. . . . He says he doesn't know where she is . . . that's because he knows that she's dead and that I killed her. . . .
>
> When did I begin to suspect her? Soon after we came to Dillmouth. . . . Her manner changed . . .
>
> Did she give me drugs in my food? Those awful nightmares. Not ordinary dreams . . . I know it was drugs. . . . Only she could have done that. . . . Why? There's some man . . . Some man she was afraid of. . . .
>
> Let me be honest. I suspected, didn't I, that she had a lover? There was someone—I know there was someone. She said as much to me on the boat. . . . Someone she loved and couldn't marry. . . . It was the same for both of us. . . . I couldn't forget Megan. . . .
>
> Is Helen alive? Or did I choke the life out of her? I saw the note—propped up on the desk, and then—all black—just blackness. But there's no doubt about it. . . . I killed her. . . . Thank God, Gwennie's all right in New Zealand.
>
> It's the best way. . . . No scandal . . . The best way for the child. She'll never know her father was a murderer. . . .

Tears blinded Gwenda. She looked across at Giles, sitting opposite her. But his eyes were riveted on the opposite corner. He motioned faintly with his head. Their fellow passenger was reading an evening paper. On the outside it was a melodramatic caption:

WHO WERE THE MEN IN HER LIFE?

Slowly, Gwenda nodded her head. She looked down again at the diary.

There was someone—I know there was someone. . . .

Miss Marple walked along Fore Street. She looked in at the window of a needlework shop, then went in to buy some pale blue wool to knit a baby jacket. The saleswoman remarked as she wrapped up the parcel that the wind was very cold today.

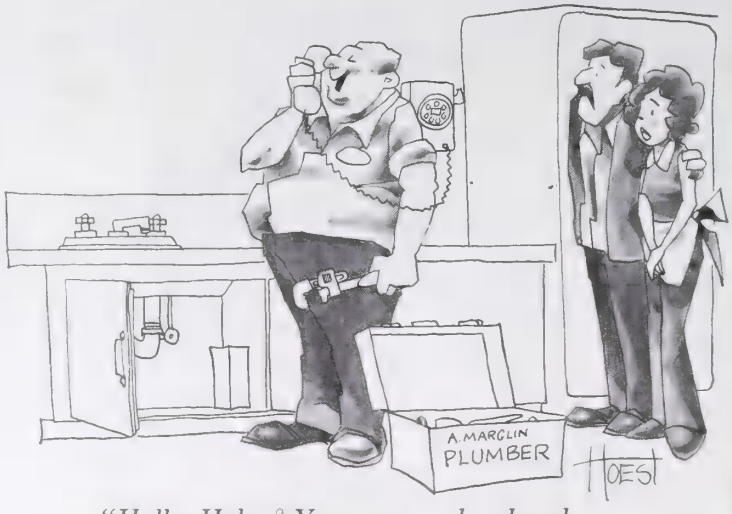
"Yes, indeed," Miss Marple said. "Dillmouth has changed a good deal. I have not been here for nearly ninety years. I was staying with friends. . . . house called St. Catherine's—perhaps you know it?"

"That would be Mrs. Findeysons house."

"Yes—yes. Though the friends I knew had it furnished. A Major Halliday and his wife and a baby girl."

"Oh yes, Madam. They had it for about a year, I think."

"Yes. They had a very *(continued)*



"Hello, Helen? You can go ahead and buy that mink coat."

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

exceptional cook. I have often wondered what became of

"I expect you mean Edith Pagett, Madam. She's sti Dillmouth."

"Then there were the Fanes. A lawyer, I think he v

"Old Mr. Fane died some years ago—young Mr. Fane, Walter Fane, lives with his mother. He is now the s partner of the firm."

"Indeed? I had an idea Mr. Walter Fane had gone o India."

"He did, Madam. As a young man. But he came home went into the firm after about a year or two. A very quiet gentleman."

"Why, of course," exclaimed Miss Marple. "He was gaged to Miss Kennedy, wasn't he? And then she brol off and married Major Halliday."

Miss Marple leaned forward and lowered her voice. "I always so sorry for poor Major Halliday. I understand second wife ran away with someone."

"Regular flibbertigibbet, she was."

"Whom did she run away with?"

"I couldn't tell you, Madam. Some said it was one of summer visitors. But I know Major Halliday was quite br up. He left the place and I believe his health gave way

Miss Marple accepted her parcel. "Thank you so mu she said. "I wonder if Edith Pagett still has that nice re for gingerbread?"

"I expect so, Madam. As a matter of fact, her sister l next door here."

Miss Marple went out into the street. She glanced at watch. "Just five minutes to go before meeting those young things at the Ginger Cat. I hope they didn't find th too upsetting at the sanatorium."

Giles and Gwenda were at a corner table at the Ginger when Miss Marple joined them. Gwenda pushed the l black book across to Miss Marple.

"You must read that," Gwenda said. "It's what my fa wrote himself when he was at the nursing home. Oh, first of all, just tell Miss Marple exactly what Dr. Pen said, Giles."

Giles did so. Then Miss Marple opened the little b book. When she finally closed it, her expression was diffi to read. There was, Gwenda thought, anger in it.

Giles said, "It's seems to me there are certain points u counted for. We can't explain why Kelvin was convince strangled his wife in the *bedroom*. And there's one re staggering question—*where is Helen Halliday now?* Beca it seems to me against all reason that Helen should never h been heard from again."

"I agree with you," said Miss Marple. "But the alternat Mr. Reed?"

Giles said slowly, "I've been thinking out the alternat It's pretty fantastic, even rather frightening. Because it volves a kind of *malevolence*. . . ."

"That *is* indicated, I think," said Miss Marple.

"I'm taking now the fantastic hypothesis that Kelvin Ha day *didn't* kill his wife, but genuinely *thought* he had d so. That really means that only one theory will fit the ca Halliday was induced to believe that he had killed his w *by someone else*. In other words, we've come to X.

"Going over the facts very carefully, I'd say that that pothesis is at least *possible*. According to his own acco Halliday came into the house that evening, went into the ing room, took a drink as he usually did—and then went i the next room, saw a note on the desk and had a blacko

"Say it wasn't a blackout—that it *(continued on page 1*

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Pet journal

Painting courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art



"THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM," BY EDWARD HICKS, 1830

Rubber balls, stuffed animals, rawhide bones. How do you know which toys *your* pet will enjoy?

By Gini Kopecky One afternoon, my friend Bette-Jane was strolling by a pet store window when she saw a medium-sized plastic box with a large round opening in the top, just large enough for a cat to stick in its paw and poke at the plastic ball trapped inside. Remembering her cat's fondness for poking around inside her empty shoes, she concluded that this would be the perfect gift for her pet. Unfortunately, Puss did not share her enthusiasm. After one cursory examination he returned to her shoes. Six dollars wasted.

How do you select a toy for your cat or dog?

First keep in mind that no toy can adequately substitute for daily interaction between a pet and its owner. According to Dr. J. Lloyd Tait, former president of the New York City Veterinary Medical Association, "The pet owner should spend a certain amount of time each day just cuddling and playing gently with a young kitten or puppy. Not only does this familiarize the pet with its owner, but it helps the animal to adjust to later contact with other human beings."

A very young kitten or puppy might be given a soft, furry toy with which to sleep. Such a toy can often help both animal and owner through those first lonely nights that a kitten or puppy might otherwise spend crying for its mother. However, as the pet gets older and friskier, make sure the toy does not get torn apart and swallowed. Also, Dr. Tait cautions cat owners against teasing their pets with lengths of yarn or string, which can be frayed off and swallowed when the owner isn't looking. Instead, he recommends giving the animal any small, solid rubber toy that can be batted about and chewed without coming apart. As for toys that make noise: "Animals love them," says Dr. Tait. "The sounds really pique their curiosity."

Generally, the same rules for selecting a toy for a pet apply as when choosing a plaything for a child: beware of objects small enough to be swallowed; avoid dangerously sharp cutting edges; and make sure any paints or coloring are non-toxic.

"But the best toys," says Dr. Tait, "are those that add to a pet's perpetual enjoyment. Some dogs have a lot of fun retrieving. It provides the animal with an activity that can be enjoyed any time."

If a dog likes to chew (and what dog doesn't?), Dr. Tait recommends a rawhide bone over a genuine meat bone or an old shoe. "Real bones can be splintered and swallowed," he says. "And it's best to keep away from shoes altogether. The problem is that a dog cannot distinguish an old shoe from a new one. If he can chew on one, why not the other?"

Cats, on the other hand, prefer scratching to chewing. Anyone interested in preserving the quality of the furniture should provide the pet with a carpeted scratching pole. The sooner a cat learns that the pole, not the sofa, is for scratching, the less money the owner will have to spend on reupholstery. And cats love catnip, that magical herb that affects felines in much the same way as marijuana affects human beings.

Of course, some pets simply have no interest in play activities at all. "Take my dog, for example," says Dr. Tait. "He and I have an understanding. He doesn't fetch my slippers, and I don't roll around with him on the floor. We get along perfectly." **End**

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued from page 122

was just knockout drops in the whiskey. The next step is quite clear, isn't it? X had strangled Helen in the hall, but afterward took her upstairs and arranged her artistically as a *crime passionnel* on the bed, and that's where Kelvin is when he comes to, poor devil. He may have been suffering from jealousy where she's concerned, so he thinks that he's done it. He goes off to find his brother-in-law—on the other side of the town and on foot. And that gives X time to do the next trick. Pack and remove a suitcase of clothes and also remove the body—though what was done with the body beats me completely."

"It surprises me you should say *that*, Mr. Reed," said Miss Marple. "I should say that that problem would present few difficulties. But do please go on."

"'*Who were the men in her life?*'" quoted Giles. "That's really the crux of the matter, isn't it? If there *is* an X, all we know is that X must have been literally crazy about her."

"And so hated my father," said Gwenda. "And wanted him to suffer."

Miss Marple said, "We do know something about what you have termed 'the men in her life.' There was the man she was going out to marry—Walter Fane."

"Yes. But he was out in India."

"But was he? He came back here and went into the firm."

Giles was looking curiously at the old lady. "How did you find that out?"

Miss Marple smiled apologetically. "I've been gossiping a little. One can pick up quite a lot of local news."

"Walter Fane," said Giles thoughtfully. "Helen turned him down. That may have rankled quite a lot."

"There's someone else we know about, too," said Gwenda suddenly. "You remember there was somebody she got entangled with when she left school—someone undesirable, Dr. Kennedy said. I wonder *why* he was undesirable."

"That's two men," said Giles. "Either of them may have had a grudge. . . ."

"We might, I think, infer a third," said Miss Marple.

Gwenda and Giles looked at her.

"Helen Kennedy went to India to marry young Fane. Admittedly, she was not wildly in love with him, but she must have been fond of him. Yet on arrival, she breaks off the engagement."

"Changed her mind, I suppose," said Giles.

Both Miss Marple and Gwenda looked at him in mild contempt.

"We know that," said Gwenda. "What Miss Marple means is—why?"

"Girls do change their minds," said Giles vaguely.

"Under certain circumstances," said Miss Marple.

"Another man!" Gwenda cried.

She and Miss Marple looked at each other with the assurance of those admitted to a society from which men were excluded. Gwenda added with certainty: "On the boat! Going out!"

"If so, why didn't she marry the chap?" demanded Giles.

"Perhaps he didn't really care for her," Gwenda said. Then she shook her head. "No, I think in that case she would still have married Walter Fane. Of course. Married man."

"Exactly," said Miss Marple. "That's how I reconstruct it. They fell in love. But if he was a married man—with children, perhaps—that might be the end of it."

"Only she couldn't go on and marry Walter Fane," said Gwenda. "So she wired her brother and went home. Yes, that all fits. And on the boat he met my father . . ."

She paused, thinking it out. "N ly in love," she said. "But attract They were both unhappy . . . a consoled each other. My father t about my mother, and perhaps s him about the other man. . . . course." She flicked over the p the diary. "*I knew there was so she said as much to me on the someone she loved and couldn't*

She nodded violently at Miss "That gives us a third person for

Giles looked exasperated. "But just placed the man as going India."

"Well, people can come bac India, can't they? Walter Fane d keep harping on who the men her life. Well, we've got three o Walter Fane, some young man name we don't know, and a man—"

"Whom we don't know exist ished Giles.

"We'll find out," said Gwenda. we, Miss Marple?"

"With time and patience," sa Marple. "Now for my contribu have discovered that Edith Page was cook at St. Catherine's at t we are interested in, is still in Dill She may be able to tell us a gooc

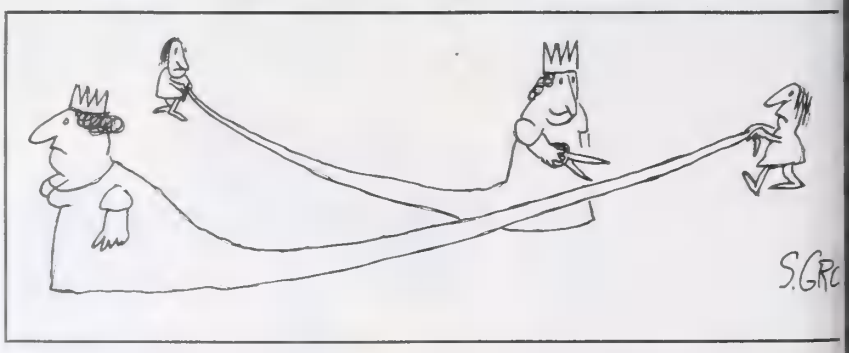
"That's wonderful," said G "I've thought of something else. ing to make a new will, and I sl Walter Fane to do it for me."

Lily Kimble spread a couple newspapers on the kitchen table i ness for draining the chipped p that were hissing in the pan. She forward aimlessly studying the print spread out before her. Th denly she stopped and called: "Ji Listen here, will you? It's a piece paper. 'Will anyone with any kno of Helen Spenlove Halliday, né nedy, communicate with Messrs & Hardy, Southampton Row.' Se me they might be meaning Mrs. day I was in service with at St. erine's. Wonder what it's all Think as there's any money in it

Mr. Kimble said "Ar."

"Might be a will or something," lated his wife.

"Eighteen years or *(con*





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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

none, I shouldn't wonder. . . . Wonder what they're raking it all up for now? You don't think it could be police, do you, Jim?"

"Whatever?" asked Mr. Kimble.

"Well, you know what I always thought," said Mrs. Kimble. "Pretending that she'd gone off with a feller. That's what they say, husbands, when they do their wives in. Depend upon it, it was murder. Those clothes she was supposed to have took away with her—well, they weren't right. And that's when I said to Edie, 'Depend upon it,' I said, 'the master's murdered her.' And that Swiss nurse, she saw something. Out of the window. Come to the cinema along with me, she did, though she wasn't supposed to leave the nursery. And when we got back there was ever such a schemozzle going on. Doctor was there and the master ill and sleeping in the dressing room, and the doctor looking after him. It was then he asked me about the clothes, and it seemed all right at the time. I thought she'd gone off all right with that fellow she was so keen on—and him a married man, too. What was his name now?"

Mr. Kimble, ignoring all else, demanded to know if his supper was ready.

"I'll just drain the chips. . . . 'Twouldn't be likely to be police—not after all this time. Maybe it's lawyers—and money in it. What do you say, Jim?"

"Ar," said Mr. Kimble, hungrily eyeing the fish and chips. The discussion was postponed.

Gwenda looked across the mahogany desk at Mr. Walter Fane, a rather tired-looking man of about 50, with a gentle, nondescript face. His voice was slow and careful and pleasant. Probably, Gwenda decided, a very sound lawyer.

The scratching of Walter Fane's pen ceased. "I think that's all quite clear, Mrs. Reed," he said. "A very simple will. When would you like to come in and sign it?"

Gwenda said there was no particular hurry. "We've got a house down here, you know," she said. "Hillside. It used to be St. Catherine's."

Mr. Fane took off his pince-nez. He polished them with a silk handkerchief.

"Oh, yes," he said. He looked up and Gwenda thought how different people who habitually wear glasses look without them. His eyes, a very pale gray, seemed strangely weak and unfocused. He said in his precise lawyer's voice, "Perhaps if you come in the day after tomorrow?"

"Yes, that will be quite all right." Then Gwenda said, with exactly the little rush she had rehearsed beforeha asked specially for you, becau that you once knew my mothe Halliday. I've been told that once engaged to her."

Walter Fane, his voice un unruffled, said, "No, I never k mother, Mrs. Reed. But I was gaged, for a short period, to H nedy, who afterwards marri Halliday, as his second wife."

"Oh, how stupid of me. I've wrong. It was Helen—my ste Of course, it's all long before ber. But I heard someone say t once been engaged to Mrs. Ha India—and I thought it was mother—because my father m India."

"Helen Kennedy came out to marry me," said Walter Fane. " changed her mind. On the bo home she met your father."

"I'm so sorry," she said. "Ha my foot in it?"

Walter Fane smiled—his slo ant smile. "It's nineteen or twe ago, Mrs. Reed," he said. "One ful follies don't mean much a space of time. So you are Hallida daughter. You may not remem but I used to give you piggybac

Gwenda laughed. "Did you can't pretend I remember you— I was only about two and a half

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pose. . . . Were you back on leave India or something like that?"

o, I'd chucked India for good. I out to try tea planting—but the life t suit me. I simply came back and straight into the firm. I've been ver since."

ain there was a pause and he re- d in a lower voice, "Yes, ever . . ."

en, with a change of manner, he hands with her and said, "Since em to be old friends, you must your husband to tea one day."

enda went out of the office and the stairs. There was a cobweb in gle of the stairway. In the middle e web was a pale, rather nonde- spider. It didn't look, Gwenda ht, like a real spider. Not the fat kind of spider who caught flies and em. It was more like a ghost of a r. Rather like Walter Fane, in fact.

ith Pagett was tall, dark and thin. was at a guess round about 50. y now," she was saying. "Little Gwennie. You used to come into tchen, as pretty as could be."

enda stared hard at the upright , trying to remember.

ith Pagett coughed primly. "You d to ask me something?"

enda began, "You see, I was ht up by relations in New Zealand and of course they could never tell me anything about my father and my stepmother. She—she was nice, wasn't she?"

"Very fond of you, she was. Oh, yes, she used to take you down to the beach and play with you in the garden. She was quite young herself. Nothing but a girl, really. I often used to think she enjoyed the games as much as you did. You see, she'd been an only child, in a manner of speaking. Dr. Kennedy, her brother, was years older."

"You liked her," said Miss Marple.

"Yes, Madam, I did," she said. There was a trace of defiance in her manner. "No matter what anybody says. She was as nice as could be to me. I'd never have believed she'd do what she did do. Although there *had* been talk—"

She stopped abruptly and gave an apologetic glance at Gwenda. Instinctively Gwenda spoke. "I want to know," she said. "Please don't think I shall mind anything you say. She wasn't my own mother. And we are very anxious to find her. She went away from here—and she seems to have been quite lost sight of."

"Mrs. Halliday left home quite suddenly, I understand?" Giles asked Edith.

"Yes, sir, it was a shock to all of us."

"Have you any idea who the man was she went away with?"

Edith Pagett shook her head. "I never saw anything at all. But Lily, the parlormaid, she had her ideas. 'Mark my words,' she used to say. 'That chap's sweet on her. Only got to see him looking at her as she pours out the tea. And does his wife look daggers!' "

"I see. And who was the chap?"

"Now I'm afraid, sir, I just don't remember his name. A Captain—Esdale—no, that wasn't it—Emery—no. He and his wife were staying at the Royal Clarence."

"Summer visitors?"

"Yes, but I think that he—or maybe both of them—had known Mrs. Halliday before. They came to the house quite often."

"And his wife didn't like it."

"No, sir. But mind you, I never believed for a moment that there was anything wrong about it."

Gwenda asked, "Were they still at the Royal Clarence when Helen went away?"

"As far as I recollect, they went away just about the same time, a day earlier or a day later—anyway, it was close enough to make people talk. But people did say she'd always been flighty—not that I ever saw anything of the kind myself. I wouldn't have been willing to go to Norfolk with them if I'd thought that."

For a moment three people stared at her intently. Then Giles said, "Norfolk? Were they going to Norfolk?"

(continued on page 134)

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued from page 129

"Yes, sir. They'd bought a house there. Mrs. Halliday told me about three weeks before. She asked me if I'd come with them when they moved, and I said I would."

"I never heard they had bought a house in Norfolk," said Giles.

"Well, it's funny you should say that, sir, because Mrs. Halliday seemed to want it kept very quiet. She asked me not to speak about it to anyone at all. She'd been wanting to go away from Dillmouth for some time. She'd been pressing Major Halliday to go. It's almost as though she was afraid to stop there."

Giles said, "You don't think she wanted to go to Norfolk to be near this man whose name you can't remember?"

Edith Pagett looked distressed. "Oh, indeed, sir, I wouldn't like to think *that*. Besides, they came from up north somewhere, that lady and gentleman did. Northumberland, I think it was."

Gwenda said: "She was afraid of something, wasn't she? Or of someone?"

"I do remember—now that you say that—"

"Yes?"

"Lily came into the kitchen one day. Said that the Missus had come in from the garden with the Master into the drawing room and the door to the hall being open, Lily'd heard what they said.

"*'I'm afraid of you,' that's what Mrs. Halliday had said. 'I've been afraid of you for a long time. You're mad. You're not normal. You must leave me alone. I think, underneath, I've always been frightened of you. . . .'*

"Something of that kind—of course, I can't say now to the exact words. But Lily, she took it very seriously, and that's why, after it all happened, she—"

Edith Pagett stopped dead. A curious, frightened look came over her face. Giles said gently: "Please tell us, Edith. It's really important, you see."

She continued: "Lily was out at the pictures the night it happened—and what's more she took Layonee, the nurse, with her—and very wrong *that* was, and I told her so. 'Oh, that's all right,' she said. 'It's not leaving the child alone in the house. You're down in the kitchen and the master and missus will be in later.' Well, you can't hear a thing from the kitchen when the baize door's shut."

Edith Pagett paused and then went on: "The evening passed ever so quickly, and the first thing I knew Dr. Kennedy came out in the kitchen and asked me where Lily was. I said it was her night off but she'd be in any minute now, and sure enough she came in that very minute. He took her upstairs t mistress's room. Wanted to know if taken any clothes away with he what. So Lily looked about and tol and then she come down to me. hooked it,' she said. 'Gone off with one. The master's all in. Apparen been a terrible shock to him. Mor he. He ought to have seen it co 'You shouldn't speak like that,' I 'How do you know she's gone off anybody?' Lily says, 'She left a 'Who's she gone off with?' I said. do you think?' Lily said. 'Not likely Mr. Sobersides Fane.' So I said, think it's Captain—whatever his was?' And she said, 'He's my bet. I it's our mystery man in the flashy That's just a silly joke we had. said, 'I don't believe it. Not Mrs. day.' And Lily says, 'Well, it seems done it.'

"All this was at first, you under But later on, up in our bedroom woke me up. 'Look here,' she says all wrong.' 'What's wrong?' I a 'Those clothes. There's a suitcase and enough things to fill it—but th the wrong things. She took an ev dress, but she didn't take her ev belt and brassiere, nor the slip that with it. And she took her green t —which she never wears until late the autumn. You mark my words, Lily said, 'she's not gone away at all master's done her in.'

"Well, I gave her a piece of my then, saying such awful things. 'Re ber,' she says, 'she was scared to of him. I heard her telling him so.' that's just where you're wrong, my I said, 'because it wasn't the mast all. Just after you'd told me, that c looked out of the window and then the master coming down the hill wi golf clubs, so it couldn't have been who was with the mistress in the ing room. It was someone else.'"

The words echoed lingeringly i comfortable sitting room. Giles said ly under his breath,

"*It was someone else. . . .*" **End F**

Farewell to "Miss Mystery"

Agatha Christie died on January 1976 at the age of 85. The autho 87 books, her sales exceeded million copies—a record said to surpassed only by the Bible Shakespeare. This fifteenth and f Miss Marple mystery, "Sleeping M der," was written in the late 19 and locked in a safe, with instructi that it be published only after author's death. It follows Miss Ch tie's most recent #1 best-seller, "C tain," in which she killed off other famous sleuth, Hercule Poi Does she kill off Miss Marple? W not telling . . . yet.

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Growing up in the White House

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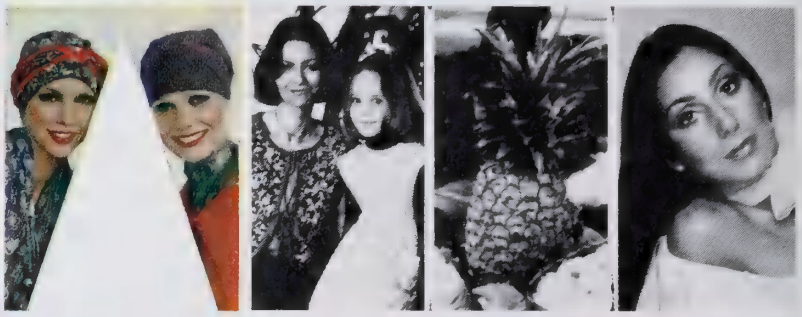
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AUGUST 1976

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Cover photograph by John Vidol. Fabric by Stanley Looms. Cosmetics: Super Luscious Lipsticks from Ultima II Charles Revson; left, Rich Red; right, Aruba Red. Both models, Rouge Red Super Luscious Liquid Blush. Page 52: photograph by John Vidol. Page 105: photograph of FDR and FDR, Jr. by UPI. Page 109: photographs of Henry Kissinger and Neil Armstrong by UPI; Chris Evert by Kevin Fitzgerald, courtesy Sport magazine; Katharine Hepburn by John Bryson.

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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey



WHITE HOUSE VETERANS

In a long, hot political summer, it's only natural that the *Journal* focus on political and presidential personalities for its August issue. Actually, the Children of the White House section that starts on page 103 was a happy by-product of an ill-fated theatrical production called *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*. Way back in 1975, Lynda Johnson Robb, our contributing editor, sat in our offices talking about her own adventures in, and memories of, that historic Washington address—and the idea for the article emerged. Susan Ford, photographer now in residence at the White House, was assigned to take the pictures, and the two young women became what was possibly the first Democratic-Republican presidential daughter coalition ever to work on a magazine story. When they went to Bryn Mawr College outside of Philadelphia, they were joined by a third White House daughter, Dr. Helen Taft Manning, 86, thus spanning several generations. Lynda Robb, shown here with her mother, Lady Bird Johnson, says this was a great assignment. Funniest incident: not being given a table at two fashionable New York restaurants when she and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr. went out to lunch. The haughty headwaiters did not recognize the names or the faces.

OTHER JOURNAL JOTTINGS

How does a magazine staff spend its summer? For one thing, getting together its exciting fall issues, and we promise you lots of surprises and delights. For another, revving up for our annual softball series. The *Journal* Jets, a hot-shot team of five women big leaguers (even *I* occasionally get up to bat) and five supportive males, will be meeting competitive magazines' softball teams on the fields in Central Park this month. Watch our steam: The *Journal* Jets will be taking on everyone from *Playboy* to *Good Housekeeping*.

OUR REAL SUPERSTAR

In the March issue, we told you about the Women Superstars, a multi-event contest among women athletes presented by the *Journal* in association with ABC-TV Sports. A group of us went to Rotonda, Fla., for the finals and watched the Superstars do their thing.

In case you missed all the fun and excitement on TV, the winner was speed skater Anne Henning, shown here at right, with Health and Beauty Editor Maureen Lynch (on the left) and myself (center). Pert, curly-haired, 20-year-old Anne is a former Olympic winner, now turned pro. She sailed through the preliminaries and went on to triumph over such other great athletes as Micki King, Wyomia Tyus and Laura Blears Ching. Her take-home reward: $51,400. For those of us who watched Anne's determination, skill and grace in such sports as rowing, cycling and obstacle course, it was clear she is a Superstar all the way. Congratulations to her—and to all the women athletes who participated! —L.H.



They put a man on the moon. Why can't they cover my gray without changing my natural haircolor?

I don't mean to be stankerous. But *naturalness* is big thing with me. People and food and especially my looks.

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What's happening



By Gene Shalit

Westerns, comedy, drama, mystery and even a picture with a dog hero. But it's the nostalgic revel—"That's Entertainment, Part 2"—that takes movie honors this month.

TOO MANY KOOKS

Come with me back to the 1920s, to Hollywood before talkies, to the world of hand-cranked cameras and the silent silver screen. Set in that era is a new film called *Won Ton Ton*, in which we meet Madeline Kahn, a girl who yearns to be a big picture star. She gets nowhere until she is befriended by a German shepherd (the four-legged kind). He's a wag but she can't stand him, and even though she tries to tell him he's barking up the wrong tree, he adores her. Meanwhile, a stray writer (Bruce Dern) is trying without success to sell story ideas to Art Carney, the president of a movie company. One day, our heroine, lured to the lot by a lascivious Lochinvar, is rescued from seduction by the heroic hound, who leaps through walls to save her virtue. Carney is so impressed that he makes the dog a star and Dern a director. They name the dog Won Ton Ton and everybody loves him so much they all want to give him a leg up. Since he won't obey anyone's instructions but Kahn's, she gets to be in pictures and becomes a star. Unfortunately, the script is a surfeit of scrap, and even scores of famous old comedians—including Milton Berle, Phil Silvers, Stepin Fetchit, and the Ritz Brothers—cannot save it. This proves that too many kooks spoil the froth, and *Won Ton Ton* is a dog.

GRIN AND GLOW

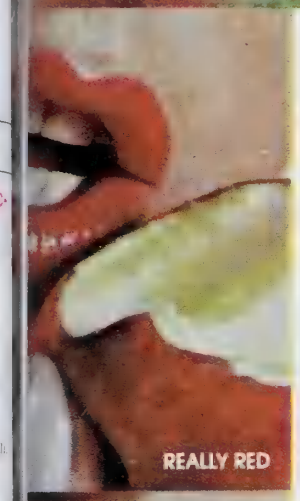
That's Entertainment, Part 2—a sequined sequel—is a classy, splashy cavalcade of scenes from MGM movies (mostly musicals) from 1929 through 1957. You can't expect this encore to be as entertaining as the original because you must assume all of the best stuff was used the first time around. Still, MGM had such a feast of film that even if you call this picture "That's Leftovers," you're in for a treat. How can you miss with Hepburn and Tracy, Barrymore and Garbo, Sinatra and Kelly, Garland and Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and the whole U.S. Navy and, of course, Esther Williams, taking everyone's advice and jumping in the lake. So, if you want to bathe yourself in nostalgia, and revel in that extinct species—the lavish Hollywood musical—you'll grin and glow through *That's Entertainment, Part 2*.

NOT EVEN HALF A CHANCE

Charles Bronson is an actor who knows his craft and, given half a chance, can deliver a compelling performance. In *Breakheart Pass* he is not given half a chance. When this western begins, we're on an old train, heading for an old fort in the Old West. Most of the passengers are federal troops, but also aboard are the governor, the governor's girlfriend, a U. S. marshal, a doctor, assorted character actors and one prisoner—Charles Bronson—who is charged with arson, murder, lying, cheating and general misbehavior. We are told that the train is on the way to save the fort from a diphtheria epidemic. The train is barely two reels out of the station when the doctor is mysteriously murdered. Who did it? And then, who murdered the reverend? And then, who pushed the fireman out of the engine as they passed over a ravine? And then, who unhooked the last car so all the soldiers fell down over the mountain? If this keeps up, who's going to be left in the *(continued on page 12)*



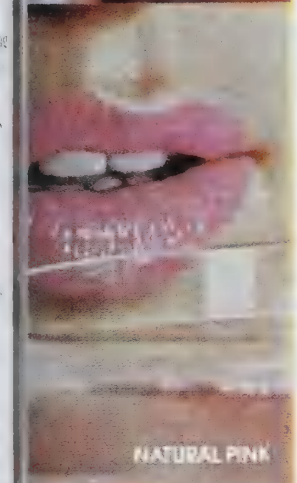
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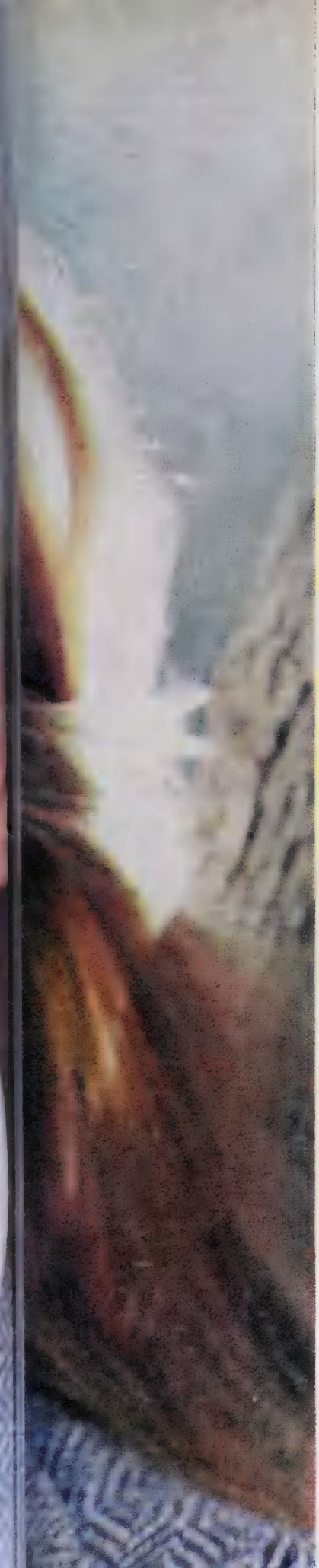









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What's happening

continued from page 8

movie to solve the crimes? Is there really a diphtheria epidemic or is the scriptwriter giving us the needle? The train, approaching the fort, is attacked by Indians and outlaws. Bronson is outnumbered, but he beats them all and we learn that he isn't such a bad guy. By this time I was so confused that I was rooting for the diphtheria.

WHO, WHY, HOW?

The End of the Game is a cerebral mystery with a winning character—an offbeat police commissioner with a one-track mind who's tracking a killer. He's assisted by Jon Voight, a smart and sexy sleuth who finds Jacqueline Bisset arresting. But she teaches him that it smarts to be sexy, since she's involved with Robert Shaw, an immensely rich and powerful person for whom murder is pleasure. His one grace is a love for Mozart, so intense that he hires the extraordinary violinist, Pinchas Zukerman, to play for him. *The End of the Game* is played in Switzerland, where we come upon a corpse, stiffly portrayed by Donald Sutherland. In life he was a detective; in death he is a problem: who killed him? Also why? Also how? Also how come only one bullet hole and *two* bullets? The key antagonists are the old police commissioner (appealingly played by Martin Ritt) and Shaw, the man Ritt's been tracking for 30 years. The writer-director Maximilian Schell has assembled an intricate puzzle of people: the tired old commissioner working from memory, the wealthy killer-for-kicks, the ambitious assistant with the inquisitive future and the girl with the curious past. Who is who? Whom is whom? What is what? You can't find out until you get to the end of *The End of the Game*.

ECCENTRIC, BUT . . .

Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson are teamed in *The Missouri Breaks*, a western about a charming rustler who leads a small but engaging gang of incompetent scoundrels. When one of them is caught and hung by the local rich rancher, Nicholson retaliates by hanging the rancher's foreman. The infuriated rancher retaliates by hiring Marlon Brando—a kinky killer who calls himself a "regulator." Brando plays him as a perfumed fop—fancy clothes, bubble baths and an assortment of accents (including an Irish brogue). Nicholson loves the rancher's daughter, who loathes her father and Brando, so she's loath to help them. Thus *The Missouri Breaks* becomes a match between the lighthearted outlaw (Nicholson) and the lawless lawman (Brando). Brando's acting is terrifically broad—almost parody—which I think is exactly right: he *is* an outsider, almost from another film, with rules of behavior alien to everyone else's on screen. This is an eccentric film, worth seeing for Brando's behavior, but ultimately spoiled for me by scenes of gory graphic violence at the end that turn the bubble bath into a bloodbath. When will it end?

QUIETLY SATISFYING

Every so often a small movie comes along that certain sophisticates scorn, that does not smash box-office records in the big cities, but which is generous with understanding and quietly satisfying. Such a film is *Baby Blue Marine*. This is an epithet evidently used for recruits who don't make it into the Marines after boot camp training. The story is set early in World War II. Our young hero (Jan-Michael Vincent) is sent home in his baby-blue pajama suit, a kind of aquamarine Scarlet Letter. While waiting for a train, he meets a 21-year-old Marine hero who gets him drunk, knocks him out, switches uniforms and deserts. That leaves Vincent in a hero's uniform, so he decides to assume the role. He hitches east from California and is let out in a Colorado village. There, in the town's only coffee shop, he meets a sweet, young, high school waitress, most appealingly played by Glynnis O'Connor. She invites him home for dinner, he falls in love with her and stays on. But this idyllic existence cannot last. When young, Japanese-American political prisoners escape from a nearby camp, Vincent and the townsmen take out after them. What happens to our innocent imposter and to the girl he loves is revealed in the end of the story, which I found sweetly satisfying. *Baby Blue Marine* has no thunderous message, no giant stars, no blood or obscenity or lust—just a nice story, well acted. No wonder it hasn't become a big hit.

DUCK!

If you take Elizabeth Taylor, Ava Gardner, Robert Morley, Cicely Tyson and Jane Fonda, ship them off to Russia to mix with Russian ballet stars and circus performers, toss in two English children and direct director George Cukor to stir them into a melange of Maeterlinck's classic fairy tale *The Blue Bird*, what have you got? A very long question. *The Blue Bird* is the tale of two tots, poor but hungry, who live in a thatched hut with their peasant parents. Their grumpy mother (Elizabeth Taylor) sends them to bed without supper. One night the children sneak downstairs (it's a duplex thatched hut) and encounter a gnarled witch (Elizabeth Taylor), who is suddenly transformed into a fairy queen (Elizabeth Taylor). She (Elizabeth Taylor) sends them out on a quest for the blue bird of happiness (dyed pigeons). She provides traveling companions by transforming their bre milk, water, their dog and their cat i human form, and off they go. Before t none-too-soon end, they have walk through the world of conspicuous luxu with Ava Gardner, the world of da ness ruled by Jane Fonda, and the wo of unborn children, where Robert M ley is given a wide berth. Rarely l classic literature taken a worse thra ing. The script is unscrupulous, the m sic is weighted with lyrics that kl along in search of a notion, and no o knows how to sing. *The Blue Bird* is l ing hawked as children's entertainme but it is a turkey, so when *The Blue B* shows up, duck!

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

All the President's Men is quite simply smash. If there were a Pulitzer Prize movies, *Men* would win.

The Bad News Bears are a Little Lea baseball team, managed by Walter Matth Run, run, run to see this happy, war hearted hit.

Barry Lyndon. A feast for eyes and ears famine for the mind.

Birch Interval is probably supposed to concerned with the pain of a little girl gr ing up, but the story is hokum, the scr hopeless.

The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox s jects George Segal and Goldie Hawn to cr and unusual punishment. Were audiences form a posse, they'd run *Duchess* out town.

Face to Face is blemished Ingmar Bergm starring, as usual, Liv Ullmann. If you're a psychology textbook fan, this may rem you of Tedium 101.

Family Plot is the newest Hitchcock, this time horror is on hiatus. It's all just fun, with a Hitchcock wink.

Grey Gardens deals with the recluse a and cousin of Jacqueline Onassis. A wist tale, but through the ruins comes a lov light.

Lipstick is agleam with rotten gloss, one the worst of the year.

The Man Who Would Be King. A ro relief for fans who adore good adventu Sean Connery, Michael Caine and Chris pher Plummer lunge into John Huston's j ous film set in Victorian India and rem points north.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. J Nicholson gives one of the best perfo ances in years in one of the most gripp movies in years.

Robin and Marian shows two of our favo characters in middle age. Sadly, a treas turned to dross that rarely takes flight.

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with Sea sounds poetic, but in fact is dogge Filled with evil precocity, moody conver tion, and explicit sex. Ugly and pretentio

Seven Beauties is an indelible film by extraordinary Italian director, Lina W muller.

Stay Hungry stars Jeff Bridges, who g mixed up in a Mr. Universe contest. Ridi lous.

Taxi Driver is a morbid but well-made fil *for adults only*—with a brilliant performa by Robert DeNiro.

Virility has the facility to mix incredibil with imbecility, ending up as an exercise futility. Carlo Ponti produced, in a Sicil setting.

W. C. Fields & Me is worth seeing only Rod Steiger's effective characterization of great comedian. Otherwise, the movie h little to offer.

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Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
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Carlton 70's	***1**	***0.1**

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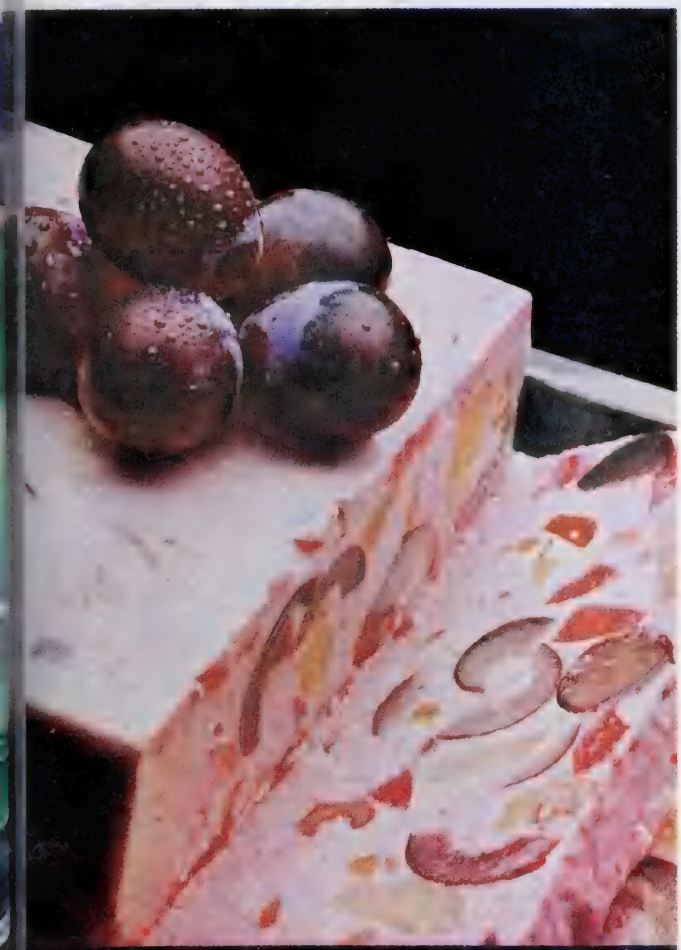
The coolest salad



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Honeydew Delight
(Top left) Cut 1 honeydew melon (about 5 lb.) in half lengthwise; scoop out seeds and drain well. Dissolve 1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O® Gelatin, raspberry flavor, in 1 cup boiling water. Add 2 cups ice cubes and stir until gelatin begins to thicken, about 3 minutes. Remove any unmelted ice. Stir in 1 banana, sliced. Place melon halves in small bowls; spoon in gelatin mixture. Chill until firm, about 3 hours. Cut in wedges. Serve with salad greens. Makes 6 servings.
Note: Chill any excess fruited gelatin in a dessert dish.

Cubes and Melon Balls
(Top center) Dissolve 2 packages (3 oz. each) or 1 package (6 oz.) Jell-O® Gelatin, lime flavor, in 2 cups boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water and pour into 8- or 9-inch square pan. Chill until firm, 3 to 4 hours. Cut in cubes, using sharp knife which has been dipped in hot water. To remove cubes from pan, quickly dip pan in warm water and invert on wax paper, or remove with spatula. Arrange cubes in individual dessert dishes with 3 cups melon balls. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

Frozen Fruit Medley
(Top right) Drain 1 can (8 oz.) pineapple chunks, reserving juice. Add water to juice to make ½ cup. Dissolve 1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O® Gelatin, strawberry flavor, and a dash of salt in 1 cup boiling water. Add measured liquid and ¼ cup lemon juice. Chill until thickened. Prepare 1 envelope Dream Whip® Whipped Topping Mix as directed on package; fold in ⅓ cup mayonnaise, 1 medium banana, diced, ½ cup seeded, halved red grapes, ¼ cup each diced maraschino cherries, chopped nuts and the pineapple. Then add to gelatin, blending well. Pour into 9x5-inch loaf pan. Freeze until firm, about 4 hours or overnight. Unmold and cut in slices. Garnish with grapes, if desired. Makes 5 cups or 8 to 10 servings.

Fruits Under-the-Sea
(Bottom left) Dissolve 1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O® Gelatin,* lemon flavor, and 1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O® Gelatin,* lime flavor, in 2 cups boiling water. Measure ½ cup, add ½ cup cold water, and set aside. Add ¾ cup cold water and 1 teaspoon lemon juice to remaining gelatin. Blend very slowly into 1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened, beating until smooth. Place bowl of gelatin in larger bowl of ice and water. Stir until thickened. Add 1 cup sliced or diced fresh fruits (peaches, strawberries, green grapes) and pour into an 8-inch square pan. Chill until set but not firm, about 15 minutes. Top with reserved clear gelatin. Chill until firm, about 3 hours. Cut into squares. Makes about 5¼ cups or 9 servings.
*Or use 1 package (6 oz.) Jell-O® Gelatin, lime flavor.

Jellied Garden Vegetable Salad
(Bottom center) Dissolve 2 packages (3 oz. each) or 1 package (6 oz.) Jell-O® Gelatin, lemon flavor and 2 teaspoons salt in 2 cups boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water and ½ cup vinegar. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 10 cucumber slices, quartered, ½ cup shredded carrot, and 2 tablespoons chopped pimento and pour into a 5-cup mold. Chill until firm, about 4 hours. Unmold. Garnish with mayonnaise and salad greens if desired. Makes about 5 cups or 10 servings.

Cottage Cheese Peach Salad
(Bottom right) Scoop ¼ cup cottage cheese into each of 5 dessert dishes. Arrange 1 can (16 oz.) sliced peaches, drained, around cheese. Dissolve 1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O® Gelatin, peach flavor, in 1 cup boiling water. Add 2 cups ice cubes and stir until gelatin begins to thicken, about 3 minutes. Remove any unmelted ice. Spoon gelatin into dishes over cottage cheese. Chill until set, about 30 minutes. Makes 5 servings.



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Can this marriage be saved?

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

An overpowering mother is hard enough to take—but an overpowering stepmother? Could Dan inflict even more pain on his already troubled children?

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Dr. Samuel McDill.

Paul Popenoe, Sc. D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

SALLY'S STORY

"We can't afford marriage counseling," Sally began. "But we can't afford not to have it, either." Thirty-four-year-old Sally and her second husband, Dan, support their family of five on his $10,000-a-year salary as a building inspector, plus the $20-$30 a week she earns giving home care to elderly patients.

"Money is tight, but our real problem is the children—his and mine," she went on. "I have two girls from my first marriage and Dan has a boy and girl from *his* first marriage. I try to be equally fair and loving to all four children, but it just won't work! Dan pampers his own kids and picks on mine, who are good, responsible children. Our house has three small bedrooms, so when Dan's sixteen-year-old son Clive stays with us, he shares a room with my four-year-old Deborah. He keeps her in a state of hysteria, banging on the wall in the dark and telling her it's the bogeyman. His father ignores Clive's teasing, but when my older daughter Doris, who's fifteen, teases the baby, Dan will give her a crack across the head.

"Dan never disciplines his son, who's a hellion. Clive never bathes, makes his bed or picks up his clothes. He smokes openly in the house, which is absolutely taboo. He also breaks all the other rules my girls are supposed to follow, like always letting me know where they are, coming to meals promptly—things like that. One of the most important rules is that they're not allowed to eat whenever they feel like it. I chase all over town to save ten cents a pound on meat and plan my menus down to the last scrap. Clive comes home around 10 P.M. and gobbles up a whole week's supply of cold cuts at once.

"Dan's daughter, Molly, who's eighteen, lives with her mother. She worked and saved up her money for a long time to buy a car. When he was only fourteen, Clive took it without her permission and drove it around all day without either a learner's permit or insurance. When she found out, Molly was furious. I thought Clive should have been grounded for a month, but his father just shrugged. 'Boys will be boys.' Next, Clive was arrested for stealing a motorcycle and then put on probation for selling dope.

"I blame a lot of Clive's problems on his mother, Verna, a hard, coarse woman. She got the divorce. Dan's such a devout Catholic he would still be married even though she was wildly extravagant and was always running off. She uses money to poison her children's minds against us. She'll tell Dan's children, 'If your father *really* loved you, he'd give you money, but now all he cares about is his new wife and *her* children.

"Both Dan and I are frugal about spending money on ourselves. My girls get small allowances—if they finish all their chores. But Dan doles out money to his children right and left. My Doris carries her lunch to school to save money. I used to fix Clive a nice lunch, too—until one day I found a two months' supply of them stuffed in the back of his closet. Carrying a brown bag lunch doesn't fit with his swinging image.

"Last year, when Clive was in the ninth grade, his teachers began calling me about his failing grades. I got a list of his homework assignments and began tutoring him after school. I was very distressed when I discovered that his reading and writing were at a third-grade level. We struggled along for awhile, but then he began disappearing. I told Clive that if he didn't finish all the assignments by Christmas, he would have to stay home and study his whole vacation. When his mother heard this, she said Clive would spend his vacation with her—enjoying himself.

"As Christmas drew near, Clive gave up even trying to do his homework. Finally I told Dan, 'You've got to use a belt on him. It's the only way he's going to shape up.' Dan refused. He wouldn't give a reason; he just clammed up. 'Then Clive won't live here!' I screamed at him. 'He's setting a terrible example for my girls. They see what he gets away with and they hate him. Verna has legal custody—let her take him!' "

Sally sighed. "But now, Dan is heartbroken about being separated from his son and furious with me. Clive has dropped out of school and is a street bum. At first, we paid his mother $60 a month for his support, but she took us to court and got it raised to $75, plus $400 court costs. I don't get child support because my ex-husband is unemployed.

"On Clive's sixteenth birthday, we took him to a fancy restaurant *(continued on page 20)*

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And this.



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When they were younger, it didn't matter to your children how old you looked. As long as you were there to hand out fresh-baked cookies, comfort them after nightmares and drive them to Scout meetings and dance classes, they probably never even thought about it. (Didn't they even forget your birthday sometimes?)

But there comes a time when you sense that your children are looking at you with newly perceptive eyes. They may not say a word, but you feel (probably quite rightly) that they're comparing you with other women your age, like their friends' mothers. You realize that you've been paying a great deal of attention to your children, but perhaps not quite enough to yourself.

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emollients, eases away dryness almost the moment you smooth it on. It's that dryness that accentuates the little lines and wrinkles that may so easily make you look older than you want to. Or need to. You can actually see a change in the lustre, radiance and glow of your complexion. And you'll feel your skin grow softer and smoother.

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Take some time to yourself each day. (You deserve it.) Fifteen minutes relaxation with a magazine and a new application of Oil of Olay® can do wonders.

Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 16

He ordered the most expensive thing the menu—the $12.95 lobster din Dan and I ordered hamburgers. Whe wondered out loud if we had enou money to pay the check, Clive lou called his father a cheapskate.

"I tell Dan, Clive is no longer adorable, little puppy; he's a mean, b vicious dog. I've been patient, I've b kind, I've tried to love him, but ri now I hate him!"

As Sally spoke, her mouth harde into a line. "At least I can tell Dan h I feel. With my first husband, I lived fear—he kept a loaded gun in ev room of the house. I was just an eig een-year-old kid when I married him; was ten years older, handsome and da ing, like my father. He handled all money and had everything in his nar

"On our wedding night, he watch TV for hours before we went to bed felt grateful if we had sex once a mon He spent all his time either on the ro selling or at a gym building up his be tiful body. I had the children, my chu work and my girl friends. We each w our separate ways.

"Then I discovered he was plann to leave me and sell the house. I went a lawyer who put a restraining order the house sale. Under California l half of the house and furnishings w mine and I was entitled to child supp as well. When my first husband he this, he threatened to shoot me. He's n lowed since our divorce, luckily, a visits his children often.

"Dan is my first and only love. Our life has always been fantastic—alm every night. But lately, Dan's been ing to bed with a magazine."

Sally's voice rose with intens "When I married a second time, I wa ed a real intimacy with a man, shar everything. I was also determined speak up when I knew I was right a not let my husband walk all over me.

"I knock myself out trying to ple Dan. I drag myself out of bed at 6 A to fix his breakfast. I'm not a tidy hou keeper by nature, but Dan likes eve thing neat. So now I work all day cle ing the house, folding Dan's cloth cooking his favorite foods, taking care our big garden, looking after the ba and doing practical nursing.

"By ten o'clock at night, I'm hausted and irritable, but I force my to stay up late in case Dan wants s Maybe he's losing interest because I gained 25 pounds since we were m ried, but I can't seem to slim down. seems all I do is try harder, and fail."

DAN'S SIDE

"Sally's jealous of every *(continu*



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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

of love or affection I give my two dren," began Dan. He was a big- ed, red-cheeked Irishman of 49, but n when he was smiling, his blue eyes ed sad. "She seems to feel it's rob- g her. My two kids are practically vn, but Sally treats them like babies. en Clive raids the refrigerator—and t sixteen-year-old boy isn't always gry?—she orders him to go to his n for an hour. When she gives orders er two daughters, they obey instant- r else she paddles them.

But Clive just hoots when she tells what to do. Once she insisted that I him a beating. Naturally, I refused. he first place, he's as big as I am, and ndly, I never felt that beating a child es anything.

Sally's a loving wife and a good her. What she doesn't understand is hell my kids and I have been ugh. I keep feeling I don't *belong* where. I grew up dirt-poor in a rich SP town in Ohio where my father a gardener. I started working at odd in grade school, then after high ol and World War II, spent five s on an auto assembly line.

My first marriage was fine at first. n we moved to California and my went Hollywood; it was like living a wild teenager. I went into debt g to meet all her demands: a second push-button phones, a big color But there was no satisfying her. ey's never been important to me; t I want is a loving family."

an fell silent, staring at the wall. the last two years of my marriage erna, I did all the housework and ed after the kids—she was never e. After the divorce, I let her stay e house with the kids and paid her l support. I moved into a single ed room with a hot plate; it was all ld afford.

erna soon found the house too h of a burden and rented an apart- t. I moved into the house and the soon joined me. They never gave me trouble. My daughter Molly was a always had been. Clive was just a al, high-spirited kid. For five years sed them all by myself while work- full-time—and I loved it. Bowling night a week was my only recreation use I wanted to be home.

When Clive turned thirteen, I de- d I could safely leave him for a few s on Saturday nights. I met Sally at gles' dance and she struck me as quiet and attractive. We danced and then sat down to talk. Just to e conversation, I said, 'If I ever y again, I want a wife *(continued)*



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who can cook and balance a checkbook, and who can love me.'

"Sally said seriously, 'I'm a good cook and I could learn to love you.' I was knocked over. She was attracted to me. I'm fifteen years older, but that didn't bother either of us. Within a year, we were married and Sally and her two girls moved in with Clive and me.

"My daughter Molly decided to live with her mother. But Verna was still gadding about so Molly and Sally became very close friends. Then Molly became very chummy with a girl who was living with a guy. Sally gave her a stern lecture. Molly told her to get lost and this crushed my wife. To patch things up, Sally sent Molly a loving birthday card and signed it 'Mother.' But Verna saw the card; she phoned Sally and told her off. Sally cried for days.

"My kids resent her and she doesn't let me out of her sight. She has every minute of my life planned. And once she makes up her mind, no amount of reasoning can change it. The household is run by *her* rules, no matter what I think. She's always after me to discuss our problems, which means going over and over the same ground endlessly.

"So I began picking up a magazine or turning on the TV to get free of her. It frustrates her to the point where she sometimes goes into the kitchen and throws dishes against the wall.

"I feel like an alien," Dan concluded. "I'm not part of Sally's family or my own family—and the Church has disowned me. I want a mature, supportive wife, but Sally demands constant attention and praise. She's wearing me down."

THE COUNSELOR SPEAKS

"In any marriage, both partners bring to it all the loves and hatreds of their past lives. A second marriage is even more complicated because it involves so many previous relationships.

"Sally appeared strong, but her strength flowed not from a sense of self-worth but from anger and resentment. Her father, whom she loved dearly, was a dashing Casanova whom her mother divorced when Sally was only four. Sally was then farmed out to a strict but loving foster family, spending only weekends with her impoverished working mother. Her father died when she was twelve, and then the foster family moved away, abandoning Sally to another foster family, whom she hated. She spent a friendless, overweight, unhappy childhood, finally finding solace in church socials and affection from boys.

"Her first marriage was a disaster, but it wasn't until her security was thi ened that she considered a divorce.

"Sally had received so little love gi ing up that she felt she had to clutc all she could get. As Dan was enc aged to put into words the loving ings he had for her beneath his si exterior, she began to feel more wc while and appreciated. She begar learn that she didn't have to grasp love, but could accept it as her due.

"Dan also suffered from alienation low self-esteem and tended to withd from emotional scenes. He felt that couldn't handle Sally when she angry. He had to learn to stand up her and say, 'Okay, you see it this w I see it that way, how can we reso this problem?' When he remained sil the deadlocked conflict continued.

"Children of divorced parents sh their emotions in a variety of wa School grades frequently plummet; S ly's older daughter got D's and F's year following the divorce. Others, l Clive, drop out of school completely. a time when Clive was in great need love and security, he felt that his fat was washing his hands of him by tu ing him over to his neglectful moth And, because money was so scarce became the criterion for all Clive's forts—including stealing and drug pu ing—and for measuring his father's lo

"By this time, Clive has tried liv with his father, his mother and even sister, who also has grown to detest slovenly ways. He had no place left turn. To everyone's amazement and approval, he joined the Army. He is n living overseas, earning his high sch diploma and writing letters home.

"This development eased a good d of the conflict in the household sin Dan's ex-wife stopped her incessant c mands once Clive became a soldi Sally learned to modify her rigid r tions about perfect behavior, starti with herself. When she stopped maki a martyr of herself by trying to fulfill long list of impossible demands, s could learn to relax and accept huma frailties, both in herself and in othe She removed herself from the moth role with her grown stepchildren, a became a friend only, without authori over their actions except when the were under her roof.

"Sally has learned that everyone nee some space and privacy. She gives h own children some choices. If Dan wan to read a magazine in bed, she's traine herself to turn over and go to slee without resentment. She has also mad a place for a father in the family, b encouraging Dan to speak up, then li tening to him and supporting him. As result, his stepdaughters are warmin up to him and beginning to appreciat his fine, loyal qualities. 'But withou counseling, we would never have mad it,' Sally and Dan agree." **En**

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Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

Housework and the Gross National Product. The rules of tipping. Discounts for paying cash. And much more.

I just heard at a lecture that the U.S. doesn't count a housewife's work in the total national output of goods and services. The lecturer called it the "Gross National Product," and he said that this figure includes only products and services that have a market value. What does he mean! That my work in cleaning the house, cooking for a family of five, including three teen-age children, raising those children, chauffeuring, nursing and all the rest has no market value?

The lecturer is correct. A housewife's work is not included in GNP. Nor is the work of the millions of volunteers in our country—so many of them women—who work hundreds or even thousands of hours a year for the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, churches or other religious groups and many other charitable organizations. There are other oddities, such as the fact that while a finished machine is counted in the GNP, the materials and parts that the manufacturer bought and used to build the machine are not counted.

It's an extremely complicated formula—and among the most irritating aspects of it is that the real work and value of such women as you are not counted at all. Were you to be included, incidentally, I estimate that the annual GNP of the U.S. would soar by trillions of dollars.

Despite all that has been written about tipping, I'm still confused about how to treat the doorman when I arrive at a hotel. No matter what I do, it seems to me that all I get back is a surly thank you, if that.

Tip the hotel doorman 50¢ when you arrive—if he carries your baggage to the registration desk—and tip him $1 if you have three or more bags. If he finds you a taxi, tip him 25¢ each time, but do no more than thank him if he merely waves forward a cab that has been waiting in a line in front of the hotel. If the doorman is surly to you, give him the same treatment.

I always pay cash when I settle my hotel or restaurant bills. Most people around me, though, usually pay by credit cards, which raise the prices charged to all of us who stay or eat in these places. It infuriates me to be compelled to pay the same prices as credit card users. As I see it, I'm subsidizing a credit system I detest.

The Fair Credit Billing Act, effective last October, recognized your gripe. An important provision allows stores, hotels and restaurants to give discounts of up to five percent to customers who elect to pay cash. Up to that date, the national credit card companies had clauses in their contracts that barred their member merchants from giving such discounts. Now, agreements barring the discounts are illegal.

Any merchant who honors credit cards and who elects to give discounts to cash customers must tell you about the availability of the discounts by a sign posted prominently in the establishment. But merchants are not required to give the up-to-five percent discount for cash payments—and many may refuse to. Ask the places you patronize what their policy on this is. On your own and with the cooperation of other cash-payers, you can encourage the granting of discounts that will save you money.

My ex-husband was required by our divorce decree to repay me a substantial sum of money I had loaned him early in our marriage. Now he wants to claim this as deductible alimony. Can he?

No. The repayment of the loan arises out of a debtor-creditor relationship between you, not out of a marital relationship.

I'm being married this fall and have decided to retain my maiden name. Must I use my married name when I apply for credit? Or am I entitled to receive credit under my own name?

A creditor must give you credit, if you qualify, under any legal name you use—assuming it is recognized by your state's laws. If the state in which you live recognizes your maiden name and you use your maiden name in all your business transactions, you are entitled to use it for credit purposes.

I'm looking for my first permanent job and have heard excellent reports about executive recruiting organizations with headquarters in New York and Chicago. I'm willing to go to either city for interviews, but what fees would I have to pay if they got me a job?

None. On the assumption that the organizations about which you have heard are truly executive search (or recruiting) firms, they are always paid by their client companies and never by those they place in new positions. Normally, executive search firms do not job-hunt for *you*, but work for their *client companies* who are seeking candidates with the necessary qualifications for specific job openings. If you are just a beginner, the odds are against an executive search firm being interested in you—although you may let them know you're available and may send them your qualifications to keep on file. **End**



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Cynthy Gravitt

Tustin, California

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All in all, Avon has made a beautiful difference in my life. It keeps me fresh and young. I'm more conscious of the way I look. And I've made a lot of new friends. Best of all, Avon has taught me I can just be myself, and everything else falls right into place."

If Cynthy Gravitt's story interested you, why not find out how *you* can become an Avon Representative. Simply call 800-325-6400* (toll free) and someone from Avon will be in touch with you as soon as possible to answer all your questions. Of course, there is no obligation.

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ATTERN INFORMATION AND BACKVIEWS

The Creative Mothers"

GE 76: From left: McCALL'S =5125, jumper requires $1^3/_4$ yards of 60-inch fabric; McCALL'S 02, shirt: $1^3/_4$ yards. Child's short overalls and t. McCALL'S =5228, overalls: 1 yard napped ic; shirt, $^7/_8$ yards.
GE 77: From left: child's jumpsuit, SIMPLICI- =7596, $2^1/_2$ yards; child's shirt, SIMPLICITY 03, requires $1^1/_2$ yards. SIMPLICITY =7663 cho jumpsuit, $2^1/_8$ yards of 60 inch fabric; IPLICITY # 5802 shirt, $2^1/_4$ yards.
GE 78: From left: SIMPLICITY =7572, tunic; t side—1 yard, reverse side and trim—$1^3/_4$ ds; skirt, 2 yards. SIMPLICITY =7592, child's ard—each side $^3/_4$ yards; pants, 1 yard.
GE 79: From left: VOGUE =1495 self-quilted skirt and blouse. Vest, 1 yard each side; t, $1^7/_8$ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse, $2^1/_2$ yards. lds jumper. VOGUE =1491; bib requires $^1/_2$ d; skirt, $^3/_4$ yards.

yardage approximate and based on miss size nd child's size 6, 45-inch fabric without nap ess otherwise noted.


McCALL's =4502

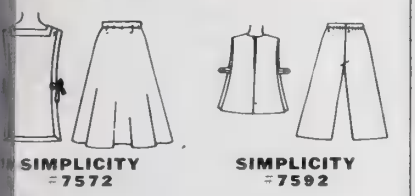
McCALL's =5228

CALL's 5125


SIMPLICITY =5802

SIMPLICITY 7596 =7203

SIMPLICITY =7663


SIMPLICITY =7572

SIMPLICITY =7592


VOGUE =1495

VOGUE #1491

WAY

Dorothy Moffatt

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Your Family's Health

All about Swine Flu

By Pascal James Imperato, M.D.

Millions of us will be inoculated shortly against this nasty, new-but-old flu virus. What is it? How dangerous is it? A timely, special report.

In January 1976, Army medical officers at Fort Dix, N.J., noticed an increase in respiratory diseases among military personnel. Some of those who were ill had flu symptoms and the Army doctors assumed that the same "Type A" virus that was then causing outbreaks all over the country was responsible.

The New Jersey State Health Department keeps the flu under surveillance and, as part of a collaborative effort with Fort Dix, took throat cultures from 11 of the sick soldiers. Seven of them had the expected strain of virus. Four, however, had a virus that was unlike those usually encountered in humans. It had the characteristics of the flu virus sometimes found in swine and other animals. Of the four soldiers who were ill with this swine flu virus, one died of acute viral pneumonia. None of the soldiers had had any contact with swine. This was unusual. It was not unknown for swine to pass their flu virus on to the humans who handled them. But the swine flu was poorly adapted to man, and usually went no further than the swine handler. The outbreak in Fort Dix indicated a new and serious development—the swine flu had become more adaptable, and was now passing from human to human.

Once this virus was identified, a thorough investigation was launched at Fort Dix. Approximately 21 percent of the population of the base had swine flu antibodies in their blood, indicating that a fairly extensive outbreak had occurred. Many of the recruits who had the swine flu may have had cases so mild they didn't even know they were sick.

The Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Ga., then launched a nationwide investigation to see if the swine flu virus was causing illness anywhere else in the country. They found no evidence that it had occurred anywhere but at Fort Dix.

Last March 14 scientists from around the country met at the Center for Disease Control. To them, the significance of the swine flu was apparent. It has long been accepted that the swine flu virus is a descendant of the 1918 Spanish flu virus, responsible for 20 million deaths. Now it appeared that the swine flu virus had passed over to man for the first time.

Out of this and other meetings came the decision to recommend mass immunization to President Ford. Accordingly, the president announced his plan to inoculate all Americans this fall. Congress has approved a $135-million bill to cover the costs of immunizing 215 million Americans against the swine flu.

Mass immunization is certainly a gamble, but scientists believe it is the best choice. Flu experts admit that the swine flu virus may never spread. On the other hand, if it does spread, it may be no more virulent than current flu viruses. And even if a swine flu epidemic does occur, some people are bound to get it anyway, even if vaccinated, since at most the vaccine protects only 80 percent of its recipients.

Why is the swine flu so controversial? Its history dates back to 1918, when Dr. J.S. Koen *(continued on page 70)*

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For the young man in your life.



FARAH®
BOYSWEAR

Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

When grownup kids don't act that way . . . a new life at 56 . . . the dangers of too much "togetherness" . . . how your moods can affect your senses.

Is it advisable to let grown-up sons know that you are ashamed of them when they come home intoxicated? We have two boys, both in college, and they recently embarrassed us when we had friends over for an evening.
I think it is important that you convey your feelings to them and that you share your emotions with each other. They may well be out to embarrass you because of hostile feelings they harbor—consciously or unconsciously. You in turn may actually feel more anger than shame where they are concerned. It would be a good idea to clear the air so as to make for improved and more honest communications. Your home does belong to you; therefore it is incumbent upon you to convey to your children your standards for acceptable behavior when they are in your house, especially when they act irresponsibly and "ungrown-up," despite their college status.

I'm 56 years old, and for the first time in my adult life I find myself relatively free of responsibilities to others. I've thought of spending my new-found time learning to enjoy art and music, perhaps even learning a foreign language. Is this possible for a woman my age? I have always enjoyed reading, but I have very little education and just about no experience with either music or art. Am I being foolish? Is it really too late for me and should I forget it?
It is certainly not too late, and your desire to open doors to new possibilities and experiences is healthy, wonderful and appropriate at any age—regardless of education or experience. Your initial confrontation with unfamiliar art forms and experiences may be difficult and may require some time, struggle and patience. But this is a wonderful struggle that leads to self-growth and real pleasure. I can think of little else that is more worthwhile.

I am 33 years old and have been married two and a half years. I love my husband and love being with him and doing things together. Sometimes, however, I just like to be by myself. My husband just can't understand my desire to be alone; he feels that I must be angry with him or don't love him. I can't seem to convince him that this has nothing to do with anger or not loving him. I just like to spend a little time by myself shopping, reading or doing nothing at all. Is this unusual? Could you please comment?
I think it is perfectly normal and reasonable to want to be alone now and then. The ability to be alone with one's self indicates good self-esteem and respect for one's resources. It is evidence that one regards one's self as a separate, real, whole person. To be alone once in a while helps us to tap our own resources and to reestablish friendship with ourselves and a sense of personal identification. Your husband may have difficulty being alone; perhaps he feels that when he is with himself he is with nobody at all. This indicates low self-esteem. He may be projecting his own difficulty onto you, so that he can feel it is you, not he, who has a problem. He is also confused about love. However much in love two people may be, they are still two separate people—and it is healthy to function that way. Always being together is not a sign of love, but often evidence of a mutual morbid dependency.

Is it common to gain weight when you first give up smoking?
It is very common indeed. Quitting smoking can produce a great deal of anxiety. Smokers, overeaters and overtalkers are mouth-oriented people, and when such people feel anxious they tend to turn to yet another mouth-oriented activity. Many people who give up smoking, therefore, begin over-eating—and, of course, may gain a good deal of weight in the process. The solution lies in reducing nervousness and anxiety and in increasing one's tolerance of both inner and outer stress. This often requires treatment by a professional therapist.

It seems to me that when I'm nervous and depressed my eyesight is not as acute as when I feel good. I don't see double or anything like that; it just seems to me that I don't see as well. Is it my imagination?
Moods, states of relative well-being, tension, anxiety or depression certainly can affect one's senses and perception. This includes the eyes, taste buds, ears, nose, etc. This is not unusual if we realize that this is all happening in one body and that moods, glands, muscles and all physiological systems are intimately connected and interdependent. I would still recommend a thorough eye examination with a reputable ophthalmologist—just to make sure there is no eye problem which might be present along with an emotional response. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Love Me, Love My Fool" (David McKay). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered

---

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MOTHERING

By Geraldine Carro

News, ideas and information every parent needs to know about child-rearing.

PLEASE DON'T SAY CHEESE: A Pro's Tips on Photographing Children

When she is snapping pictures of children, her favorite subject, photographer Erika Stone may moo like a cow or neigh like a horse. In fact, she'll do almost anything, she says—even make a fool of herself—to capture a look of delight on a child's face.

One thing Mrs. Stone *never* does, however, is plant children in front of the camera and ask them to say "cheese." "It makes such stiff pictures," she says.

Mrs. Stone suggests parents taking pictures of their children try some of her tricks. Funny noises help. So do props. She often gives children a book, toy or flower to engage their attention. Sometimes she invites into the picture a family member with whom the child can interact.

Along with using a bit of guile in working with young subjects, parents can improve their photographs, Mrs. Stone says, by mastering a few simple technical pointers:

- Don't be afraid to bring the camera close to the child. Try photographing just the head and shoulders. You don't need the lamp and the rug, too.
- Be conscious of what you see through the lens. Avoid cluttered backgrounds. White walls or plain draperies are best. If you're using color film, avoid a hodgepodge of color and pattern.
- For the best lighting, shoot outdoors. Choose a cloudy or slightly overcast day. Bright sun washes out color and creates shadows. Indoors, for more natural lighting, aim your flash attachment (if it's mobile) at the ceiling, not at the subject.
- Don't expect a great photograph in one or two shots. Take a succession of shots each time. Even a professional like Erika Stone is happy with two good pictures per roll.
- Keep your camera loaded so you're ready for those unexpected, telling moments in your child's life.

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Couple relaxes in new labor-delivery room at Flower and Fifth.

TOWARDS A HAPPIER BIRTH EXPERIENCE

The dresser is "Mediterranean," the print on the wall is Picasso and the cushions on the rocking chair pick up the purple in the wallpaper.

The scene is the Family Living Room at New York City's Flower and Fifth Hospitals, an innovative combined labor-and-delivery room.

But what's special about having a baby at Flower and Fifth is more than the setting. It's the hospital's refreshing attitude towards women in labor. They are treated as healthy people, not high-risk patients.

"We're trying to humanize the birth process," says Martin L. Stone, M.D., the hospital's chief of obstetrics. "Giving birth is an important emotional experience. We're taking it out of the context of major surgery."

Maternity patients in the Family Living Room can watch TV, walk around, sit, lie down and chat with the person they chose to have with them during delivery. Unlike most maternity rooms, there are no fluorescent lights, no hospital-sided beds to confine the women, and no medical equipment to be seen.

However, in case of complications during birth (about 90 percent of all births are normal), a standard delivery room with sophisticated medical equipment is just down the hall. And there are also traditional labor rooms for women who prefer them. "We want to combine the comfort of having a baby at home," says Dr. Stone, "with the back-up support of hospital facilities, if they're needed."

One of the moving forces behind the new maternity approach at Flower and Fifth, is Elisabeth Bing, one of the pioneers in America's natural childbirth movement.

Mrs. Bing, who teaches the hospital's prepared childbirth classes, feels that the Family Living Room—one of several in existence in American hospitals—is a key step towards civilizing the process of birth.

"It's infuriating what they do to us in most hospitals," says the soft-spoken, Viennese-born teacher.

There are a number of innovations she thinks should be standard for all maternity patients. They would make life more comfortable for women from the time they enter the hospital until they leave. (Some are already in practice at Flower and Fifth):

Once couples enter the hospital, they should be allowed to stay together even during the initial examination process. "You come to the hospital," Mrs. Bing says, "and the first thing they do is take away your security blanket."

In the examining room, women ought to have an option as to whether or not they'll be "prepped" and given an enema. The latter, as Mrs. Bing points out, is one of many holdover rituals from the time when most women were anesthetized.

In the labor room, women should not be confined to bed, as is common practice. "They should be able to walk, sit, even stand on their heads. Lying down during labor is the most uncomfortable position."

Women should also be allowed to sit up during delivery. "I can't think of any other mammal that delivers on its back with its legs in the air," Mrs. Bing says.

Immediately after delivery, parents should be allowed to hold their newborns. In most hospitals, nurses whisk the baby off to the nursery in an electrically heated bassinet. Studies show, says Mrs. Bing, that mothers can keep a baby just as warm as a machine.

During the hospital stay, Mrs. Bing would like to see rooming-in, not only for the new baby, but also for the father. "When it's a first baby," she says, "it's a shame to send the father home to an empty house."

But hospitals are slow to change their ways. "It's easier to follow the old routine," Mrs. Bing says.

She urges women to insist on those small things that will make them more comfortable. "Remember," she says, "you're paying about $200 a day in the hospital. If you were paying that at a hotel, you'd be treated like royalty."

MAILBOX

Do you have ideas to share with other parents? What topics would you like us to cover in this column? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

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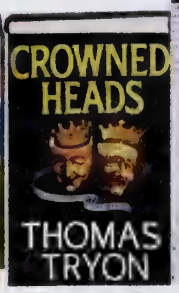
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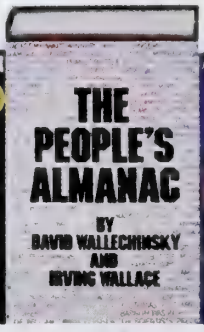
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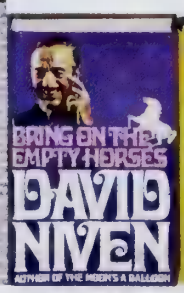
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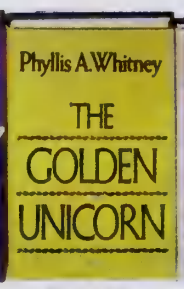
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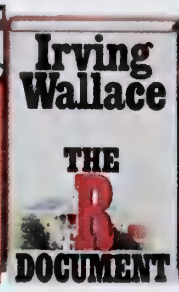
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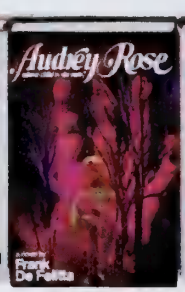
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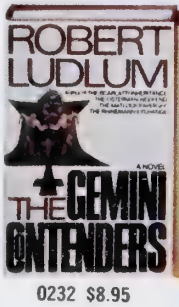
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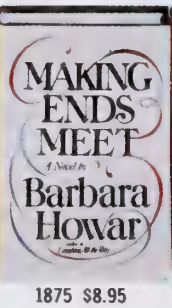
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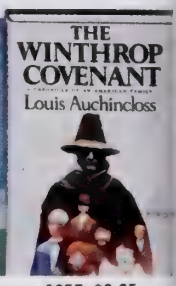
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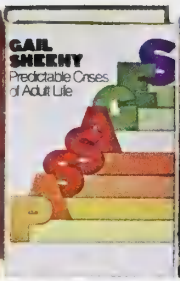


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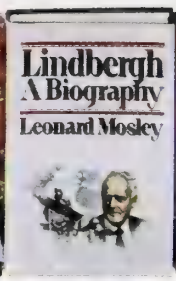
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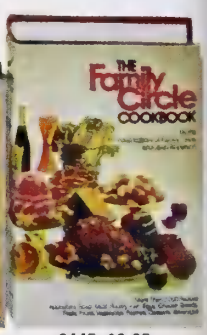
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The working woman

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

How to read the newspaper want ads: a practical guide for every woman who wants a new (and better) job.

If you're looking for a job in the newspaper Help Wanted section, chances are *you* need help.

Classified ads—with their crowded columns of tiny type, tongue-twisting abbreviations (Lrn biz, exp EDP req, sm skls, bfts. F/P), awesome adjectives (Tiger! Go-Getter!) and mysterious job descriptions (Image-Maker)—can arouse bewilderment and anxiety instead of enthusiasm for the job hunt.

Before the ads can make sense, you have to decode their language and learn to read between the lines.

1. Get every newspaper that serves your geographical area. Employers may list a job in one paper and not the other. Sunday editions carry the most job ads, but weekday papers are worth checking for sudden vacancies and for ads placed by employers who don't want to get lost in the crowded Sunday columns.

2. Familiarize yourself with the way classified sections are organized. *The New York Times* has a huge Sunday classified section (arranged alphabetically), but "Careers in Education" are found in the News of the Week section, and you have to go to the Business and Finance pages for the big jobs in engineering, sales and management. The *Cleveland Plain Dealer,* on the other hand, lumps all jobs, A to Z, under "Help Wanted Men and Women." Understanding your newspapers' style of classification eliminates time spent combing through every page for the jobs you care about.

3. Learn the lingo. Some employers write their ads in normal English; others save space (and money) by boiling words down to alphabet soup. This glossary will help you translate the most common abbreviations:

acctg-accounting
adm-administrative
A/R, A/P-accounts receivable; payable
asst-assistant
bfts-benefits
biz-business
bkgd-background
CFO-chief financial officer
clk-clerk
comm-commission
dwntn-downtown
EDP-electronic data processing
equiv-equivalent
exp-experience
fn'l-financial
F/P-fee paid
FR-fund raiser
G/L-general ledger
gd-good
HSG-high school graduate
K (or M)-thousand
lrn-learn
mgr-manager
min-minimum
ofcr-officer
opn-open
opy, opty-opportunity
org-organization
ot-overtime
OTJ-on-the-job training
pfd-preferred
PR-public relations
R&D-research & development
R/E-real estate
rel'd-related
req-required
sal-salary
S&L-savings & loan
SH-shorthand
SI-security investments
skls-skills
sm-some
supv-supervisor
trng-training
typ-typing
w/-with
WPM-words per minute

4. Read between the lines. What are the facts behind the *job description,* for example? Tricky titles can mask a dull job. Jazzy headlines and clever copy often mislead and promise more than the job delivers. Clerical or general office jobs are most vulnerable to the souped-up presentation: "Gal/Guy Friday. Front desk job for person who won't mind pitching in" may indeed mean diverse duties you can learn from. Or it may signal enslavement to everyone else's drudgework. In ten newspapers from sample cities across the nation, nearly every job under the headings "College Grad" and "Administrative Assistant" required typing. One of these ads boasted "Travel-lust satisfied here." Turned out the *boss* travels a lot and the coll. grad. "runs his office" by doing the accumulated typing in his absence. Another listing promised "Foreign intrigue awaits you at this fine company." Translation: type and file for a coin dealer. Moral: behind exaggerated hyperbole there's often less than meets the eye.

Beware, too, of excessive emphasis on the boss rather than the job itself. It's important to know whether you'll be responsible to a naval architect or a bank officer. But if your superior is touted as a "jet set exec," "dynamic pres," "Bob Newhart-type" or "Super boss," your reaction should be "who says?" Margie Alpert, a secretary for 25 years and now a union organizer, goes further: "What really wonderful guy would take out an ad calling himself a wonderful guy?"

Finally, watch the catch-all job descriptions that have many different meanings. "Editing" can signal more responsibility than "editorial assistant" but less than "Editor." A "designer" can be needed to design pipe supports, dies, structural, electrical or chemical components as well as fashions.

You should read descriptions of the *workplace environment* with the same skeptical eye. The red-flag words are those that divert your attention from the job by highlighting the superficial glamor of the place. You may care if you're working in a showroom, office or factory, but what's it to you if the place is a "prominent" or "prestige" corporation—or as one ad preened, "an exquisite brokerage firm." "Plush surroundings" means wall-to-wall carpeting and designer furniture. Of course, if it isn't a trade-off for less money or lack of promotional opportunity, who can blame you for choosing "plush" over "pipe-rack" surroundings?

Don't confuse the *job benefits* with descriptions of "*extras!*" Benefits are real survival issues: full health plans—ideally including major medical, with no deductible, as well as dental and psychiatric coverage; pension; life and disability insurance; and profit-sharing, in many cases. Basic benefits include paid vacation (two weeks after a year's employment is standard); paid holidays (usually eight to 13 a year); sick leave; and guaranteed periodic salary review.

Extras are icing on the cake: free tickets *(continued)*

Clairol Inc.



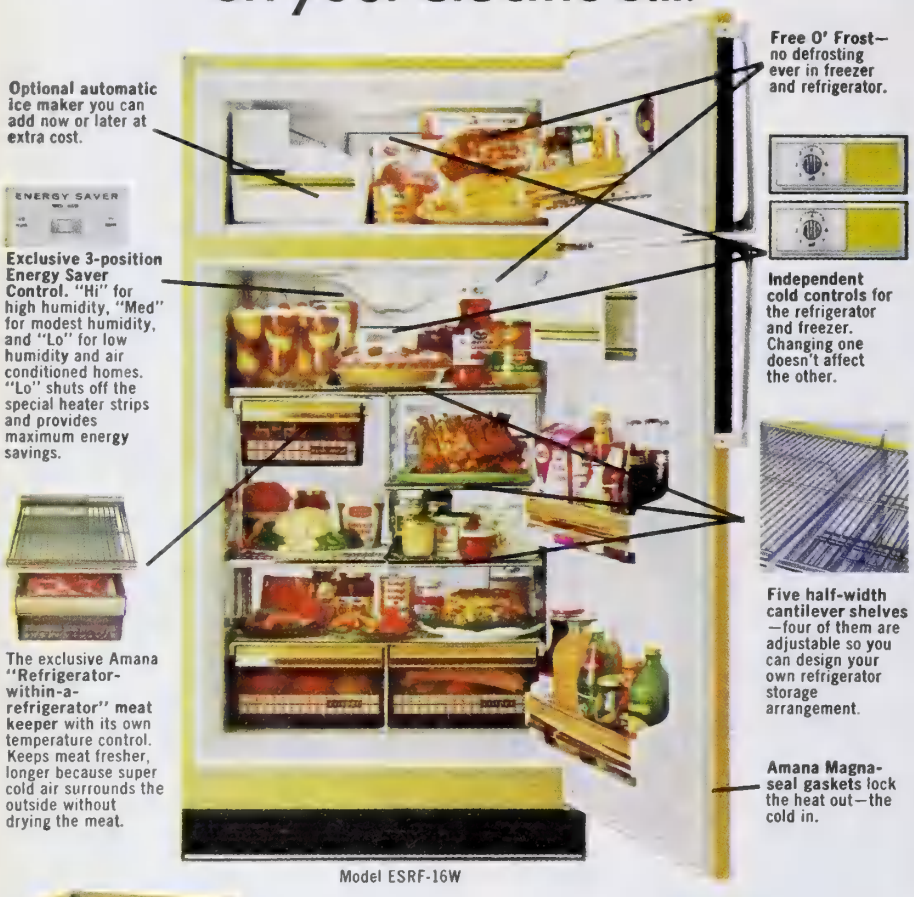
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Quiet Touch hairpainting.

If you've got a mass of curls, here's the way you can make individual curls shimmer. With Quiet Touch™ hairpainting™ by Clairol. It's not only easy to do, it's fun. Everything you need comes in the Quiet Touch hairpainting kit.™ All you do is paint around each curl the way it's been done here. Wait fifteen minutes. Shampoo. When your hair dries, each curl shimmers softly. (Can there be such a thing as being quietly dazzling?) If you don't have a head full of curls but do have a head full of ideas, paint little shimmers wherever you want them. Quiet Touch is every bit as talented as you are.



This fully featured Amana® Energy Saving™ Refrigerator can save up to $85 a year on your electric bill.



Model ESRF-16W



The Amana model ESR-16W saves even more energy—requires you to manually defrost 4-5 times a year.

$1275.00 savings over 15 years—the average useful life of a refrigerator. Based on current New York City electric rates.

This Amana Energy Saving Refrigerator uses less energy per day than any other comparable refrigerator on the market today. It can save up to $85 a year in New York City—where electric rates are high. To accomplish such savings, Amana didn't cut down on features. No. Instead, Amana added insulation—more foam insulation than has ever been used before in a home refrigerator. That's what keeps the heat out—the cold in—and the electric bills down. See your Amana Retailer or write Ann McGregor, Dept. 556, Amana, Iowa 52204, for further information.

When the name of the game is saving energy... the name of the refrigerator is Amana.

Amana®

SOLD AT FINE RETAILERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
Amana Refrigeration, Inc., Amana, Iowa 52204

A Raytheon Company

The working woman

continued

to plays and concerts, free records, paid college tuition, discounts on travel or merchandise, long lunches, Fridays off in summer, Christmas bonuses.

The companies you can easily learn to love are those that list a full range of basic benefits and some extras besides. But if the ad is chock full of extras and strangely silent on Blue Cross/Blue Shield, something may be fishy.

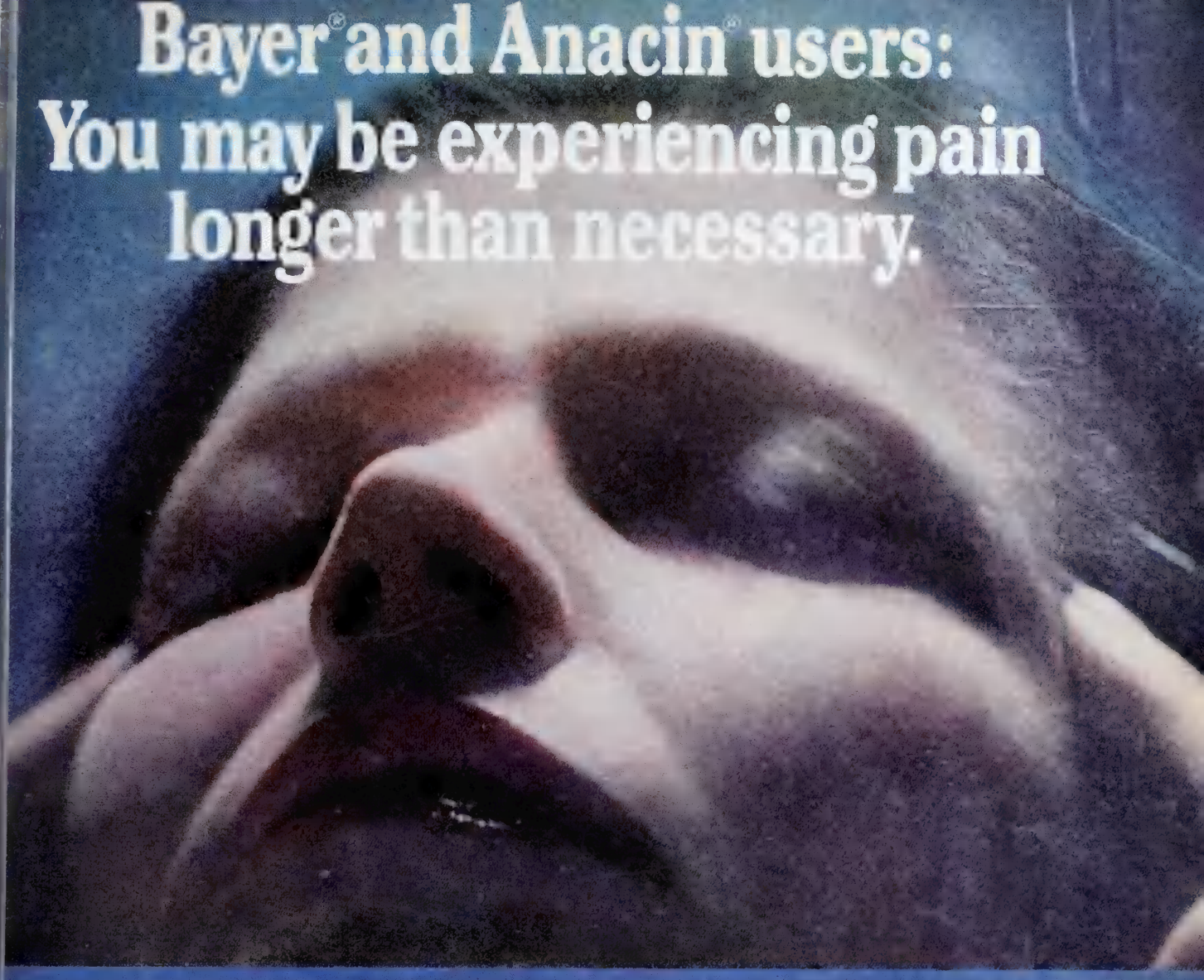
In reading descriptions of *qualifications required*, the rule of thumb is: the more flamboyant the adjectives, the less serious the job opportunity. Ads calling for someone "bright, energetic, poised, pleasant, attractive, flexible, responsible, with a terrific sense of humor, well-groomed, enthusiastic and congenial" usually want this paragon of humanity to answer phones and type for scarcely more than the minimum wage.

Employers who take you and the job seriously list factual qualifications: typing speed of 70 wpm; a master's in business administration; fluency in German; sales/marketing experience; or must be free to travel.

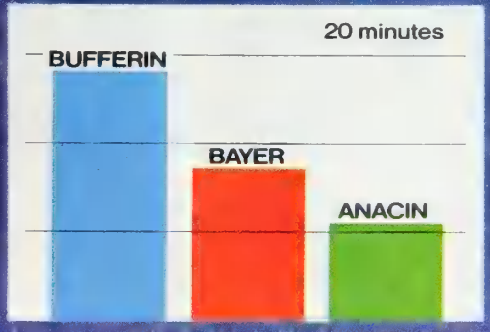
In 1973, the Supreme Court ruled it illegal for newspapers to publish job ads in separate male and female columns. But some employers betray their biases in ways that still suggest that gender is a job qualification, thereby violating federal laws against sex discrimination in employment. One recent Sunday, the *Denver Post* advertised jobs for "Bus Boy" and "Bundle Girl" (a garment worker); the *Philadelphia Inquirer* ran 11 jobs headed "Man" and several headed "Gal" or "Girl" (not even "woman") the *Houston Chronicle* was ablaze with pictures that send subliminal messages about the appropriate sex for the job. *The New York Times*, which claims it rejects at least two ads a day because of sexist qualifications, allows the term "shirtsleeves" to describe the type of employee wanted. But someone who wears a dress can't take off *his* jacket and roll up *his* shirt-sleeves. By the same token, a company advertising for a "cute" or "perky" assistant, or a job entitled "Gal Friday," are not exactly extending the welcome mat to male applicants.

When you've finished your reading, it's time for a sophisticated job hunter to separate the golden goose from the wild goose chase. Which jobs are worth pursuing beyond a phone call? Which *really* offer what you want? Which don't ask too many sacrifices or trade-offs? Which sound willing to judge you on the merits? If this week's chart doesn't yield a golden goose or two, there's always next Sunday's paper. **End**

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Read and follow label directions

Ralph Nader reports

In this election year, how much do we *really* know about the candidates? Here's sound advice on what to look for and where to find the answers.

Back in 1970, when Bill Brock was running for the U.S. Senate from Tennessee, billboards across the state displayed his picture below the large caption: "Bill Brock Believes." His political image worked. Its theory was that so many voters expected so little of politicians that merely saying that the candidate "believes"—regardless of what he believes—was reassuring.

This year, the men running for the most powerful office in the world are trying to project general images that will soothe the voters into remembering them favorably. They have learned that the attention span of the public and the media allows for only a handful of mental imprints to reach the people. So, like the fashion shows or popularity contests they are, political campaigns grab for such pithy descriptions as "sincere," "honest and forthright," "economy-minded," "jobs for everyone," "inflation-fighter," "new leadership," etc.

In the meantime, the candidates tell the people little about their political record, less about major specific issues demanding attention and almost nothing about what presidential powers they will challenge or support. In their race around the country, shaking hands and telling people "nice to see you," they spend almost no time listening to voters, and they evade intensive questioning with pat phrases and prearranged tight schedules. As the campaign intensifies, even fewer issues are discussed because the media concentrates on charges and countercharges among the candidates.

You can help put the brakes on this posturing, once you decide that the presidential campaign is worth a little of your time and thought. At the least, you can make judgments on a firm analysis of what the candidates can and will do as president. Here are five guidelines to help you evaluate presidential candidates, now or in the future:

1. Does the candidate flatter the people indiscriminately? Or does he emphasize the need for more voter turnout and continuous citizen involvement in resolving the serious problems confronting us?

2. Does the candidate campaign by spectacle—as in shaking many hands, eating hot dogs, wearing cowboy hats or hard hats? Or does he prefer meeting the people in town-meeting type formats, gathering their complaints and suggestions for a better society and telling where he stands and what he has done?

3. Which problems does the candidate recognize as important in the country? The response to this question reveals much about the candidate in terms of the extent of his compassion, experience, courage, judgment, stamina, knowledge, creativity and understanding of democracy. Some candidates latch on to two or three emotional issues that "fly with the media" and ignore subjects that mean far more to the daily lives of people.

4. Do the candidates' words match his actions? Too often candidates say things they don't really believe; they do so for tactical reasons, in order to put their opponents on the defensive.

5. What are the sources of candidates' campaign funds? Do they come from business, organized labor or in the form of diverse and small contributions? This information tells something about candidates and where their interests and priorities lie.

Some of these guidelines can be usefully applied simply by developing a critical ability to see through the semantics and sloganeering. But, as in other efforts in life, it helps to study materials which can improve your appraisal and help you contribute to an intelligent voters' movement in your community.

An excellent pamphlet entitled *Election '76! Issues Not Images,* is available for 50¢ each from the League of Women Voters Education Fund, 1730 M St., N.W., Wash., D.C. 20036. This community guide sets forth a detailed set of suggestions for voters to launch campaigns that focus on the issues. It reminds us that "Elections are a cornerstone of our democratic system—but only if the choices people make at the ballot box are real choices. Not just choices between individuals but between priorities, between different solutions to crucial public problems. Yet campaigns often seem to be designed deliberately to avoid offering these choices. Meanwhile, voter turnout keeps going down. Maybe there's a connection."

Voter turnout has indeed been declining. Only 56 percent of the eligible voters went to the polls in 1972. The percentage declined a great deal further in 1974, and voter turnout in the upcoming presidential election is expected to be lower than it was four years ago. What this means is that about 75 million Americans with the precious right to vote will not vote for their president. The antidote is not to wring our hands about public apathy, but to show people how taking part in elections can get action on the problems they care about most. The way to bring the candidates down from Madison Avenue to Main Street is through active citizenship. Here are a few examples of what voters can do:

- In a groundbreaking move, the League of Women Voters held presidential forums, at which candidates appeared on TV to answer hard questions on the issues.
- The Capitol Hill News Service, a non-profit journalistic service, has issued profiles of the major presidential candidates. Written by veteran Washington journalists, these 25- to 32-page profiles are filled with information about the candidates' stands on issues, their past performances in public office, voting records, campaign practices, questions they have avoided answering and other useful material. (Profiles are available for $1.50 each, $10 for the entire set, from the CHNS, 968 National Press Building, Washington, D.C. 20045.)

End

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The Saving Place



Women of the St. Louis Symphony Society gather in the magnificent lobby of Powell Hall for dinner buffet. From left: Salad; curried Indian Chicken Balls; Short Ribs with Parsley Dumplings; Frozen Orange Soufflé.

SYMPHONY OF COOKING

Our latest cookbook combines a variety of German, Southern and other favorite recipes.

More than one person we talked to on our recent trip to St. Louis told us, "There just wouldn't be a St. Louis orchestra without the symphony women." What the truth of this is, we're not prepared to say, but we do know that the "women" in question (The Women's Association of the St. Louis Symphony Society) are movers and shakers of extraordinary effectiveness and without them the city's cultural life would be much the poorer. The aspect of their many activities that concerned us was their best-selling cookbook, "Symphony of Cooking," now in its seventh edition, with sales approximating 50,000. The book is a handsome collection of regional and family favorites, including many German *(continued)*

Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5

The most exposed part of your body is your hair. Don't let summer get to it. Use condition.*"

Julius Caruso



"Tanning lotions protect your body from burning sun. Skin creams moisturize it against drying wind, salt water, chlorine, air conditioners.

But what about your hair? I've never seen a suntan lotion for that. It's a shame because the most beautiful tan can't make up for hair that's dried, broken, frizzled by summer. What's more, the damage done in summer can last all winter long.



The way I see it, you have 2 choices. Either stop doing the things you love all summer, or use condition* at least once a month to help undo the damage.

condition* Beauty Pack Treatment from Clairol has 4 times the protein of any leading conditioner. This intensive 30-minute treatment is so rich and creamy, that instead of dripping off your hair like watery conditioners, it sinks right into the hair shaft, supplying all the deprived hollows with protein.

It helps repair split ends so your hair has a new body and fullness. And a healthy, glossy shine.

condition*costs more than most other conditioners, but then, how much do you value your hair?

This summer, keep your hair in as good shape as the rest of you.

With condition*."

condition*

The 30-minute treatment for summer-damaged hair.





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Barbecue featured, from left: Marinated Shrimp (on hibachi); Over-the-Coals Vegetables; Barbecued Chicken with Maple Sauce; Pineapple-Buttermilk Sherbet. Sharing Planters' Punch (the drink originated in St. Louis) are, from left, hostess Ruth Orthwein; Jackie Skillington; Ginni Edwards, cookbook chairperson.

SYMPHONY OF COOKING

dishes (tortes and sauerbratens, for example); Mississippi River delicacies such as fried fish and wild game; and border state specialties such as gumbo and spoon bread.

Our visit began appropriately with a reception given us by association members and musicians from the orchestra. It also served as official homecoming to food editor Sue Huffman, who had come to the *Journal* just less than a year ago from the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*. The generous buffet was all cooked to recipes from the cookbook, of course, and a splendid array it was.

Next day we set about our official business and the first setting we chose with the group was an outdoor barbecue, a style of summer entertaining that must be almost universal across the country. We were enormously impressed with the array of locations offered to us; our final choice in the picture above seemed the most suitable for the menu we had arranged.

It was the next setting, however, that offered a whole new departure for this series—on location in the Symphony's splendid home, the gloriously refurbished Powell Hall in midtown St. Louis. Built in the Twenties as one of the great movie palaces, the Hall has made the transition to cultural palace with ease and has been cited by many musicians as being among the best acoustically of any auditorium in the country. We had no chance to test acoustics, but with the giant crystal chandeliers and lavish use of red plush and gilt, it is certainly one of the handsomest halls in the world. The vast lobby also presented us with one of the greatest photographic challenges we'd ever experienced. But with careful planning, a battery of extra lights and a very patient group of women, photographer Ken Regan solved the problems beautifully.

The 1,500-member Women's Association is currently celebrating its 50th anniversary. In addition to general fund raising for the orchestra (which is the country's second oldest), the group is especially supportive of the youth orchestra and its scholarship program. Proceeds from the book are but one of their fund-raising efforts, but in our view, one of the most successful. Recipes and a coupon for ordering your book follow.—JOHN STEVENS

PLANTERS' PUNCH
pictured above

Planters' Punch began at St. Louis's famous old Planters' Hotel.

For one drink:
3 tablespoons unsweetened pineapple juice
2 tablespoons fresh lime juice
1 tablespoon fresh lemon juice
1 tablespoon fresh orange juice
2 teaspoons maraschino cherry juice
1 teaspoon grenadine
Dash angostura bitters
Dash orange bitters
3 ounces dark or medium-dark rum
Garnish: maraschino cherry, orange slice or pineapple chunks
Burgundy (optional)

Wet outside of glass and put into freezer to get frosty. Mix first 9 ingredients. Fill glass with shaved ice, add drink and fill with more ice. Garnish with cherries, orange slices and or pineapple, if desired. Serve with straws. For a special effect, float ½ inch red Burgundy. Makes 1 serving. About 300 calories per serving.—*Sheldon Kent Stock*

(continued)


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★ **HOME IMPORT** Mail Order Business. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. C2498, Woodland Hills, CA 91364.

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Neiman-Marcus

SYMPHONY OF COOKING

continued

INDIAN CHICKEN BALLS
pictured on page 56

A most unusual, tasty hors d'oeuvre.

4 ounces softened cream cheese
2 tablespoons mayonnaise
1 cup chopped, cooked chicken or 2 cans (5 oz. each) chicken, drained
1 cup sliced blanched almonds
1 tablespoon chopped chutney
1 tablespoon curry powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup flaked coconut

Beat cheese and mayonnaise until blended. Add rest of ingredients, except coconut. Mix well. Chill about 1 hour. Shape into 36 balls. Roll in coconut. Chill 3 to 4 hours before serving. Serve interspersed with purple grapes if desired. Makes 3 dozen. About 60 calories each. *—Mrs. Ruth Krause Jacobson*

MARINATED SHRIMP
pictured on page 56

Fun to grill on bamboo skewers over a hibachi. Save the marinade and use for marinating bite-size beef steak chunks.

½ cup soy sauce
½ cup olive oil
½ cup sherry
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon Italian seasoning
½ teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon garlic salt
2 pounds cooked, peeled shrimp

Mix all ingredients, except shrimp. Pour over shrimp. Let stand 3 to 4 hours. May be eaten cold or grilled over a fire. Makes 1¾ cups marinade—10 to 12 servings. About 225 calories each of 10 servings, 190 each of 12.—*Mrs. Walter Platte*

MAPLE BARBECUE SAUCE
pictured on page 58

From the collection of the great St. Louis baseball player, Stan Musial. May be used on ribs, chicken, steak or ham.

1 medium onion, chopped
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup white vinegar
¼ cup sugar
½ cup bottled mild barbecue sauce
2 bottles (14 oz. each) catsup
¼ cup brown sugar
1 cup maple syrup
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
¼ teaspoon crushed whole pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
1 cup water
½ cup wine vinegar
5 cloves garlic, minced

Sauté onion in butter. Add vinegar and sugar. Boil. Set aside for 5 minutes. Add barbecue sauce, catsup, brown sugar, syrup and seasonings. Stir well and boil. If too thick, add a little water. Use at once or store in a covered jar in refrigerator. Makes about 8 cups. About 170 calories per ½ cup serving.—*Stan Musial*

OVER THE COALS VEGETABLES
pictured on page 58

An easy and unusual accompaniment your next barbecue.

2 tomatoes, cut in wedges
2 zucchini, sliced
1 onion, sliced
1 beef bouillon cube, crushed
3 tablespoons butter, cut in pieces
1 tablespoon brown sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon crushed fennel seed
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Cut an 18-inch square of heavy duty f Toss all ingredients to mix well. Spo into center of square. Wrap loosely a seal securely to prevent leakage. C about 5 inches from coals. Turn oc sionally and cook 20 to 35 minutes, until tender. Makes 4 to 6 servin About 130 calories for each of 4 servin About 85 calories for each of 6 servin *—Mrs. John Boyd Meyers*

SHORT RIBS WITH PARSLEY DUMPLINGS
pictured on page 56

A prize-winning recipe from the M souri Restaurant Convention.

Short Ribs:
3 lbs. beef short ribs, cut-up
1 cup catsup
1 cup water
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
2 medium onions, sliced
2 to 3 bay leaves
1 tablespoon sugar
1½ tablespoons horseradish
1½ tablespoons prepared mustard
Few drops bottled red pepper sauce
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Parsley Dumplings:
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup nonfat dry milk
⅓ cup chopped parsley
1 beaten egg
¾ cup water

Trim all excess fat from ribs. Put sho ribs into bowl. Combine rest of ingred ents for sauce and pour over ribs, coatin well. Refrigerate overnight. Put ribs an sauce into large skillet or Dutch ove Cover and cook over low heat 1½ hour or until tender. Chill and skim off fat. T serve, bring ribs and sauce to a boil.
To prepare dumplings: Sift flour, bakin powder and salt into bowl. *(continued*

TO ORDER YOUR COOKBOOK

The *New Saint Louis Symphony of Cooking* cookbook contains over 400 recipes on 308 pages. The spiral-bound book shows scenes of St. Louis. To order your copy send $5.50 (covers postage and handling) to:

Symphony of Cooking
Powell Symphony Hall
718 N. Grand Blvd.
St. Louis, Mo. 63103

Make checks payable to: Saint Louis Symphony Society.



Photograph by Ben Swedowsky

Fair Winds and Good Companions
in a New Crewel Kit

The slap and sparkle of blue waters, the incomparable exhilaration of setting out for open sea as the sail of your sleek little sloop catches the morning breeze. Capture it all with needle and yarn in Carol and Don Henning's joyous, sunlit marina waterscape 20″x16″ in crewel on blue homespun. What more delightful year-round reminder of carefree sailing days could there be to grace a wall at home or in your favorite sailor's den or office? Kits are complete with design-stamped fabric, yarns and easy instructions. Separate rope motif wood frame—quick to assemble—sets the scene off to perfection. For landlubbers and sailors alike. By Ann B. Bradley

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EVENING RED—a "sailor's delight" sunset in needlepoint, 20″ x 12″, forecasts fair weather. Kit is complete with 10 mesh mono canvas with design printed in full color, and all yarns. Easy-joining white-painted wood frame is separate. See coupon.



Beauty Journal

August is a time for togetherness—games for two, trends for men, plus you at your absolute best.

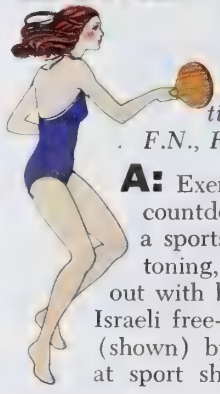
BREAKDOWNS: AFTER-SUN

There's no better time than summer to look your best—body trim, tanned and glowing with good health. But even with the best laid plans, slip-ups can happen. Here are a few fix-it ideas for beauty emergencies. ☐ Strap marks from sunning: If you're ready to paint the town in a strapless gown but have a crisscrossed back or V front, fill in the blanks with one of the instant tan products . . . a bronzing gel (yours or his) . . . or a tan foundation, if it's dark enough to cover. ☐ Peeling: Once it starts, you can't stop it. If you're slowly flaking away, reach for a loofah sponge in the shower, or a brusk terry towel to shake up your skin. Then, moisturize. Disregard if you're peeling in strips with tender skin underneath. Keep the super vulnerable skin heavily moisturized (softened edges are less obvious) using an after-sun product with a healing agent. We've found anything from the aloe plant helpful, including slitting a leaf and applying it directly. ☐ Dry hair: Baking is great for potatoes, but not for your hair. Turn to the heavy-duty products that spell help for parched hair. There are several good deep conditioners around but even if you're off on an island, try a dressing of any vegetable oil, wrap your head in a hot towel; rinse very thoroughly.

A NEW "-OLOGY" FOR HAIR

The first question we asked David Salinger, Director of the International Association of Trichologists, was, "What *are* trichologists?" He quickly informed us about trichology, the medical term for the science of treating hair and scalp problems (baldness, dandruff, etc.). The association has an education program aimed at teaching stylists, barbers and cosmetologists. After a rigorous 400-hour course, the trichologist is armed with sound ways to treat your problems (or in extremes, send you off to a doctor). In that respect, they're the needed link between your average salon and a dermatologist. First graduates will be practicing soon. More later.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH



Q: *I get bored exercising by myself. Any suggestions for a general shape-up?* *F.N., Richmond, Va.*

A: Exercise doesn't have to be countdowns and leotards. Try a sports game. Good for body toning, heart and lungs. Workout with badminton, volleyball or the Israeli free-form paddle game, Kadima (shown) by Drybranch Inc. About $8 at sport shops, some dept. stores.



CLEAR NEWS FOR NAILS



Even if your nails are in good shape, they could be better—with help. Take nail hardeners. Some have invisible fibers that weave a strong shield, such as Sally Hansen Be-Long, with nylon; clear and tough, Helena Rubinstein Strong & Glossy with acrylics. Other hard workers are reinforced clear top coats that retard chipping, protect polish; such as Ultima II Charles Revson Super Acrylic Top Coat; or Max Factor StrongHold, a vinyl nail guard. Wet-paint nails hold you prisoner. Free yourself with a one-minute, clear nail dryer that's slightly oily (!); such as Faberge Liquid Nail Dry or Revlon Liquid Quick Dry.

MAKEUP FOR MEN

Chuckle if you must at the picture of some Tarzan putting on blusher. But before you laugh, think about it. First of all, the "macho" male image is being replaced by the concept of a real person. Secondly, the progression of events says "Why not?" Remember when men shunned fragrances, washed their hair with any old bar of soap and couldn't hold a hair dryer? It's only logical now that Mary Quant has put together a Colouring Box for Men, low-keyed to make men look, not feminine or flashy, just better. Included is a tinted moisturizer; shaders and face brush; eye crayons (brown and slate); black mascara (yes!) and a lip glosser. Mirrored kit, $12.50. Perhaps the day is dawning when everyday males will capture the vim and vigor look adding a dash of color after their morning shave.

HOT LINE

The latest news—cracking good ideas to perk up your late-summer life. The Hairhealer. Doctor any damage (see Breakdowns above) with a conditioning remedy that returns hair to a healthy pH. Hair Repair Lotion with Placenta by Ogilvie; single vial, $1.50. Mud Packs. A clay mask to absorb clogging oils, stir up circulation. Skin is smoother as dead top layer washes off in a mud slide. Mineral or Medicated Sweet Earth Mud by Coty; trial size tube, 1.5 oz., $1. Color Wands. For women who love lip gloss but hate sticky fingers, try a no-mess wand with a sponge tip. Revlon Moon Drops Great Lustre Automatic Lip-Gloss, $3. Splish Splash. A fresh-air fragrance you can whoosh on with a free hand. Brisk floral: Wind Song "Breezy" by Prince Matchabelli, spray cologne, 2 oz., $4.50.



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Miss Clairol—conditioning haircolor...Wears so well, looks so great because Natural Wear Miss Clairol has a formula that conditions as it colors. The result is a healthy, vital look... hair that's easy to manage, full of body. Covers gray. The color starts out soft, and wears soft and true week after week. So today, when you're evaluating anew the quality of your life, your looks, how you spend your money, isn't it great to know you can count on Miss Clairol for hair color the best it can be—at any price!

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Filter King: 19 mg. Tar, 1.2 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '79.

TERRIFIC TRIANGLES

continued from page 52

TRIANGLE TURBANS

Page 52: To make triangle turbans, cut 30″ square of fabric and cut it diagonall in half to form two triangles. Hem eac triangle around all sides.

To make bands to bind the turban cut 2″ wide strips across the width of th fabric, fold the strip in half lengthwis right sides together, and stitch ¼″ in fror the cut edge, then turn right side out an press flat. The number of bands you'll nee depends on how you'll bind your turban a 36″ long strip will go twice around th head. (For one to wrap four times aroun stitch two strips, end to end, before foldin lengthwise.) For braided bands, you'll nee three strips for each band.

To wear, place triangle on the head with the point at the back; fold under an inch o so of the long front edge and tie the end very tightly at the back of the head. Ad just, pulling down on the forehead an pleating or folding triangle to conform smoothly to the shape of the head. Tuck the point and loose ends of the knot up underenath the turban at the nape. Wrap the bands you've made around the turban and tie tightly, tucking ends out of sight Experiment in wrapping the bands until you achieve the effect you wish. You might braid three bands of different colors an patterns together, as we did to bind the turban at the left, or add a short band running from front to back, with its ends tucked under the turban, as at right.

TRIANGLE DRESS

The large 46″ squares on the figure (page 52) are made by joining two triangles You'll need 2⅞ yds. of 36″ wide fabric; 2⅝ yds. of 39″ wide fabric or 2½ yds. of 42″ wide fabric for each square. We used 42″ wide X Cloth Plus in two colors.

Make a pattern of one triangle on 36″ wide brown wrapping paper. You'll need a length at least 66″ long. Fold the paper in half to find the center of the length; make sure that edges meet evenly. Open the length of paper and measure 33″ each side of the fold along one edge, and 33″ in from that same edge along the fold line. Mark these three points with a pencil and draw lines from the mark on the fold to the marks on the edge to complete a triangle. Cut out this pattern.

Smooth out fabric on your cutting table. Place the pattern on the fabric with its long side even with one selvage edge, and one point at the extreme end of the fabric. Outline the pattern in chalk. Now place the triangle with its long side even with the opposite selvage and its slanted side along the chalk line of the first triangle. Outline in chalk. Cut out both triangles.

Pin the long sides of the triangles together, wrong sides of fabric out, stitch a seam ½″ in from the edge. Press seam open. Hem all four sides of the square. Make a second square the same way.

To wear: Fold under one corner of each square and pin squares together at the outer ends of the folds to make a bateau neckline. Slip over the head, or unpin one side and repin it after you've donned the garment. Allow to fall in graceful folds.

Shopping information on page 147.

One Handi Wipes.®

It's like getting a whole roll of paper towels for 7¢.

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Because one Handi Wipes® cleans up as many messes as a whole roll of paper towels.

How? Handi Wipes isn't paper! It's a strong, bonded cloth that washes out fresh and clean. It can clean up greasy messes, mop up sloppy messes and still come back fresh and clean.

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The kitchen cloth that really cleans up.

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If you're worried about your daughter using a tampon ...

Maybe you're remembering how your mother made you start with a napkin. If so, here are some thoughts that might change your mind.

By Mary Morgan.

Q Is there a tampon that's right for your daughter to use the first time she menstruates?

A For a first-time user of tampons, the most important consideration is undoubtedly ease of use. If a girl has trouble inserting a tampon, she can cause herself undue discomfort and anxiety. But with a tampon like Pursettes®, she should have no problem. You see, a Pursettes tampon has no bulky applicator, so it's small — about the size of a lipstick. And Pursettes has an exclusive, pre-lubricated tip, designed by a doctor especially to make insertion easier, more gentle.

Q Are Pursettes only for young girls?

A No. Despite their small size, Pursettes are great protectors. Even for mothers. You see, each Pursettes is compressed a unique way. As it expands, it conforms to your body's contours, giving you maximum protection (and comfort). A Pursettes tampon can actually absorb more than six times its weight in fluid. And that's what gives you the kind of protection that gives you confidence.

TRIAL OFFER: Why don't you and your daughter both find out how easy Pursettes tampons are to use. For a free, gold-embossed black compact, filled with four regular Pursettes or three super-absorbent Pursettes Plus® tampons (indicate choice), send 25¢ to cover postage and handling to Campana, Dept. J-086, Batavia, Illinois 60510.

Offer expires in 90 days. Good in U.S.A. only.

Filter King: 19 mg. Tar, 1.2 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Apr. '76).

Journal/Diet Workshop

Vacation diet tips

By Lois L. Lindauer

Your weight-loss plans needn't go out the window when you go off on that summer vacation. Just follow this diet expert's sound advice.

To many people, a vacation trip is a schemed-for, dreamed-of break from the routine of home or business. But to the dieter—the woman or man who's been losing weight and wants to lose more—vacation travel is a potential nightmare. It means going to restaurants that tempt you with whisky sours, lasagna or chocolate mousse. It means eating with friends or relatives who prepare calorie-ridden desserts "especially for you." But vacations don't have to produce weight gain. You can go on a vacation and return home weighing less (or at least the same) as you did before you left. (Nevertheless, you may choose to vacation now, diet later. If that is your choice, fine! Enjoy your diet freedom. But if you plan to stick to a diet, read on.)

Follow a program that's nutritionally balanced. At each meal, allow yourself a small portion of a protein (eggs, fish, cheese or low-calorie meats such as chicken), a carbohydrate (bread or cereal), a vegetable (except at breakfast) and a fruit. This way you won't suddenly find yourself craving a whole loaf of bread because you haven't had any carbohydrates in a week. And don't skip a meal; you'll probably end up overcompensating the next time you eat.

If you simply want to maintain your current weight until you return home, you can stick to the basic balanced diet but indulge yourself a little at dinner. Choose two—and only two—of the following to enhance your evening meal:

- Two cocktails—*or* a cocktail and a glass of wine.
- Starch (rice, *or* potatoes, *or* unsauced pasta).
- High-calorie meats (i.e. pork, duck, steak) *instead* of the chicken or fish you would normally have.
- A sauce *or* gravy.
- Salad dressing.
- High-calorie desserts (but eat only half of your portion).

This way you can eat new or favorite foods *and* still keep your weight stable.

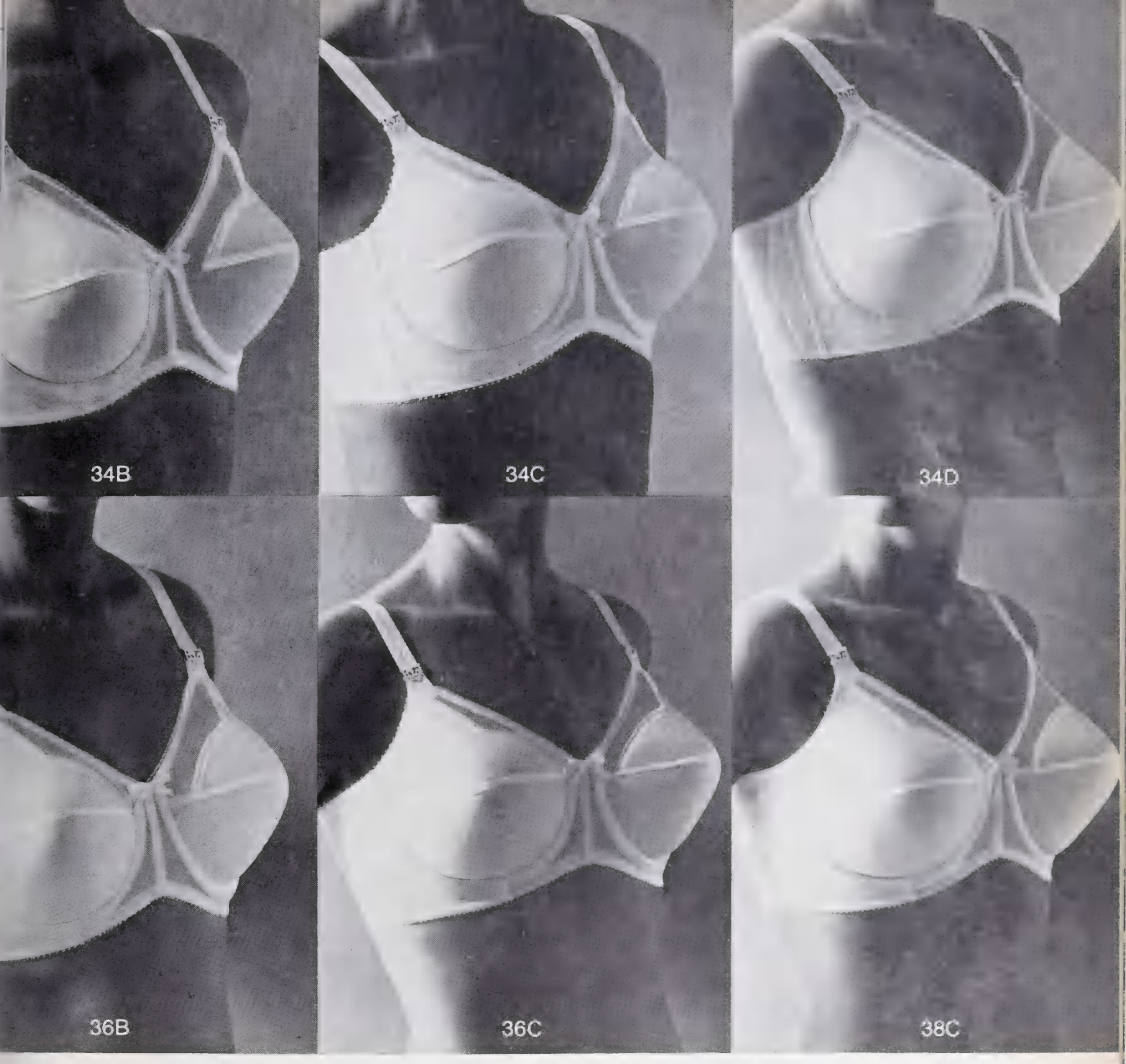
Whatever you decide to do—lose weight or stay the same—make a game of it. Each time you eat a proper diet lunch, breakfast or dinner, give yourself a point. For every ten points earned, reward yourself by buying something coveted from the gift shop (a non-food item, of course).

To make it easier to accumulate points, take along diet aids such as individual packs of artificial sweetener and small plastic containers of your favorite low-cal salad dressing. If you think you'll be staying in an area where diet soda is unavailable, you might even bring a few cans with you.

A positive thought: sticking to a diet while you're on vacation may turn out to be easier than you think. The temptations in your refrigerator and cupboards won't be available. And more important, you'll be away from the pressures or the boredom that cause many people to overeat.

Also, traveling involves some exercise—sounds *(continued on page 146)*

Lois L. Lindauer is National Director of The Diet Workshop, the national, franchised, group weight-control program.



The Sears Tricot Underwire Ah-h Bra.® From 32B to 42DD, it fits you, not vice-versa.

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Sears

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Swine Flu

continued from page 30

theorized that the sick pigs at the Swine Breeders' Show at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, had the Spanish influenza. Koen never imagined that his theory would be proven correct by scientists who have since studied the flu virus.

One of them, Dr. Richard Shope of the Rockefeller Institute, spent more than a decade studying the swine flu virus and most flu experts agree with his conclusion that today's swine flu virus is probably a direct descendant of the virus that caused the terrible pandemic of 1918. Supporting this view is the fact that in the U.S. today, about 80 percent of the people over 60 have in their blood antibodies to the current swine flu virus. They probably developed the antibodies as a result of being exposed to the same virus in 1918.

Ever since the 1930's, then, when flu research was just beginning, most knowledgeable scientists have agreed that the swine flu virus is directly descended from the Spanish influenza virus. But most of the general public, including many physicians, had never heard of the swine flu virus until February, 1976. Support for the president's program came from the scientific community in the United States. A national committee of experts concluded that the risk of swine flu outbreak was real and that a vaccination program was the only acceptable course. They conceded that it was possible that no widespread epidemic of swine flu would occur, and that even if it did, it might not differ from the current flu.

Although they concede that an epidemic may not develop, the president's advisers do have strong evidence that it will. Swine flu has obviously adapted itself so that it can pass from one person to another. Also, it has emerged just at the time when a new, major, pandemic-causing subtype of flu virus is predicted. The Hong Kong flu subtype viruses have been around for almost a decade now. If history is as consistent as it has been, a new subtype is due to cause a pandemic soon—and the swine flu virus is the likeliest candidate.

Some critics have challenged the feasibility of the immunization program. Many doubt the ability of the pharmaceutical industry to produce enough vaccine in time. But the pharmaceutical companies have said they can do so if they step up production. The industry is producing two types of vaccine. One vaccine contains both the swine flu virus and the Type A virus. This double vaccine is being offered to all individuals over the age of 65 and people of any age who suffer from chronic heart disease, lung disease, diabetes mellitus and other metabolic diseases. The other vaccine, which is being offered to the majority of the population, is a vaccine which contains only the swine flu virus.

The safety of the swine flu vaccine has also been questioned. Dr. Jonas Salk, who pioneered in flu research before he gained renown for developing a polio vaccine, says, "We have been using flu vaccines for more than 30 years and side effects other than the occasional sore arm are very rare. The vaccine should not be given to people who develop asthma or hives when exposed to eggs; other than that I know of no serious contraindication." Children, however, are more likely to show ill effects from the vaccine. Scientists now believe that giving children two doses several weeks apart could solve this problem.

NOTE: Participation in the immunization campaign is voluntary. The vaccine will be distributed through health department clinics and community health centers, as well as through private doctors. The vaccine itself is free, although those who go to their own physicians may be charged the standard consultation fee. The plan is that the entire vaccination program will be completed between August and November. **End**

Pascal J. Imperato, M.D., is First Deputy Commissioner of Health for New York City.

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dissolved. Fill pitcher with water...
ell. Serve in tall glasses over ice
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ic, tangy, old-fashioned lemonade
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So the compliment should come as no surprise.
When you use Downy Fabric Softener,
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Like rinsing in an April Fresh smell.
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No wonder Downy-rinsed clothes
have earned a lot of mothers
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The April Fresh smell
of Downy.
It's a noticeable
improvement.
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My Son Jimmy

Jimmy Carter's mother tells her own special story—and her family's. By Bill Schemmel

They are mother and son. It's there in the prominent cheekbones, the grin, the soft Southern speech cloaking an iron determination, the eyes that fix you with ice-blue intensity.

Mrs. James Earl Carter, Sr.—"Miss Lillian"—is Gov. Jimmy Carter's mother, all right. And having decided at age 67 to spend two harsh years with the Peace Corps in India, she finds it none too startling that her oldest son should claw his way from national obscurity to become a front-runner for the Democratic presidential nomination.

You approach Miss Lillian loaded with hard, probing questions. She answers candidly, except when they tread too near family intimacies. At the end of an interview that stretches from two hours into three, you leave her Plains, Ga., home with something totally unanticipated: a newly forged friendship. In her blue pantsuit, she sits cross-legged on an overstuffed sofa and speaks as a woman deeply immersed in life and living. Those Carter eyes take on a special radiance when she looks at Jimmy, home for a weekend respite from the campaign and sitting across the room studying upcoming schedules with his wife Rosalynn.

"I suppose I feel like any mother would whose son is so close to such high achievement. But you know, it's come so easily we've been able to accustom ourselves gradually to the idea that he'll be president. Perhaps if he'd had a hard time and stumbled a bit at first there might be a stranger feeling about it now. But people in other parts of the country apparently feel as we do—that Jimmy'll make a wonderful president, the best we've ever had.

"But I have four children, all different personalities," says Miss Lillian, "and I'm proud of each of them for different reasons."

She walks across the living room, lowers the volume on a televised basketball game. "I adore all kinds of sports, indoors and out. When I'm here in Plains, I do a lot of fishing in the pond out there. It's full of lovely bass." She waves through glass doors to a pond churned reddish brown by recent rains. Like its occupant, Miss Lillian's house, built by her children while she was in India, is light, modern and relaxed. "I go to the wrestling matches over in Columbus when somebody'll drive me. It's not all fake, as some people think. I got Jimmy 2,000–3,000 wrestling votes over there before the Georgia primary. And I love baseball. But mostly I'm a fanatic on basketball. The underdog's ahead in this game. Perhaps that's what's so exciting about Jimmy. Nobody on God's earth gave him a prayer of being president. People right here in Plains laughed out loud when he announced, like it was the biggest joke they'd ever heard."

Miss Lillian recalls being somewhat taken aback herself when Jimmy told her of his ambitions. "I had been staying in the Governor's Mansion in Atlanta about four years ago, recovering from a broken shoulder. Jimmy came into my room one night and said, 'Mama, I'm going to run for president.'

"I was so startled I said, 'president of what?'

"He said, 'President of the United States.'

"I told him, 'Jimmy, that's a big undertaking.' He knew it was, but told me he was going to work hard and he was going to win. Not that I ever doubted his ability. But the chances seemed so remote. There hasn't been a president elected from the deep South since before the Civil War. There's so much prejudice, and there were so many other people more well-known nationally.

"The right things seem to happen at the right times for our family. In 1966, when he lost the governor's race [to Lester Maddox] Jimmy wasn't *ready* to be governor. But he *was* ready when he won in 1970, and he's ready to be president now."

It's not age that prevents Miss Lillian from active campaigning—she is a youthful, lively 75. "I have a very important part in the campaign," she says with a flash of the Carter grin. "I'm taking care of Amy," Jimmy's eight-year-old daughter. "Jimmy's being president won't affect *(continued on page 142)*

Photograph by Charles M. Rafshoon

The newlyweds had opened up a murder case from the past. A dangerous thing to do, thought Miss Marple. Final installment.

SLEEPING

SYNOPSIS OF PART I

Newlywed Gwenda Reed, 21, has come to England from New Zealand to find a home for herself and her husband, Giles. She settles into Hillside, a homey mansion. But coziness turns to horror when she feels a disturbing familiarity about the house. She becomes haunted by the image of a woman—mysteriously known to her as Helen—lying strangled at the foot of the staircase.

Gwenda meets amateur sleuth Miss Marple, who theorizes that Gwenda lived in the house as a child and subconsciously remembers a real murder that took place there. Gwenda's only living relative, an aunt, confirms that until the girl was 3, she did in fact live in England with her father, Kelvin Halliday, and her stepmother.

Giles and Gwenda probe the mystery. They learn that the stepmother's name was Helen, and conclude she was the murder victim. But Helen's half-brother, Dr. Kennedy, disagrees. He informs them that after Helen's marriage to Halliday, she ran away with another man. Kennedy received two letters from Helen abroad, although he never saw her again. Halliday insisted he'd murdered his wife and committed himself to a mental home, where he died. Both Dr. Kennedy and the sanatorium doctor believe Halliday's "confession" was a delusion caused by jealousy—that, in fact, a murder was never committed.

Gwenda, the only person who saw Helen's body, becomes convinced that she was killed by a mad genius—who had loved her and tricked Halliday into believing he'd *committed the crime. Gwenda and Giles, guided by Miss Marple, investigate the suspects—the men in Helen's life: her ex-fiance whom she jilted twice; an undesirable first beau; and a married man she once loved but gave up. Which of the three men had loved the beautiful, young Helen enough to kill her? Our story picks up here. . . .*



Gwenda: Was her own life in danger?

The Royal Clarence was the oldest hotel in Dillmouth. Giles, who had a ready tongue, was able to persuade the receptionist to show him the hotel register of 18 years ago. He turned the pages to the month of August.

Yes, here surely was the entry he was seeking. Captain and Mrs. Setoun Erskine, Anstell Manor, Daith, Northumberland, July 27-August 17.

On his return to Hillside he showed Gwenda the address he'd copied on a piece of paper. "We'll go see them."

"Suppose they're dead—or gone away?"

"Then we go on with our other leads. I've written to Kennedy and asked him if he'll send me those letters Helen wrote—*and* a specimen of her handwriting."

"I wish," said Gwenda, "that we could get in touch with the other servant—Lily Abbott. Let's put in another advertisement—an advertisement for Lily."

"Yes," said Giles. "We might try that. And we'll go north tomorrow and see what we can find out about the Erskines."

"Another scone, Miss Marple?" asked Mrs. Fane.

It was fortunate, Miss Marple thought, that among her many friends she had managed to find a woman who knew Mrs. Fane and who had written explaining that a Miss Marple was in Dillmouth and would dear Eleanor be very kind and ask her to tea.

Eleanor Fane had steely-gray eyes, crisp white hair and a baby pink and white complexion that masked the fact there was no babylike softness whatever about her.

"You have more than one son?" asked Miss Marple.

"Two. Robert is in the army." Mrs. Fane sniffed. "I hardly ever hear from him nowadays. He takes exception to some of the things I have said to him purely for his own good. His marriage was, in my opinion, a great misfortune."

"Your youngest son is not married, I believe?"

Mrs. Fane beamed. "No, Walter lives at home. I can't tell you what a devoted son he is."

"How very nice," said Miss Marple. "Has he always been in the firm? Somebody told me that you had a son who was out in Ceylon as a tea planter."

A slight frown came over Mrs. Fane's face. "That was as a very young man. One of those youthful impulses. Actually, there was a girl at the bottom of it. The local doctor's sister—more like his daughter, really, years

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MURDER BY AGATHA CHRISTIE



Miss Marple warned: *Let murder lie.*

)unger—and the poor man with) idea how to bring her up. ie entangled herself first with young man in the office—a ere clerk—and a very unsatis- ctory character, too. They had get rid of him. Anyway, 'alter, poor boy, fell very much love with this Helen. He pro- osed to her and she refused m, and then he got this silly ea of going out to India. Then ie impudent chit changes her ind and writes out that she'd ke to marry him after all, books er passage—and what do you ink the next move is?"

"I can't imagine."

"Has a love affair with a mar- ed man on the boat going out. married man with three chil- ren. Anyway, there is Walter n the quay to meet her and the rst thing she says is that she an't marry him. Don't you call at a wicked thing to do?"

"Oh, I do indeed. It might ave completely destroyed your on's faith in human nature."

"It *should* have shown her to him in her true colors."

"He didn't—" Miss Marple hesitated, *"resent* her ction?"

"Walter has always had wonderful self-control. How- er upset Walter may be over anything, he never nows it."

Miss Marple peered at her speculatively. "That is be- ause it goes really deep, perhaps? One is astonished ometimes, with children. A sudden outburst from a child hat one has thought didn't care at all. A sensitive nature hat can't express itself until it's driven beyond endur- nce."

"Ah, it's very curious you should say that, Miss Marple. I remember so well. Dear Walter, always so quiet and patient. And then, one day, Robert who was areless, smashed a model aeroplane Walter had built. When I came in, there was Robert down on the floor nd Walter attacking him with the poker. I had all I ould do to drag Walter off him. He kept repeating, 'm going to kill him. . . .' You know, I was quite rightened."

Miss Marple's eyes were thoughtful. She reverted to he former topic. "And so the engagement was finally roken off. What happened to the girl?"

"She came home. Had another love affair on the way back. A widower with one child. She married him and they settled down here. It didn't last, of course—she went off with some man or other."

Miss Marple shook her head. "What a lucky escape your son had!"

"That's what I always tell him."

"And did he give up tea planting?"

"The life wasn't really congenial to him," she said. "He came home about six months after the girl did."

"It must have been rather awkward," ventured Miss Marple, "if she was actually living here in town—"

Walter was wonderful," said Mrs. Fane. "He insisted on going out of his way to be friendly. He used to call at the house and play with the child."

"And the young man who was originally entangled with Helen? A clerk, you said, in your son's office. What happened to him?"

"Did very well for himself. He runs a lot of these coach tours. Afflick's Daffodil Coaches."

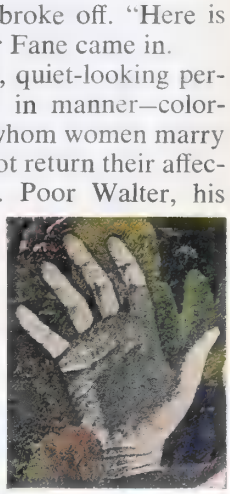
"Afflick?" said Miss Marple.

"Jackie Afflick. A nasty, pushy fellow."

"And this Helen has never come back again to Dillmouth?"

"No. Good riddance." Mrs. Fane broke off. "Here is Walter." The door opened and Walter Fane came in.

Miss Marple studied him. A gentle, quiet-looking person, slightly diffident and apologetic in manner—colorless. The devoted type of young man whom women marry only because the man they love does not return their affection. Walter, who is Always There. Poor Walter, his mother's darling. . . . Little Walter Fane, who had attacked his older brother with a poker and had tried to kill him. . . .



Collage by Fred Otnes

Anstell was a white house, set against bleak hills. Giles said to Gwenda, "It's lucky that Miss Marple's cousin's sister's *(continued on page 112)*

THE CREATIVE MOTHERS



To show off this fall's easygoing fashions, the Journal turned to four women with a common thread. What they share is that they are all artistic working mothers who consider sewing one of their many creative expressions. The patterns and fabrics used here are not cookie-cutter looks for mother-and-child, but smoothly adapted fashion trends, complementary to both ages and activities. By Trudy Owett, Fashion and Home Sewing Editor.

Above: Meredith Gladstone, well-known designer of sportswear, and needlepoint kits for Columbia-Minerva, is the recent author of *Kids' Clothes* (with photographer/husband Gary). Meredith is an old hand at sewing, recalling "I started out on doll clothes." Here she's in a square necked gray wool flannel jumper (McCall's Quick and Easy #5125) over a plaid shirt (McCall's #4502). Gregory, age 4, has on look-alike corduroy overalls with plaid shirt. Both, McCall's #5228. Bonnie Doon knee socks.

Opposite: Landscape architect Martha Pasco's creativity extends from patchwork to carpentry to planting—and all were tested when she totally restored a Victorian house. She still finds time to sew for herself and "my ever-growing son." Her gaucho jumpsuit, in a plaid wool (Simplicity Jiffy #7663) over a cotton print shirt (Simplicity #5802). Son Jesse wears a corduroy jumpsuit (Simplicity #7596); over a cotton shirt (Simplicity #7203). Boots by J.C. Penney; KJL bracelet.

All photographs by Joel Baldwin. Above, hairstyle and makeup by Arthur Scott. Right, hairstyle by Bob, makeup by Wendy, both of Cinandre.
Fabrics. Above: Landau flannel, Crompton corduroy, cotton blends by Dan River. Right: Pendleton wool, Crompton corduroy, Peter Pan printed cottons. Backviews on page 29



THE CREATIVE MOTHERS



Above: Artist Elizabeth Osborne's technique has been described as being "of light itself." Best known for her lyrical, color-stained canvases, she's had six one-woman shows, most recently at the Marion Locke Gallery in Philadelphia. Elizabeth also teaches her craft at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Creativity runs in the family—husband Robert Cooper is an architect and Audrey, at 5, makes collages and sews stuffed toys. Mother and daughter wear reversible cotton tabard tops in vivid prints, bound with the inside solids. Elizabeth side-ties hers over a peach silk crepe de chine blouse and a coordinated cotton skirt. Tunic and skirt (Simplicity #7572). Audrey's, with kangaroo pocket, tops navy corduroy pants (Simplicity #7592).

Opposite page: In sharp focus with today's fashions, Bonnie Cooper, our own Assistant Fashion Editor, has faced both sides of the camera—as a model and as a stylist for advertising agencies. Bonnie admits to sewing "nonstop; I started when I was three years old." Daughter Claudia, age six, is following suit—sewing miniature things for her dollhouse. Here, two ethnic looks. Bonnie's in a reversible home-quilted floral vest over a drawstring-tied cotton peasant blouse. Her wool-blend dirndl skirt stops at mid-calf. Designed by Carol Horn for Vogue #1495. Claudia looks Swiss-miss perfect in a top that buttons onto a skirt to make a quilted jumper. (Vogue #1491.) Daphne neck ornament; J.C. Penney bracelets; Danskin turtleneck and tights.

Fabrics. Above: Elizabeth—coordinated Logantex cottons, Horikoshi-Sewing Associates silk. Audrey—Bates Dayton floral cotton. Charter solid cotton, Cone corduroy. Right: vest, floral Starward cottons; blouse, Charter cotton; skirt, Einiger wool. Child's quilted cotton, Wamsutta.
Above, hairstyle and makeup, Leonardo de Vega. Right, hairstyle by Bob, makeup by Wendy, both of Cinandre. Backviews on page 29.



Away from it a



ıtions are good medicine for marriages. Or are they? A tender, timely short story by Barbara Holland.



"Robbie's not to ride his bike any farther than Bridge Street," said Connie, gathering up the breakfast bowls and cups. "The cat food's in that cupboard, under the oven; I hope there's enough for two weeks. Don't let Alison eat any chocolate, it gives her hives. Oh, and there's aspirin and bandages and stuff in the medicine cabinet."

"I said I'd stay with them for two weeks," said her sister. "I never claimed to be a doctor."

"Kids have accidents," said Connie.

"Well, yours can't have any while I'm here," said Liz firmly. "I won't allow it. Now stop fussing and leave the dishes alone and go on vacation if you're going. Where's Joel?"

"Connie!" from upstairs. "Did you pack my razor?"

"There's Joel," said Liz. "Why are all husbands helpless?"

"It's in the suitcase," called Connie.

"What?"

"In the blue suitcase. Under your shirts. And Liz, no TV unless they've cleaned up their rooms, and Peanut has to have his teeth brushed and his pajamas on. The cat goes out at night. The dog'll probably sleep with you, unless you keep the door shut."

"Look, I'll manage, I'll manage. Am I feeble-minded? If I need to know something the kids'll tell me."

Connie looked wildly around at her familiar walls and furniture, clutching the orange juice pitcher in both hands. It was so complicated. There were hundreds, no thousands, of intricate little threads woven together to hold this household up, and no way in the world to explain them all to someone else. One strand tangled or caught on another, and the whole structure would come crashing down.

What had she forgotten? "The refrigerator door," she said helplessly. "It doesn't close tight unless you push it. You have to keep checking to make sure it's shut. Oh, Liz, I *can't* go, there's so much. . . . Robbie has Cub Scouts on Friday. You have to remind Alison to take her allergy pills. But I wrote all that down, didn't I?"

Liz took the pitcher away from her and gave her a push. "You're insane," she said. "I'm never going to get married, look what it's done to you. Go pack your toothbrush and scram."

"It's not marriage, exactly," said Connie, wondering if perhaps it was. "It's just . . . life. Living. It gets so complicated. There're so many *things*. Oh, I forgot, the kid comes to mow the lawn on Wednesday, you'll have to pay him. Where's my pocketbook?"

Joel came down carrying the blue suitcase, with his tie slung over his shoulder. "I can't find the electric bill," he said. "I can't remember if I paid it or not. Con, have you seen it?"

"It was on the mantelpiece."

"It's not there now. I must have paid it, I'm sure I remember paying it, *(continued on page 148)*

Illustration by Norman Green

ALL-OVER COOL

Or how to escape 110° in the shade. Our idea o heaven at times like this—when you're almost at th melting point—is to take a personal coo down break. Heighten the pleasure of even the summer's scorcher days b reviving yourself in a beautiful (ye totally healthful) manner. Here are four of th most delicious ways we know of to bare you body and soothe your frazzled spiri

By Maureen Lynch
Health and Beauty Edito



SPRAY

Nothing beats a cool-down shower on a hot summer's day. Now, standing under the spray can be even more of a treat with one of the many, feel-good showerheads. You can adjust the stream to fine (not to blast a sunburn) or pulsating (to relax exercised muscles). Have water tepid or lukewarm to stay cooler longer. A steaming shower is too hot to contemplate; and icy needles, initially refreshing, actually make you feel warmer. Afterwards, blot rather than rub dry to cut down on heat-causing friction. Stay cool. Shown, hand-held Waterfingers by Conair.

Photographs by Paccione; makeup by Bruce Clyde Keller.



SPRINKLE

A slide of powder drifting down
our body is pure and simple
uxury. Silky and sensual, powders
re summer do-gooders, absorbing
ampness from skin
r shower. A billow
f body powder increases smoothness
n the skin, letting you slip and slide
nto your clothes or bed linens without
riction (and reduced friction equals
educed heat). Plus, powders aid
nd comfort you against hot
veather chafing. Never rub in—
nerely sprinkle or fluff with a
eathery puff to tickle your
ancy. Here, Courant
'erfumed Body Powder
y Helena Rubinstein.



SPLASH

If the sensation of diving into a foam-flecked wave could be bottled, splash colognes would come pretty close. Fleeting and lighthearted, they're instant cool-downs to reach for when the temperature's rising. We're not talking about dabbing perfume cautiously on pulse points, but splashing with carefree abandon. Think of these colognes as total body tonics. All have an alcohol base, which brisks your skin as it disappears in a blink —leaving a fragile scent and a cooling tingle. Here, Wind Song Splash Cologne by Prince Matchabelli; boudoir bottle from Henri Bendel.



ndulge yourself with a lavish hand. Slather on noisturizer; be extravagant. Too much is probably ıot enough, for moisturizers on sun-touched skin react ike rain on a desert, getting lapped up instantly. Whether your skin is dry or damp, the light otion will cool, smooth and soften. It reates an invisible barrier to keep your kin's natural moisture in, **SPLURGE** *easing tautness. Here, Charlie More Moisture Moisturizer by Revlon.*





When Families Cook Out

Living free—whether you're camping, boating, cottaging or beachcombing—kindles a spirit of adventure in us all. The biggest camping-out challenge: learning to cope without your kitchen and its fingertip convenience. The Journal's solved this with a long weekend's worth of quick and easy meals (leaning on spruced-up canned and boxed foods) with great family appeal, all ready to pack up and prepare over bonfire, hot plate or camping stove. One of the handiest bring-alongs is our own mix, bagged in plastic and serving as the base for blueberry flapjacks, cheese biscuits and the peach cobbler topping (pictured here). Other trailblazers below: ham kabobs, hearty potato omelet, corn pone, dilled sweet and sour vegetables and baked bean (!) sandwiches. Recipes, menus and camping tips, page 96

Photograph by Nick Samardge





Hawaii at Home; Perfect Summer Party

Everybody loves a luau. Exotic, friendly, informal and delicious—the traditional Hawaiian feast transposes beautifully from the shores of Diamond Head to your patio or poolside. The lavish fare can be spread out on a bed of glossy leaves across improvised low tables, with easy stacks of pillows for seating. A whole pineapple (symbol of hospitality) sits among a profusion of flowers (we were extravagant with orchids but any dazzle of local blooms will do). Attire for a luau couldn't be simpler—no ties that bind or colors pale—just anything loose, casual and comfortably tropical. By Sue B. Huffman, Food and Equipment Editor.

How America Entertains

Hawaii, "melting pot of the Pacific," is a glorious blend of cultures and cuisines. Luau fare, for all its splendor, fits into the Journal's do-ahead party scheme with its minimum of last-minute tasks. Island staples—pineapple, coconut and papaya—are freely used, as is the favored sweet potato, here fried into crisp chips. The main dish, an oriental chicken, gets served in a fleet of pineapple boats. Drinks are deceptively mellow Mai Tais. Shopping list, timetable and recipes are on page 93.

LUAU MENU
(Serves 12)
MAI TAIS
KOREAN MEAT BALLS
SWEET POTATO CHIPS
SPICY APRICOT SAUCE MUSTARD SAUCE
TROPICAL SALAD BOWL
CURRY FRUITED RICE
SPINACH HAU PIA
POH LOH KAI (CHICKEN IN PINEAPPLE)
ONDE-ONDE (COCONUT BALLS)
MACADAMIA CREAM TARTS

Photograph by Nick Samaras



PUTTING UP YOUR OWN

Good and sensible hints on how to can and freeze this year's harvest—at home

If you listen to the whistling of America's backyard farmers, "plant a radish, get a radish" is the number one tune. The small miracle of "growing your own" has reached epic proportions. Cherry tomatoes flourish in windowboxes; corn grows elephant-high in corner patches; and roadside stands, laden with earthly delights, are sprouting up like weeds.

What to do with this abundance? More and more people answer the question by canning and freezing. Detailed how-tos are widely available. Here, then, are some handy reminders.

• Be sensible. Only put up what your family will eat. Just because something is at peak season, resist. • Think small. Can or freeze in serving-size containers! Avoid waste. • Be selective. Work with the pick of the crop; ripe, firm, blemish-free. • Get ready. Check that you have all the equipment you'll need—in perfect shape. Putting food by is an assembly-line operation. Once you start, it's hard to stop. • Be efficient. Record each jar, box or bag with a descriptive label and date.

CANNING NEWS

Those simple little lids that you can't do without are still the eye of a storm. Officially, the supply is almost double for '76 (more than 4 *billion*)—but certainly the number of people canning will multiply, too. Best hope is that more manufacturers have entered the field.

If you have an attachment to old mayo jars, fine, but never use them for canning. The glass is too thin. Antique preserving jars make nifty pasta holders, but again, for safety's sake, don't can with them. Check old reliables for nicks and cracks. If any, discard.

As for equipment, don't rush into buying any fancy setups. You may have everything you need right in your kitchen. One gadget that's handy and inexpensive: a jar lifter to retrieve boiling jars. Largest investment is a pressure cooker, to reach the needed heat to destroy bacteria in certain vegetables.

With canning, don't take shortcuts or even copy grandmother's recipes. Follow the latest, safest methods from the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture. For "Home Canning of Fruits and vegetables, #8," send 45¢ to Supt. of Documents, U.S. Gov't Printing Office, Wash. D.C. 20402. Or from a basic new book, *The Green Thumb Preserving Guide* by Jean Anderson (Wm. Morrow), which talks sense, gives recipes.

FREEZING FACTS

The trick to top quality freezing is in the packaging. It must be moisture- and vapor-proof. The disposables are heavy-duty (only!) foil, plastic bags or wrap and freezer paper. Growing in numbers are boilable plastic bags with heat-sealing machines.

Stay away from deli-salad retreads and get real freezer containers or jars with airtight seals. Without proper care, foods will shrink and dry. If freezer space is short, opt for square rather than round containers. The freezer itself should register a chilly 0°F or below. Never put hot or even warm foods in the freezer (will raise internal temperature).

Before freezing, vegetables must be blanched (plunged into boiling water for 1–2 minutes to stop ripening agents) and some fruits, such as apricots and apples, need a dunking in ascorbic acid to keep from darkening.

For details on freezing, check the latest USDA "Home Freezing of Fruits and Vegetables, #10," 45¢ (see address above).

ABOUT DRYING

Drying is the oldest form of preserving, and as far as we're concerned, progress has marched on by. We tested the process, and have to report it's a big waste of time. We even had an electric dehydrator, but what work for so little! (Without a commercial dryer, you have two options: either get a degree in engineering and build your own or move to a desert). Also, the suggested method for preserving fruit color and flavor before drying is to burn sulfur in still another box. You do this out-of-doors, but away from "plants, trees or children" according to the USDA. Where? When you're finally ready to dry, it only takes 36 hours running time to shrink down cherries or apricots (mmm, energy crunch?). This is over-simplified—there are even more steps before you end up with brittle chips of what was once glorious food.

Illustration by Rainbow Grinder



"Identical twin salads? No!"

Says Maurice Moore-Betty, noted cooking teacher.



"Part of the garden flavor's missing in this salad."

The dressing was made with one of those oils which has a noticeable taste of its own. Some oils just come on too strong in salads. And their taste can mask the delicate flavor of any salad. But, pure, mild Wesson Oil is a flavor-saver.

"All the garden flavor's alive in the Wesson® Oil salad."

The dressing was made with the mild Wesson blend of pure vegetable oils, which has no noticeable taste of its own. So the full flavor of salads comes through. With Wesson you taste the delicate vegetables and delicious seasonings—not the oil.



Unlike some oils, Wesson has no noticeable taste of its own.

With Wesson® you taste the salad-not the oil.

©1976 Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc.

California's coolest couple.

Avocado and Chicken Rice-A-Roni®

Spend a hot summer day with our cool couple. Chicken Rice-A-Roni nestled in a luscious golden green California Avocado half shell. Our couple comes to dinner and goes to parties—mixes beautifully too with chilled celery, lettuce, scallions and tender chunks of tuna. So do it. Everyone will love the cool couple.



Fisherman's Wharf California Avocado Salad

- 1 pkg. Chicken Flavor Rice-A-Roni
- 2 Tbsp. wine vinegar
- 2 Tbsp. lemon juice
- 1 Tbsp. sugar
- ½ tsp. garlic salt
- 1 cup diced tomato
- ½ cup diced celery
- ¼ cup sliced green onion
- 1 can (6½ oz.) tuna, drained and flaked
- 3 ripe California Avocados

Prepare Chicken Rice-A-Roni as directed on package. Combine vinegar, lemon juice, sugar, garlic salt, toss with tomato, celery, onion, tuna, Chicken Rice-A-Roni. Chill. Halve and peel avocados, lay on bed of salad, fill center with salad. Garnish with lemon twist. Serves 6.



LOVE FOO
FROM CALIFORNI

© 1975 California Avocado Advisory Boa

RICE-A-RONI "The San Francisco Trea

Hawaii at Home

continued from page 89

FOOD CHECKLIST

- pounds boned, skinned chicken breasts
- pound boiled ham
- pounds ground beef
- egg yolks
- 1 eggs
- cup butter or margarine
- pint heavy cream
- cups dry cottage cheese
- ½ cups sour cream
- small fresh pineapples
- pounds sweet potatoes
- medium tomatoes
- cup plus 2 tablespoons green onions
- tablespoon grated lime peel
- lemon for peel and 1½ tablespoons juice
- heads romaine lettuce
- papaya
- head Bibb lettuce
- avocado
- cup (⅓ lb.) dried apricots
- cup lime juice
- 2 cups and 3 tablespoons peanut oil
- 2 quarts salad oil
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 3 packages (10 oz. each) frozen chopped spinach
- 9 cups unsweetened pineapple juice
- 1 can (20-oz.) pineapple chunks in pineapple juice
- ¾ cup coconut cream
- 1 can (8 oz.) water chestnuts
- 1½ tablespoons chopped ginger
- 5 cups shredded coconut
- 2 tablespoons honey
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- ½ cup Dijon mustard
- 1½ cups long-grain rice, uncooked
- 1¼ cups macadamia nuts
- 1⅔ cups rice flour
- 2 packages (6 oz. each) frozen snow peas
- 1½ cups light rum
- 1½ cups dark rum
- ¼ cup orange liqueur

Staples to have on hand:

- Milk
- Garlic cloves
- Salt
- All-purpose flour
- Soy sauce
- White pepper
- Sugar
- Brown sugar
- Vanilla extract
- Cider vinegar
- Paprika
- Curry powder
- Cayenne pepper
- Onion powder
- Monosodium glutamate

SCHEDULE FOR PREPARING LUAU MENU

Two or Three Weeks Before:

1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory linen, dishes and utensils.
3. Plan table arrangements.
4. Order flowers.

One Week Before:

1. Purchase non-perishable ingredients for menu, and ingredients for Onde-Onde, Spicy Apricot Sauce, Korean Meat Balls, Macadamia Nut Tart Shells.
2. Make Onde-Onde. Keep covered in airtight container.
3. Make Spicy Apricot Sauce. Store covered in refrigerator.
4. Make Korean Meat Balls—freeze.
5. Make tart shells and store in airtight container.
6. Chop 1 cup macadamia nuts. Store in container.

Three Days Before:

1. Purchase remaining perishables.
2. Make or purchase extra ice cubes.
3. Make salad dressing. Store covered at room temperature.
4. Make Mai Tais. Refrigerate in half- or gallon containers.

Two days Before:

1. Make Spinach Hau Pia. Spoon into oven-proof casserole or serving dish. Cover and refrigerate.
2. Check list and purchase any remaining ingredients or accessories.

One Day Before:

1. Make Mustard Sauce. Store covered in refrigerator.
2. Make Curry Fruited Rice. Store covered in refrigerator.
3. Fry chicken. Cover; refrigerate.
4. Cut pineapples. Remove fruit and cube 3 cups. Cut spears for Mai Tais; cover, refrigerate. Wrap each shell in plastic wrap and refrigerate.
5. Make pineapple sauce and keep covered in refrigerator.
6. Fry Sweet Potato Chips. Store in airtight container.
7. Make filling for Cream Tarts. Cover and refrigerate.
8. Wash salad greens. Wrap in damp toweling and refrigerate.
9. Cube ham and refrigerate.

That Day, Morning:

1. Set up table and decorations.
2. Remove Meat Balls from freezer and let thaw in refrigerator.

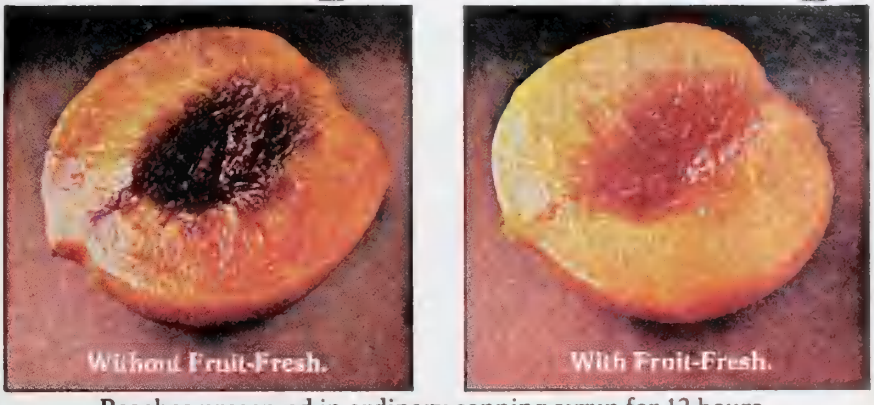
1½ Hours Before Guests Arrive:

1. Arrange salad greens in bowl and keep covered in refrigerator.
2. Arrange Onde-Onde on serving plate.
3. Pour sauces in serving containers. Keep Apricot Sauce at room temperature and Mustard Sauce in refrigerator.

45 Minutes Before Guests Arrive:

1. Prepare bar.
2. Set oven 200° F. Heat *(continued)*

Yukky. Yummy.



Peaches preserved in ordinary canning syrup for 12 hours.

Fruit-Fresh. You need it for canning, freezing, and fresh fruit.

If you want all the fruit you serve to look and taste its freshest, what you really need is Fruit-Fresh. Because Fruit-Fresh contains a special ingredient that locks in the natural, "just-picked" color and flavor. Which means no more brown, mushy-looking peaches.

Fruit-Fresh is economical, too. A 5-oz. can will preserve up to 75 lbs. of peaches. Here's how: For Canning: simply add Fruit-Fresh to the regular syrup. For Freezing: add Fruit-Fresh to the syrup or dry sugar. For Fresh Fruit: sprinkle Fruit-Fresh on your just-sliced fruit before refrigerating. Sound good? It tastes delicious.



Keeps fruit looking and tasting fresher.

Free Offer: For free Fruit-Fresh dessert recipe booklet, send self-addressed stamped envelope to: Fruit-Fresh Recipe Offer, Dept. FF475, Box 1467, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

Hawaii at Home

continued

Korean Meat Balls and Sweet Potato Chips for 30 minutes.

30 Minutes Before Guests Arrive:

1. Complete Pineapple Chicken Dish.
2. Arrange hors d'oeuvres with sauces.
3. Heat rice; keep warm.

45 Minutes Before Serving:

1. Bake Spinach Hau Pia.

Just Before Serving Dinner:

1. Slice avocado and papaya. Add to salad greens with dressing and toss lightly.
2. Pour chicken mixture into pineapple shells.
3. Fill Macadamia Tarts with cream.
4. Spoon rice into serving dish.

All recipes pictured on pages 88-89

MAI TAI

"Mai tai" in Tahitian means "very good." Visitors to Hawaii seem to concur.

1½ cups light rum
1½ cups dark rum
¼ cup orange liqueur
⅓ cup lime juice
6 cups unsweetened pineapple juice
Ice cubes
Pineapple spears, for garnish

Mix liquids and refrigerate until serving.

To serve: stir and pour into tall glasses. Add ice. Garnish with spear of pineapple, if desired. Makes twelve 6-ounce servings. About 235 calories each.

KOREAN MEAT BALLS

Water chestnuts add crunch and flavor.

3 pounds ground beef
¼ cup soy sauce
1 tablespoon salad oil
4 teaspons sugar
2 tablespoons chopped green onions
½ garlic clove, minced
½ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
½ cup chopped water chestnuts (about ⅔ of an 8½-ounce can)
3 eggs, well-beaten
1 cup all-purpose flour
1 cup salad oil

In a medium bowl, combine first 8 ingredients, mixing well. Shape mixture into ¾-inch balls; dip in egg, then roll in flour. Heat salad oil in large skillet. Cook meat balls for 5 to 6 minutes. Drain and cool. Freeze in airtight container up to 1 week.

To serve: Place in preheated 250° F. oven for 30 minutes. Makes 100 meat balls. About 67 calories each.

SWEET POTATO CHIPS

Sweet potatoes are traditional luau fare. Here's a version of the potato chip—top with sugar or salt according to taste.

2 pounds sweet potatoes
1½ quarts salad oil

Peel sweet potatoes. Cut cross-wise into paper-thin slices. Soak slices in a bowl filled with cold water for one hour.

Drain slices and pat completely dry with paper towels. Heat oil in a large, heavy saucepan to 375° F. on a deep-fat thermometer. Fry a few at a time in hot oil (preferably in a frying basket) for 3 to 4 minutes or until they turn a golden color. Remove. Drain and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar (Philippine style) or salt (Western style). Store up to 24 hours in airtight container. Makes about 6 cups. Approximately 150 calories per ½ cup serving.

SPICY APRICOT SAUCE

A dip for appetizers, would also be a splendid basting sauce for roast pork.

1 cup dried apricots (about ⅓ lb.)
1¼ cups water
¼ cup cider vinegar
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons honey
1½ teaspoons paprika
1 teaspoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt

Heat apricots and water in a saucepan to boiling over high heat. Reduce heat to low, simmer, uncovered 30 minutes.

Pour into blender container and purée until apricots are smooth. Add vinegar, sugar, honey, paprika, lemon juice and salt. Blend until mixture is well mixed. Pour sauce into container with a tight fitting lid; cover. Store in the refrigerator up to 1 week. Makes 2½ cups. About 13 calories per tablespoon.

MUSTARD SAUCE

Serve as a dunk for vegetables.

1 cup mayonnaise
½ pint (1 cup) heavy cream, whipped
½ cup Dijon mustard

Combine all ingredients. Pour into container with a tight fitting lid. Store in refrigerator up to 24 hours. Makes 2½ cups. About 64 calories per tablespoon.

CURRY FRUITED RICE

Colorful addition to your menu—goes great with ham as well.

1 can (20 oz.) pineapple chunks in pineapple juice
2½ cups chicken broth
¼ cup water
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon curry powder
Dash cayenne pepper
1½ cups long-grain rice, uncooked
2 medium tomatoes, peeled and diced
½ cup green onions, sliced

Drain pineapple, reserving ¼ cup juice; reserve pineapple. Heat pineapple juice, broth, water, salt, curry powder and cayenne to boiling. Add rice. Reduce heat to low; cover and simmer 20 minutes or until all liquid has been absorbed. Fold in tomato, onion and reserved pineapple. Allow to cool; cover and refrigerate.

Fifteen minutes before guests arrive, place saucepan of rice in a skillet with hot water. Simmer, covered, until serving time (up to 1½ hours). Makes 2 quarts. About 118 calories per ½ cup.

TROPICAL SALAD BOWL

A refreshing, lime-dressed salad topp with papaya and avocado.

½ cup salad oil
¼ cup lime juice
1 tablespoon grated lime peel
4 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon onion powder
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
2 heads romaine lettuce
1 head Bibb lettuce
1 papaya, peeled and cubed
1 large avocado, peeled and sliced

Combine oil, lime juice and peel, sug onion powder, salt and pepper in a with tightly fitting lid. Cover and sha vigorously until blended. Let stand least 1 hour to mellow flavors. May prepared up to 3 days ahead.

To serve, place salad greens in bo add papaya and avocado. Add dressi and toss lightly. Makes 12 servin About 150 calories per serving.

POH LOH KAI (PINEAPPLE CHICKEN

A smashing entrée—chicken flavor with pineapple, ham, snow peas a ginger, cleverly served in fresh pinea ple halves.

6 small fresh pineapples
¾ cup all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons salt
3 eggs, beaten
⅓ cup water
1 tablespoon soy sauce
4 pounds boned and skinned chicken breasts, cut into 2-inch chunks
2 cups plus 3 tablespoons peanut or salad oil
3 cups unsweetened pineapple juice
½ cup chicken broth
¼ cup cornstarch
1½ tablespoons chopped ginger
2 packages (6 oz. each) frozen snow peas, thawed and drained
1 pound boiled ham, cubed

For shells: Wash pineapples. With sha knife, cut each in half, lengthwise sta ing at bottom and slicing through crow With paring knife, cut about ¼ inch fro rind to loosen fruit. Remove fruit; c away hard fibrous core; discard. C some of the fruit into chunks to equal cups. (Then make 12 spears for M Tais. Use remaining pineapple as d sired.) Refrigerate up to 24 hours i covered container. Wrap each pineapp shell in plastic wrap and refrigerate.

In a large shallow bowl, combine flo and salt. Stir in eggs, water and so sauce until smooth. Add chicken and to to coat well. Let stand at room tempera ture for 1 hour, turning often.

In a heavy skillet, heat 2 cups of th oil to 375° F. on a deep-fat thermomete Cook half the chicken at a time, for 6 t 8 minutes or until golden brown, stirrin frequently. Drain on paper towels. Re peat with remaining chicken. Refrige ate in covered container up to 24 hours *For sauce:* Combine pineapple juice chicken broth and cornstarch; stir unti smooth. Cook over high heat until mix ture boils, stirring constantly. *(continued*


This is pineapple in its own juice.
Dole
chunk pineapple
IN UNSWEETENED PINEAPPLE JUICE
IN ITS OWN JUICE
no sugar added
And this is pineapple in its own juice.
And that makes a better beef kabob.
At Dole, sweetness comes naturally.

Hawaii at Home

continued

Reduce heat and add the ginger. Refrigerate covered up to 24 hours.

Thirty minutes before guests arrive, stir-fry snow peas in remaining 3 tablespoons oil for 3 to 4 minutes.

Heat sauce in large saucepan or Dutch oven. Fold in ham, chicken, snow peas and pineapple chunks. Cover and keep warm over very low heat.

To serve, spoon chicken mixture into pineapple shells. Makes 12 servings. About 708 calories per serving.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If fresh pineapple is unavailable, substitute 2 cans (20-oz. each) pineapple chunks, drained, for the 3 cups fresh. Spoon chicken mixture into large serving dish instead of individual pineapple shells.

SPINACH HAU PIA

Don't let the unusual combination of ingredients put you off—this may be the best spinach dish you've ever tasted. It's sensational!

3 packages (10 oz. each) frozen chopped spinach, thawed
3 cups dry cottage cheese
3 cups flaked coconut
4 eggs
1½ cups sour cream
⅓ cup all-purpose flour
⅓ cup soy sauce

Place spinach on paper towels and squeeze out as much liquid as possible. Combine spinach, cottage cheese and coconut.

In a blender container, combine eggs, sour cream, flour and soy sauce. Blend until smooth; fold into the spinach mixture. Spoon into ungreased 2½-quart casserole. Refrigerate covered up to 2 days.

Bake, uncovered, in a preheated 350° F. oven for 40 to 45 minutes. Allow to stand 10 minutes before serving. Makes 12 servings, about 250 calories each.

ONDE-ONDE (Coconut Balls)

An Indonesian sweet featuring a favorite Hawaiian food: coconut.

1⅔ cups rice flour
¾ cup coconut cream
⅓ cup sugar
Salt
2 tablespoons brown sugar
2 cups shredded coconut

Reserve 2 tablespoons of the rice flour. In a deep bowl, combine remaining flour, coconut cream, sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Stir until mixture is a smooth, thick paste.

To shape each onde, roll rice mixture between hands into a round ball. With finger, make depression in the center of dough. Fill each with ½ teaspoon of brown sugar. Pinch firmly to enclose sugar completely. Roll each ball in remaining 2 tablespoons of flour. Set aside on waxed paper. In a shallow bowl, combine shredded coconut and pinch salt; set aside.

In a 4-to-5 quart saucepan, heat 3 quarts of water to boiling. Reduce heat to medium-low. Cook 2 ondes at a time; for 5 to 6 minutes, stirring to prevent them from sticking. With a slotted spoon, remove and drain on paper towels. While warm, roll in shredded coconut. Cool. Store in airtight container in refrigerator up to 1 week. Makes 12 onde-onde. About 215 calories each.

MACADAMIA CREAM TARTS

Substitute cashews if you can't track down macadamia nuts.

Tart Shells:
2 coups sifted all- purpose flour
3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup butter or margarine
1 egg, beaten
1 tablespoon water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Peel of 1 lemon, grated
Cream:
¾ cup sugar
6 tablespoons cornstarch
Pinch of salt
3 cups milk
6 egg yolks
2 tablespoons vanilla extract
1 cup crushed macadamia nuts
12 whole macadamia nuts

To prepare shells: Sift flour, sugar and salt into a mixing bowl. Cut in butter with a pastry blender until mixture resembles course crumbs. Combine egg, water, lemon juice and rind; toss lightly to make a soft dough. Work quickly so that batter does not become oily. Turn out on a floured board, and knead gently 5 or 6 times. Wrap tightly in waxed paper and chill 1 hour in freezer. Watch timing. Dough should be firm but not frozen.

Divide into 12 portions. With fingers, pat into 4-ounce tartlet shells. Prick bottom with a fork and bake at 450° F. for 15 to 20 minutes. Let cool. Then remove from molds. Store up to 1 week in airtight container.

To prepare cream: Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt in the top of a double boiler. Add ½ cup milk and mix well. Heat 2 cups milk and gradually add to the mixture, stirring constantly. Stir and cook over moderate heat until mixture is very thick. Beat egg yolks, blend with remaining ½ cup milk. Add to the cooked mixture. Cook over hot water or very low heat, stirring constantly, until the cream is thickened. Remove from heat and add vanilla extract. Place plastic wrap directly on surface of cream to prevent skin from forming. Refrigerate until chilled, up to 24 hours.

Just before serving dinner, fill tarts with cream and sprinkle crushed macadamia nuts on top. Garnish each with a whole nut. Return to refrigerator. Makes 12 tarts. About 460 calories each. **End**

When Families Cook Out

continued from page 87

There are camping trips and camp trips. No two are apt to be identical, certain principles apply in most ca Our trip was planned for a family of —three days of three meals each, ca ing in a 4-person tent, cooking on a burner Coleman stove, no refrigera beyond an ice chest, which we filled once upon starting out (possible wi good ice chest).

A good camping guide will tell more than we can in our limited sp But here are a few "kitchen-type" h lights:

- Plan menus carefully. Be accu about listing recipes and ingredie needed so you can shop before le ing. Shopping once you've left ho can be iffy.
- Rely primarily on convenience foo canned goods and mixes. Avoid frigerated foods as much as poss and include foods with duplicate u —like our Basic Baking Mix a canned ham (both used for three ferent meals). Recycle leftovers.
- Tuck in a variety of family favo snacks. The outdoors tends to m even your picky eaters ravenous.
- Stoves—like our Coleman two bur that operates on white gasoline— worth the small extra trouble and pense. Building campfires, while m authentic, can be a problem. A think of the time you'll save not h ing to scout for wood and kindling
- Always provide cover for your co ing area—a tarp will do nicely. Wi rain, sun, leaves can be trouble.
- Be orderly in your camp kitchen s up. If you're moving from place place, try to always set up your equ ment in the same order—stove, chest, water jug, etc.
- Keep cooking equipment to a ba minimum. We got along on our t with just a camping stove, necessa pots and pans, ice chest, water ju and heavy duty aluminum foil.
- Dew at night is often a proble Wrap and store food carefully.
- Use the wrap-and-store routine keep nosy animals out of camp.
- Include some large plastic trash ba to help keep your campsite tidy.
- If you're using public campground consider your neighbors. Leave tra sistors at home.
- And don't forget the bug spray!

Here are three books we found hel ful in planning our camping story. S your bookstore or library for others.

"Cooking for Camp and Trail" H Hasse Bunnelle with Shirley Sarvis (S erra Club, $3.95).

"Coping with Camp *(continue*

How to eat well and still afford dessert.

KRAFT Tangy Italian Style Spaghetti Dinner creates
big smiles for small money. Add cooked sausage pieces to the sauce,
and serve with fresh vegetables marinated in our
Italian Dressing. Delizioso!



Kraft Dinners make ends meet.

KRAFT Division of Kraftco Corporation



When Families Cook Out

continued

Cooking" by Mae Webb Stephens and George S. Wells (Stackpole Books, Harrisburg, Pa. $2.95).

"Cookbook for Family Camping" by Elizabeth Williams (Golden Press, $1).

CAMPING MENUS

DAY 1
Lunch
To make at home and eat at campsite:
Cream Cheese-Raisin Sandwiches or Grinders *or* Bean-Bacon-Onion Sandwiches
Carrot sticks, celery sticks, fresh fruit, grape juice, cookies
Dinner
Grilled Sirloin Steak (no recipe given)
Hot German Potato Salad
Tangy Cole Slaw
Campfire Biscuits
Peach Pudding Cobbler
Russian Tea Mix
DAY 2
Breakfast
Russian Tea Mix
Farmers' Omelet
Toast
Coffee
Lunch
Camper's Reuben Sandwich
Campsite Vegetable Salad
Cookies, Milk
Dinner
Swiss Ham Kabobs
Roasted Corn in Husk
Sweet and Sour Vegetables
Coffee or milk
DAY 3
Breakfast
Grapefruit
Blueberry Flapjacks
Grilled Ham (no recipe given)
Coffee
Lunch
Meaty Split Pea Soup
Sandwiches—from leftover meat
Milk
Fresh fruit
Dinner
Crisp Lemon Trout *or* Campfire Seafood Dinner
Corn Pone
Italian Asparagus
Coffee or milk
Unbaked Brownies
DAY 4 (before breaking camp)
Breakfast
Figs and Bananas
Frizzled Beef
Toast
Hot Chocolate or Coffee
Snacks
Jerkey, Popcorn, Marshmallows, Dried Fruit, Cookies

CREAM CHEESE-RAISIN SANDWICHES

1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
½ cup chopped walnuts
¼ cup seedless raisins
¼ cup crushed pineapple, drained
Dash bottled red pepper sauce
8 slices whole wheat bread

Combine cream cheese, nuts, rais pineapple and pepper sauce. Mix v Evenly spread on 4 slices bread. each with remaining bread slice. M 4 sandwiches. About 480 calories e

GRINDERS

1 cup cottage cheese
⅓ cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
2½ tablespoons catsup
3 tablespoons sweet pickle relish
1 tablespoon prepared horseradish
4 rectangular-shaped hard rolls
¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 pound assorted sliced cold cuts
1 package (8-oz.) sliced Muenster chee

Combine cottage cheese, celery, m tard, catsup, pickle relish and horser ish. Mix well. For each sandwich, ligh butter cut surfaces of rolls. Arrange layers on each roll some cottage che mixture, cold cuts, cottage cheese m ture, cheese; top with remaining half. Makes 4 sandwiches. About 7 calories each.

BEAN-BACON-ONION SANDWICHES
pictured on page 87

Don't knock it 'til you've tried it.

1 can or jar (16 to 18-oz.) baked beans, drained
½ cup crumbled cooked bacon
8 slices whole-grained bread
¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
1 medium onion, thinly sliced

Combine baked beans with bacon, m well. For each sandwich, spread butt then mustard on 2 slices of bread. Pla about ¼ bean mixture on bread. Top wi some onion and slice of bread. Makes servings. About 435 calories per servin

TANGY COLE SLAW

1½ pound green cabbage, chopped (5 cups)
2 medium red onions, sliced
½ cup sour cream
1 tablespoon cider vinegar
1 teaspoon dill weed
½ teaspoon black pepper
½ teaspoon salt

Combine all ingredients. Toss until we coated. Makes 4 servings. About 425 ca ories per serving.

HOT GERMAN POTATO SALAD

½ cup crumbled cooked bacon (we used real bacon bits in a can)
½ cup chopped onion
¼ cup butter or margarine
1½ tablespoons flour
¼ cup cider vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
1 package (5.5-oz.) scalloped potatoes
2½ cups boiling water
⅔ cup milk
1 cup cucumber slices
½ cup radish slices

Sauté bacon and onions in 2 tablespoon butter or margarine for 1 minute in large saucepan. Stir in flour unti smooth. Add vinegar, salt, packaged po tatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, boilin water and milk. Simmer 20 *(continued*

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To smoke or not to smoke.

That is the question.

With all the slings and arrows that have been aimed at smoking, you may well be wondering why you smoke at all.

If you don't smoke nobody is urging you to start.

But if you do smoke, you may enjoy it so much you don't want to stop.

There's the rub. Because if you do smoke, what do you smoke?

The cigarettes of the past provided a lot of smoking pleasure but they also delivered a lot of the 'tar' and nicotine the critics have aimed at.

And most of the new wave brands with low 'tar' and nicotine taste like a lot of hot air.

But now Vantage has entered the scene.

Vantage is the cigarette that succeeds in cutting down 'tar' and nicotine without compromising flavor.

While Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find, it probably is the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

If you smoke, try a pack of Vantage. And if you don't, why not show this ad to someone who does.

It might settle the question.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

The Flavor Shakers make salads taste special.

Now you can turn any green salad into something special with the *Flavor Shakers*—Salad Crispins.® Shake on this delicious assortment of flavor bits, crunchy mini-croutons and select seasonings and give your salads a lift.

Salad Crispins' unique blend of flavors makes salads more tempting—with a livelier taste, an extra crunch and a brighter look. And they come in six delicious styles—American, Italian, French, Home, Swiss and Country. Just shake on the flavor with Salad Crispins—the Flavor Shaker.



Shake on the flavor.



When Families Cook Out

continued

to 30 minutes, stirring occasionally, until potatoes are tende and liquid absorbed. Add cucumber and radishes. Makes servings, about 392 calories each.

BASIC MIX

A handy base for our flapjacks, biscuits and peach cobble

8 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
3 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
5½ teaspoons salt
¾ cup shortening
¼ cup butter or margarine

Combine flour, baking powder and salt. With pastry blende or two knives, cut in shortening and butter or margarine un til mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Store mix in air-tigh plastic container or bag. Makes 9½ cups. Keeps up to 3 month in refrigerator. About 580 calories per cup.

CAMPFIRE BISCUITS
pictured on page 86

2 cups Basic Mix
⅔ cup milk or water
1 teaspoon Italian herb seasoning (optional)
4 teaspoons grated Parmesan cheese (optional)

Combine all ingredients. Mix until just moistened. Drop by spoonfuls onto lightly greased, heavy skillet. Place over medium-low heat. To brown tops, place foil "tent" over biscuits. Bake 30 minutes or until bottom of biscuits are brown. Makes 12 biscuits. About 106 calories each.

PEACH PUDDING COBBLER
pictured on page 86

Sauce:
8 fresh peaches, peeled and sliced, reserving any peach juice (about 3 cups)
2 tablespoons brown sugar (optional)
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 tablespoon Basic Mix

Topping:
2 cups Basic Mix
¾ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup milk

Sauce: In the bottom of a cast iron skillet, combine peaches, brown sugar and butter or margarine. Heat and stir peaches with juice (add water if necessary to equal 3 tablespoons liquid). Sprinkle peach mixture with 1 tablespoon Basic Mix and stir until combined.

Topping: Combine Basic Mix, brown sugar and cinnamon. With pastry blender or 2 knives cut in butter or margarine. Add milk and mix until just moistened. With a spoon, drop dough onto hot, bubbling peach mixture.

Place foil "tent" over peaches. Continue to cook over medium coals until topping is brown and set, about 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 4 servings. About 657 calories per serving.

FARMERS' OMELET pictured on page 86

1 package (5.5-oz.) hash brown potatoes with onion
3 cups boiling water
3½ tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup chopped green pepper
½ cup chopped onion
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
6 eggs, slightly beaten
3 tablespoons sour cream
½ cup shredded Cheddar cheese
Dash bottled red pepper sauce

Place potatoes in bowl. Add boiling water and let stand 15 minutes. Drain well.

In a heavy skillet, melt butter or margarine. Add potatoes and cook until lightly brown. Add green pepper and onion. Continue to cook until onion and pepper are tender. Season with salt and pepper. In small bowl, combine eggs, sour cream, cheese and pepper sauce. Mix lightly. Pour egg mix-

ıre over hash browns. Reduce heat (or put to cooler side of re) and continue cooking until eggs are set. Cover with lid r foil to cook top. Garnish with green pepper slices. Makes servings. About 335 calories per serving.

RUSSIAN TEA MIX

- jars (4⅝-oz. each) orange-flavored instant breakfast drink
- jar (2-oz.) instant tea
- teaspoons dried lemon rind
- teaspoons dried orange rind
- 1½ teaspoons cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon allspice
- ¼ cup sugar (optional)

ombine all ingredients and stir until well mixed.

To serve, stir about 2 tablespoons mix into 1 cup hot or old water until dissolved. Makes 3½ cups mix. About 40 alories per 2 tablespoons of mix.

CAMPER'S REUBEN SANDWICH

lay be served cold or hot.

- can (16-oz.) sauerkraut, rinsed and drained
- tablespoons sour cream
- tablespoon prepared mustard
- teaspoons sweet pickle relish
- slices rye bread
- ¼ pound sliced Swiss Cheese
- 1 can (12-oz.) corned beef, cut into 8 slices
- 4 tablespoons butter or margarine (optional)

ombine sauerkraut, sour cream, mustard and pickle relish. lix well. For each sandwich, place in layers on bread slice heese, sauerkraut mixture, corned beef. Top with second lice of bread.

To toast: butter both outsides of each sandwich. Grill, urning once, until sandwich is browned and cheese is melted. lakes 4 sandwiches. About 472 calories each.

CAMPSITE VEGETABLE SALAD

- ½ cup sour cream
- tablespoon sweet pickle relish
- tablespoon pickle juice (drained from relish)
- tablespoons cider vinegar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 can (16-oz.) whole potatoes, well drained and coarsely chopped
- 1 can (8-oz.) green peas, well drained
- 1 can (8-oz.) sliced carrots, well drained
- 1 bottle (3½-oz.) cocktail onions, well drained

n medium bowl, mix well sour cream, pickle relish, pickle uice, vinegar, salt and pepper. Add potatoes, peas, carrots nd onions; toss until lightly coated.

Makes 4 servings. About 90 calories per serving.

SWISS HAM KABOBS
pictured on page 87

- l can (20-oz.) pineapple chunks in pineapple juice
- l pound ham (from the 2-lb. canned ham)
- ½ pound chunk Swiss cheese
- ½ cup orange marmalade
- 1 tablespoon prepared mustard
- ¼ teaspoon cloves (optional)

rain off enough juice from pineapple to equal 2 tablespoons. ut ham into ¾-inch slices. Then cut each slice into 3½ x 1½- nch strips. Cut cheese into 1½ x ½ x ½-inch sticks. Roll ham lices around cheese. Alternate ham rolls and pineapple hunks on 12-inch wooden skewers. For marinade, combine narmalade, pineapple juice, mustard and cloves. Place ka- obs on grill. Brushing frequently with marinade, cook, urning occasionally, until ham is lightly browned and cheese melted. Makes 4 servings, about 535 calories each.

ROASTED CORN IN HUSK

- 4 medium ears corn, unhusked
- 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted

Soak unhusked corn in water for 15 minutes. Carefully peel down husk and remove silk. Brush each ear with 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Replace husk and tie securely at top with small wire or piece of foil. Place corn in medium coals or on grill over hot coals. Cook corn, turning occasionally for 10 to 15 minutes or until tender. Makes 4 servings. About 204 calories per serving. *(continued on page 147)*

WHY SETTLE FOR AN IMITATION
WHEN YOU CAN HAVE THE ORIGINAL?

Hidden Valley Ranch®.
The Original Buttermilk
Salad Dressing
with the original taste.

There's nothing else like the original Hidden Valley Ranch® fixings mixed with mayonnaise and buttermilk.

Try these creamy delicious dressings in all five lively flavors.





If your luncheon guests looked this close at your glasses, would you worry about spots?

Not with Cascade.

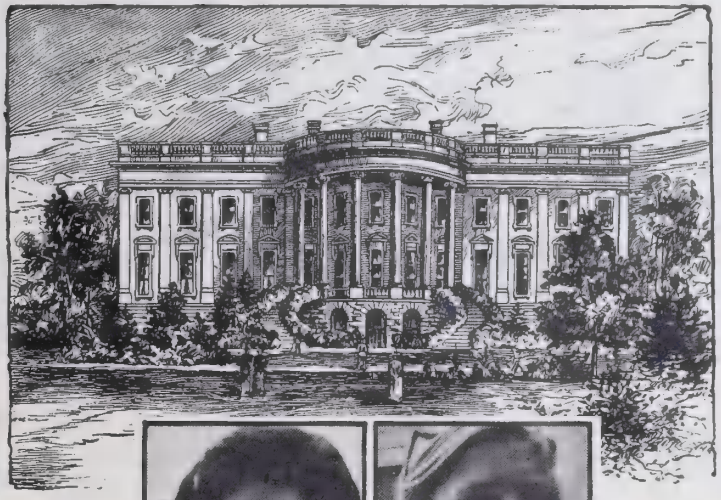
You'll feel sure of your glasses, knowing that even up close they have the Cascade look...virtually spotless! Cascade's sheeting action fights water drops that spot. It actually makes water rinse off in sheets. Leaves glasses looking just the way you want them—for your guests, your family, yourself. You can count on Cascade. Try it and see.



Cascade...for virtually spotless dishes.

CHILDREN OF THE WHITE HOUSE

What's it like to grow up in the historic mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue? In a special, bipartisan Bicentennial treat, former President Johnson's daughter interviews men and women who once lived in the White House—and President Ford's daughter photographs them.







TEXT BY LYNDA JOHNSON ROBB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUSAN FORD

wing up in the White ise is a mixed blessing. It marvelously exciting life, one that places ines- able restraints on the dren of presidents. here are now 24 presi- tial children still living: e Ford sons and one ghter; two Nixon daugh- s; two Johnson daugh- s; a Kennedy son and ghter; an Eisenhower a Truman daughter; Franklin D. Roosevelt s; a Hoover son; a lidge son; a Taft daugh- two Theodore Roosevelt ghters; two Cleveland ghters and one son. he Journal has inter- wed eight—plus the dson of President enhower—to find out t it was like to grow up e big, historic house at 0 Pennsylvania Avenue.

resident Truman called the White use a jail, and he was neither the first the last resident to find it a restric- place to live. Part of the problem Secret Service. They're always re. Once, when Daddy asked my sister i what she wanted for her birthday, answered, "A day free from the cret Service."

While I was living in the White House, covered that the daughters of sident Woodrow Wilson had dis- sed themselves and mingled with the ite House visitors on public tours. ounded like an exciting idea so I cided to try it, too. My trusty Secret rvice agents always waited for me on lower level by the family entrance, so day I got off the elevator higher —on the State Room level. Suitably guised in a babushka and a trenchcoat, sually joined the mass of tourists crowding into the East Room. There were police around, but luckily no one recognized me. When the crowd was ushered out the north portico, I followed. Then I walked down the driveway and through the big gate. Suddenly there I was—outside the White House gates. I had escaped!

The only problem was that, once outside my gilded cage, I didn't know what to do. After a few minutes' thought, I turned myself in. I felt very guilty because the Secret Service had trusted me to tell them when I was going out. I "minded" them for the rest of my five-year confinement—even on my honeymoon.

At least one person who spent part of her childhood in the Executive Mansion has discovered that White House fame is fleeting. Esther Cleveland Bosanquet, now 83, is the daughter of President Grover Cleveland—and the only presidential child actually to be born in the White House.

Years later, when Mrs. Bosanquet tried to take her English husband on a tour of the White House, she was turned back at the gate.

"Would it matter if I told you that my father had been president?" Mrs. Bosanquet asked the guard.

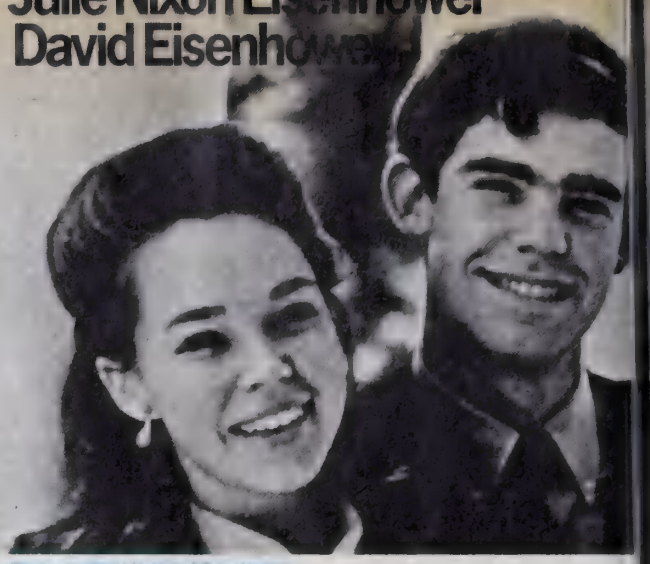
"No, we've had that tried on us before," he replied skeptically.

Living in the White House you pick up interesting historical tidbits. For example: Both the Lincoln Bedroom and the Queen's Room are official state guest rooms. Queens Elizabeth, Juliana and Wilhelmina have slept in the Queen's Room—and, although Winston Churchill was supposed to stay in the Lincoln Bedroom, he actually didn't. On the night Mr. Churchill was expected to sleep there, he was seen by the staff, undressed for the evening and carrying his own bags across the hall to the Queen's Room. Maybe he didn't like the horsehair mattress on the Victorian bed in the Lincoln Bedroom. Luci and I slept in that room once—January 19, 1969, our last night in the White House—and to tell the truth, the bed isn't very comfortable.

—Lynda Johnson Robb



Alice Roosevelt Longworth



Julie Nixon Eisenhower
David Eisenhower

Photo courtesy National Geographic





I once gave Alice Roosevelt Longworth and her granddaughter a tour of the family quarters of the White House. Mrs. Longworth, the daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt (who held office from 1901 to 1909), is 92 years old and well known for her candor. In the Queen's Bedroom, there was a magnificent, full-length portrait of Mrs. William Howard Taft, a distinguished-looking lady who had celebrated her 25th wedding anniversary in the White House.

"Isn't it interesting," I remarked to Mrs. Longworth, "that Mrs. Taft had an hourglass figure while her husband was our heaviest president?"

Without batting an eye, "Princess Alice" replied, "She never looked as fat. She had her head painted on someone else's body!" (Incidentally, Mrs. Longworth is shown above with a real Russian prince.)

Julie Nixon Eisenhower laughed when she told about her first dinner in the White House on January 20, 1969. As the family was seated around the table in the family dining room upstairs, President Nixon noticed a panel of buttons under the table. I knew which panel it was because when we were in the White House, my father, Lyndon B. Johnson, was constantly on the phone, even at dinner time, so he had the panel put in to keep him in touch with his staff. Half in jest, President Nixon warned Julie and the rest of the family not to touch anything. "There is no telling whom you might reach," he said.

Julie also told me a funny story about her own father's phone problems. It seems that on the night Britain's Prime Minister Heath was elected, President Nixon asked the White House operator to get Mr. Heath on the phone so he could congratulate him. After about 30 minutes, Mr. Heath was reached and his first words were very diplomatic. "Mr. President," he said, "this is the first call I have received this morning." Suddenly, President Nixon realized that it was 3 A.M. in London, and that the Prime Minister had been rushed out of bed for the congratulatory call!

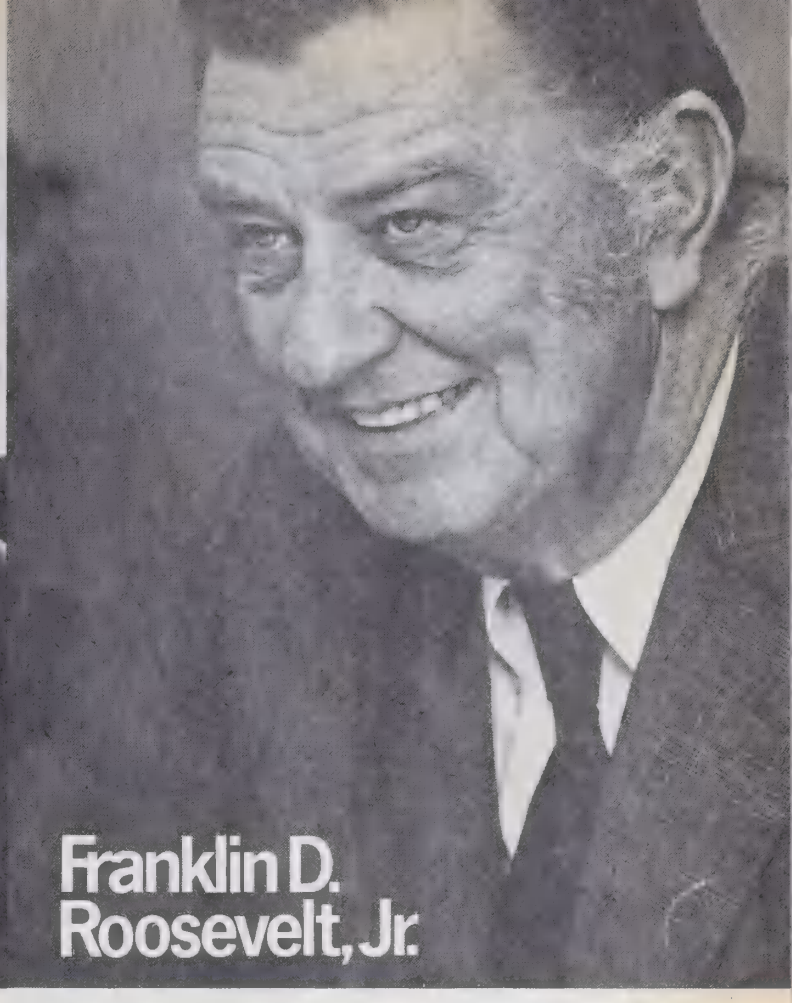
David Eisenhower recalls th his grandfather, President Dwight D. Eisenhower, was achievement oriented. Duri President Eisenhower's ye office, from 1953 to 1961, th White House was a fun plac visit, David thought, but als highly disciplined, like a Boy Scout camp. At one point, h grandfather decided that D should come to the White Ho for serious swimming lesson After taking his lessons, Dav was entered in a swim meet. Unfortunately, he slipped go into the water and finished 3 out of 36 contestants. After t showing, David's swimming lessons stopped.

This is not to say that he never had a chance to play. H set up a basketball net on th third floor, near the solarium and also used the wall as a b board for practicing tennis. F after the 1960 election of Jo F. Kennedy, a sign went up, s ing "fresh paint" and advisin David not to practice there anymore.

Incidentally, as you can see from the picture above, take when Mr. Eisenhower was pr dent and Mr. Nixon was vice president, Julie and David kn each other even then.



Lynda Johnson Robb



Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.



e of my own best memories not, strictly speaking, occur he White House. It took place a campaign trip through the uth in 1964. We were espe- lly security conscious then cause there had been threats omb our train, The Lady d Special.

After three exhilarating days, reached South Carolina, ere I was to disembark. My ter Luci was to join the train re and I was going to go back Washington and school. Since d no extra security, just my ual Secret Service agents, we wanted to keep a low profile. The Secret Service made reservations for three small Pullman roomettes. The agent on duty was to stay up all night in one of them. I had the middle room, where I could sleep, and on the other side, the off-duty agents would bed down in double-decker bunks.

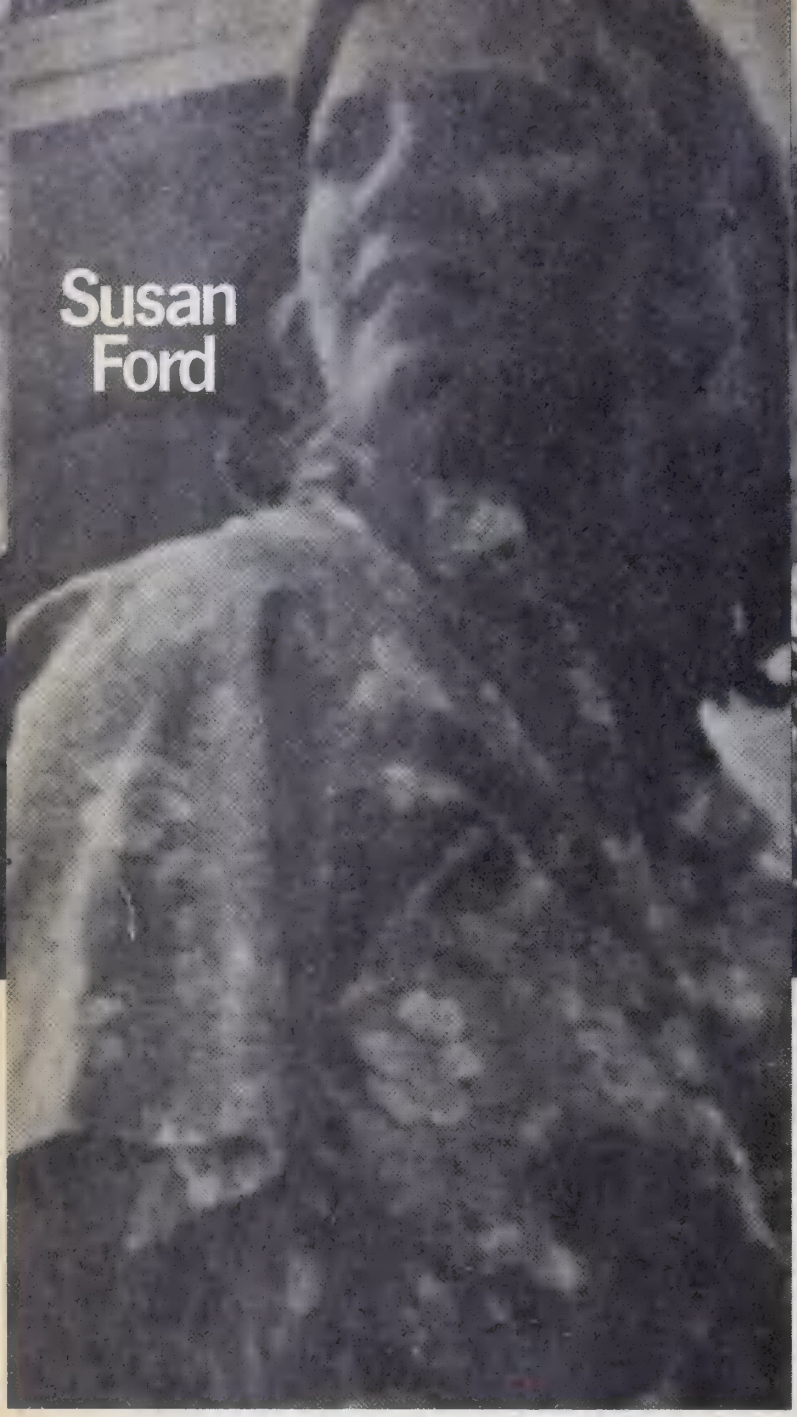
It was after midnight by the time we boarded. I said good-night and went into my room. I looked at my bed, and there, in full view, were the off-duty agents in their bunks. It seems that the porter had removed the partition between the rooms! The agents and I were used to close quarters; however, we certainly had no desire to share a bedroom! We called the porter in, but since we did not want to divulge who we were, one of the agents said, "We are businessmen traveling with our secretary." Hmm! Three men traveling with their secretary, how suspicious! The porter insisted that putting the partition back would be a lot of work and that it would have to stay the way it was. Finally, in desperation, one shy, embarrassed agent gave our true identities and persuaded the porter to replace the partition.

The "old" photo? That's me in my wedding gown in 1967.



FDR, Jr. (shown above at a 1936 baseball game with his father) told me that his mother, Eleanor Roosevelt, loved to dance. Once, when the "Big Apple" was the rage, FDR, Jr. gave a party in the White House. Mrs. Roosevelt watched the young people dance for a while, then took Franklin out on the dance floor to show how much she had learned that evening.

Another time, Mr. Roosevelt told me, he returned from a party and wanted a midnight snack. He went into the kitchen refrigerator and had a good portion of chicken. When he told his mother, she was horrified. "Franklin, you didn't," she said. Then she told him about a poisoning threat. No one was supposed to eat anything until it had been tested, she said. "Well, now they have a test case," young Franklin responded with that Roosevelt grin. The Roosevelts occupied the White House longer than any other First Family—from 1933 to 1945.







Susan Ford reports that she isn't immune from campaign pitfalls. After campaigning on her own in the Michigan presidential primary last May, she met up with her father's cavalcade. As she climbed into the car with President Ford, he shook hands with her in his best candidate's style —unaware for the moment who she was. Then he realized that he was not shaking hands with just another well-wisher, but with his own daughter. "Oh, it's you, Susan," he said with a sheepish laugh. As I can testify, these things happen when you're running for president!

Margaret Truman Daniel, shown above playing with her dog on the White House lawn, describes the Executive Mansion as "a dismal place to live." She much preferred her stay in nearby Blair House, while the White House was being renovated. However, Mrs. Daniel did recall some entertaining times in what her father, President Harry Truman (1945-1953), called the "Great White Jail." Once, after the war, when the Trumans were hosting a dinner dance, daughter Margaret came down to the State Dining Room ju time to see a strange sight: young woman dangling from of the mighty silver chandel A White House aide had invi a date to the affair. As a joke had lifted her up to the chan delier so she could swing fro it. Then he stepped out from under the lighted jewel and her hanging there. Just as h was about to retrieve her, Margaret Truman walked in. Oops!







en Taft Manning, the daugh- of President William Howard , loved her stay in the White se (from 1909 to 1913). She the house "was more com- able than ever before or e." The family (shown above) all its meals in the State ing Room and lived in the nal rooms on the first floor. he Taft children did not have ret Service guards, but Mrs. nning recalled one funny in- ent when her brother Charlie sent home from boarding ool because of a scarlet fever measles epidemic. Surprised, mother asked him how he gotten through the maze of w York City.

I just telegraphed the Secret vice and they met me,"

Charlie responded.

"I never would have thought of that," Mrs. Manning told me, "but Charlie was always talking to the Secret Service and he knew all their names."

Charlie Taft visited the White House when we (the Johnsons) lived there and refuted the tale that he had taken a copy of "Treasure Island" to his father's inauguration because he was afraid of being bored. Charlie claimed he just happened to have the book along because Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt had given it to him. "Charlie was always reading," his sister Helen said, laughing.

Much has been made of the fact that President Ford's sons have Secret Service agents with them at all times. They are not the first presidential sons to face this problem. When John Coolidge, son of President Calvin Coolidge (1923-1929), was attending Amherst College, a Secret Service man accompanied him on dates. The agent would see John to Mount Holyoke College, where John was visiting Florence Trumbull, daughter of the governor of Connecticut. Then the agent would gallantly go off to a movie while John and Miss Trumbull courted.

Even in those days, presidential children made news. Once it was reported that John Coolidge had crashed a New Year's Eve party. Actually, John had declined an invitation, but had offered to drive a young lady there. Needless to say, his father was distressed by the press notices.

1600 Pennsylvania Avenue does not bring only happy memories for John. His younger brother Calvin developed a blister while playing tennis on the White House courts. Blood poisoning set in and young Calvin died. President Coolidge said that when his son died, "the power and glory of the presidency went with him." The Coolidges planted a five-foot spruce on the White House lawn near the tennis courts in memory of Calvin.

WHO ARE THE KIDS

A special "How America Lives" survey of boys and girls all over the

THE TOP 50 ACCORDING TO BOYS AND GIRLS

1. O. J. Simpson
2. Elton John
3. Neil Armstrong
4. John Wayne
5. Robert Redford
6. Chris Evert
7. Mary Tyler Moore
8. Billie Jean King
9. Henry Kissinger
10. Joe Namath
11. Marlon Brando
12. Katharine Hepburn
13. Gerald Ford
14. Pearl Bailey
15. Muhammad Ali
16. Ralph Nader
17. Betty Ford
18. Ted Kennedy
19. Billy Graham
20. Cher
21. Bob Dylan
22. Pat Nixon
23. Cicely Tyson
24. Barbara Walters
25. George Wallace
26. Jane Fonda
27. Mick Jagger
28. Jacqueline Onassis
29. Ronald Reagan
30. Julie Eisenhower
31. Oral Roberts
32. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar
33. Richard Nixon
34. Loretta Lynn
35. Ann Landers
36. Patty Hearst
37. Richard Thomas
38. Angela Davis
39. Gloria Steinem
40. Linda Lovelace
41. Rod McKuen
42. Margaret Mead
43. The Maharishi
44. Charles Manson
45. Jonas Salk
46. Julia Child
47. Abby Hoffman
48. Andy Warhol
49. Eldridge Cleaver
50. Candice Bergen

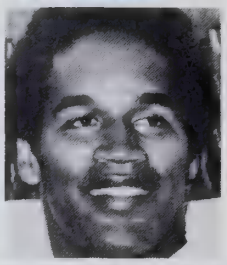
THE TOP TEN: A GIRLS' VIEW

1. O. J. Simpson
2. Neil Armstrong
3. Robert Redford
4. Elton John
5. Billie Jean King
6. Mary Tyler Moore
7. John Wayne
8. Chris Evert
9. Katharine Hepburn
10. Henry Kissinger

THE TOP TEN: A BOYS' VIEW

1. O. J. Simpson
2. Elton John
3. John Wayne
4. Chris Evert
5. Neil Armstrong
6. Joe Namath
7. Henry Kissinger
8. Robert Redford
9. Gerald Ford
10. Mary Tyler Moore

O. J. Simpson



These days, r
parents and
teachers sus
that heroes a
heroines as t
knew them a
longer living
happily ever
after. Curious
and concerne
Ladies' Home Journal set out to
whether these suspicions were w
founded. We went armed with th
question: Who are your heroes a
heroines? We asked it of several
hundred students from fifth grad
through high school in all parts c
the country. We taped their discu
sions. We asked them to name nar
In addition, we gave high school
students a checklist, directing th
to rank each name 1 through 5 as
they considered her/him a heroin
or a hero. Unfamiliar names they
marked with an 0.

From the results (note charts a
left), you can see that things are
different from what they were 30
or 40 years ago. Today's heroes
and heroines are life-size. Young
people choose them as consciousl
as if they were shopping in super-
markets—and the supermarkets a
their television sets, their schools
their newspapers, magazines and
radios, their neighborhoods and
their families.

Although they recognize many
sorts of heroes, young people toda
generally agree that a hero or hero
is a person who "contributes" his
her best to helping someone. In
addition, a hero need not be a win
according to today's young people
"Look at [Congresswoman] Shirley
Chisholm," says a sophomore girl.
"She didn't win for president, but sh
stands for something and she tried

Young people also broaden the
definition of "hero" and "heroine"
to include "the man behind the ma
...because without him you would

HEROES & HEROINES?

results may surprise you! By Mary Susan Miller

e heroes." "The pioneers in wagon ns were all heroes," the kids say, just didn't get as much fame as leader."

Neil Armstrong is replaceable," lains a junior high student, "but SA is a team, and any person sing would keep it from working."

otball superstar O. J. Simpson nds out as the perfect example of team hero. "He couldn't do anyg without his line," the kids lain. "He calls them his family."

These young people are uncannily are of the power of the media as o-makers (and breakers). "Heroes around nowadays through TV, vies and newspapers," says one child. By the same token, young people also understand the nakedness that the media reveals. "Who can have heroes?" said one 12-year-old cynic. "They're just like us."

n John



The students acknowledge that ir parents lived in more idealistic es. One student comments, "Our rents' movies were make-believe; rs have realistic violence and sex d tragedy. Because we've got it od the way we live, and they had r and depression. You want the posite in heroes." This indicates at youngsters realize that their oice of heroes and heroines flects their own values and those their times.

In order to get some perspective these results, we went to ychiatrist Mario Rendon, M.D., ief of In-Patient Adolescent rvice at Bellevue Hospital in New rk City. He made three significant servations.

First, he commented on the wide nge of names submitted as heroes d heroines. "It reveals the diversity values in the United States," he id, "as opposed to Russia or China." In those countries, where people are programmed to a specific view of living, school children would be apt to focus on a limited number of clear-cut heroes. In America, however, with choices wide open and with a broad array from which to select, there is no focus. "It is what I would expect," he continued, "and it is basically a good thing." He pointed out one disadvantage: it tends to create factions—groups that worship heroes who exemplify particular values, while shutting out all others. Thus Dr. Rendon accounts for the fanatical groups that follow Rev. Sun Myung Moon and Charles Manson.

Neil Armstrong



Next, Dr. Rendon noted the influence of the media. "Young people are smart," he said. "They know what movies and television have done to their heroes—demystified them." He sees this as both positive and negative. In the past, the idealized view of heroes often obscured reality. Charles A. Lindbergh is a good example. As his widow has said, "He became a part of the hero image, but this image did not fit him." Today's heroes reflect only the life-sized values of those who admire them. As a result, however, Dr. Rendon feels that they have lost "the strong value component" of the epic hero.

Chris Evert



Most significant, Dr. Rendon saw in the results of the Journal study a new and very healthy spirit of cooperation that the American competitive system had repressed until now. In the past, many of us may have felt that only individual success mattered. Now, Dr. Rendon says, people are more aware of themselves as social beings, in a new kind of family. In this he sees hope for a future America, freer of anxieties, utilizing its energies cooperatively toward peace. He added regretfully, however, noting how many heroes and heroines were chosen from sports and entertainment, that the changing ideology has also led to superficiality. "I would have expected and hoped for more concern with important matters."

Henry Kissinger



Disraeli once wrote, "To believe in the heroic makes heroes." Perhaps America's coming generation is saying that it no longer believes in the heroic. They see the world with the close-up view of a microscope: Their heroes, like them, are flawed. They cannot imagine themselves as heroes—"except to my little brother or sister—who doesn't know any better."

Katharine Hepburn



Yet dreams shine through. A young boy chooses a football player hero "because his number is 55, which is my number when I get to play."

AMERICA WRITES



A NUN SPEAKS

Thank you for the fine article, "The New World of Nuns." It is one of the finer presentations...on the subject. All too often, the life of the woman religious is viewed as archaic, weird or from the point of view of the malcontent, rather than from the view of thousands who just happen to believe that religious life is their calling. I'm glad we are part of "Our Woman!"
Sr. Gladys Ruth Noreen, O.S.B.
Benedictine Sisters of Perpetual Adoration,
St. Louis, Mo.

OUR WOMAN

Congratulations on your recent article, "Our Woman!" I think you have caught the spirit of a great many women today--the silent, successful majority that has moved forward on a steady course through the turbulence of recent years. ...Our character is revealed by the way we deal with conflicts. For most women, this has meant that disturbing new elements have been absorbed, sifted, measured against traditional values and frequently contribute to new growth without undermining the old strengths.
Shirley de Leon,
New York, N.Y.

LIVING TOGETHER

Not just the young are l ing together. My parents were divorced and have since remarried, but onl after they lived with th respective spouses. Than you for a good article.
L.C.M.
Torrance, Calif.

The psychiatrist in that "Living Together" article says "there is no right wrong" way for parents t cope. Try the Ten Commandme
Esther G. Smith,
Columbus, Ohio

PREMATURE MOTHER

I must tell you how much loved the story "Prematu Mother," by Barbara Holl I, too, had a premature this January, born five weeks ahead and weighing only 2 pounds, 14 ozs.! We were allowed to bring him home in three weeks. true-to-life story.
Mrs. Janice Fitzhugh,
Paris, Tenn.

HOMEMAKERS SPEAK OUT Last April, newspaper columnist Jack Mabley criticized NBC-TV and Ladies' Hom Journal for failing to name a housewife as one of our "Women of the Year." Although thousands of other occupatic were unrepresented among our ten winners, we agree with Mr. Mabley that the career homemaker gets all too litt recognition. And it is she who should speak out. So, if you have chosen a fulltime career as a homemaker, we'd lik to tell us how you feel about your job. What parts of it do you like best? Least? Which are easiest? Most difficult? M fun? Most rewarding? Did you choose this career, or did it choose you? In what ways might you like to change you working conditions? Do you hope to do this job for a lifetime, or only temporarily? What role would you like you husband to play in homemaking? And, in one sentence, how would you describe the job? Send your letters (no m than 500 words, please) by September 1, 1976, to "I Am a Homemaker," LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Readers whose letters are published will receive $50.

BOOKLET BOOKSHELF

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued from page 75

aunt's brother-in-law or whatever lives near here. . . . But it's a far step from a social call to asking your host about his bygone love affairs."

Gwenda said, "Miss Marple and Dr. Kennedy both said, 'Leave it alone.' What makes us go on? Is it Helen? Is that why I remember? Is my childish memory the only link she's got with life—with truth? Is she using me—and you—so that the truth will be known?"

"Looking for a house, are you?" said Major Erskine. He was a small man with gray hair and tired, thoughtful eyes. There was nothing remarkable about him, but he was, Gwenda thought, definitely attractive.

She saw her hostess's eyes upon her, both appraising and suspicious. Janet Erskine was a tall woman; her voice was deep—almost as deep as a man's. There was a certain haggardness about her face. An unhappy, hungry woman, thought Gwenda.

"You're thinking of settling down here?" Erskine asked.

"Well, this is one of the neighborhoods we thought of. This is a lovely house. You must be very proud of it."

"Taxation makes it difficult to keep it up properly. But, now the children are out in the world, the worst strain is over."

"How many children have you?"

"Two boys. I think it's worth it—really. Making sacrifices for one's children, I mean," he added in answer to Gwenda's inquiring look.

"I suppose one has to give up a good deal," said Gwenda.

"A great deal sometimes. . . ."

She thought she caught a dark undercurrent, but Mrs. Erskine broke in: "And you are really looking for a house round here? I'm afraid I don't know of anything at all suitable."

And wouldn't tell me if you did, thought Gwenda. That woman is actually jealous because I'm young and attractive!

"We're in no hurry," said Giles. "At the moment we've got a house in Dillmouth. Do you know it?"

There was a moment's silence, then Mrs. Erskine said in an expressionless voice, "We spent a few weeks there—many years ago. We didn't care for it."

"Do you remember Dillmouth at all well?" Gwenda asked Erskine.

His lips twitched in what she guessed to be a sudden spasm of pain. In a noncommittal voice he answered, "Quite well. We stayed at the Royal Clarence."

"Oh, yes, our house is near t
It used to be called St. Catherine's

This time there was no mistakin
reaction. Erskine turned sharply a
Mrs. Erskine's cup clattered on her
cer. "Perhaps," she said abruptly, "y
like to see the garden."

They went out to the well-kept
den. When they finally took their
and were driving away, Giles a
"Did you drop it?"

Gwenda nodded. "By the se
clump of delphiniums."

Their plan was put into execution
following morning. Giles took up
position at a point of vantage over
ing the front gate of Anstell M
About eleven he, reported to Gw
that Mrs. Erskine had left in a
car. The coast was clear.

Gwenda drove up to the front
Major Erskine was in the garden.
so sorry to bother you," said Gwe
"But I think I dropped my ring s
where out here yesterday."

The hunt was soon under way.
ently the ring came to light. Gwenda
profuse in her relief. She sat down
bench and Erskine sat down beside

"I want to ask you something,"
said. "Perhaps you'll think it imperti
of me. I believe you were once in
with my stepmother, Helen Kenn
Helen Halliday as she later became

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he man beside her was very quiet, Gwenda sensed a turmoil within him. continued, "I want to know more ut her. Although I was such a small l when—she went away."

he went away?"

Didn't you know?"

is eyes, candid and surprised, met "I've no news of her," he said, e that summer in Dillmouth."

Then you don't know where she is?"

How should I? It's years ago. All fin- l, forgotten."

'orgotten?"

e smiled rather bitterly. "No, per- not forgotten. You're very percep- Mrs. Reed. But tell me about her. s not dead, is she?"

don't know," said Gwenda. "You she went away from Dillmouth that ner—quite suddenly. And she never e back."

And you thought I might have heard her?"

Yes. You see, everybody thought she t away—with somebody."

e turned his head to look at her. p, sorrowful eyes. "They thought she t away with *me*?"

Well, it was a possibility."

Perhaps you'd better hear about it," ine said. "I wouldn't like you to mis- ge Helen. We met on a boat going to India. My wife was following on next boat. Helen was going out to marry a man she didn't love. She just wanted to get away from home, where she wasn't happy. We fell in love. But I couldn't let Janet and the children down. Helen and I agreed to say good-bye and try and forget."

He laughed, a short, mirthless laugh. "Forget? I never forgot—not for one moment. . . . Well, she didn't marry the chap she had been going out to marry. At the last moment, she just couldn't face it. She went home to England and on the way, met this other man—your father, I suppose. She wrote to me a couple of months later. He was very unhappy over the loss of his wife, she said, and there was a child. She thought that she could make him happy and that it was the best thing to do. She wrote from Dillmouth. About eight months later I came back to England. We wanted a few weeks' holiday and my wife suggested Dillmouth. She didn't know, of course, about Helen. Can you imagine the temptation? To see her again."

There was a short silence, then Erskine said: "We came and stayed at the Royal Clarence. It was a mistake. Seeing Helen again was hell. She avoided being alone with me. I didn't know whether she still cared for me or not. My wife suspected something. . . . She's a very jealous woman. That's all there is to it. We left Dillmouth—"

"On August 17th," said Gwenda.

"I can't remember."

"Please try and remember, Major Erskine. When was the last time you saw Helen?"

He smiled, a gentle, tired smile. "I don't need to try very hard. I saw her the evening before we left. On the beach. I'd strolled down there after dinner—and she was there. There was no one else about. I walked up with her to her house. We went through the garden—"

"What time?"

"I don't know . . . nine o'clock, I suppose."

"And you said good-bye?"

"It was very brusque and curt. Helen said: 'Please go away now. Go quickly. I'd rather not—' "

Gwenda said, "It's difficult with dates—after so many years. But I think that was the night that she went away."

"I see. And as I and my wife left the next day, people said she'd gone away with us. Charming."

"Do you think she went away with someone else?"

"No, of course she didn't."

"You seem rather sure about that."

"I am sure."

"Then why did she go? Did Helen say anything to you about my father? That she was afraid of him?"

"Afraid of him? Why?" *(continued)*

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

"They seemed reasonably happy?"

"Yes, they did. I was glad, yet it hurt to see it. But now that you mention it, I do remember thinking that Helen was worried. I thought perhaps it was because of my wife, but it was more than that." He looked again sharply at Gwenda. "Was she afraid of her husband? Was he jealous of other men?"

"You seem to think not."

"Jealousy is a queer thing. It can hide itself sometimes so that you'd never suspect it." He shivered. "But it can be very frightening."

A car had come up the drive. Major Erskine said, "Ah, my wife has come back from shopping." In a moment, he became a different person. His tone was formal. A slight tremor betrayed that he was nervous.

Mrs. Erskine came round the corner of the house. Her husband went toward her. "Mrs. Reed dropped one of her rings in the garden yesterday," he said.

Mrs. Erskine said abruptly, "Indeed?"

"Good morning," said Gwenda. "Yes, luckily I have found it."

"That's very fortunate."

"Oh, it is. Well, I must be going."

Giles was waiting at the hotel. "Get anything?"

"Yes, it's really rather pathetic. He was terribly in love with Helen."

She narrated the events of the morning. "I think," she ended, "that Mrs. Erskine is very possessive. I see now what he meant by jealousy. Anyway, we know now that Erskine wasn't the man who went away with Helen. She was alive that evening when he left her."

"Yes," said Giles. "At least that's what he says."

Miss Marple bent down on the terrace outside the French window and dealt with some insidious bindweed. Mrs. Cocker appeared in the drawing room window. "Excuse me, Madam, but Dr. Kennedy has called. Shall I ask him to come out?"

"Oh, yes, please, Mrs. Cocker."

Mrs. Cocker reappeared with Dr. Kennedy. Rather flutteringly, Miss Marple introduced herself.

"—and I arranged with dear Gwenda that I would do a little weeding while she was away."

Kennedy was older than she had thought from the Reeds' description of him. Prematurely old, she guessed. He looked worried and unhappy.

"They've gone away," he said. "Do you know for how long?"

"Oh, not for long. They have gone to visit some friends."

Kennedy said rather *(continued)*

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You'll like it better...or my name isn't Orville Redenbacher

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

diffidently, "Young Giles Reed wr asked me for some letters."

He hesitated, and Miss Marp quietly, "Your sister's letters?"

He shot her a quick, shrewd "So you're in their confidence, a A relation?"

Said Miss Marple, "I have them to the best of my capacit people seldom take advice."

"What was your advice?" he a

"To let sleeping murder lie," sai Marple firmly.

"That's not badly put," Dr. K said. "I'm fond of Gwennie. I'm that she's heading for trouble sighed. "Giles Reed asked me sister's letters—and a specimen handwriting." He glanced at her see what that means?"

Miss Marple nodded. "I think s

"They're harking back to the id Kelvin Halliday, when he said h strangled his wife, was speakin truth. They believe that Helen's were forgeries."

Miss Marple said gently, "And y not, by now, so very sure yoursel

"I was at the time. It seemed lutely clear. Pure hallucination o vin's part. There was no body, a su and clothes were taken."

"And your sister had been—rece Miss Marple coughed delicately— ested in—in a certain gentleman?"

Dr. Kennedy looked at her. Ther deep pain in his eyes. "I loved my s he said, "but I have to admit that was always some man in the offing

"It all seemed clear to you a time," said Miss Marple. "But it do seem so clear now. Why?"

"Because," said Kennedy, "it incredible to me that, if Helen i alive, she has not communicated me all these years."

He took a packet from his p "Here is the best I can do. The firs ter I received from Helen I must destroyed. But I did keep the s one. And here, for comparison, i only bit of Helen's handwriting I've able to find. It's an order for bulbs. handwritings look alike to me, bu no expert. I'll leave them here for and Gwenda."

He swung around to the open dow. Miss Marple arrested his depa by a swift question. "Who was you ter afraid of, Dr. Kennedy?"

He turned and stared. "Afraid o

"I only wondered. There was a y man, wasn't there—some entanglem when she was very young. Somel called Afflick?" *(contin*

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

"Oh, that? Silly business most girls go through. An undesirable young fellow—and of course not her class."

"I just wondered if he could have been—revengeful."

Dr. Kennedy smiled. "Oh, I don't think it went deep. Anyway, as I say, he got into trouble here, and left for good."

"What sort of trouble?"

"Oh, just indiscretions. Blabbed about his employer's affairs." "His employer was Mr. Walter Fane?"

Dr. Kennedy looked a little surprised.

"Yes, he did work in Fane and Watchman's. Just an ordinary clerk."

Just an ordinary clerk? . . . Miss Marple wondered, after Dr. Kennedy had gone.

"I dunno, I'm sure," said Mrs. Lily Kimble. "This advert," she said. "Lily Abbott, it says. And 'formerly housepar lormaid at St. Catherine's, Dillmouth.' That's me, all right. What am I going to do, Jim?"

"Leave it be."

"Suppose there's money in it? Even if it's police . . . You know, Jim, there's a big reward sometimes for anyone as can give information to catch a murderer."

"And what could you give?"

"Ever since I saw that first piece in the paper I've been thinking maybe I got things a bit wrong. That Layonee, she was a bit stupid like all foreigners, couldn't understand proper what you said to her. If she didn't mean what I thought she meant. . . . I've been trying to remember the name of that man. . . . Now, if it was him she saw . . ."

"Leave it alone, my girl," Kimble said. "Or likely as not you'll be sorry."

Lily wished there was somebody else she could ask. Then an idea came to her.

"I'll write to the doctor, Mrs. Halliday's brother," she said to herself. "Anyway, it's on my conscience I never told him about Layonee—or about that car."

When the letter was written, she sealed it up. But she felt less satisfied than she had expected. Ten to one the doctor was dead or had left Dillmouth.

Was there anyone else? If she could only remember the name of that fellow. . . .

Giles and Gwenda had just returned from Northumberland when Miss Marple was announced. She came in rather apologetically. "There was something I wanted to explain. I came in while you were away, as you said I might, to do a little weeding. And it really did strike me that two days a week is not quite enough for this garden, so I took it upon myself to engage another man just for an extra day a week—today, in fact. You see, I thought employing him might be quite an advantageous move, because, many years ago, he used to be employed at Dr. Kennedy's. The name of the young man Helen got involved with was Afflick, by the way."

"Miss Marple," said Giles, "you are a genius. I've got those specimens of Helen's handwriting from Kennedy?"

"I know. I was here when he brought them."

"I'm posting them off to the handwriting expert today."

"Let's go see the new gardener," said Gwenda.

The gardener was a bent old man.

"I suppose you know most of the gardens round here," Giles said to him.

"Ar, I wouldn't like to tell you how often I've had to fill up beds in the front lawns and turn 'em over."

"You worked at Dr. Kennedy's?"

"Ar. Long time ago. He's moved now."

"I suppose you remember Helen Kennedy, the doctor's sister?"

"Ar, pretty maid she was, with her long, yellow hair. The doctor set a lot of store by her. Come back and lived in this very house here, she did, after she was married. Full of fun, too, when she come back from school. Wanting to go everywhere—dances and tennis and all that. 'Ad to mark the tennis court, I 'ad—'adn't been used for nigh twenty years. Funny thing I always thought that was."

"What was funny?" asked Giles.

"Someone come along one night and cut the tennis net to ribbons."

"But who would do a thing like that?"

"That's what the doctor wanted to know. Proper put out about it he was. Just paid for it, he had. And he said he wasn't going to get another—quite right, too, for if it's spite one time, it would be spite again."

Giles asked casually, "Do you remember somebody called Afflick?"

"You mean Jackie Afflick?"

"Yes. Wasn't he a friend of Miss Helen's?"

"That were just a bit of nonsense. Doctor put a stop to it—quite right, too.

Gwenda asked: "Was he here whe that tennis net was cut up?"

"Ar. I see what you're thinking. Bu he wouldn't do a senseless thing lik that. He were smart, Jackie Afflick wer Whoever did that, it was just spite."

"Was Helen very upset about Jack Afflick?" asked Gwenda.

"Don't think as Miss Helen care much about any of the young fellow Just liked to enjoy herself, that's all. Ver devoted some of them were—young M Walter Fane, for one. Used to follow he round like a dog."

"But she didn't care for him at all?"

"Not Miss Helen. Just laughed."

Giles and Gwenda walked back u the path toward the house and Mis Marple joined them. They told her wha the gardener had said.

The old lady said, "You know, I don like that bit about the tennis net. Cut ting it to ribbons. . . . Even then—" Sh stopped. Giles looked at her curiously.

"I don't quite understand—" he began

"Don't you? It seems so plain to me But perhaps I am wrong. Now tell m how you got on in Northumberland."

They told her about the Erskines.

"It's really all very sad," said Gwenda "But I'm sure it wasn't Major Erskine."

"One's feelings are not always reliable guides," said Miss Marple. "The mos unlikely people do things."

"Both Walter Fane and Richard Er skine seem above suspicion," said Giles

"The important thing is," said Mis Marple, "that they were *there. On the spot.* Walter Fane was here in Dill mouth. Major Erskine, by his own ac count, must actually have been with Helen Halliday very shortly before her death."

Then she said, "I think you will have no trouble finding J. J. Afflick."

Giles nodded. "You think we should go and see him?"

Miss Marple waited a moment, then said, "If you do—you must be very careful. Remember what the gardener said —Jackie Afflick is smart. *(continued)*



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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

J. J. Afflick had a home address in Exeter. An appointment was made for the following day.

Just as Giles and Gwenda were leaving, Dr. Kennedy telephoned. "I've just received rather an odd letter. From a woman called Lily Kimble. I fancy she must be a girl who was in service once at your house. House-parlormaid at the time we know of. I'm sure her name was Lily. I'd like to have a word with you about this letter—not over the phone."

"We're just on our way to Exeter. We'll drop in on you."

When they arrived, Dr. Kennedy spread a letter on the table.

> Dear sir: [Lily Kimble had written]
> I'd be grateful if you could give me advise about the enclosed wot i cut out of paper. Do you think as it means money or a reword becos i could do with the money but woodnt want the police or anything like that. I offen hav been thinking about that nite wen mrs Halliday went away and i don't think sir she ever did becos the clothes was wrong. i thort at first the master done it but now im not so sure becos of the car i saw out of the window. A posh car it was and i seen it before but i woodnt like to do anything without asking you furst. I could come and see you sir if I may next thursday. id be grateful if you could
>
> yours respectfully
> Lily Kimble

"The cutting is your advertisement," Kennedy said.

"It's wonderful," said Gwenda. "This Lily—you see—she *doesn't* think it was my father who did it!"

"I hope you're right," Dr. Kennedy said gently. "I'll tell her to come here on Thursday. The train connection is quite good. She can get here shortly after 4:30. If you two will come over that afternoon, we can tackle her together."

"Splendid," said Giles. He glanced at his watch. "Come on Gwenda, we must hurry. We've got an appointment," he explained, "with Mr. Afflick of the Daffodil Coaches."

"Afflick?" Kennedy frowned. "That little rat. So he's come up in the world?"

"Will you tell me something, sir?" said Giles. "You broke up some funny business between him and Helen. Was that because of his social position?"

Dr. Kennedy gave him a dry glance. "I'm old-fashioned, young man. I'm a believer in the fact that there is a state of life into which you are born—and I believe you're happiest staying in it. Besides, I thought the fellow was a wrong 'un. As he proved to be."

"What did he do exactly?"

"As I recall, he tried to cash in on some confidential information obtained through his employment with Fane."

"Was he sore about his dismissal?"

Kennedy gave him a sharp glance. "Yes."

"Who dismissed him? Walter Fane?"

"I have no idea."

"I see. Well, till Thursday, sir."

The house was newly built. They were shown in through an opulent hall to a study. J. J. Afflick was a stout man of middle age. His eyes were dark and shrewd, his face rubicund and good-natured.

"Mr. and Mrs. Reed? Pleased to meet you. And what can I do for you?" Afflick sat down behind a large desk. "I understood from my clerk that you wanted a private appointment."

"We did, Mr. Afflick. Actually, my wife is very anxious to get in touch with her stepmother, whom she has not seen for many years, and we wondered if you could possibly help us. Her name is Helen Halliday. Before her marriage she was Miss Helen Kennedy."

Afflick frowned. "Helen Halliday—I don't recall . . . Helen Kennedy. . . ."

"Formerly of Dillmouth," said Giles.

"Got it," Afflick said. He beamed. "Little Helen Kennedy! But it's a long time ago. Must be twenty years."

"Eighteen."

"Is it really? Time flies, as the saying goes. But I'm afraid you're going to be disappointed, Mrs. Reed. I haven't seen anything of Helen since that time."

"Oh, dear," said Gwenda.

"What's the trouble?"

Gwenda said, "She went away—suddenly—from Dillmouth—eighteen yea ago with—with someone."

"And you thought she might hav gone away with me?"

Gwenda spoke boldly: "Because w heard that you and she had once bee well, fond of each other."

"Me and Helen? Oh, but neither us took it seriously." He added dril "We weren't encouraged to do so Afflick looked at her thoughtfully. "S you're Halliday's daughter?"

"Yes. Did you know my father?"

He shook his head. "I dropped in t see Helen once when I was over at Dil mouth on business. I'd heard she wa married and living there. She was civ enough, but she didn't ask me to sta to dinner. No, I didn't meet your father.

"Did she seem happy?"

Afflick shrugged. "Happy enough He added with what seemed natur curiosity, "Do you mean you've neve heard anything of her in eighteen years?

"Nothing."

"What about her brother? Doesn't h know where she is?"

"No."

"I see. Regular mystery, isn't it? Wh not advertise?"

"We have."

Afflick said casually: "Looks as thoug she's dead."

Gwenda shivered. "I don't like t think of her dead."

"I don't like to think of it myself Stunning looks she had."

Gwenda said impulsively, "You knev her. I've only got a child's memory o her. What was she like? What did peo ple feel about her? What did *you* feel?

He looked at her for a moment or two "I'll be honest with you, Mrs. Reed. Be lieve it or not, I was sorry for the kid.

"Why were you sorry?" *(continued*



"In a moment I shall pronounce you man and wife but first a few words about our church restoration plan."



Actual unretouched photograph.

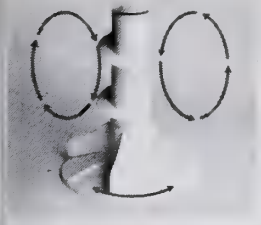
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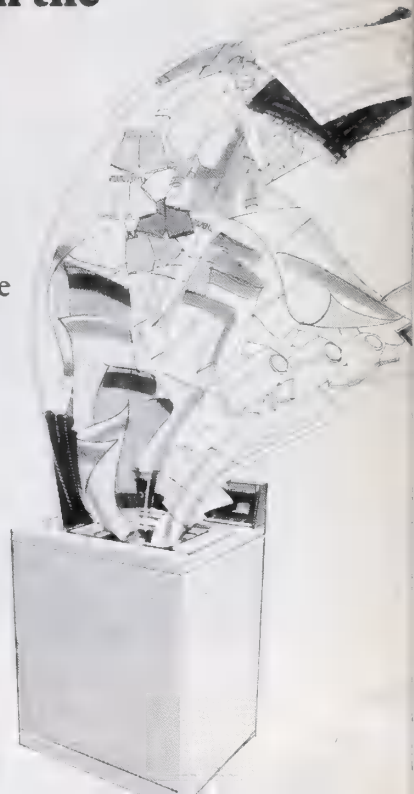
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Only Kenmore has the amazing Dual-Action™ Agitator. Top and bottom move *separately.* The top pulls clothes down into the wash. The bottom whirls them side to side. Compared to the other agitators, there's *at least 3 times more roll-over. Extra* cleaning action – for cleaner clothes.



See Kenmore with the amazing Dual-Action™ Agitator only at Sears, Roebuck and Co. Also through the catalog: #26936. Test results available upon request.



*Tests were conducted using a standard 15-pound AHAM load. Cleaning results are measured against the other best-selling washers. Load contained: 3 sheets, 2 tablecloths, 4 shirts, 6 bath towels, 4 T-shirts, 4 pillowcases, 6 shorts, 6 washcloths, 5 handkerchiefs.

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

"There she was—just home from school. Longing for a bit of fun like any girl might, and there was that stiff, middle-aged brother of hers with his ideas about what a girl could do and couldn't do. No fun at all, that kid hadn't. Well, I showed her a bit of life. I wasn't really keen on her and she wasn't really keen on me. She just liked the fun of being a daredevil. Then, of course, he put a stop to it."

"But you must have been angry when the doctor—"

"I was riled, I admit," Afflick said. "You don't fancy being told you're not good enough."

"And then," said Giles, "you lost your job."

Afflick's face was not quite so pleasant. "Fired, I was. And I've a very good idea who was responsible for that. I was framed, and I've a very fair idea of who did it. *And* why! Oh, I've had my enemies all right. But I've never let them get me down. *And* I don't forget."

He stopped. Suddenly he was genial once more. "So I can't help you, I'm afraid. A bit of fun between me and Helen, that was all. It didn't go deep."

Gwenda stared at him. It was a clear enough story, but something jarred. "All the same," she said, "you looked her up when you came to Dillmouth later."

He laughed. "Wanted to show her that I wasn't down and out. I had a nice business and I was driving a posh car."

"You came to see her more than once, didn't you?"

He hesitated. "Twice, perhaps three times. Just dropped in." He nodded with sudden finality. "Sorry I can't help you."

The door opened and a woman looked in. "Come in, my dear. Meet my wife. Mr. and Mrs. Reed."

Mrs. Afflick was a tall, thin woman, dressed in well-cut clothes.

"Been talking over old times, we have," said Mr. Afflick. "Old times before I met you, Dorothy."

"We mustn't keep you," said Giles. "Good-bye and thank you."

Giles and Gwenda went toward their car. "I've left my scarf," said Gwenda. She ran back into the house. Through the open door of the study she heard Mrs. Afflick say, "Who are those people and why have they upset you so?"

"They haven't upset me. I—" He stopped as he saw Gwenda standing in the doorway.

"Oh, Mr. Afflick, did I leave a scarf?"

"Scarf? No, Mrs. Reed. It's not here."

"Stupid of me. It must be in the car."

She went out again. Giles had turned the car. Drawn up by the curb was a yellow limousine. "Some car," he said.

" 'A posh car,' " said Gwenda. "Do you remember, Giles? Edith Paget when she was telling us what Lily said? Lily had put her money on Captain Erskine, not 'our mystery man in the flashy car.' The mystery man was Jackie Afflick."

"Yes," said Giles. "And in her letter to the doctor Lily mentioned a 'posh car.' "

They looked at each other. "He was there—'on the spot' that night."

"Admiring my bus?" Mr. Afflick's genial voice made them jump. "Here's your scarf, Mrs. Reed. It had slipped down behind the table. Good-bye. Pleased to have met you."

"I wonder how long he's been there behind us listening," said Gwenda uneasily as they drove away.

"Well, I'm damned," exclaimed Giles. He had just torn open a letter. "It's the report of the handwriting experts."

Gwenda said eagerly, "And she *didn't* write that letter from abroad?"

"That's just it, Gwenda. She *did*."

Said Gwenda incredulously, "Then those letters *weren't* a fake. Helen *did* go away from the house that night."

Giles said, "It seems so. But it really is upsetting. Just as everything seems to be pointing the other way."

"Giles, let's call round on Miss Marple. We'll have time before we get to Dr. Kennedy's at 4:30."

Miss Marple, however, reacted differently from the way they had expected. She said it was very nice indeed.

"But Miss Marple," said Gwenda, "what do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear, that somebody has slipped up."

"But how?"

"Well, surely you can see how it narrows the field?"

"Accepting the fact that Helen actually wrote the letters—do you mean that she might still have been murdered?"

"I mean that it seemed very important to someone that the letters should actually be in Helen's handwriting."

"I see. There must be certain circumstances in which Helen could have been induced to write those particular letters. But what circumstances?"

"If you'd just reflect a little—"

"Come on, Giles," said Gwenda. "We'll be late."

They left Miss Marple smiling to herself.

They reached Dr. Kennedy's house in good time. "The train is due at Woodleigh Road at 4:35. It should arrive in a few minutes now," the doctor said. "Then it will take Mrs. Kimble about five minutes to walk up the hill."

He walked restlessly up and down the room. "I don't understand what it all means," he said. "If Helen never left that house, if her letters to me were forgeries. . . ." Gwenda moved sharply, but Giles shook his head at her. *(continued)*



SLEEPING MURDER

continued

The doctor went on: "If Kelvin didn't kill her, then wh happen?"

"Somebody else killed her," said Gwenda.

"But why should Kelvin insist that he had done so?"

"Because he thought he had."

Dr. Kennedy rubbed his nose irritably. "Yes, I su it's possible. But who would want to kill Helen?"

"We think one of three people," said Gwenda.

"What three people? She had no enemies." He w the desk drawer and fumbled through it. "Came acro when I was looking for those letters." He held out a snapshot. It showed a schoolgirl in a gym tunic, he tied back, her face radiant. Kennedy, a younger, happy ing Kennedy, stood beside her. "I've been thinking about her lately," he said indistinctly. "For many y hadn't thought about her at all. Now I think about h the time. That's *your* doing." His words sounded almo cusing.

The faint scream of an engine came to their ears. " goes the train," said Kennedy. "She'll be here any mi

But Lily Kimble did not come.

Lily Kimble got out of the train at Dillmouth Junctio walked across the bridge to the little local train. She the only person to alight at the tiny station of Matc Halt. A signpost with To Woodleigh Camp on it indi a footpath leading up a steep hill. Lily Kimble took the path that skirted a wood. Someone stepped out fron trees and Lily Kimble jumped.

"My, you did give me a start," she exclaimed. "I w expecting to meet you here."

"Gave you a surprise, did I? I've got another surpris you."

There was no one to hear a cry, and the struggle was over. . . .

"What's become of the woman?" demanded Dr. Kenn The hands of the clock pointed to ten minutes to five

The telephone rang and the doctor got up to answer. Kennedy? This is Inspector Last, Longford Police Sta Were you expecting a woman called Lily Kimble this a noon?"

"I was. Why? Has there been an accident?"

"Not exactly. She's been strangled. We found a letter you on the body. Can you come to the station?"

"I'll come at once."

"Let's get this clear," Inspector Last said, looking from

THIS HOUSE

By Gardner McFall

This house is a hundred old bones.
The boards which lean together lean together
in a manner they are used to. These boards have stories
they tell in the wind at night when we are all sleeping.
Even when we are awake and not listening,
they know what is important about weather,
about coming and leaving, though they lean together
right here like this. About these boards,
they will crack even as they crack and begin to fall
away from us now. When they are gone
we will speak of them. When this has become a new site,
we will mention how each various room we remember,
how the porch filled up with sun,
how the boards held and always received us.

dy to Giles and Gwenda, who had accompanied the doctor. "You were expecting this woman by the train that ives Dillmouth Junction at 4:05? And ts to Woodleigh Bolton at 4:35?"

Dr. Kennedy nodded.

Inspector Last looked down at the letter he had taken from Lily's body.

Dear Mrs. Kimble:

I shall be glad to advise you to the best of my power. As you will see from the heading of this letter I no longer live in Dillmouth. If you will take the train leaving Coombeleigh at 3:30, change at Dillmouth Junction, and come by the Lonsbury Bay train to Woodleigh Bolton, my house is only a few minutes' walk. Turn to the left as you come out of the station, then take the first road on the right. My house is at the end of it on the right.

Yours truly,
James Kennedy

"There was no question of her coming an earlier train?"

"An earlier train?" Dr. Kennedy looked tonished.

"Because that's what she did. She left ot at 3:30 but at 1:30—caught the 2:05 om Dillmouth Junction and got out, ot at Woodleigh Bolton, but at Matchgs Halt, the station before it."

"But that's extraordinary!"

"The body was found in a copse along he track leading from Matchings Halt Woodleigh Camp. We put the time of eath at between 2:15 and 3 o'clock. ow, just what was your business with er, Doctor?"

Dr. Kennedy brought out Lily's letter. brought this with me. The enclosed utting is an insertion put in the local aper by Mr. and Mrs. Reed here."

Inspector Last read Lily Kimble's letter and the enclosure. Then he looked om Dr. Kennedy to Giles and Gwenda. Can I have the story behind all this?"

Piecemeal, the story came out. Then nspector Last summed up.

"Mrs. Halliday was Dr. Kennedy's ster and your stepmother, Mrs. Reed. ighteen years ago she disappeared om the house you are at present living . Lily Kimble was a servant in the ouse at the time. For some reason, Lily imble inclines to the theory that there as foul play. Major Halliday died in a ental establishment fifteen years ago, till under the delusion that he had trangled his wife—if it was a delusion. he crucial point seems to be, is Mrs. Halliday alive or dead? And what did ily Kimble know? It seems, on the face f it, that she must have known something rather important. So important hat she was killed in order to prevent er talking about it."

Gwenda cried, "But how could anyone possibly know she was going to talk bout it—except us?"

Inspector Last turned *(continued)*



Stroganoff 57

1 pound ground beef
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can (4 oz) mushroom stems and pieces
⅓ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
1 cup water
¼ cup Heinz 57 Sauce
¼ cup minced parsley
⅓ cup dairy sour cream
Hot buttered noodles

Lightly combine first 4 ingredients; form into 16 meatballs. In large skillet, partially brown meatballs in shortening. Drain off excess fat. Drain mushrooms, reserving liquid. Stir mushrooms and onion into skillet; sauté until onion is tender. Stir in flour, then reserved mushroom liquid, water, 57 Sauce and parsley. Cover; simmer 25 minutes, stirring occasionally. Slowly stir in sour cream; heat. *Do not boil.* Serve immediately over hot buttered noodles. Makes 4 servings.

Meat Loaf 57

1½ pounds ground beef
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 cup soft bread crumbs
½ cup milk
3 tablespoons Heinz 57 Sauce
1¼ teaspoons salt
Dash pepper

Combine ingredients thoroughly. Shape in loaf (8" x 4" x 1½") in lightly greased shallow baking pan. Brush top with additional 57 Sauce. Bake in 350°F. oven 1 hour. Allow meat loaf to stand 5 minutes before slicing. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

thoughtful eyes on her. "It is significant, Mrs. Reed, that she took the 2:05 instead of the 4:05 train from Dillmouth Junction. Also, she got out at the station before Woodleigh Bolton. Why? It seems possible to me that, *after* writing to the doctor, she wrote to *someone else*, suggesting a rendezvous at Woodleigh Camp and that she proposed after that rendezvous, if it was unsatisfactory, to go on to Dr. Kennedy and ask his advice. It is possible that she suspected some definite person, and she may have written to that person hinting at her knowledge."

"Blackmail," said Giles bluntly.

When Giles and Gwenda arrived home, Gwenda looked white and ill. Dr. Kennedy had said to Giles: "Give her some brandy, then get her to bed. She's had a bad shock."

"It's so awful, Giles," Gwenda said. "That silly woman, making an appointment with the murderer, and going along so confidently—to be killed."

"Well, don't think about it, darling. After all, we did know there was someone—a killer."

"No, we didn't. Not a killer *now*. I mean, it was *then*—eighteen years ago. It wasn't, somehow, quite real . . ."

Giles was glad to find Miss Marple at Hillside. She fussed over Gwenda, who refused brandy.

"Very dreadful, my dear," Miss Marple said. "But it proves definitely that poor young Helen Halliday was killed. Now we *know*."

"But where is the body?" said Giles.

"Come now, what struck you first, Gwenda, when you came here?" asked Miss Marple. "The fact that from the drawing room window you had no view down to the sea. Where you felt that steps should lead down to the lawn—there were shrubs. The steps had been there originally but were moved. Why?"

Gwenda stared at her with dawning comprehension. "You mean that *that's* where--"

"There must have been a reason for making the change. That end of the terrace is a very quiet place—it's not overlooked from the house except by one window—the window of the nursery.

"Why can we be sure?" asked Gwenda.

"Because of what poor Lily Kimble said in her letter—about what Layonee saw when she looked out of the window. That makes it clear, doesn't it? The Swiss girl looked out of the nursery window at some time during the night and saw the grave being dug. Perhaps she saw who was digging it."

"And never told the police?"

"She did mention it to Lily and that stimulated Lily's belief in a crime having occurred. But I've no doubt that Edith Pagett told Lily off for talking nonsense, and the Swiss girl would certainly not wish to be mixed up with the police. Foreigners always seem to be particularly nervous about the police. So she went back to Switzerland and very likely never thought of it again."

Giles said, "If she can be traced—"

Miss Marple nodded. "Perhaps."

"Inspector Last is coming over here tomorrow morning."

"Then I think I should tell him—about the steps."

"And about what I saw in the hall?" asked Gwenda nervously.

"Yes. You've been very wise to say nothing of that until now. But I think the time has come."

Giles said slowly, "She was strangled in the hall, and then the murderer carried her upstairs and put her on the bed. Kelvin Halliday came in, passed out with doped whiskey, and in his turn was carried upstairs to the bedroom. He came to, and thought he had killed her. The murderer must have been watching somewhere near at hand. When Kelvin went off to Dr. Kennedy's, the murderer took away the body, probably hid it in the shrubbery at the end of the terrace, and waited until everybody had gone to bed before he dug the grave and buried the body. That means he must have been hanging about the house pretty well all that night?"

Miss Marple nodded. "He had to be—*on the spot*. We've got to see which of our three suspects fits in best with the requirements. We'll take Erskine first. By his own admission he walked up here from the beach with Helen Kennedy at about nine o'clock. He said good-bye to her. But did he say good-bye to he Let's say instead that he strangled he

"But it was all over between them cried Gwenda.

"But don't you see, Gwenda, we ca depend on anything anyone *says*."

"I'm so glad to hear you say tha said Miss Marple. "Because I've been little worried by the way you two ha seemed willing to accept all the thin that people have told you. In a matt of *murder*, I make it a rule to acce nothing unless it is *checked*."

Giles stared hard at her. He said, "E skine says that he met Helen on the bo going out to India and they fell in lov but that he couldn't bring himself leave his wife and children, and th they agreed they must say good-by Suppose it wasn't quite like that. Su pose he fell desperately in love wi Helen, and that it was *she* who wouldn run off with him. Supposing he threa ened that if she married anyone else h would kill her."

"Most improbable," said Gwenda.

"Things like that do happen. Let's g on with my case against him. Hele breaks off her engagement to Fane an comes home and marries your fathe and settles down here. Then Erskin turns up. He comes down ostensibly o a summer holiday with his wife. That an odd thing to do, really. He admits h came here to see Helen again.

"Now we come to the fatal night Helen meets Erskine, by appointmen perhaps, on the beach. He urges Hele to go away with him. She comes bac here and he comes with her. Finally, i a fit of frenzy, he strangles her. Th next bit is as we have already agreed He's slightly mad, he wants Kelvin Halli day to believe it is *he* who killed her Later, Erskine buries the body."

"One wonders," said *(continued*

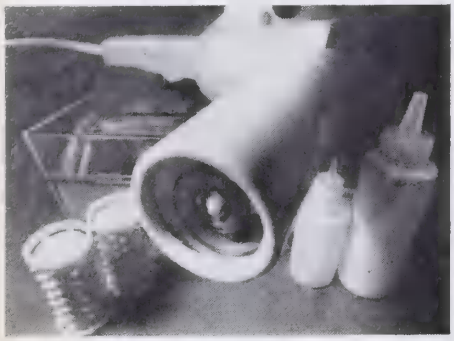


"It says, 'If found, don't bother to return.'"



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After the hurters



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After the "hurters," give your hair "the healer." New Ogilvie HAIR REPAIR LOTION.



NEW OGILVIE HAIR REPAIR LOTION

SLEEPING MURDER

continued

Miss Marple, "what his wife was doing?"

"Probably frenzied with jealousy," said Gwenda. "And gave him hell when he got in. But he couldn't have killed Lily Kimble, because he lives in Northumberland. So let's take Walter Fane."

"Right. Walter Fane seems gentle and mild. But Miss Marple has brought us one valuable bit of testimony. Walter Fane was once in such a rage that he nearly killed his brother. Walter Fane falls in love with Helen Kennedy. She won't have him and he goes off to India. Later, she writes him that she will come out and marry him. Then comes the second blow. She arrives and promptly jilts him. She has 'met someone on the boat.' She goes home and marries Kelvin Halliday. Possibly Walter Fane thinks that Kelvin Halliday was the original cause of her turning him down. He broods, nurses a crazy, jealous hate and comes home. He behaves in a most forgiving, friendly manner. But perhaps Helen gets a glimpse of what is going on below the surface. Perhaps, long ago, she sensed something disturbing in quiet, young Walter. She says to him, 'I think I've always been afraid of you.' She makes plans, secretly, to leave Dillmouth. Why? Because she's afraid of Fane.

"Now we come again to the fatal evening. We don't know what Walter Fane was doing that night. But he fulfills Miss Marple's requirement of being 'on the spot' to the extent of living in a house that is only two or three minutes' walk away. And I think that he's the most likely of the three to have made mistakes in packing a suitcase. He wouldn't know enough about what women wear to do it properly."

"And now," said Gwenda, "we come to Afflick. He's told us about himself and Helen—but we'll agree now that it was all a pack of lies. He was madly in love with her. But she wasn't in love with him. She was just amusing herself, then wanted to drop him. Her brother got her out of her scrape, but Jackie Afflick never forgave or forgot.

"Helen goes abroad, and he leaves Dillmouth. But he never forgets her, and when she returns to Dillmouth, married, he comes over and visits her. He said first of all, he came *once*, but later admits that he came more than once. Edith Pagett used a phrase about 'our mystery man in a flashy car.' You see, he came often enough to make the servants talk. But Helen took pains not to ask him to a meal—not to let him meet Kelvin. Perhaps she was afraid of him. Lily said in her letter to Dr. Kennedy there was a posh car standing outside that night. It was Jackie Afflick's car. H was 'on the spot,' too."

"Which one do you fancy, Mis Marple?" asked Gwenda. "Fane?"

Mrs. Cocker had just come in to clea away the coffee cups. "There now Madam," she said, "I quite forgot. M Fane was here this afternoon, asking fo you. He waited half an hour. Seemed t think you were expecting him."

"How strange," said Gwenda. "Wha time?"

"It must have been four o'clock. An then, after that, another gentleman cam in a great big yellow car. He was posi tive you were expecting him. Waite twenty minutes."

"How odd," said Gwenda.

"Let's ring up Fane now," said Giles

"Hullo? Giles Reed here. I hear yo came round to see us this afternoon- what?—no, no, I'm sure of it—no, how odd. Yes, I wonder, too." He laid down the receiver.

"Here's an odd thing. He was run up in his office this morning. A messag left asked if he'd come round and see u this afternoon. It was very important."

Giles and Gwenda stared at each other. Then Gwenda said, "Ring up Afflick."

Again Giles rang the number.

"Mr. Afflick? Giles Reed, I—"

Here he was obviously interrupted by a flow of speech from the other end.

"But we didn't—no—I assure you— nothing of the kind. Yes, but look here who was it rang you? No, it wasn't me Well, I agree, it's extraordinary."

He replaced the receiver. A man who said he was me rang up Afflick and asked him to come here. It was urgent."

"It could have been either of them," said Gwenda. "Either of them *could have killed Lily and come on here as an excuse for being away from their office.* One of them rang up the other and asked him to come here—to throw suspicion on him—but we don't know which. It's between Fane or Afflick. I say Afflick."

"I think Walter Fane," said Giles.

They both looked at Miss Marple. She shook her head. "There's another possibility."

"Of course, Erskine."

Giles dialed the telephone again.

"What are you going to do?" asked Gwenda.

"Call Northumberland. If he's there he couldn't have killed Lily Kimble this afternoon. . . . Er—Erskine? Giles Reed here—Reed, yes." He cast a sudden agonized glance at Gwenda, which said as plainly as possible, "What the hell do I say now?"

Gwenda took the receiver from him. "Major Erskine? This is Mrs. Reed. We've heard of a house. Linscott Brake. Do you know anything about it? It's somewhere near you, I believe."

Erskine's voice said, *(continued)*

Of all the best-selling 100's...



True 100's are lowest in tar.



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w True 100's lowest in tar & nicotine.
rce: Tar and Nicotine—FTC Report Nov. 1975.
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g. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine: 70 mm length.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nic...Think about it.

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What do you use instead?

Answer: Try Drano Instant Plunger. It works on all kinds of clogs, even emergencies, better and faster than a liquid drain pipe opener.



Now, you can unclog a drain better and faster with Drano Instant Plunger.

Clears the clog in one second.

Drano Instant Plunger works with "plunging pressure." Just place the top of the can over the drain opening, cover any vents, and press down for just one second. You'll hear the sound "WOOSH," see a little white puff of moisture and one second later the drain will run free.

Contains no lye or acid.

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Drano also has an exclusive adapt-a-cap to fit on more kinds of drains.

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So, no matter what kind of clogged drain you have, use Drano Instant Plunger. It works better and faster than a liquid.



Drano Instant Plunger works. Or your money back.

DO NOT use in drains where lye or acid type openers have recently been used and may still be present.

SLEEPING MURDER

continued

"Linscott Brake? No, I don't think I've ever heard of it

"I'm sorry to have bothered you. I expect you were Gwenda said.

"No, not at all. My wife's away, so I've been dealing domestic routine. I'm afraid I'm not much good. I'm in the garden."

"I hope your wife isn't ill?"

"Oh, no, she was called away to a sister."

"Well, good night, and so sorry to have bothered yo

Gwenda put down the receiver. "Erskine is out of it said. "His wife's away and he's doing all the chores. S leaves it between the two others. Doesn't it, Miss Ma

Miss Marple was looking grave.

"I don't think, my dears," she said, "that you have quite enough thought to the matter. . . ."

Gwenda leaned her elbows on the table while her roamed dispassionately over the remains of a hasty lunch events of the morning seemed to be chaotic and impos Inspector Last had appeared with Detective Inspector Pr who was now in charge of the case of Lily Kimble, dece It was Inspector Primer who had asked Gwenda if his could dig in the garden.

Giles had spoken up then. He told the Inspector abou shifting of the steps leading down to the lawn. Then he said, "I think, Inspector, you had better hear something my wife has not mentioned so far."

And Gwenda had explained. How the house had see familiar to her when she first saw it. How she had subseq ly learned that she had, in fact, lived there as a child. she had suddenly remembered seeing a dead woman i hall by the staircase. "With a blue face, strangled, and en hair—and it was Helen—even though I didn't know Helen *was*."

"Webster?" Inspector Primer said thoughtfully. " Duchess of Malfi. Monkey's paws?"

"It may all have been a nightmare."

"No, I don't think it was," said Inspector Primer. "It w be very hard to explain Lily Kimble's death, unless we ass that there *was* a woman murdered in this house."

That seemed so reasonable that Gwenda hurried on: " it wasn't my father who murdered her. Even Dr. Penrose he wasn't the right type. And Dr. Kennedy has said he quite sure my father hadn't done it, but only *thought* had. So it was someone who wanted it to *seem* as though father had done it."

And Gwenda had poured out all her and Giles' spec tions about the three men who might have figured in H Halliday's life—and how both Walter Fane and J.J. Afflick been rung up, as though by Giles, and had been summo to Hillside.

"But you do see, don't you, Inspector—that one of t might be lying?"

And the Inspector said, "That's one of the difficulties in kind of work. So many people may be lying . . . though always for the reasons that you'd think. And some peo don't even know they're lying."

"Do you think I'm right about who murdered her?" Gw da asked.

"It's not a question of thinking. It's a question of check up. Where everybody was, what account they give of th movements. We know Lily Kimble was killed between 2: and 2:45. Anyone could have killed her and then come h yesterday. I don't see any reason for those phone calls. doesn't give either of the people you mention an alibi for t time of the murder." *(continued on page 1*

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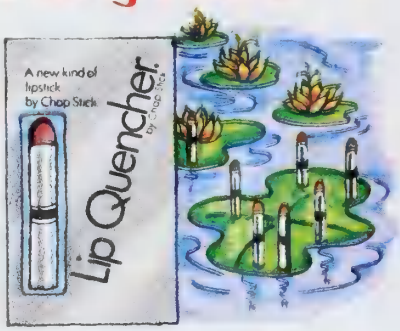
LAND O LAKES Butterstuffing 'n Tomatoes

¼ c. LAND O LAKES Sweet Cream Butter
½ to 1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. sweet basil leaves
⅛ tsp. ground pepper
½ c. diagonally sliced celery
½ c. green pepper strips (¼x1")
¼ c. chopped onion or 1 tbsp. instant chopped onion
1 c. seasoned stuffing mix
4 (2½") tomatoes, cut in 8 wedges each
2 tsp. sugar, if desired

In heavy 10" skillet melt butter; add seasonings. Saute celery, green pepper and onion uncovered over med. heat until crisply tender. Add stuffing; toss. Add tomatoes and sugar; toss gently. Cover; continue cooking until tomatoes are hot yet firm (10 to 12 min.). Yield: 4 to 5 servings.

TIP: Seasoned croutons may be substituted for stuffing mix.





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Pet journal



How to adopt a new kitten without driving your cat—*and* yourself—crazy.

By Carole C. Wilbourn Every cat needs its own special friend—one of its own kind to communicate and play with. If you own only one cat and he seems lonely, listless or bored, another feline in the house will rejuvenate him. His days will be more exciting, his appetite stimulated. (Dinner always looks better when someone else wants it.)

But you just can't plop a new cat down in front of your old one and expect the two of them to be best friends. Cats are chary with their affection. You have to select the *right* friend for your cat and properly introduce them before a feline friendship —with all its beneficial results—can develop.

SELECTING A COMPATIBLE KITTEN

If your cat is over a year old, a friendship will develop faster if you adopt a kitten. (The newcomer's gender is immaterial.) A kitten is flexible and will adapt to your cat's needs and habits. If your cat is mellow and even-tempered, any kitten will do (and sometimes even an older cat). But if "hostile and aggressive" or "shy and sensitive" describe your cat, select a kitten that prefers cats to people—one that will turn to your cat for security instead of to you. To find a cat-oriented kitten, spend some time watching the litter to see which of the young tend to shy away from people and choose one of them. Or ask the owners which kitten they think prefers cats to people.

If your cat has reached sexual maturity, it should be neutered before the newcomer arrives. Neutered animals generally are more amiable than their unaltered counterparts.

In addition, have a veterinarian examine both the cat and the kitten and make sure their vaccinations are up-to-date. Be sure to have the newcomer's stool checked for possible parasites. If the kitten has been exposed to many other cats in a pet store, animal shelter or breeding farm, it's more likely to carry viral infection even if it appears healthy.

INTRODUCING YOUR CAT'S NEW FRIEND

1. Before the kitten arrives, inflate your cat's self-esteem with repeated praise and affection.
2. Have a friend or relative who doesn't live with you bring the newcomer in a cat carrier or in a covered box with air holes. You don't want your cat to feel *you* are responsible for the sudden intrusion.
3. Be oblivious of the newcomer's arrival, even if the carrier is sitting in the middle of the floor.
4. When your cat ambles over to inspect the new arrival, sniffing and hissing, don't panic. Breathe deeply and go on with what you're doing. Try not to talk about the cat and kitten. It will make you nervous, and in turn, will make your cats nervous.
5. Let the new arrival remain in the carrier for at least two hours. Then lure your cat away by feeding him or by some other pleasant diversion. While the two of you are away, have a friend open the carrier, so your cat will know *you* are not responsible for rescuing the kitten.
6. Expect hissing and other terrible noises from both sides. If either cat gets too rough, a spray of water can be the referee.
7. Never try to force the two of them together. It must be your cat's choice.
8. Do not lavish any attention on the newcomer until your cat has accepted him. If you make a fuss, your cat will be jealous and the adjustment will take longer. And don't sneak in a few pats; the cat will smell your scent on the kitten.
9. Do make your first cat feel loved. Don't be surprised to find him under the bed or refusing food. It takes time for a friendship to develop. **End**

Carole C. Wilbourn is the author of the forthcoming book CATS PREFER IT THIS WAY, to be published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc. Photograph by Walter Chandoha.

ople who doubt their dogs will like Gaines·burgers® DOG FOOD are sometimes proven wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong.



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"Uh, you won't tell anybody about this, will you?" he whispered,

"Who, us?" we said.



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SLEEPING MURDER

continued from page 130

Just then one of the police constables came in.

"We've come to something, sir. Looks as though it's her, all right."

And it was then that the nightmare had begun.

Mrs. Cocker had gone out into the garden—not led by ghoulish curiosity, but solely in the quest of culinary herbs for lunch. She had walked straight in upon the gruesome discovery, and had been almost immediately "taken queer."

Alarmed by Mrs. Cocker's ashy color, Gwenda had poured out some brandy and brought it to Mrs. Cocker to sip. And Mrs. Cocker had said, "That's just what I needed, Madam—" Then, quite suddenly her voice had failed, and she had looked so alarming that Gwenda had screamed for Giles, and Giles had yelled to the police surgeon who had arrived.

"It's fortunate I was on the spot," the latter said afterwards. "Without a doctor, that woman would have died."

And then Inspector Primer had asked Gwenda when she and Giles had last had any brandy. Gwenda said she thought not for some days. "But I nearly had some brandy yesterday," she said.

"That was very lucky for you, Mrs. Reed. If you had drunk any of that brandy bottle's contents yesterday, I doubt if you would be alive today."

Gwenda shivered. Even now, alone in the house, with the police gone and Giles gone with them, and Mrs. Cocker removed to the hospital, Gwenda could hardly believe in the morning turmoil of events. One thing stood out clearly: the presence in the house yesterday of Jackie Afflick and Walter Fane. What was the purpose of the phone calls unless it was to afford one of them the opportunity to poison the brandy? Gwenda and Giles had been getting too near the truth. Or had a third person engineered the calls to steer suspicion toward the other two?

But a third person didn't make sense. A third person would have wanted *one* suspect, not two. And anyway, who could it be? Erskine had been in Northumberland at the time.

Again Gwenda shivered. It took a little getting used to—the knowledge that someone had tried to kill you. "Dangerous," Miss Marple had warned.

Gwenda shook herself. She must clear away lunch.

By the side of the sink was a pair of surgical rubber gloves. Mrs. Cocker always wore a pair for washing up. Gwenda fitted them on her hands and washed the dishes. Then she went stairs. She might as well wash out t stockings. She'd keep the gloves on

She was glad Richard Erskine was of it. How sad for him to be marri that woman with her suspicious and deep bass voice. Just like a m voice. . . .

Like a man's voice . . .

Could it have been Mrs. Erskine, her husband who had replied to C on the telephone? No, surely not. and Giles would have known. And a way, Mrs. Erskine could have had idea of who was ringing up. No, it Erskine speaking, and his wife, as said, was away.

His wife was away . . .

Surely—no, that was impossible Could it have been *Mrs.* Erskine—dri insane by jealousy? Mrs. Erskine whom Lily Kimble had written? W a *woman* Layonee had seen in the den that night?

There was a sudden bang in the l below. Somebody had come in throu the front door.

Gwenda came out from the bathro and looked over the banisters. She tremendously relieved to see it was Kennedy.

Her hands were held out in front her—wet, glistening, a queer, pink gray—they reminded her of so thing. . . . *(continu*

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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

Kennedy looked up, shading his eyes. "Is that you, Gwennie? I can't see your face. . . . My eyes are dazzled—"

And then Gwenda screamed. Looking at those smooth monkey's paws and hearing that voice—

"It was you," she gasped. "You killed Helen!"

Dr. Kennedy came up the stairs toward her—slowly. "Why couldn't you leave me alone?" he said. "Why did you have to meddle? Why did you have to bring her back? Just when I'd begun to forget. You brought her back again—Helen—my Helen. I had to kill Lily—now I'll have to kill you. Like I killed Helen . . ."

He was close upon her now—his hands out toward her—reaching, she knew, for her throat. That nice ordinary, elderly face—but for the eyes. The eyes were not sane. . . .

Gwenda retreated before him slowly, the scream frozen in her throat. If she did scream no one would hear. Because there was no one in the house. Nobody.

A pitiful little whimper came from between Gwenda's lips. . . .

And then, suddenly, Dr. Kennedy stopped and reeled back as a jet of soapy water struck him between the eyes. He gasped and blinked and his hands went to his face.

"So fortunate," said Miss Marple's voice, breathless, for she had run up the back stairs, "that I was in the garden. . . .

"But, of course, dear Gwenda, I should never have dreamed of leaving you alone in the house," said Miss Marple. "I knew there was a very dangerous person at large."

"Did you know it was him all along?" asked Gwenda.

"Well, he did seem indicated, my dear, although there's no evidence to go upon. Think, he was *on the spot*, to begin with. When Kelvin Halliday came to him that night, Dr. Kennedy *had just come back from the hospital*. And the hospital, at that time, was actually next door to Hillside, or St. Catherine's as it was then called. And then there were a hundred and one little significant facts. Helen Halliday told Richard Erskine she had gone out to marry Walter Fane because *she wasn't happy at home*. Not happy, that is, living with her brother. Yet her brother was by all accounts devoted to her. So why wasn't she happy? Mr. Afflick told you that 'he was sorry for the poor kid.' Was it because Kennedy prevented her from meeting young men? Her brother was 'old-fashioned.'"

Gwenda shivered. "He was mad."

"Yes," said Miss Marple. "He wasn't normal. He adored his half-sister, that affection became unwholes That kind of thing happens oftener you'd think. I thought of it the d heard about the tennis net. Thin young Helen, home from school, e for all a young girl wants, anxiou meet young men. And see what brother did. When she wanted to tennis parties, he pretended to agree then one night secretly cut the tennis to ribbons—a very sadistic action.

"Mind you, I don't think Helen ized any of this. She knew her bro had a deep affection for her and I d think she knew *why* she felt uneasy unhappy at home. But she did feel that, and at last she decided to go ou India and marry young Fane—simpl order to get away. But on the way met Richard Erskine and fell in love v him. She didn't urge him to leave wife. She urged him *not* to do so. when she saw Walter Fane she kn that she coudn't marry him.

"On the boat home she met y father—and another way of esc showed itself. She didn't marry y father under false pretenses, Gwen He was recovering from the death dearly loved wife. She was getting o an unhappy love affair. They could b help each other. Kennedy seems to h gone out of his way to appear plea about the marriage.

Miss Marple continued, "And n we come to that very significant fact— suggestion that Kelvin was be drugged by his wife. There are only t possible explanations of that. Eith Helen Halliday *was* drugging her h band, and if so, why? Or else the dru were being administered by Dr. K nedy. Kennedy was Halliday's physici He had confidence in Kennedy's medi knowledge—and the suggestion that wife was drugging him was very cleve suggested to him by Kennedy."

"But could any drug make a man ha the hallucination that he was strangli his wife?" asked Giles.

"My dear Giles, you've fallen into t trap of believing *what is said to yo* There is only Dr. Kennedy's word for that Halliday ever had *that* hallucin tion. He himself never says so in h diary. He had hallucinations, yes, but does not mention their nature."

"Dr. Kennedy was really wicked said Gwenda.

"I think," said Miss Marple, "that he definitely passed the borderline betwe sanity and madness by that time. A Helen began to realize it. It was to h brother she must have been speakin that day when she was overheard t Lily. 'I think I've always been afraid you.' And so she determined to lea Dillmouth. She persuaded her husban to buy a house in Norfolk and not t tell anyone about it. *(continued*

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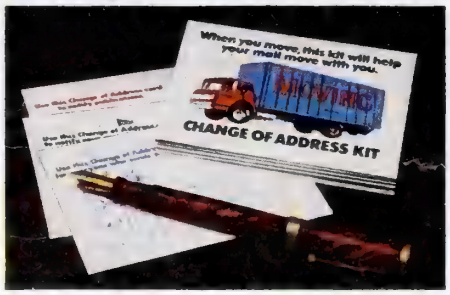
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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

Kelvin Halliday told his brother-

d in doing so, sealed his own fate at of his wife. For Kennedy was ing to let Helen go and live hap- ith her husband. I think perhaps a was simply to break down Halli- ealth with drugs. But revelation s victim and Helen were going to completely unhinged him. From spital, he went through into the of St. Catherine's and he took im a pair of surgical gloves. He Helen in the hall and strangled obody saw him and, racked with d frenzy, he quoted those tragic rom the *Duchess of Malfi*, 'Cover ce . . . Mine eyes dazzle . . . she oung.' They were really the clue whole thing. They are said, are ot, by a *brother* who has just con- his sister's death to avenge her ge. Then he carried the body up- Packed the clothes. Wrote a note rew it in the waste basket to con- Halliday later."

t I should have thought," said da, "that it would have been better his point of view for my father y to have been convinced of the r."

Marple shook her head.

, no, he couldn't risk that. The take a lot of convincing before elieve a man guilty of murder. might have asked a lot of awkward ons. No, his plan was simpler. He ad Halliday to convince. First, e had killed his wife. Second, that s mad. He persuaded Halliday to a mental home, but I don't think lly wanted to convince him that it l a delusion. Your father accepted eory, Gwennie, mainly, I should e, for your sake. He continued to e that he had killed Helen. He elieving that."

t the letters," said Giles. "Helen's . They *were* in her handwriting, y couldn't be forgeries."

course they were forgeries! But s where he overreached himself. s so anxious, you see, to stop you wenda making investigations. He probably imitate Helen's hand- g quite nicely—but it wouldn't n expert. So the sample of Helen's vriting he sent you with the letter t her handwriting, either. He wrote self. So naturally it tallied."

d the brandy?"

e did that the day he came to Hill- vith Helen's letter. He was waiting e house while Mrs. Cocker came the garden and told me he was there. It would only take a minute to do."

"Good Lord," said Giles. "And he urged me to take Gwenda and *give her brandy* after we were at the police station when Lily Kimble was killed. How did he arrange to meet Lily earlier?"

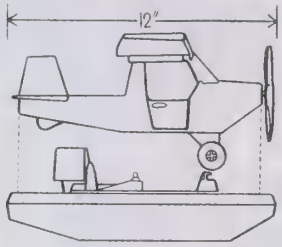
"Very simple. The original letter he sent her asked her to meet him at Woodleigh Camp and come to Matchings Halt by the 2:05 train from Dillmouth Junction. He came out of the copse of trees and strangled her. Then he simply substituted the letter you all saw for the letter she had with her (and which he had asked her to bring because of the directions on it) and went home to play out the comedy of waiting for Lily."

"And Lily really was threatening him? Her letter didn't sound as though she was. Her letter sounded as though she suspected Afflick."

"Perhaps she did. But Layonee, the Swiss girl, had talked to Lily, and Layonee was the one danger to Kennedy. Because she saw him digging in the garden. In the morning, he told her bluntly that Major Halliday had killed his wife—that Major Halliday was insane, and that he, Kennedy, was hushing up the matter for the child's sake. If, however, Layonee felt she ought to go to the police, she must do so, but it would be very unpleasant for her.

"Layonee took immediate fright at the mention of the police. Kennedy paid her a handsome sum of money and hustled her back to Switzerland. But before she went, she hinted something *(continued)*

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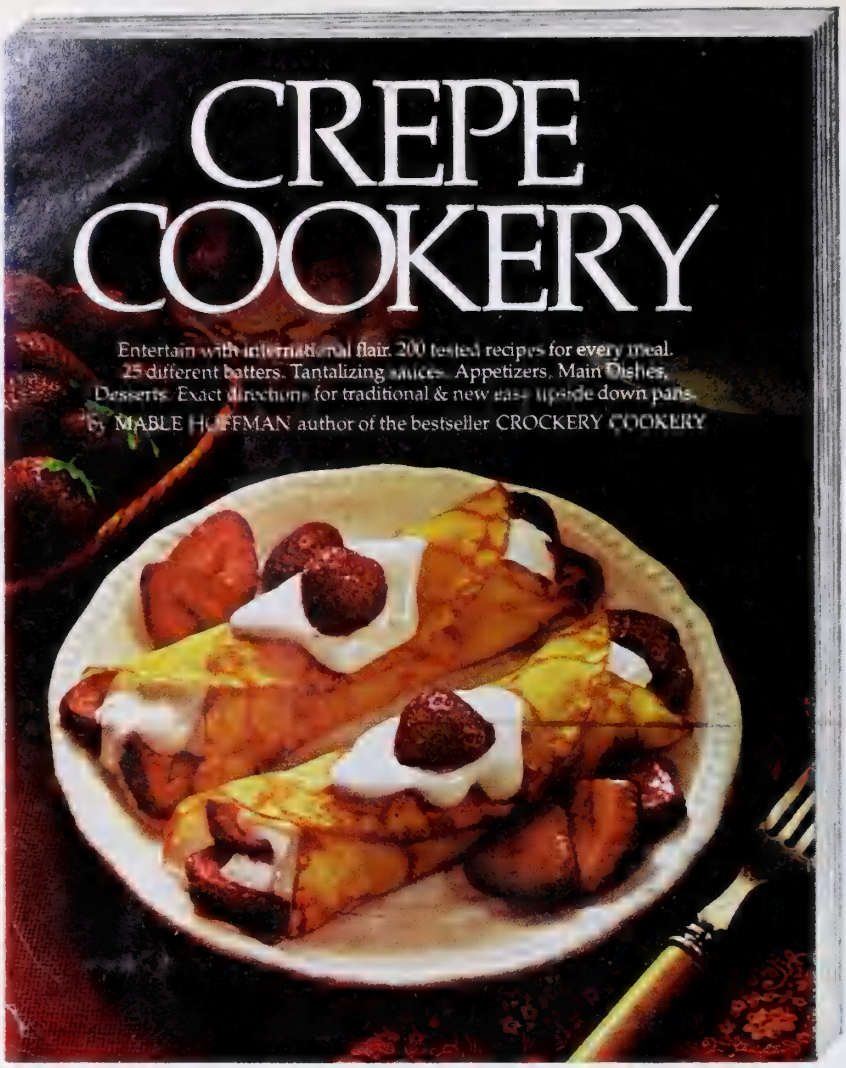
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SLEEPING MURDER

continued

to Lily as to your father's having his wife and that she had seen the buried. That fitted in with Lily's id the time. She took it for granted was Kelvin Halliday Layonee hac digging the grave."

"But Kennedy didn't know that."

"Of course not. When he got letter the words in it that frightene were that Layonee had told Lily she had seen *out of the window* an mention of the car outside."

"The car? Jackie Afflick's car?"

"Another misunderstanding. You remember that the *doctor's* car have been standing outside the ho that night—he probably concluded she meant *his* car."

"I see," said Giles. "Yes, to a conscience that letter of Lily's look like blackmail. But how do know all about Layonee?"

Miss Marple said, "The doctor right over the edge as soon as Insp Primer's men rushed in and seized He went over the whole crime again again—everything he'd done."

"Like trying to poison me with brandy?"

"You were very dangerous to him, and Giles. Fortunately, you never him about your memory of seeing H dead in the hall. He never knew t had been an eye witness."

"Those telephone calls to Fane Afflick," said Giles. "Did he put t through?"

"Yes. If there was an inquiry a who could have tampered with brandy, either would make a suspec

"And he seemed fond of me," Gwenda. "Little Gwennie."

"He had to play his part," said M Marple. "Imagine what it meant to h After eighteen years you and Giles c along, disturbing a murder that seemed dead, but was only sleeping horribly dangerous thing to do."

"How odd that it should happen way it did," mused Gwen. "My hav those rubber gloves on, and then coming into the hall and saying th words that sounded so like the othe 'Face' . . . and then: 'Eyes dazzled'—

Gwenda shuddered. "*Cover her face . Mine eyes dazzle . . . she died young .* That might have been me . . . if M Marple hadn't been there."

She paused and said softly: "Po Helen . . . Poor, lovely Helen. You kno Giles, she isn't there any more—in t house . . . in the hall. I could feel th yesterday before we left. There's just t house. And the house is fond of us. W can go back if we like." En



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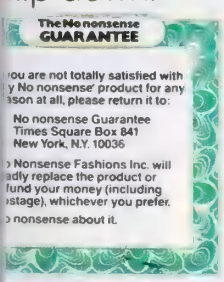
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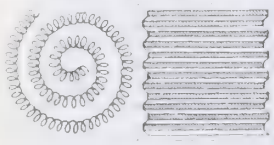
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My Son Jimmy

continued from page 73

my life a whole lot, I don't suspect, except that it'll break my heart for Amy to go away from me. She's my heart, you know—I love her better than Jimmy.

"I've never been to the White House, so perhaps I'll go up for the inauguration and visit a while after. But I love it down here in the country, so I don't think I'd want to live in Washington."

Miss Lillian frets that the tightening security ring around the family may ultimately mandate her own personal Secret Service agent, an eventuality that she says "will really tear up my playhouse. I don't like having people underfoot all the time. Actually, I don't mind the news media attention. I've been in the spotlight before. What I really don't like are some of those women reporters who ask such personal questions, and get very angry when I don't answer."

Miss Lillian grew up in southwestern Georgia, amid the blood-red earth on which the Carter family has built its peanut farming empire. As a young woman, she was a registered nurse. Once married, however, with a growing brood, she abandoned her professional career.

Though her husband Earl was a successful farmer, the Carters were by no means landed gentry. Without electricity, life on the farm was a backbreaking business. Jimmy was indoctrinated into the ethic of hard work by his father, with whom he broke the soil, planted the peanuts and cotton, tended livestock and chickens and brought in the crops.

One of Jimmy Carter's most vivid memories is his father's dexterity with a switch, used with regularity on Jimmy until his late teens. One of the last, and most severe, of his hidings was occasioned by a poor choice of targets for his air rifle. The small BB pellet left a harmless but painful welt on his sister Gloria's rear end—"and my daddy didn't stop whipping me until Gloria stopped wailing," Carter recalls.

No luxury of idleness

Electricity did not reach the Carter farm until the mid-1930s. While it certainly made life easier, it by no means allowed young Jimmy the luxury of idleness. "As soon as Jimmy got home from school," his mother remembers, "his daddy put him right to work. When his friends drove by and waved and laughed, he waved back and grinned."

Earl Carter died of cancer in 1953.

"I was bitter when Earl first passed away, because everyone had a husband and I didn't," Miss Lillian recalls. "And when I got over the bitterness, I was bored. Boredom is one of the worst s of all. But I became a fraternity hou mother at Auburn University, and be around a crowd of fraternity boys shake the boredom out of anybody, me tell you. After seven and a half ye I came back to Plains and manage nursing home for a year and a half."

In the mid-1960s, the civil rig movement finally filtered into ru Plains (population: 683). Miss Lill recalls one evening when Jimmy te phoned and asked her to stay away fr the Baptist church the following Sund "Of course, I was there early, beca when the children tell me to do so thing, I usually do the opposite. Th was going to be a vote on admitti Negroes to regular services, and it pretty certain which way the vote going to go.

"Jimmy's got a vein in his temple t throbs when he's mad, and it was rea going that morning. He got up and sa 'Before we vote I've got to tell you ho feel. This is God's house, not ours. H can we stand in the doorway and t God's people they cannot come into house?' Seven members of the congre tion—mostly Carters—voted to open t doors to everyone. About 50 vot against, but most of the people stained, apparently because they felt we did but were afraid of the pressu on them. For a while after *(continue*

At 231 pounds, I thought I'd be fat for life. Then I lost 111 pounds.

By Barbara Koehn—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

The one thing in my life I'd always wanted to do was to become a rse. But I did three other things st. I got married, had children, and e myself up to 231 pounds.

Putting on that weight was quite sy for me. Each morning, I nply opened my mouth when I ened my eyes and didn't stop eating until I went to bed. Bread, zzas, spaghetti, submarine sandches, pop, candy — I ate everying in sight.

By the time my first son was rn, I'd gone from 140 to 194 unds, which made it a hard birth. was in labor for a day and a half.

When I went home from the spital, I immediately made up my ind to stop gorging myself and se weight. And so I began endless efforts with crash diets, reducing pills, weekly diet sessions and just plain willpower to take off all those extra pounds.

The result? After two more children, I was heavier than ever. In fact, when I finally went into training, I wore the biggest uniform on the floor—24½. No wonder my supervisor in obstetrics wouldn't let me teach nutrition to new mothers. After all, how could I teach others what I hadn't learned myself.

Of course, as a nurse, I should have known better than to let my appetite run wild. But I was human and had my weaknesses. Like when I prepared meals for my children and husband, I ate extra things and always what I knew I shouldn't.

Then one day, I watched an operation on an extremely heavy woman. She had so many layers of fat, it's a wonder she hadn't had a heart attack. After seeing her, I really got serious about my own weight problem. I ruled out diet pills, however, as they'd always made me nervous in the past. Yet I was desperate enough to consider an intestinal bypass. But I gave up that and settled on the Ayds plan. It just seemed like such a sensible way to lose weight—without drugs. Besides, I'd read that Ayds® Reducing Plan Candy contains vitamins and minerals, so I bought a box at our local store in Huntington Woods, MI.

I took one or two Ayds 15 minutes before meals with a hot drink and they really helped satisfy my appetite. I found myself eating less without any strain. Naturally, I took in fewer calories, so I lost weight.

Thanks to the Ayds plan, I actually lost 111 pounds and all my bad eating habits. I just couldn't have been happier, especially since I knew I wouldn't have to be fat for the rest of my life.



At 231 pounds, I was so big, I didn't even bother to cover up my fat arms.



Now, at 120 pounds, I can wear just about anything and still look slim.

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5′4½″	5′4½″
Weight	231 lbs.	120 lbs.
Bust	47″	34″
Waist	42½″	25″
Hips	50½″	33½″
Dress	24½	9-10

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My Son Jimmy

continued

hurch vote there was some hostility. the threatening kind. Just people not king to each other. But it faded , just as it did when Jimmy refused in the White Citizens Council."

1964, Miss Lillian went to the ocratic National Convention, and made a goodwill tour of Russia and ern Europe for the State Depart- . "They were rewarding experi- s, but over too quick, and soon I was d again. You can only do so much g and bridge playing. I'm not a re- us fanatic, but I *am* a Christian, and s certain there was something im- nt I was intended to do. One night V, there it was: a commercial, "Join Peace Corps, Age Is No Barrier." mediately applied and sure enough, y soon I'd been accepted for screen- n Chicago.

'hat started me thinking. 'Now what I done? Maybe the children will me out of it.' So I went down to the . Billy and Jimmy were both there, I thought, 'Well, here goes the ceil- I said, 'Do you love me?', which is lly the signal that I'm up to some- g. Jimmy said, 'Of course we do, na.' Billy was a little blunter. He 'What in the hell are you up to ?' I told them about the Peace Corps, reminded them that I'd always ted to go to India—they gave their sing. I called Gloria, and all she said 'Oh, Mama, who'll I go fishing with ?' But my daughter Ruth said, na, Bombay! I'll come visit you.' So, e I was, stuck with the Peace Corps, ough the children said the Peace s was stuck with me.

'ou understand you have to be per- y healthy mentally as well as physi- to get in the Peace Corps. We all to undergo psychiatric testing, and othered the psychiatrists that I ln't explain my determination to e in India. Finally, one of the psy- trists asked 'Mrs. Carter, are you a al?' When I said I was, he explained it was my frustrations about the t of black people in my tight little d at home—and my inability to do much about it—that was drawing toward India, where I thought I d be more effective.

didn't think I was old, I felt so l. Actually, I wasn't the oldest per- ever to join the Peace Corps. I was 67; there was another woman who 74."

he celebrity send-off was quickly hed under the realities of the Indian continent. "They trained us thor- ly before we left. But nothing in the d prepared me for what I saw in India. The poverty, starvation, the dreadful disease. And the beggar children—millions of them, maimed, blinded and deformed, with missing limbs. When I mentioned this to an upper-class Indian, he told me very indifferently that some of the children are kidnapped at an early age, and in many cases they are sold by their parents to men who purposely maim them so they'll be more effective beggars. I couldn't bear it.

"It took four months to get accustomed to leprosy. I'll never forget the first time I saw a woman leper. I was walking down a road and heard a rustling in the weeds. A woman all covered with vermin was trying to crawl to water. The Indians walking by refused to acknowledge her. I went to the doctor at the clinic where I worked, and he said the sooner the woman died the better. It was hospital policy to turn out terminal cases to die on their own.

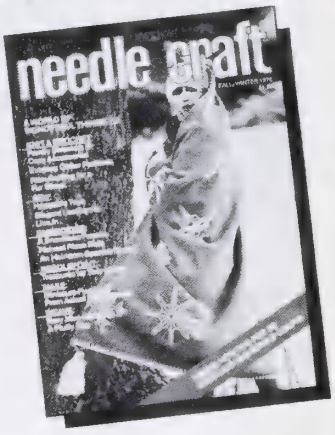
"As much as I resented the indifference of the Indian upper classes, I was frustrated and felt useless because I wasn't much better than they were. I couldn't bear the dirt, the lice, the blood and I couldn't touch the lepers. They sickened me. After I'd been there four months, a man came into the clinic one day with his 11-year-old daughter slung over his shoulder like a sack of flour. She had infectious leprosy and weighed 30 pounds. I thought, 'Oh, God, I can't touch her.' I told the man to put the little girl on a cot. I went back in to the doctor's office and told him I'd never be able to touch a leper. He said, 'You know leprosy isn't transmitted by touching. Try to treat her. If you can't, I'll come and do it for you.'

Learned to love lepers

"I made up my mind between his office and mine that I would do it. But after the injection, I washed my hands . . . and washed them again. Then I put alcohol on them and I was feeling very ashamed. At lunch I took a bath and put on clean clothes. And I knew that wouldn't do. I had told the man to bring the child back the next day. When she came, I simply washed my hands normally. I learned to love that girl, and after several weeks of injections, she began to get better. We got her into a leprosarium, and six months later, when she came out, she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. I thought only about how happy I was."

In the factory compound of 12,000 workers, the clinic staff was prohibited from treating anyone who came from the hills outside. "I played up to the doctor, who finally agreed to let me treat these poor people—if I supplied the medicines. The Peace Corps didn't allow us to have much money, so I had to play up to the Indian representatives of the American drug companies, too. They'd usually give their samples to the doctors, *(continued)*

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Vacation diet tips

continued from page 68

better when it's called sightseeing—whether it's traipsing through the Louvre or walking a beach. Activity keeps your mind off food and burns calories. See if you can get in some strenuous exercise, too. Playing tennis, swimming or jogging will keep weight down, tone up muscles and make you feel great.

One final word: Before you leave home, plan the meal you'll have when you return. Many a vacation diet has been ruined when the returnee stepped off the scale and ran into the kitchen to celebrate her successful time away. Have some frozen fish or chicken in the freezer, or a can of tuna in the cupboard. A planned meal subverts sabotage.

More than anything else, a vacation is a state of mind. To prepare yourself for the experience, decide in advance if you want to lose weight, or maintain it. Then follow through. Remember the gratification of a pounds-off vacation will be better than the momentary satisfaction gorging yourself may bring. **End**

My Son Jimmy

continued

who'd pass them along to friends." One day when the Parke-Davis salesman came, Miss Lillian decided that a little white lie was sometimes necessary. "I said, 'I know Mr. Parke and Mr. Davis back home in America. If you'll let me have these samples for the poor people, I'll tell them what a fine man you are and you might get a promotion! I told the Eli Lilly salesman, 'My children went to school with Mr. Lilly's children.' "

Duties as family planning counselor left Miss Lillian unhappy and frustrated. No family could send a fourth child to school, or live in public housing, unless one of the parents had been sterilized. "With the population problem, I suppose some measures have to be taken," she says sadly. "But I resented having to talk the men into it, for you know the poor Indian man has only his feeling of manhood to keep him going. They prize boy children above everything. The man who has no male heirs feels as if he's dead. I went into one household with six children—three boys, three girls, all with smallpox—and persuaded the husband to have a vasectomy. Within the next three weeks, all his boy children died. He almost went crazy, poor man."

Although the Peace Corps forbade volunteers to talk politics and religion, Miss Lillian met a Hindu man who invited her to a meeting to learn something of *his* religion. "I found his religion was very similar to mine: it brought us before the same Supreme Being. After I got home, I sent my friend a Bible. He replied: 'Is there a sequel?'

"When my two years were up, I was so sad at the thought of leaving India. There was so much for me to do, and I'd made so many friends—more than I'd ever had back home. But the children were writing me everyday to come back, so I did. When they saw me at the airport, every one of them cried because I was so thin and they said I looked so terrible. I thought I looked great, but I had lost 30 pounds. They took me to the car in a wheelchair. When we got back to Plains, they drove me up to this house they'd built for me while I was gone. That was when I cried. I'd like to go back, but all my Indian friends are mad at us because we stopped sending them wheat." She shoots a knowing smile across the room at Jimmy. "Maybe the next president will start sending them wheat again and I can go back.

"I mentioned the indifference of the Indian upper classes. Well, maybe that's a bit unfair. I think that, like all humankind, they develop an ability to screen out the horrible things around them. After I got back, the son of a wealthy Indian man came to visit me. Oh, he w a big hit around Plains, in his Ind dress, talking to the farmers about th crops and all. They'd never seen a thing like him before. One night, neighbor came over and I was talk about the terrible poverty in Ind When he left, the Indian boy said: M Lillian, will you tell me about the pov ty in my country. I have never seen i

Of her four children, Miss Lilli reckons that Jimmy and daughter Ru are most temperamentally akin to th mother: sensitive and almost painfu compassionate. Like many mothers a bitious for their children, Lillian Cart encouraged them to read, even at t dinner table. "Jimmy told me onc 'Mama, I don't ever want to stop lear ing.' And, of course, he never has. H came rather late for a deep love of th land, even though he worked it with h daddy from the time he was a small bo until he went into the Navy. After h daddy died, me and the girls and Bill who was still a boy, had to strugg along with the farm as best we could. was a terribly hard decision, but Jimm gave up the Navy career he wanted s much and came back to manage th farm and the business."

Ruth, who lives in Fayetteville, N.C is a nationally known evangelist. Gloria a teacher, lives near Plains. Billy als lives in Plains, and manages the busines which in addition to the growing an processing of peanuts also includes th world's largest worm farm.

Miss Lillian admits feeling closer t Billy's wife, Sybil, than to Jimmy's wife "Rosalynn," she says, "is a lovely girl and I love her very much. But she' much more reserved than I am, an keeps to herself a good deal of the time She's gone so much with the campaign that I've just grown into the habit o calling Sybil when I need anything."

Admires Jimmy's wife

After Jimmy and Rosalynn kiss her goodbye and leave for another week's campaigning, Miss Lillian says wistfully, "I just don't get to talk to Jimmy when Rosalynn's around. But, you know, I admire her very much. She grew up here in Plains, but she didn't want Jimmy to give up his career and come back. She was enjoying Navy life, and was afraid two families would be too restrictive. I'm proud of the way she made up her mind to adapt to small town life again, never complaining and working alongside Jimmy, just as hard as the men."

Having attended two Democratic National Conventions in her lifetime, Miss Lillian wasn't certain that she'd go to New York City, even with such very personal interests at stake. "Oh," she says, "if things settle down a bit and it looks like he'll be nominated, I might consider going. But it would hurt me so much if he lost." **End**

"When he gets a cold, I nurse, coddle, and make sure I have the softest tissue I can buy. Puffs."



I switched to Puffs—because they're
e softest tissue. And that means they feel
s irritating on his nose when it's all
d and sore from a cold. Believe me,
e tried so many others,
d Puffs really are the softest,



most soothing tissue on a sore nose.
Sometimes he'll sneeze and I'll say, "There, there baby," as I hand him the softest tissue. He loves it.
Know what? So do I.
Puffs soften the blow.

Puffs® The softest tissue in the world for the people you love most.

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The Shirt With a touch of whimsy!



- 100% crisp white washable cotton
- full color design perfect for guys & gals
- silk-screened in vibrant colors
- navy blue stretch crew neck and armbands

ONLY $2.99
plus 65¢ postage & handling each

Two of these wide eyed multi-colored owls are A-OK, but the third is a wise guy whooo lives upside down! Well, who gives a hoot, nobody's perfect! Great design! Great colors! And a great message! Sure to put a smile on anyone's face, why not put one on? Available in Small, Medium and Large to fit both guys & gals. Be sure to specify size. There's a 10-day money-back guarantee if this shirt doesn't keep you smiling.

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_____Large (14-16) #62132
_____#61014 year's subscription to Ladies' Home)Journal catalog of Stitchery & Crafts @ only 50¢.

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Address _____
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FOR BOYS & GIRLS, SIZES 2 THRU

Grandma & Grandp T-Shirts





Truly Remarkable Low Price
ONLY $1.99 EACH!
BUY ONE FOR EACH CHILD IN THE FAMILY!

Grandchildren can show who's number one in their lives with these exclusive T-sh designs. They celebrate the special love between children & grandparents. Grandi & Grandpa, happily rocking away, decorate the front of these shirts. Grandma slog reads, **"If Mother says no . . . ask Grandma"**; Grandpa, **"If all else fails, ask Grandpa**

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___Size 6—#62087	___Size 6—#62079
___Size 8—#62086	___Size 8—#62078
___Size 10—#62085	___Size 10—#62077
___Size 12—#62084	___Size 12—#62076
___Size 14—#62083	___Size 14—#62075
___Size 16—#62082	___Size 16—#62074

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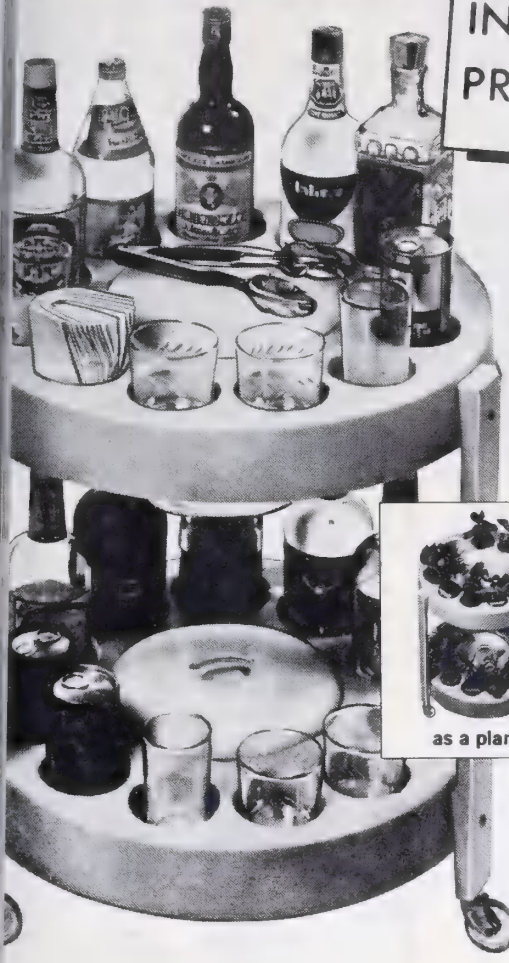
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Elegant 2-tier bar on easy-roll casters is perfect for home or office. Roll it around to serve guests. Roll it out to patio. It won't rust — it's molded high-impact acrylic! Holds 10 quart-size bottles of liquor, soft drinks and mixers *plus* 12 cocktail glasses, each in its own well — no messy spills! 20″ diameter, 23″ high. Sun yellow color is great accent with everything (Even use this as a rolling planter). May not be repeated at this low price of only $14.99 — order now. You'll be glad you did.



as a planter

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MADISON HOUSE T-SHIRTS, Dept. 12498
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Please send me the "Women's Faults" T-Shirt(s) indicated below at only $2.99 plus 65¢ for postage and handling each.

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_____Medium (12) #62072
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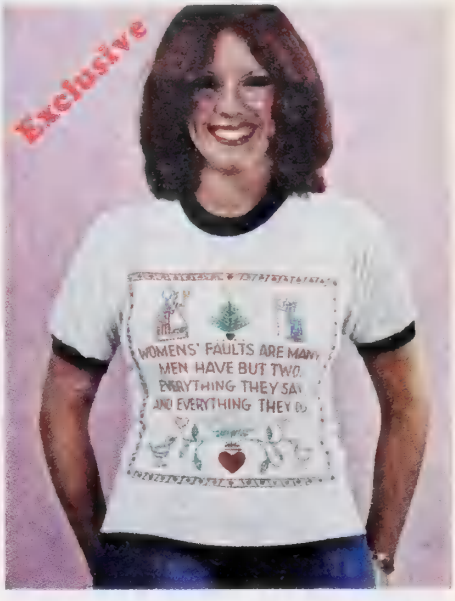
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Score one for the ladies!

Women's T-Shirt Speaks Out:

"WOMEN'S FAULTS ARE MANY MEN HAVE BUT TWO EVERYTHING THEY SAY AND EVERYTHING THEY DO"



- **Color-bright cross stitch sampler design**
- **Comfy 100% cotton**
- **Navy crew neck and sleeve trim**

ONLY $2.99 EACH

What an outspoken, fun pokin' tee-shirt *this is!* Who has the most faults, men or women? Well, as you can see from the verse, it's all in the way you *say it!* It's one for the gals with a good-humored turn of "poetic justice." The words of the old adage are boldly blazoned in red, and illustrated with a colorful Pennsylvania Dutch sampler motif . . . all framed within a chain of "cross stitch" kisses and hearts. Great funwear for leisure, terrific too for teams and clubs—and only $2.99 each! © 1976



THOUSANDS OF WALL PHOTO MURALS SOLD AT $39.99 TO $49.99.

NOW 3 EXCLUSIVE NEW DESIGNS FOR ONLY $29.99 EACH

Turn any wall into an unbelievable Panorama of Nature, Instantly!

...wake up beside a red gold river...thrill to a forest lake in golden autumn...stroll into an enchanted jungle.

LAKESIDE IN AUTUMN



RIVER SUNSET

JUNGLE WALK



Brilliant 4-Color Photo Murals, created in Sweden Decorate Nearly 60 Sq.Ft., And Are 100% Washable

Sweden, world-famous for imaginative and innovative interior designs, has done it again. In a few short hours, you can color your world "glorious autumn!"... relax beside a mirror-clear mountain lake, rich in luxurious foliage... wake up outdoors bathed in the fiery glow of an autumn river sunset. Or if your tastes lean towards the exotic, step into a breathtakingly beautiful jungle garden path that calls you to adventure.

FAST AND EASY TO APPLY

Each new, exciting PHOTO-WALL is a full 9 feet, 1½ inches high by 6 feet, 5 inches wide and richly decorates over 59 square feet of wall space! Four, 3-by-4 foot panels, are easy to handle and specially designed to match perfectly. All you need is a pail, two brushes and a few *fun hours*. And since these full-color prints are lithographed in Sweden and coated with a special lacquer, they whisk sparkling clean with just a damp sponge.

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Kit includes simple, step-by-step instructions, glue, and the four panels that comprise your magnificent wall. Until you see one of these spectacular PHOTO-WALLS in your own home, you cannot begin to imagine the breathtaking effect. Your friends will marvel at this unique decorating idea. The sooner you order, the sooner you'll have the beauty of the great outdoors... indoors. While current limited supply lasts, each a low, low $29.99!

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___Lakeside In Autumn #70431
___River Sunset #70432
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☐ Also send Gift Catalog #16445 for 50¢.

Enclosed is check or m.o. for $_____.

Or charge my:

☐ Master Charge* ☐ BankAmericard

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Acct. No._____ Date _____

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When Families Cook Out

continued from page 101

WEET AND SOUR VEGETABLES
pictured on page 86

n (16-oz.) baby carrots, drained
n (16-oz.) cut green beans, drained
up bottled sweet and sour sauce
lespoon vinegar (optional)
easpoon dried dill weed (optional)

bine all ingredients and heat in epan. Makes 4 servings. About 59 ies per serving.

BLUEBERRY FLAPJACKS
pictured on page 87

s Basic Mix
gs
cups milk
n (8-oz.) blueberries, drained

bine Basic Mix, eggs and milk; mix Fold in blueberries. Using ⅓ cup r for each pancake, pour onto hot, ed griddle or skillet. Cook until ly on top. Turn and cook until other is golden. Serve with warmed syrup butter. Repeat until all batter is , adding grease to skillet, if neces- Makes 4 servings (about 14 pan- s). About 770 calories per serving.

CRISP LEMON TROUT
pictured on page 87

for outdoor cooking. Try it grilled n-fried.

gs, slightly beaten
o milk
cups white corn meal
spoon salt
easpoon pepper
ut (or other fresh water fish) pan- essed, about 8 ounces each
up butter or margarine, melted
up lemon juice

grill: Combine eggs and milk; set e. Combine corn meal, salt and pep- Dip fish first into egg mixture, then corn meal mixture; repeat. In small epan, melt butter; add lemon juice. e fish on grill over medium hot coals e. Brush frequently with lemon but- Cook 12 to 18 minutes, turning once, ntil fish flakes easily when tested a fork.

pan fry: Prepare lemon butter as e. In a large skillet or griddle, add 6 espoons lemon butter. Add 2 fish and over medium high heat until crispy n and flakes easily, turning once. remaining fish in remaining lemon er. Makes 4 servings. About 667 cal- per serving.

CORN PONE
pictured on page 86

olutely fantastic with fried fish.

ps white corn meal
spoon salt
up cooked crumbled bacon
cups boiling water
tablespoons butter or margarine

Mix corn meal, salt and bacon together. Gradually stir in enough boiling water to make a thick paste. Melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and stir into corn meal mixture. Mix well.

Heat a heavy skillet or griddle; grease with 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine. With hands, shape scant ¼ cup corn meal mixture into ¼-inch thick oval patties. Place in skillet and brown on both sides. Continue making more until all corn meal mixture is used. Serve warm. Makes 4 servings. About 370 calories each.

CAMPFIRE SEAFOOD DINNER

A good quick entree for any time.

3 tablespoons butter or margarine
¾ cup chopped onion
1 cup slivered hard salami
1 can (10½-oz.) minced clams, drained
1 can (5-oz.) boned chicken, drained
1 can (4½-oz.) shrimp, drained
2 cups precooked quick rice
1¾ cups chicken broth
½ to 1 teaspoon saffron threads or ⅛ teaspoon saffron powder (optional)
1 can (8-oz.) green peas, drained
Salt and pepper

Melt butter in large skillet. Add onion and sauté until tender. Add salami, clams, chicken and shrimp. Cook for 1 minute. Add rice, broth and saffron, stir until saffron is dissolved. Cover, simmer 5 minutes or until liquid is absorbed and rice is tender. Add peas; cook until hot. Salt and pepper to taste. Makes 4 servings. About 445 calories per serving.

ITALIAN ASPARAGUS

1 can (16-oz.) asparagus, drained
¼ cup bottled Italian dressing
2 hard-cooked eggs, cut into wedges

Divide asparagus into 4 servings. Pour 1 tablespoon dressing over each serving. Garnish each with egg wedges. Makes 4 servings. About 120 calories per serving.

Problem itching is no joke.

You know there's nothing funny about problem itching. We know too. That's why we developed BiCOZENE. (Say it "By-Co-Zeen.")

This greaseless creme formula soothes and cools. Helps stop that awful itch on contact. That's real relief! You see, BiCOZENE gives you more itch-relief medication than that creme you see on TV. More itch-relief medication —yet BiCOZENE is safe to use anywhere your skin itches. Anywhere! (Except your eyes and mouth, of course.)

Ask your druggist. Or look for BiCOZENE right next to your old anti-itch creme.

BiCOZENE®

UNBAKED BROWNIES

Great for the kids to make anytime.

1 box (12 oz.) vanilla wafers, crushed
½ cup chopped walnuts
¾ teaspoon cinnamon
1 can (14-oz.) sweetened condensed milk
3 ounces unsweetened, premelted chocolate, in packets

Combine crushed wafers, walnuts and cinnamon. Stir in condensed milk and chocolate. Pat mixture into an 8-inch square baking pan or on a sheet of heavy foil. Let set 1 hour. Garnish with extra walnuts if desired. Makes 32 1-inch brownies. About 120 calories each.

FRIZZLED BEEF

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2½ tablespoons flour
½ cup chopped onion
1 cup milk
1 jar (2½-oz.) sliced dried beef, rinsed and drained
¼ cup chopped water chestnuts, drained
2 teaspoons dried parsley flakes (optional)
Salt and pepper to taste
4 slices bread or English muffin halves, toasted

Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in saucepan. Add onion and sauté until tender. Stir in flour until smooth; brown slightly. Gradually add milk and stir constantly until thickened. Add beef, water chestnuts, parsley, salt and pepper. Stir until heated. Serve over toast. Makes 4 servings. About 243 calories per serving. **End**

Journal Shopping Center

TERRIFIC TRIANGLES

PAGE 52: Fabrics used are X Cloth Plus, 12" wide cotton, $4 yd.; Toile prints #580, #581 and #584, 44" wide cotton, $3 yd., all by Stanley Looms. Necklaces are one of a kind from Jasmine and Bread, Inc., 207 Fairfield Pike, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

ADVERTISEMENT



BARBARA BRITTON TALKS FRANKLY ABOUT COLORING HER GRAY HAIR

We remembered Barbara Britton as the lovely star of the "Mr. & Mrs. North" series in the 50's, so we were curious to find out her attitudes about going gray and what persuaded her to change it. We stole a few hours from her busy schedule in the theatre and met at her country home.

Barbara, psychologists say women feel that going gray is a milestone.

Getting gray does make you feel older. It's depressing! Being in show business I'd been involved with coloring my hair for years, so I know what an ordeal it is . . . endless touch-ups...ugly gray roots...possible hair damage...that's not for me.

But you did color your hair. What finally convinced you?

A very dear friend. She'd been coloring her hair for years with all of those problems I hated. Then she switched to Lady Grecian Formula and it was totally different.

Lady Grecian is different! How so?

It just eliminates everything I dreaded about haircolor. From start to finish, Lady Grecian is easy. No mixing, no mess and *no peroxide*—so it's gradual and gentle.

It colors gradually?

It's amazing. You simply brush this clean almost clear liquid through daily until your hair is just the color you want. It comes out so beautifully natural looking. You can even switch to Lady Grecian like my friend did.

You mean someone who's been coloring her hair can switch to Lady Grecian?

It's even easier than if you're gray. Just Lady Grecian the root area as you need it —combing it through occasionally...and it blends right in with the color you've been using...and the over-all color gets prettier and softer—more believable looking. And, no ugly gray roots!

What about younger women just beginning to find those gray hairs?

Oh, they'll love it because it's so much quicker and easier than anything else *and* best of all, doesn't mess up the natural color one bit. In fact, if you're only gray around the temples just do that part and it will blend in. Or, you can make the gray into beautiful highlights.

Speaking of highlights, your hair certainly has a natural healthy looking shine.

Thank you. With most kinds of haircolor, each and every hair is saturated with color so they tend to have the same rather flat look. Well, that isn't how natural hair looks at all. But Lady Grecian works with the natural chemistry of the hair so it retains this natural blend of shades and highlights.

How long did it take to get your hair that lovely medium brown?

About 12 or 14 days. But, lots of women love the color after only 4 or 5 days. And if you're switching or just going gray, it takes only a few applications.

You didn't mind using it daily in the beginning?

It only takes a couple of minutes and it's fascinating to watch your hair getting more beautiful and less gray. In a short time you have the color you want and then you're never bothered with terrible touch-ups.

You mean you don't do touch-ups?

It's such a sense of freedom. I just brush Lady Grecian through my hair once a week or so after I shampoo. No problem with ugly gray roots. And my hair feels soft and healthy.

You're a real Lady Grecian fan...

Oh, I am. Whether you're gray, going gray or already coloring your hair, Lady Grecian Formula is the perfect answer.

• • •

If you'd like to find out how beautifully Lady Grecian Formula will work for you, we'd be happy to send you a generous trial size. Just send $1.00 with your name and address to: Lady Grecian Formula, P.O. Box 328, LJ. White Plains, N.Y. 10604. Of course, Lady Grecian is available at toiletry counters. Combe, Inc.

Away from it a

continued from page 81

but I didn't write it in my checkbo

"We'll have to search. Maybe Al squirreled it away somewhere."

Liz put the orange juice in the frigerator and closed the door with s a decisive slam the eggs rattled. " you people going to go on vacation are you going to run around in cir here for two weeks? Because if don't need me, I can just leave. If I the damned electric bill I'll pay it self. If they shut the lights off we'll candles. If the kids don't brush t teeth you can have 'em pulled out get wooden ones, and they'll grow to be George Washington. Come on you're going, *go*."

Connie stood still. Around her house hummed with the breeding emergencies, and swelled and pul with trouble waiting to be born. thousands of tiny threads quiver waiting to snap. She was woven i them, part of them, and when she they would tear, leaving a great hole things to fall down through and be forever. "The fish," she said. "Pea forgets to feed his fish."

Liz wrapped Joel's tie around his n and thrust them both toward the doo

"Aren't the kids going to say goo bye?" asked Joel.

"Wait," said Connie. "Where they? Alison! Rob!"

"Rob went off on his bike," said L

Peanut was in the back yard naili a stick on the dogwood tree. "Goo bye," he said. "I'm making a treehou I'm going to nail sticks all the way cl to the top, and climb up them, a have a treehouse. I'm going to sleep there all the time you're gone away."

"You'll kill the tree," cried Connie.

"Or break your neck," said Jo "Listen, young man—"

"Goodbye," said Peanut severely, fering his forehead for a kiss.

Joel knotted his tie in the rear-vie mirror. "I must have paid it," he mu bled. "I'm sure I did, because I reme ber wondering how the hell it could so high in the summer, when we are using the heat. You've got to keep aft the kids about leaving lights on."

The dog scratched and whined at t car door, begging to come, and L dragged him away by the collar.

As they pulled out of the driveway out of nowhere Robbie came swoopi in front of the car on his bike. Jo slammed on the brakes. "Are you crazy he shouted. "You want to get killed?"

"But I knew it was you," said Rob "You wouldn't run over me. I jus wanted to say goodbye."

"Goodbye," said Joel crossly.

dbye, darling," said Connie.
ve a nice time." With a wave over
ulder, Rob pedaled away toward
vn disasters, speeding cars, sud-
ness, perverts, gang wars, all the
that crouch waiting to spring on
ned children.
n was nowhere to be seen.
turned the corner and their
anished, with a ripping of all the
eated threads.
map's in the glove compart-
said Joel. "Get it out. I want to
e Interstate to Route 30, outside
ersburg."
be marked, won't it?" said
.
ppose so. But I like to know when
ning to it."
en you come to Seilersburg,
coming to Route 30," muttered
. It made her carsick to keep
at the map and reporting Joel's
n to him. This was an old argu-
fought often, with the car full of
n pushing each other and want-
know how many more miles it
w, and needing a bathroom. It
ways fought politely, though, with
s and tight lips. They never ar-
n front of the children.
, alone in the car with Joel, she
e to shout if she wanted to. She
e to say, "Why don't you let me
nd you look at maps if you're so
bout maps?" However, she found
dn't want to. It was too much
.
y drove in silence. Joel frowned
y through the windshield.
t much traffic," he said.
."
eral miles later, he added, "We'll
ne traffic after Bay Beach."
uess so."
te 30 was clearly marked for
l miles in advance, and they
onto it, heading east.
orgot to tell Liz about the air
ioner," said Connie suddenly.
ybe she'll figure it out." But,
hey passed through several small
he said, "That'll really pile up
ctric bill if she leaves it on."

s a mistake. The whole thing
mistake. It was a mistake to go
and leave the kids, and leave Liz
rge. Liz who was so terrifyingly
about everything and had prob-
ever cooked a proper meal in her
taken a tick off a dog, or sorted
y, or applied a bandage to a cut
a child to bed on time.
vas also somehow an even more
rassing mistake that she should
alone in this car with a man
Joel McKendrick.
ly, like a girl at a dance, she
sideways at his profile against the
g scenery.
ave never seen that *(continued)*

She will never forget the pain of poverty.



Patsy knows what it is to be poor—so poor she has to live in a slum on the outskirts of a big city in India.

She knows what it feels like to be hungry, to wear cast-off clothes, to sleep on the floor because there is no bed for her.

Patsy lives in a rented home that has only two rooms. She shares the two rooms with her parents and six brothers and sisters. There is no furniture.

Though he works hard, Patsy's father earns less than $250 a year, not nearly enough to provide for the family's needs. Her mother is illiterate and does not have a job. And a child like Patsy cannot change her drab, hopeless life—unless someone more fortunate will help.

But Patsy is one of the lucky ones who now has a chance to escape from this poverty. She has a kind sponsor here in this country who is helping her through the Christian Children's Fund.

Patsy attends a school affiliated with CCF. She gets her school uniforms and other clothes and her books, and at the school she is given breakfast, lunch and snacks.

For Patsy, going to school—getting an education—is the happiest part of her life. You see, in spite of all her troubles, little Patsy wants to be a teacher when she grows up. And if she succeeds, she can become a useful adult, able to help other youngsters learn to rely on themselves.

Through the Christian Children's Fund, you can be a part of this person-to-person way of sharing your love with needy children—deserving children like Patsy who want only a chance to make it on their own. They need your help or their lives may be stunted by poverty and neglect.

You can sponsor a child for only $15 a month. Just fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check. You will receive your sponsored child's name, address and photograph, plus a description of the project. You are encouraged to write to the child and your letters will be answered. (Children unable to write are assisted by family members or staff workers.)

You can have the satisfaction of knowing that your love can make a big difference in the life of a needy child. Please fill out the coupon now . . .

Sponsors urgently needed in Brazil, India, Guatemala, Indonesia, Kenya and Thailand.

We will be glad to send you a summary financial statement upon request.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay $15 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, mailing address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

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State_____ Zip_____

Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto, 7.

LH 3180

Feminine Itching

"I had it for days... got relief in minutes."

"I really suffered with vaginal itching," says Mrs. N.L. of Lexington, Ky. "It seemed like I tried everything. Then I discovered Vagisil. It worked the minute I used it."

If you suffer from vaginal itching,Vagisil™ Creme Medication may be just what you need. It's specifically formulated to bring fast, temporary relief and is available without a prescription.

Doctor-tested Vagisil helps stop external vaginal itching almost instantly. Leaves a cooling, protective film to help check bacteria, soothe irritated membranes, speed natural healing. Delicately scented. Greaseless. Non-staining. Vagisil Creme Medication is available wherever feminine hygiene items are sold. **Vagisil**

Away from it all

continued

man before in my life, she thought. Also he seems to be lousy company. It is also completely impossible to pretend that I have been married to him for ten years —*ten years?*—and together we have produced three children. Why would I have married a man who can't talk about anything but the electric bill? Have we been talking about the electric bill for ten years? Yes. Probably.

I am now going to spend two weeks alone with this man. We will sit down alone together facing each other across the dinner table for 14 nights, and he will say, "I hope Liz isn't leaving the lights on," and I will say something equally fascinating, like "I hope she's not letting Alison watch that awful program." Then, finally, eternities later, they'll bring us a menu so we can read it out loud to each other.

But what will we say at lunch?

From Route 30 they turned onto Route 17 and drove south. Red and black lines squirmed down toward the edge of the map, wiggling in the glare.

"I told you we'd hit some traffic after Bay Beach," said Joel.

Why, oh why, in what fit of madness, had they decided to honor their tenth anniversary by coming without the children? Two weeks. Fourteen whole glorious days alone together, staring at each other through the sudden silence.

"I hope she doesn't feed the kids those hot dogs," said Connie. "They've been there too long. I forgot to throw them out."

It was late afternoon when they got to Atlantis. The air was fishy and salty and bright, and Connie felt her spirits lift a little, answering the ancient excitement of the sea. They carried their suitcases up the robin's-egg blue staircase and unlocked the salmon-pink door of their motel room.

It was bitterly cold, and smelled of old socks and mildew and air conditioning. There were two immense double beds and a television the same size, and several pictures of children with eyes like dinner plates, and sliding glass doors onto a balcony. Beyond the balcony lay the beach—empty, curved, clean, perfect, edging the blue sea.

"Oh," cried Connie, washed by pure guilt. "We should have brought the children."

Joel, cross and rumpled with travel, said, "Shut up about the children. Is that all you ever think about?"

Connie sat down on the edge of the bed. I will divorce him, she thought. It's as simple as that. I'm not doddering yet, I can start a new life, marry someone else. There is no logical reason why I should have to spend the rest of my life with this rude, unpleasant stranger. He doesn't even like the kids.

A vision of her new husband floated in front of her eyes. He was talking to her in the evening. Playing catch with Robbie on the lawn. Reading bedtime stories. Smiling. She could see everything about him but his face; except for the smile it was smooth and blank as cloth. When she finally forced it into focus she recognized the vision. It was a series of ads for life insurance, or maybe aluminum siding. Something like that.

Joel dumped the suitcases on the bureau and jerked off his tie. "It smells awful in here."

Without looking at him she got up and slid back the glass door of the balcony. Salty air from the ocean poured in through the mildewy chill.

Automatically, Joel went to the thermostat and turned off the air conditioning. Connie stood breathing the sea smell and thought, if he says anything about electricity, about turning the air conditioner off when the door's open, I will leave. I will take the kids and start over again. I will marry, maybe not a series of ads, but someone nice. Someone who plays with the kids and smiles and doesn't say "shut up" to me.

Her back stiffened, waiting.

Surprisingly, Joel laughed. It seem a long time since she'd heard him laug "Relax," he said. "I won't say it. It's th electric bill, not mine, and I solemn swear not to mention it."

Her shoulders loosened and she turn around. He was taking the pictures the walls. "I can't look at those bu eyed kids," he said. "There's some litt animal that lives in trees and has ey like that. Tarsiers, I think they are." H piled the pictures neatly in the back the closet and then, considering t empty hooks in the wall, looped his t over one of them. "I don't know abo you," he said, "but I'm going to climb into that water and just stay the till I wrinkle up like a peach pit. Where my bathing trunks?"

They crossed the sand swinging the towels, and Connie felt her skin lookin white and naked, exposed suddenly lik that. The water was icy on the feet, an then pleasant; the vivid, alive feelin water only found in oceans.

They swam and floated on the backs, staring at the cloudless deepen ing blue overhead, and came out wit waves making Elizabethan ruffs aroun their ankles onto the firm damp sand. I was late, the beach was empty excep for a small, round-stomached child wit a pail running toward the motel, calling "Mommy! Mommy!"

By reflex, Connie's mouth opened t answer and her muscles moved to run.

"It's not ours," said Joel. "Isn't i great? Listen, while we're here, let' hire a whole raft of kids to run aroun yelling 'Mom! Dad!' and we won't have to answer. Maybe we could even pay them to skin their knees, and lose thei sneakers, and ask disgusting question in restaurants, and wake up hollering in the night, and we wouldn't have to do anything about it."

"Monster," said Connie. Maybe I won't marry anyone else, she thought. I can't really think of anyone anyway.

Showered and crisply dressed, they sat down in the restaurant and faced each other, alone, across the table. Outside it was almost dark, and lights blinked and flickered on the dark water. For a moment Connie saw in her mind Peanut, crouched in the shadowy branches of the dogwood tree, his teeth unbrushed, waiting for sleep.

"I hope . . ." she said.

"I don't want to hear about it," said Joel firmly. "Not a single goddamned word. I'm going to have the bouillabaisse, and you'd better have the clams casino because I want to try them, too."

"What a bully you turned out to be. I intend to have the bluepoints and I intend to eat them all myself. I'm going to gain ten pounds while we're here."

"Me too," said Joel. "Twenty. Fifty."

"We won't have to drive back, we'll just roll home like beach balls."

(continued on page 154)

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COUNTDOWN with Mira-thene-12

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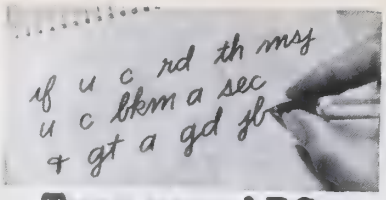
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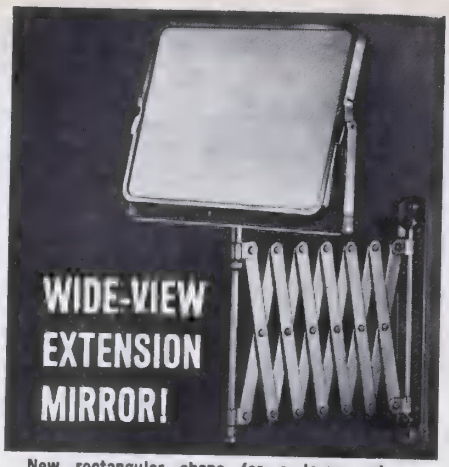
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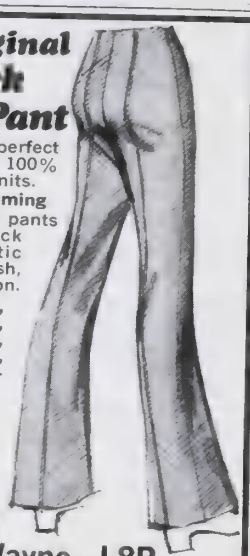
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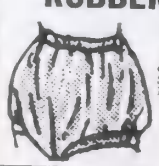
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LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



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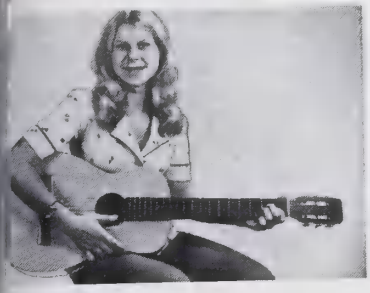


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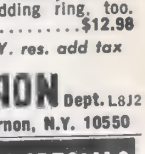
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Away from it all

continued from page 150

"Shall we have large lobsters or small ones?"

"Large ones," said Connie. "The biggest they've got."

In the morning they lay on towels in the hot sand, the sun working its way down deeply into their bones, listening happily to the cries of other people's children in the surf. Connie stretched until her knees cracked, and dug her toes down into the hot sand.

Beside her, through her eyelashes, she could see Joel's back. It was a good back. The muscles weren't as sharp and clear as they'd been ten years ago; but the shape was still elegant and clean and swooped firmly down into his trunks. In the sunlight she could see the line of down along his spine, beaded with salt. She reached out and traced it with her finger. Without opening his eyes, Joel smiled blindly at her.

Good heavens, she thought, it's ridiculous. It's indecent. I'm still as much in love with him as I was ten years ago. Maybe I always have been, secretly, all this time, without noticing. It's been hiding somewhere.

In the afternoon they walked slowly along the boardwalk licking ice cream cones, staring into shop windows. Connie was barefoot and the boards were soft and warm and splintery underfoot.

"Postcards," said Joel. "Shall we pick up some for the children?"

"What children?" said Connie.

"Oh, the ones we might have some day. Do you think we should?"

"Let's get gerbils instead. They don't eat as much."

They napped and ate and swam and lay in the sun and went to a night club and howled at the comedian in all the wrong places, and even once, awkwardly, giggling, tried to dance.

"It's your fault," said Connie.

"It is not. I was always a very snappy dancer. You were always awful. You try to lead."

"You should have married what's-her-name, then. Angela."

"Ah, Angela. I often think of her. She was walleyed; it gave her a pensive expression. Besides, what about you and that disgusting Arthur?"

"Alas, poor Arthur. He loved me madly. It made him stutter."

"Let's sit down, your feet are killing me." They stood still on the dance floor, and his fingers on the back of her neck made her shiver lightly. His eyes were dark and serious. "Better still," he said, "let's go back to the motel."

The days washed over them, all beautiful, all sunny, even the time it rained and they stayed in bed all day scattering newspapers and crumbs among the sheets and watching the Atlantic churn greenly, and the next day the sun was shining again.

And after two weeks they hung the bug-eyed children back on the walls and went home.

They drove north on 17 and west on 30 to the Interstate, with the sun in their eyes and the red and black lines squirming on the map.

Joel drove steadily, frowning through the windshield, at exactly the speed limit. Connie thought, I could put my head on his shoulder. I used to. We used to drive, years ago, with my head on his shoulder and his right arm around me. Dangerous, I suppose. We could, though. We used to.

But the sun was hot and she had the map, so she stayed where she was.

Off the Interstate, and down Aiken Street, and Church Road, and Bridge Street and home.

The dog ran out to greet them, wagging his entire self, leaping up in defiance of orders, scratching at their legs with frantic love.

The living room was a welter of shoes and newspapers and cups and glasses and toys and a wet towel on the couch. The children gathered, crying, "What did you bring me?"

Liz looked tired and uncombed. "I hope you had a good time," she said.

"We had a wonderful time," said Connie. "A . . . well, just a wonderful time."

"One of my fish died," said Peanut.

"Did you forget to feed them?"

"Aunt Liz wanted to flush it down the toilet, but I saved it to show you."

"You *saved* it?"

"It's all right," said Alison hastily. "I made him put it in the refrigerator."

Joel set the suitcases down where someone would surely fall over them. "Where's Robbie?" he said. "Listen, young man. You left your bike right in the middle of the driveway where I almost ran over it. How many times have I told you if anything happens to that bike you don't get another till you buy it for yourself?"

"Alison," said Connie, "what are you doing in that dress? I told you, it has to be ironed, and you've got to save it for parties. You march right upstairs change into jeans or shorts."

"Aunt Liz doesn't mind."

"Aunt Liz doesn't have to iron There was a banana peel, blacke with age, on the coffee table. Swi invisibly, the intricate threads of household were weaving themse around her again.

"Didn't you bring any presen asked Robbie.

"They're in the suitcase." Noth princely; some shells and taffy, an cheesy captain's cap, hastily gathe at the last moment.

Silently she appealed to Joel, someone drowning. But he was sort through the rumpled stack of mail w his back to her.

"Here's something from the elec company," he said. "Oh Lord, mayb didn't pay them. Letter from my bro er; I wonder what he wants. Bill fr Dr. Stein, The Smart Shop, mortgag

"Can we eat at Gino's tonight?" ask Alison.

"No. What's that stuck in your ha Gum?"

"I don't know. Aunt Liz took us Gino's all the time."

In the kitchen the refrigerator labor in the heat, its door ajar, its dead gol fish within. Joel, she thought. Jo Look at me.

He turned around as if in answer a looked at her and said, "I didn't pay after all."

They were home again. She picke up the banana peel and some cups a carried them out to the kitchen. Th vacation was over.

But it was still there. Secretly. It la curled up somewhere underneath the days, waiting like an unread book o the shelf, or the diamond earring there's never a chance to wear, tucke away waiting for its few small scattere times to come. It was still there, safe mysteriously untouched by boredom and anger and confusion and the endles tangle of days that passed over it. Whe they found it again it would be th same and open out for them like a ros opening.

Wait for us, she prayed. Everything will be all right as long as I know you're there. Wait for us. We'll be back. **End**



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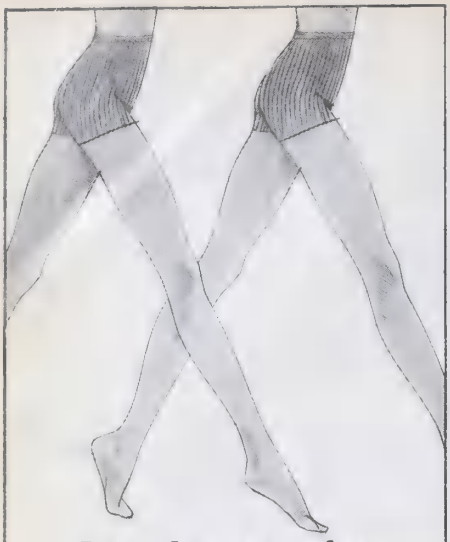
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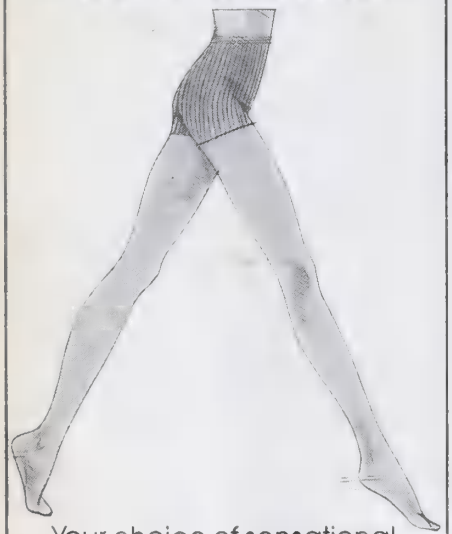
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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey

CATCHING UP

Thank you for the many nice letters about the ERA editorial in our July issue. Even women who had doubts about the amendment seemed to respond to our request to learn more about it, a cause in which 36 women's magazines joined. As a member of the National Commission on the Observance of International Women's Year, I am pleased to report that the life of the commission has been extended, and that Congress has approved state and regional meetings throughout the next year to air varying outlooks on women's issues. This will culminate in a national conference, sometime in 1977. Watch for these meetings, and take part in them. . . . INOCULATION UPDATE. We'd like to explain that the piece on swine flu in our August issue had gone to press before the major storms of controversy had blown up about the inoculations. What to do when health authorities differ and you're confused about whether to protect your family or not? Probably the best course is to ask your own family physician, and heed your own common sense. We're watching the story carefully, too. . . . POLITICS: Will the *Journal* be endorsing a Presidential candidate? No, we won't. But we will be up front on both sides of the campaign, helping women to make up their voting minds with their usual blend of informed objectivity and inspired instinct.

THE QUINLAN CASE

Even before printing, the *Journal*'s exclusive story of the Quinlan case seen through the eyes of Karen Ann's family, has caused comment. (It starts on page 69.) The Quinlans wanted the world to know the deep emotional and religious convictions that lay behind what seems to be a cruel decision, and they chose the *Journal*, they say, because of its "humanity and integrity." Proceeds from the article will go to a hospice for the terminally ill, with the approval and support of church authorities. Do let us know your reactions to this tragic and important personal story, so complex in its humanitarian ramifications.

BARBARA ON CAMERA

Francesco Scavullo, the photographer whose striking studies of glamorous women comprise our beauty portfolio this month (page 89) took the cover photo of Barbara Walters. That's the two of them below, on a hot midsummer day. As a career woman, and a friend, I have watched with fascinated horror the critical press reactions to her success. There's even a novel coming out next year called "No Dame Is Worth a Million Bucks a Year." Nobody has worked harder or longer than Barbara to climb the ladder. We urge the women of America to cheer the first national anchorwoman on TV . . . and to hope more will follow in her footsteps.





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What's happening



By Gene Shalit

Two terrific comedies this month—"Murder by Death" dishes up laughs on many levels; "Silent Movie" is a film for everyone, a comedy treasure too funny for words.

Movies have been tumbling into the theaters at a merry clip, and, for a change, there's been *wheee* among the chaff. Two of the best comedies in years have been made by Neil Simon and Mel Brooks. (Simon's shimmers with speech, but Brooks bans banter and has made a *silent* movie.)

In the world of science fiction and the supernatural, there are four films, one of which is super and none of which is natural. Then there are . . . but enough of the preamble, let's get to the amble already.

Neil Simon—whose hits include *Plaza Suite*, *California Suite*, *The Odd Couple*, *Barefoot in the Park*, and *The Sunshine Boys*—has now written *Murder by Death*, the wittiest mystery movie in years. In this comedy that's full of fun, Truman Capote portrays an eccentric millionaire named Lionel Twain who twacks five of the world's most famous detectives and invites them to his mansion for dinner and murder. He challenges them to solve the perfect crime—which hasn't been committed yet. These characters of fictional fame are gleefully satirized by Simon who gives them hilarious sentences. Bogart's Sam Spade gets a fast shuffle and becomes Sam Diamond in a gem of a performance by Peter Falk. Peter Sellers is a scrutable Charlie Chan, and David Niven and Maggie Smith are the stout-hearted Thin Man and Nora. Also mixed in are two Agatha Christie detectives—Miss Marple (Elsa Lanchester) and Hercule Poirot (James Coco). He's rechristened Perrier, a sleuth of the first water. Add uproarious scenes with Sir Alec Guinness as a blind butler, and Nancy Walker as Yetta, the maid who can't hear or speak, and you've got the super structure for a superior spoof. *Murder by Death* dishes up laughs on many levels. Even if you know nothing about the fictional detectives, you'll have a happy time. And if you *are* familiar with the detective characters, you'll find the literary mimicry marvelously witty.

COMEDY TREASURE

Mel Brooks, who made *The Producers* (still one of my favorite comedies), plus *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein*, has now made *Silent Movie*, which *is* silent, except for the background music, the sound effects and the uproarious laughter from the audience. Mel plays Mel Funn, a Hollywood director downed by drink, who craves to carve a comeback by making a silent movie. His sidekicks are Marty Feldman (with the bulging eyes) and Dom DeLuise (with the bulging belly). They set out to persuade top Hollywood stars to participate. I won't give away these guess stars, but I will say that *one* is Burt Reynolds, who proves what I have been saying for years: that given the right roles, he could be the most sophisticated Cary Grant-like comedian on the screen today, and could dump all of that macho muck. Brooks has provided *Silent Movie* with printed titles that are simply understated and simply hilarious. Artur Schnabel, the great pianist, once said that Mozart wrote music with a small quantity of notes which produced a great quality of music. In *Silent Movie*, there is small quantity (a certain purity infuses the screen) and the result is great quality. I may not be making myself clear, but I know what I mean. The fact is that this is a film for everyone: It is a comedy treasure, and Mel Brooks and *Silent Movie* are too funny for words.

(continued)

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What's happening

continued

FARE

In *Airport*, the plane was blown up. In *Earthquake*, the city *opened* up. In *The Poseidon Adventure*, Shelley Winters never *shut* up. Now we have *The Big Bus*, which never *lives* up to the promise of its premise. And it's a lively premise: *The Big Bus* is a vehicle for spoofing disaster movies. This nuclear-powered bus has a piano lounge, a swimming pool, a bowling alley and bubble baths. On its maiden non-stop run from New York to Denver, Joe Bologna is at the wheel. Behind him are passengers who typify the types who infest disaster movies: Instead of Helen Hayes in *Airport*, we have Ruth Gordon as the little old lady who's afraid of buses; Bob Dishy is the de-frocked veterinarian who, in an emergency, thrusts a doggie biscuit into a passenger's mouth. Sally Kellerman and Richard Mulligan are the quarrelsome couple who continually make up and make love—wher*ever* they are. Kids may giggle at the slapstick, but for adults, the appropriate word for *The Big Bus* is: *Fare*.

TRASH

And now to the never-never land of Sci-Fi, Satan and spooks. When a producer spends as much money on ads and commercials for a movie as he spends on *making* the movie itself, perhaps audiences have a right to suspect that they are being sucked into seeing a piece of junk. And that junk is called *The Omen*. It stars Gregory Peck as the ambassador to England. He is married to Lee Remick. When their baby dies at birth they take another baby boy born at the same instant, and it is soon indicated that this boy is in league with the devil. Of course Peck and Lee Remick don't know that. They go their own bubble-brained way, not noticing any of the clues so noticeable to even the drowsiest members of the audience.

ABSORBING SCI-FI

The Man Who Fell to Earth is a science fiction film set in New York, the southwest, and on another world in the distant universe. The central character is a man who falls to earth—played by David Bowie in an inspired flash of casting. David Bowie *looks* as if he fell from another planet, and his performance is stunning. He plunges to earth with nine basic patents for electronic equipment light years in advance of anything known on earth. He takes them to a top patent lawyer (Buck Henry) who sets up a vast industrial complex for him. Bowie then hires a brilliant scientist (Rip Torn) who discovers his alien secret. Bowie, seeking solitude in the southwest, meets a motel chambermaid (marvelously played by Candy Clark) who moves in with him, falls in love and gradually goes to pieces. Those few are the principal characters in this troubling and densely complex story. Answers come slowly, teasingly and starkly. If you are a science fiction fan, you're not soon likely to see a movie more absorbing than *The Man Who Fell to Earth*.

INTO THE SUNSHINE

It's the 23rd century in a science fiction film called *Logan's Run*, set in a sealed-off bubble city underneath America. There, a society of beautiful young people is thriving in a dictatorship of pleasure and youth. Nobody there is over 30. When you *reach* 30 it's over and out: You're killed in a ceremony called the "Carrousel." The victims *think* their lives are being *renewed*, but the merry-go-round is a *run*around. Only disintegration awaits. The smart ones have figured this out, so they try to run away. They're called runners, and they're run down by agents called sandmen. Michael York is a sandman, his name is Logan, and that's where we get the title, *Logan's Run*. Running *with* him is a young woman, Jenny Agutter, whose performance is so amateurish that you can virtually see her memorizing her lines. They manage to escape from their controlled environment, only to find themselves on the floor of the United States Senate, where the only inhabitant is an old man—endearingly played by Peter Ustinov—who lives with scores of cats. He shows them how lovely growing old can be. He *also* shows them how a good actor can take a small part and make it the only memorable part of the film. By the end of *Logan's Run*, he and the young couple are on the way back to bubble city with a plan to lead the underground youths outside into the sunshine. They might try leading the audience, too.

RUN, ROCK, RUN

Here comes Rock Hudson in something called *Embryo*. We open in a rainstorm. Rock Hudson is speeding along a lonely road and he hits a pregnant Doberman pinscher! We close with Rock speeding along chasing his pregnant daughter-in-law. The sounds of the baby crying and Rock screaming and the police sirens wailing all drown out the sound of my running out of the theater as fast as my little legs could carry me.

A STINGER

In *Harry and Walter Go to New York*, Harry is played by James Caan. Walter is played by Elliott Gould, and New York is played by Burbank. The story is set in the 1890's where two clumsy vaudevillians—Caan and Gould—caught doing a pocket-picking act are packed off to the pokey. There t meet Michael Caine, an elegant b robber who is so famous that the wa greets him personally. Caan and G become his in-jail servants. They s his bank-robbing plans, escape, t with a newspaper reporter (chee ly played by Diane Keaton), and Caine to see who can rob the bank Who wins? Who cares? The movie have pretentions to be *The Sting*, only the audience is stung.

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

All the President's Men is quite simp smash. If there were a Pulitzer Prize movies, *Men* would win.

Baby Blue Marine is that rare film, gene with understanding and quietly satisfyir nice, well-acted story of heroes and heroes early in WW II.

The Bad News Bears are a Little Le baseball team, managed by Walter Matt Run, run, run to see this happy, w hearted hit.

The Blue Bird—with a brace of stars (inc ing Elizabeth Taylor), is being hawke children's entertainment, but it's a tu Duck!

Breakheart Pass is a Western sta Charles Bronson, who as it turns out is such a bad guy as we thought at first. fusion reigns. Poor Bronson.

The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox jects George Segal and Goldie Hawn to and unusual punishment. Were audienc form a posse, they'd run *Duchess* ou town.

The End of the Game is a cerebral mys with Jon Voight, Jacqueline Bisset Robert Shaw. Fascinating work by wr director Maximilian Schell.

Family Plot is the newest Hitchcock, this time horror is on hiatus. It's all jus fun, with a Hitchcock wink.

The Man Who Would Be King. A r relief for fans who adore good adven Sean Connery, Michael Caine and Chr pher Plummer lunge into John Huston's ous film set in Victorian India and re points north.

The Missouri Breaks stars Brando Nicholson in an eccentric film worth se but ultimately spoiled by gory, gra violence at the end.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Nicholson gives one of the best perf ances in years in one of the most grip movies in years.

Robin and Marian shows two of our fav characters in middle age. Sadly, a trea turned to dross that rarely takes flight.

Seven Beauties is an indelible film by extraordinary Italian director, Lina W muller.

Stay Hungry stars Jeff Bridges, who mixed up in a Mr. Universe contest. Ri lous.

Taxi Driver is a morbid but well-made fi *for adults only*—with a brilliant perform by Robert DeNiro.

That's Entertainment, Part 2—a seque you-know-what, is a classy, splashy ca cade that will make you grin and glow.

Virility has the facility to mix incredib with imbecility, ending up as an exercis futility. Carlo Ponti produced, in a Sici setting.

Won Ton Ton is a yarn of Thirties H wood starring Madeline Kahn and a h German shepherd who saves her from se tion. The whole is, in a word, a dog.



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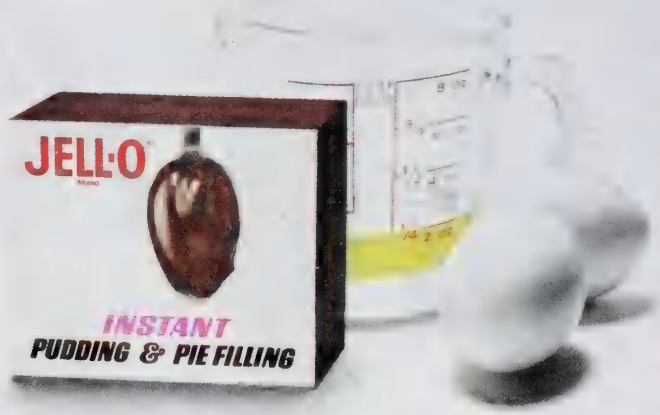
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*At high altitudes, use large eggs, 1½ cups water, and add ¼ cup flour.



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GENERAL FOODS

Can this marriage be saved?

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

Peter and Angie came from very strict backgrounds, but dealt with their inhibitions in opposite ways. Their marriage bed was their battleground.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Ruth Johnson.

Paul Popenoe, Sc. D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

PETER TALKS FIRST

"Angie's the one who wants a divorce—I can't stand living alone." Peter, 30, a management trainee earning $15,000 a year, scowled as he ran a hand through a thatch of sun-bleached, flaxen hair. His right eye twitched spasmodically.

"I'm a high-strung person. I first got this eye tic as a sophomore in college, when my father died. Recently, it's come back—a combination of job and marital problems, I guess. Angie has turned completely cold toward me; we haven't made love in three months. And at the office, one of the supervisors wants me fired; he says I'm too slow. It's true I have a big backlog of work, but I'm good at what I do. I've been getting to the office by 7 A.M. and working right through until 7 or 8 P.M., without breakfast or lunch.

"Angie and I dated for three years before we married. After the first couple of years, she moved into her own apartment, which gave us the chance to spend a lot of time together. We'd lie in bed and take showers together. We were deeply in love and *seemed* very compatible sexually. But we were both morally committed to remain virgins until marriage, and it was agony not to complete the act. Often I'd stay with her until four in the morning, then tear myself away—both of us in a terrible state of guilt, longing and frustration. Now I see that what we were doing was foolish and dangerous, because it raised our expectations so high.

"As I look back on my life, I realize I was extremely shy with women. I never had any sisters and my mother worked nights at a hospital, so I didn't dare go too far because it went against my religion and my moral standards. I lived at home until I was twenty-five, so my experience in the field of romance was definitely limited. But I was terribly curious. I still get a kick out of girlie magazines; I keep a stack of them under the bed, but Angie is practically paranoid about them—she says they dehumanize women.

"Angie has very set ideas. She was determined to be engaged at 21 and married at 22, and we were—with a big, splashy wedding. I would have preferred to spend a year alone backpacking in Europe after I finished college, but I figured I'd lose her if I did. So I found a job at $750 a month, and since she was earning $650 a month as a secretary, we could afford to get married.

"It wasn't long before she pressured me into buying an old house badly in need of repairs. Her plan is to spend two years fixing up the place, four years entertaining and starting a family, and then to move to a bigger, better house. She expects my salary to double in the next five years.

"The first year we were in our house, Angie had me working all weekend from sunup to sundown, stripping walls and ceilings, replacing old bathroom fixtures and tile, patching the roof and moving barrels of dirt from one place to another.

"I've never been good with my hands. My older brothers were aces and so was my father, so they never asked me to help. My father-in-law is also very handy. If I didn't finish a job fast enough to suit Angie, she'd ask her father to do it. That was the final put-down.

"After awhile, I got tired of all her incessant demands. Now I slip away on weekends and visit an old friend up the block, see my widowed mother or play golf. When I get home, Angie has exhausted herself with the cleaning and gardening. I get dagger looks and cold silence and she refuses to let me touch her.

"As kids, my brothers and I were expected to do all the housecleaning. My father issued the orders and saw that they were carried out. He was a bear of a man, six-feet-four and 265 pounds, and if we didn't do the chores to his liking, he'd swat the back of our heads or kick us in the butt. My mother would also hit us with anything at hand. I dreaded Saturdays and household chores.

"My father never went to college, but he had an I.Q. of 140 and wanted his sons to do well in school. But none of us did—I daydreamed through the first eighteen years of my life, and was kept back a year in school for inattention and emotional immaturity. My father gave us a certain number of whacks for each bad grade—five for a C, ten for a D, and so on. He was so strict, I never felt close to him. In fact, I was just getting to know him as a person when he was killed in a car accident. The family fell apart completely, and now we seldom see each other.

"I used to tell myself I would never marry if it meant constant fighting and tension. What *(continued)*

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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

I want most is warmth, love and closeness. Angie thinks I'm super-sexed. I'm ready for love-making at any minute of the day or night—but she isn't, unfortunately. I also think sex should be playful, fun and imaginative—like the pictures in the men's magazines. But Angie finds such ideas disgusting.

"When I'm making love, I blank out everything else, except my fantasies. Angie will suddenly start talking about things to do around the house or what happened at work. It takes her at least an hour every night to get to sleep; I'm sure that's because she's sexually unsatisfied. We've talked about sex, and she's told me what she likes, but I keep forgetting. I want her to guide me while we're making love, but she's too shy.

"She responds to me while we're petting, but during intercourse she seems to turn completely off. She used to say that everything would work out eventually and that she enjoyed my love-making even without coming to climax. But it bothers *me*—it makes me feel less of a man.

"Last week she told me, 'If you're not going to help around the house, I'll live here alone. I can afford to.' I don't want to move out; I'll do anything to change. But I really feel that most of our troubles are Angie's fault; she's the one who's not willing to try."

ANGIE TALKS

Beneath a crown of bouncy yellow curls, Angie's thin face looked vexed and sulky, and her voice bristled with bitterness. She was 27 and had been married to Peter for five years.

"I'm through with this marriage," she began positively. "All the responsibilities fall on me. I mow the lawn, do the gardening, the housecleaning and the painting, I choose new furniture and get the cars serviced. I make out all the checks, balance the checkbook, plan our social life, make our medical appointments, buy all the presents and choose Peter's wardrobe. I also work five days a week as a medical receptionist. When I get home at night, I'm greeted with, 'Well, what's for dinner?' He thinks our home is a hotel with maid service.

"Peter is also super-sexed. He reads all those girlie magazines and believes every word in them. Ten minutes before guests are due to arrive, he's ready to make love on the living room floor. I have to get dressed behind a locked door in the mornings or I'd never get to work on time. On our honeymoon, he was like a four-year-old kid playing doctor, examining every inch of me. I felt like some Barbie doll instead of a flesh-and-blood woman.

"I was just as disappointed as when I failed to have an orgasm the four years of our marriage. Befor were married, Peter helped me climax by manual stimulation, but we were husband and wife, even didn't work. Peter drives me wild his sexual third-degree: 'Was it g Why not? What's wrong? How do feel? I've never pretended with P but I didn't like discussing my fr tions. It seemed to make it worse, I were programmed for failure.

"Finally, about a year ago, I ha orgasm for the first time. I was thr and told Peter, but he refused to be me because he said *he* couldn't fe He accused me of lying. We had a rific row and I told him, 'You've g me so many hang-ups about sex, m you're the one to blame. Maybe I'm normal one.' By now, I'm so up about sex and afraid of failure, not would work, I know.

"After we bought the house, pushed all our problems aside to on fixing up the place. I soon found Peter hates to do anything by him If he's changing a tire, he wants there watching him. I crave privacy he craves attention. I think he starved for affection as a child. family never exchanged gifts, so never gives me a present for anyth A neighbor of his family told me at Christmas, Peter would go next to watch them opening presents s he never got any of his own. His fa was a tyrant and his mother's cold self-centered. She never remembers birthdays but expects us to remem hers—and then never thanks us. I to knock myself out to find the r present; now I just mail her a check

"My family is great on making splurges on holidays and giving p ents. But I've always been afraid of parents and of displeasing them. father is very strict and makes all family decisions. Both my parents secretive. Mother never told me a w about sex, birth control or menstruat I would feel terribly awkward and barrassed even to broach such subje I worked really hard in school, and w to church every Sunday. I did ev thing I was told, but nothing I did ever quite good enough for my pare

"When I was twenty, and dat Peter, I was still sharing a bedroom w my ten-year-old sister. I couldn't hav phone conversation without her listen in. I felt I had to have my own ap ment, but no one had ever done tha our family before. We were all suppo to stay under the same roof until married; my older brothers were home. But I had a job, my own car savings in the bank, and I yearned some privacy."

Angie began to cry quietly. "I c tell you how many *(continu*

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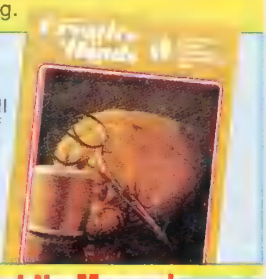
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Can this marriage be saved?

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terrible scenes we had. My parents said I was ungrateful and selfish. I was afraid they'd disown me but in the end, I moved. A tremendous peace came over me in my own place. I was never lonely for a moment. Even now, I relish being alone.

"I don't feel any sexual attraction for Peter anymore. He's just a sloppy roommate. About a month ago, I went off on a week's vacation with friends. Before I left, I wore myself out, cleaning the house, ironing Peter's shirts and cooking and freezing a week's meals for him.

"When I returned, the place was a shambles. He hadn't washed a dish all week, his clothes were all over the bedroom and his razor lay on a pile of soap and whiskers in the bathroom sink.

"I blew my stack and told him to move out. I'm sick and tired of being married to a lazy, irresponsible, little boy. I just want to be alone."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Although sexual maladjustment was what brought this couple into counseling, Angie was so distraught and panicky about sex that I suggested Peter discontinue all his efforts to have sexual relations with her for the time being. Angie needed to escape his pressuring.

"When a woman fails sexually, some anger toward her husband is inevitable, because she feels he's failed her as a lover. Added to Angie's anger was her justified resentment over Peter's failure to help her with chores. The housekeeping was as much a problem for Angie as it was for Peter, since she was obsessed with perfection in her quest for parental approval. She was basically a frightened, insecure person.

"Peter had always felt outmatched by his father and brothers, and when Angie called in her own father to complete a task, he felt even more defeated. Importantly, she needed to modify her standards of perfection and Peter needed to assume more adult responsibi

"They drew up a list of house chores. Peter agreed to spend Satu morning doing the vacuuming cleaning the bathroom—thoroughly didn't enjoy it, but he did it.

"Angie did the marketing and dening Saturday morning, which the rest of the weekend free for t to do things they enjoyed most—te hiking, dining out.

"At first, in counseling Angie fearful of expressing any of her feel to Peter, and kept her eyes turned a while she spoke to me about her band, 'Tell Peter, not me,' I urged She learned to state her needs dire rather than retreating into angry sile

"Peter had experienced a highly stricted and repressed boyhood, w led to an excessive preoccupation sexual fantasies. I counseled them to expect sexual perfection, but to e the pleasures of each moment of macy for its own sake.

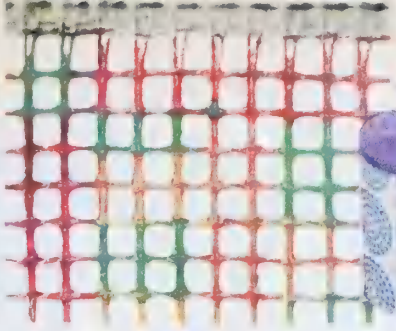
"An insecure person like Angi frightened of losing control, of let herself go, but as she learned to t Peter completely, she opened up became a warm, loving person. P learned that all women don't resp sexually like an erupting volcano— if Angie enjoyed his love-making told him so, he should believe her.

"Peter made no sexual advance Angie until she took the initiative al six weeks after counseling began. results were disappointing at first, gradually improved as Angie's res ment and anger at Peter dissipated, as they both came to realize how m family attitudes were still influenc their expectations of each other their ways of coping with the respo bilities of marriage.

"When I last talked to Peter on telephone, he said, 'The difference our marriage is like day and nig We're getting along really well, and sexual relationship is pretty good, I expect it will continue to improve. fact, we're even planning on a ch now that we feel our marriage is solid ground.'"



"I don't care if he is running an austerity campaign, fifty dollars is too much for peanut butter sandwiches."



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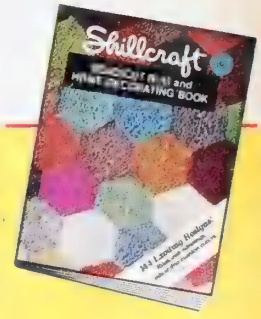
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Many psychologists and math teachers say that if you permit your child to use your calculator simply to check the accuracy of his homework, this instant confirmation of his own arithmetic will help him to learn faster. This does not mean you should permit him to do the original arithmetic homework on your calculator, but merely to check it. However, some teachers are actually assigning homework to be done with a calculator. In this case, you have no alternative but to let your son use it. Also, if he wants to play with the calculator, working out computations on his own, this may help him learn faster. Finally, says New York's Citibank: "Look ahead. The world your child inherits will be one in which everyone will use pocket calculators as a matter of course; let your child be prepared."

I've been selected to go to a church convention as a delegate. Will I be able to deduct from our income taxes my out-of-pocket expenses? The meeting will be held quite far from my home.
Yes, you will be able to deduct these expenses on your next income tax return, assuming you are an appointed delegate and are not just attending the convention because you're interested. To prove your deductions:

- Keep a copy of the convention program, check off the sessions you attend and take notes on what you hear. This will prove that you actually worked as a delegate.
- Sign an attendance book for any session that provides one. If you also need this proof, the secretary of the convention can furnish certified extracts of your signature, photostats or even the books themselves.
- Pay your registration fees, transportation and hotel bills with separate checks. Ask for and keep receipted bills. And keep a diary of your convention-related activities and expenses.

You're always advising people to "shop around" for the lowest interest charges when buying a car, appliances, furniture, etc. I've been following your advice, but I haven't noticed much, if any, difference in charges by banks in our area. Where do you get your information?
You couldn't be more off base in your conclusion that there's little, if any, difference in charges between banks! And you could be wasting substantial amounts of money because of your failure to comparison-shop for the most favorable rates to you. A recent survey released by a Congressional subcommittee disclosed that in one state the spread in interest rates on loans for the purchase of household goods amounted to as much as 6 percent between banks; rates on auto loans varied as much as 3 percent; and the differential in rates on personal loans reached almost 2 percent. In one city, a loan to buy a TV set cost 60 percent more at one bank than at another. The spreads can result in savings of hundreds of dollars for the careful shopper.

We know that under Federal law we don't have to pay for unordered merchandise sent to us through the mails—and that we may simply keep the merchandise and consider it a gift. But isn't there any merchandise that can be sent to us legally through the mails without our prior consent?
Yes, two kinds: Merchandise mailed to you by a charitable organization asking you for contributions; and free samples, clearly and plainly marked as such.

It is against the law for any person or organization that sends you merchandise you didn't request to pressure you into returning it or to send you a bill demanding that you pay.

My neighbor criticized me severely for having electric clocks all over the house—and then, she followed *that* up by saying I was wasting precious electricity by keeping my coffee warm after I had brewed it in my electric coffee pot. I didn't know how to answer her, so I took her criticism quietly, but I'm still annoyed.
You judge if you're wasting electricity against these costs: The average cost of operating an electric clock is 15¢ a month. The average cost of keeping your coffee warm after you have brewed it in your coffeemaker is 6 10 of 1¢ an hour. The average cost of brewing the coffee in your electric appliance is 1¢ a pot.

To help protect our possessions against burglaries, my family has decided to mark all our valuables with a means of identification so the police can trace them. Would the best identification be our Social Security numbers?
The best identification would be your driver's license number—and each family member should use their own license number on their own valuables—it is always on file at the Motor Vehicle Department and available for identification 24 hours a day. And while your number may change each time you renew your license, your old number always remains on file. Prefix your license number with an abbreviation of your state—to distinguish it from an identical number of another state. Your Social Security number is second best. Law enforcement agencies do not have immediate access to Social Security files. *(continued)*

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WOULD HE LIKE YOU TO LOOK YOUNGER?

You've lived a lot of life together. The initial attraction you felt has been deepened by all your shared experiences. You've fretted over the children's problems, scrimped to get a new house or car, planned your going back to school to prepare for a more fulfilling job.

Now your world has changed a little. The children are away from home more evenings, and often you find yourselves having dinner alone, just the two of you. It's almost like being newly-weds again. You'd like to be as attractive as possible and look your youngest to please both him and yourself.

Now is the time for you to discover a secret shared by women from many parts of the world, the secret of a unique beauty fluid that helps a woman look her youngest, no matter what her age. This unusual beauty fluid is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.



Soothe Oil of Olay on your face and throat. Watch as the precious fluid seems to disappear into your skin before your very eyes. Oil of Olay works with nature in a mysterious way to soothe away dryness, the dryness that can make aging little lines and wrinkles all too noticeable. Almost from the moment you smooth on Oil of Olay, you'll feel your skin grow softer and more supple. A wealth of pure moisture, along with tropical oils and other emollients, acts almost like your own natural moisture, bringing your skin a renewed radiance and glow.

You'll be astonished how quickly and completely Oil of Olay penetrates the surface layer of your skin. And there's never a greasy afterfeel. So naturally it's marvelous under makeup, letting cosmetics stay fresh for hours. Oil of Olay helps keep natural moisture in your skin where it works best to maintain a youthful-looking complexion.

Apply Oil of Olay twice a day, faithfully, please. In the morning, after cleansing. Again every single night, so the beauty fluid can work during quiet hours of sleep. Your complexion will also welcome additional applications of Oil of Olay any time you feel a need to ease dryness or importantly increase the moisture content of your skin.



Would he like you to look your youngest? It might be very exciting to try Oil of Olay (from your drugstore) and discover the answer to that question yourself.

Beauty Secrets

Freshen your makeup (with Oil of Olay first of course) before dinner. And why not candlelight to make the most of the renewed "twoness" of life?

* * *

One of the beauties of Oil of Olay at bedtime is that it never leaves your skin shiny or greasy. Just a fresh, dewy glow and a light, pleasant lingering fragrance.

* * *

Lipstick or lip gloss slicks on more smoothly and easily over Oil of Olay. Somehow your lips seem to look better and feel better with this tiny bit of additional pampering.

* * *

When you're working all day, of course you want to look your best to the people you deal with. So you'll probably redo your makeup during lunch hour. Refreshing Oil of Olay® is beautiful under cosmetics, so makeup can glide on effortlessly and evenly, and the beauty fluid lets cosmetics stay fresh-looking for unexpected hours. Don't be surprised if women (and men) you work with ask you what you use to make your complexion look so glowing.

Spending your mone

continued

I know that many women are appointed to the boards of dir of big corporations because th "window dressing" for the c nies. How many women direct corporations in this countr more than "tokens"?

Women now sit on the boards of 2 U.S. corporations, the New York *Business & Society Review* re earlier this year in the first comp sive study ever made of women tors. And, according to this re significant new trend is the "inc visibility of women directors app for their own accomplishments. instance, 14 corporations now ha or more women on their boards with family links to the company women now being tapped to se corporate boards come from a var disciplines: lawyers, economists, cators, and some have climbed cor ladders where they work. And, a the case with black directors, co tions have been inclined to select en directors who have been select other firms. One woman sits o boards; one on five and two on fo

My husband died recently af very short illness. He was onl and I was completely unpre for the tragedy. I am being whelmed with advice from fr and strangers and I don't know to do. Please help me.

During this first year, make no impo decisions that you can possibly a such as moving—or radically cha your way of life. You are too emo at this stage to take steps that shou taken only when you are in a calm, pletely rational state of mind.

Don't permit high-pressure sale sons in any area to talk you into c ing your securities portfolio, using inheritance for business ventures or whatever. If you receive your i ance benefits in a lump sum, pu money in a savings institution and remain there while you adjust an gain your perspective. Talk out problems with your lawyer, you ligious adviser or a community se agency counselor.

Make sure you have investigate benefits to which you are entit Social Security, your husband's emp er and the Veterans Administratio your husband was a veteran). Of 12,000,000 widowed in the U.S., 85 cent are women. Seek them out for h Read books written specifically to g you. And, primarily, keep yourself b with work that will occupy your m while you try to recover.

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In a rare and revealing self-interview, Barbara Walters answers the kind of pointed questions she usually asks other people: about her $5 million contract—and her new job as TV's first evening news anchorwoman.



BARBARA WALTERS by BARBARA WALTERS

There's been so much confusion, so much press coverage, so much hypocrisy concerning my move from NBC to ABC that *Ladies' Home Journal* suggested I answer some of the more pointed questions raised during the last few months. I asked the *Journal* editors to help me by submitting the questions they thought most of you would be interested in having answered. The following is their list of questions, but the answers are mine.
—Barbara Walters.

Did you move to ABC mainly for the money—or for the chance to do the news as first anchorwoman? That is, would you have left *Today* for ABC News had the money been the same in both places?

It wasn't the money! The money offered was the same in both places, exactly the same. My contract was almost up at NBC. When ABC made me the offer to be the first evening news anchorwoman, it was a very great challenge. The challenge was so exciting and so demanding that I felt I simply couldn't turn it down. It is true that ABC offered me a great deal of money, but NBC matched that money. I never negotiated; that is, I never demanded a particular amount of money from either ABC or NBC. NBC matched the money because they wanted to keep me at NBC. ABC's offer was the same from the first day to the last day. They were always above board. I left NBC because I felt that this was an opportunity I simply couldn't turn down. I should point out, because it's never been made clear, that the amount of money I make as anchorperson for the evening news is roughly similar to the amount of money made by the anchor*men* on the network evening news programs. I will also be hosting ABC's Sunday interview program, *Issues and Answers*, once a month. In addition, I will be hosting four one-hour prime time specials a year. I don't think any other anchorperson is working as hard. If he were, he would probably make relatively the same money. Indeed, as things stand now, an anchorperson receives not just his fee for the evening news, but gets extra pay any time he does anything extra—be it election night coverage, conventions, space shots, specials, radio broadcasts. The networks have not told the public what these total salaries are. My salary, which covers anything I may do at the network, has been highly publicized because I made the move from one network to another, and therefore the amount of money leaked out. But overall, I daresay there are others in the industry making almost as much as I am.

"It wasn't the money. The money offered was the same in both places."

How about the charge that nobody is worth that kind of money, that it is bringing movie-star show business into news business?

Well, let's take the first part of the question—that no one is worth that kind of money. This, of course, is relative. Who is to decide how much money one is worth? Is a rock and roll singer who earns millions of dollars a year worth more than a congressman? Obviously not. It depends on what the market will allow, and different industries have different pay scales. No one questions the fact that stars like Johnny Carson, Bob Hope, Mary Tyler Moore, or even people like Dinah Shore and Merv Griffin (who own their own television shows), earn many millions of dollars a year. No one challenges their value or asks whether they are worth that kind of money. The real question is whether somebody in the news department has less integrity or is less pure or does his job less well because he is making a very large salary. We all do know that newsmen and women in television make more money than newsmen and women in newspapers. This is because television makes much more money than newspapers, and TV news programs—whether the networks like to admit it or not—are commercial. The network executives care very much about ratings and these programs are sponsored: the higher the rating, the more they can charge the sponsors. Therefore, if a network feels that a particular person will bring a higher rating, that person is worth more money. The question also is: Who should receive the money earned by the news programs? In the past, it's been primarily the network and the network executives. In the future, it may be that the people reporting on the news will share more in the profits. I feel since I have been offered this kind of money there will be larger salaries paid to everyone in the news business. As I've said before, I haven't noticed anyone turning down a raise.

Does it bother you when you hear women reporters criticized *(continued)*



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And discover the truth in Malcolm's favorite axiom:

A COW ON-THE-ROCKS IS NOT A BUM STEER.

BARBARA WALTER

continued

if they are aggressive or abras

There's a difference between words "aggressive" and "abrasive." N of us likes to be called abrasive. A has bothered me when I've been ca aggressive. Usually, this word has c up in relation to my interviews. Od however, few men would be distur by being labeled aggressive. Call a an aggressive interviewer and it's a c pliment. Call a woman an aggres interviewer and somehow it's gener meant as a criticism. The fact that I tough in my interviews, that I asked questions that had to be answered drew out the answers, made me a fessional; it made me valuable to program and it made me a better in viewer. But it also made a lot of peo especially men who were not sec critical. A woman was not supposed ask tough questions. She was suppo to be sweet and bland. If she was, made her feminine. I hope this changed. I would have thought tha had—if it had not been for the reac to me the last few months.

Let me say something else about terviews—male-female roles.

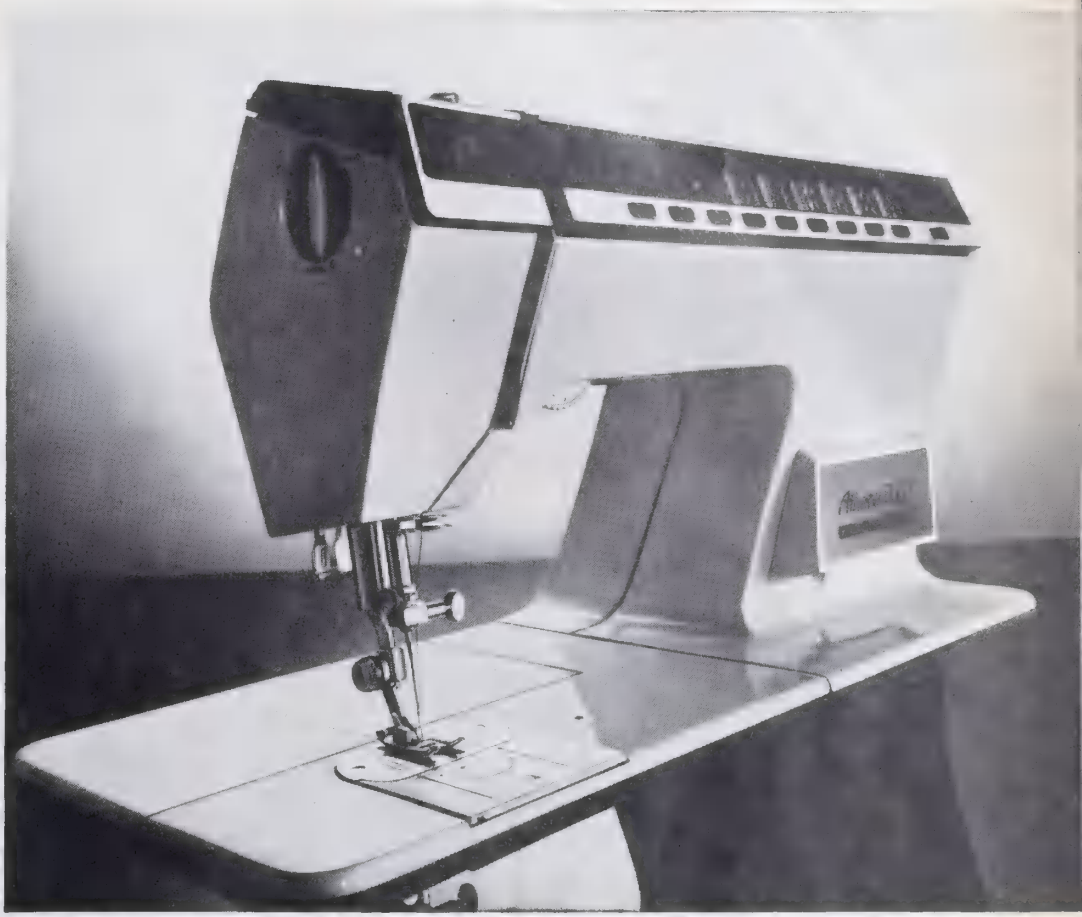
The *Today* Show is 24 years old. D ing its first 12 years, there were 33 ferent women on it. For the past years, there has been one, and t woman was me. Obviously, I had learn to work with the different men the show, because during my time it, there were four different male h and a variety of other men as w Hugh Downs was the most support of me. He was kind and understand —and although our personalities a our ways of interviewing were very ferent, we complemented each oth He was a generous man and a man w enjoyed working with women.

When Hugh left the program, Fra McGee became host. Frank had ne worked with a woman before. It v very difficult for him. In all his time the air, he never really learned to acc a woman, and he found it particula hard to accept me as an equal. Althou I have not discussed this before, wh I'm about to tell you is known by NB During the time that I was on the with Frank, it was part of his agreeme that he could choose whichever int views he wanted to do and keep me of them. That is, on serious or importa interviews, I would be excluded. Fu thermore, on interviews with politi people that originated in Washingt Frank could decide whether or not could participate. When I was allow to participate, I could participate or after Frank asked the first questic If he decided not to ask the fi

(continued on page 3

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ine a sewing machine that its stitches at your fingertips. you have to do is select tch. Touch a button. And get the stitch you want. Instantly. Impossible? Not any more. Singer has invented the Athena 2000 electronic ewing machine. It is, he easiest sewing machine eated. Using the most ed space-age technology, iniaturized solid-state y into a tiny electronic . It's much smaller than a e. Yet it lets us replace over chanical parts to create the 2000 electronic machine.



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Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.
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that has made Marlboro famous.

BARBARA WALTERS

continued from page 28

question, then I could not ask any at all.

This procedure never showed on the air; I never complained about it, and as far as the public knew, Frank and I had a very compatible relationship. NBC never doubted that I would accept this role—which was not only secondary but submissive; and yet, even at this time I was considered by many to be too aggressive. One of the reasons that I used to go out and arrange for the very hard-to-get interviews was this: if I got them myself, I would be allowed to participate; but if the program arranged for them, they would be done exclusively by Frank McGee and I would be excluded.

After Frank died, NBC announced that the program was looking for another host. It was at this time that I reminded the network that it was in my contract that if Frank McGee ever left the program (it never occurred to me that he would die so young), I would be co-host. And this was the reason that I became co-host. Not because NBC felt that it was time for a woman to have that job, but because it had been written into my contract at a time when the network thought that Frank had many, many years ahead on the program. Indeed, when Sally Quinn became co-host of the CBS Morning news, she was the first woman in such a job. In those days when I was working with Frank McGee, I was very definitely second.

I mention this because I know that one's on-the-air image does not necessarily reflect the actual conditions. I had learned over the years to work with men, even men who were not very happy about my position; I learned to do it without complaining. I learned to do it without being sullen, and I decided long ago that the only answer was to do my job as well as possible. This was the only way I could win the battle. I don't want to give the impression that internal conflict always existed. For not only did I love working with Hugh Downs, but also with Joe Garagiola, Gene Shalit, Jim Hartz, Lew Wood and the great many men who worked on the *Today* program as producers and directors and writers.

Another recent instance—a member of the *Today* cast was fired from the show, although we kept that from the audience. After he left the program, he was very bitter about his dismissal—and in particular, bitter about my success; he said some very hard things about me publicly. This hurt me deeply, as I hadn't known the extent of his unhappiness. But what touched me more than I can possibly express was a letter written to me by the cast and crew of the *Today* show, the stagehands, directors, wardrobe women, makeup artists, prop men, teleprompter men, etc., who wrote to tell me of their support and affection for me personally and professionally. They said they knew their opinions would probably never be published in the newspapers, refuting this man's allegations, but they wanted me to know how they felt. And in the final analysis, this is how one must be judged. Not necessarily by the press, not by the headline seekers, not by bitter people, but by the colleagues one works with day by day. If you know yourself that you've worked hard . . . that you have been fair and that you have done the best you could, you have peace of mind. After all the turmoil of the past months, I have that now.

Would as much of a fuss have been made if a man had done what you did?

The news business is primarily a man's business. Without waving a feminist banner, I firmly believe that there would not have been a fuss had the same offer been made to a man. The fact that it was made to a woman seemed to unleash a great deal of resentment, hostility and fear on the part of some men who reported and commented on my move. Suddenly, after years of doing interviews that made headlines—interviews with such people as Richard Nixon, Henry Kissinger, H.R. Haldeman and Spiro Agnew—after proving that I could cover stories, report from China, report from Cuba and produce the kinds of interviews that made the evening news programs, my ability was suddenly in question. I was described as a "personality," not a newsperson. There was much made about my wanting hairdressers, makeup artists and limousines.

How ridiculous! All of us on the *Today* program—indeed, on almost all television programs—have makeup people. I've had the same makeup woman for 12 years on the *Today* Show. We all used her. I've had the same hairdresser for six years, and all of us had limousines to take us to the studio at a very early hour of the morning. As a matter of fact, most of the NBC executives and stars have limousines at NBC.

At ABC, I was not offered one, nor have I asked for one. Many men enjoyed believing these stories in the face of the obvious facts to the contrary because it reinforced the stereotype of the prima donna making extraordinary female demands. I think that the fuss was created for three reasons. One: because I was a woman and this made a great many men, whether they realized it or not, unsteady and unhappy. Two: because I left the established company, NBC, to go to ABC. In the past, this was never done voluntarily. (Nobody has ever left the *Today* Show to go to another program.) And three: because of the tremendous publicity—exaggerated and, in good part, hypocritical—over my salary. I regret this publicity. It shot me into superstar status, which has been very difficult for me. I am used to living a private life, and to read about myself daily in the papers has not been fun. So much of what was written was untrue, so much has been exaggerated, and yet so much has been very heartwarming. Women reporters and women editorial writers, in particular, helped to create a backlash against the harsher reactions, against the ugly criticism in the early days of the story.

I must have received something like 5,000 letters from *Today* viewers, almost all of them so supportive and kind, telling me that they would miss me on *Today* and that they would follow me to the Evening News. I can't tell you what this kind of support and affection meant to me. I have always felt, working on *Today*, that we were a family, and that this family came into people's homes and became part of *their* family. To have this love and warmth returned brought tears to my eyes more than once. When I go down the street now, many people—young women, in particular—come up and congratulate me, tell me how happy they are about my move. I must say this is balanced by the number of people who say that they have been busy defending me these past months. Defending me against what? What crime have I committed?

The other thing that I think has been difficult is what I refer to as the more sensational part of the press. I understand that there are books being written about me—totally unauthorized books. Some of the more sensational newspapers have tried to force their way into interviews, calling friends of mine, harassing my mother, even calling the hospital where my father has been very ill for the past year, trying to get interviews with him or his doctors. For many weeks there were reporters and photographers in the lobby of my apartment building. One of the things that pained

(continued on page 170)

AUTUMN'S APPROACH

By Elizabeth Howard Crawford

Close my eyes and hold my heart
(Her footsteps coming near),
My head is dizzy, dashed in stars
O, take my hand, my dear.

Russet spilled about the trees
And amber breaking through,
Hills and leaves and leaves and hills
Hung high against the blue.

Millions of them dancing mad
(Leaves in breezes, dear).
I think my heart shall break today
With autumn coming here.

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- Country Fair
- Country Beige
- Country Tan

LIP COLOR

- Russet
- Burnished Rose
- Rustic Red
- Pink Brick
- Country Copper
- Hearty Burgundy
- Toasted Chestnut

CHEEK COLOR

- Spiced Cider
- Autumn Apple
- Polished Plum

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PATTY HEARST: THE UNTOLD STORY





BY F. LEE BAILEY
WITH JOHN GREENYA

The psychiatrists' unpublished reports. First of two excerpts from a new book by her famed attorney.

Shortly before 2 P.M. on Friday, September 26, 1975, I entered a small visiting room on the fourth floor of the San Mateo County Jail, Women's Quarters. Seated at a table, smoking a cigarette, was Patricia Campbell Hearst.

I was prepared for a rather forceful young woman. Instead, I met a robot. My initial impression of Patty Hearst was that, physically and emotionally, she was a very numb person. It was as if somehow she had been anesthetized.

What so surprised me was that I had been told about the visit just six days before, of Trish Tobin, one of Patty's best friends. To the consternation of the Hearsts and all the lawyers involved, they learned that the government had taped the conversation. The tape was replete with references to Patty's new attitudes, her "feminist perspective," the problems of putting together a valid defense, plus several curses and moments of sarcastic laughter between the two young women.

I could hardly believe this was the same Patricia Hearst now sitting across from me.

She looked almost tiny. None of the news photographs I'd seen had effectively communicated how short and thin she actually was. She was barely five feet tall and could not have weighed more than 100 pounds. The bones in her face all but stuck out, and her deep brown eyes were circled with darkness.

As we talked, I watched those eyes for some sign of life, for some sign of personality, but I could catch nothing. Her responses were flat, invariably delivered in a monotone, and if she could answer in one word she never bothered with two.

My second impression, one that hit after ten minutes or so, was that she strongly resembled a retarded person, one with a noticeably diminished capacity. This unnerved me, because I had an important question to ask.

I had come to the firm conclusion that Patty should drop her request for bail. I felt that, unless we could get her moved to a hospital—which I doubted—it would be better for her case in the long run if she remained right where she was. (The public would not scream that the little rich girl was getting preferential treatment.)

I asked Patty if she agreed that she should stay in jail. What concerned me, in addition to the fact that everyone in jail wants to get out yesterday, was that release on bail would give her an opportunity to run. Surely she must have known people in the underground who could find her and help her jump bond if that was what she truly wanted.

To my great relief, she agreed with me immediately. It was the only time during the 30- to 40-minute interview that I saw any flicker of emotion in her face and eyes.

I went directly from the jail to the Hearst apartment. There, her father, Randolph Hearst, asked me for my impression.

"First of all," I said, "I do not see any of the suspected problems with the so-called radical defense. I see nothing but a tired, almost cowering, little girl, who appears to have no interest in her defense. But she is certainly not the militant she has been made out to be."

We talked for a while longer. Randolph Hearst was called to the phone several times. After one of the calls, he walked back into the room with a different look on his face. It was the closest thing I had yet seen to a smile.

"That was a message from Patty. She would like you to defend her."

Judge Oliver Carter had directed that Patty undergo psychiatric tests to determine if she was competent to stand trial. The examinations moved forward very smoothly. No doctor ever asked a question to which Patty did not respond, for the most part fully and completely, and although she was extremely difficult to talk with in the beginning, she showed some improvement over the month or so that these examinations were in progress.

Nonetheless, it was clear that Patricia was hardly the same girl, mentally and emotionally, who had been ripped screaming from her Berkeley apartment in February of 1974. I was startled to learn that tests showed that Patty's IQ—which had been tested out some years before at 130, putting her in the top seven or eight percent of the population—had dropped to about 109. And that drop, while not startling numerically, put her in about the 50 percent bracket.

To me, this fact—and my own observation—meant only one thing: Patty Hearst was a sick girl.

Perhaps it was inevitable, but the one person most moved by Patty's ordeal was my colleague and friend Al Johnson. A year before, if someone had brought up the "Patty Hearst matter," I would not have expected Al to react with instant sympathy. He has never had a great deal of patience with radical types. Yet he was the first to see the indecency of trying this girl for a bank robbery before anyone was even *charged* with kidnapping her.

If that says a lot about Al, it also says a great deal about Patty.

Al sat with her, day *(continued)*

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PATTY HEARST

continued

after day, hour after hour, waiting for the right time to get her story so that we could prepare the best defense possible in this unique case. She wanted to cooperate, and she tried, but it was a tedious process. By the time Al had what he thought was the best information she could give at that time, both he and Patty were exhausted. And they were also, far more than either realized, very close to one another.

From the last weeks of September and into the early part of October, the doctors continued to test Patricia Hearst. Obviously, we hoped that as a result of their examinations we would be given more time to prepare her defense, but we also hoped that what they learned about this emotionally battered girl would aid us in reconstructing her recent past and understanding whatever her motivation may have been for certain undeniable acts, chiefly, the robbery of the Hibernia Bank.

The team that Judge Carter had named to study Patty consisted of Dr. Donald T. Lunde of Stanford University, Dr. Seymour Pollack of the University of Southern California, Dr. Margaret Thaler Singer (the psychologist) from the University of California at Berkeley, and Dr. Louis Jolyon West, head of the department of psychiatry at UCLA. On October 6 they filed their preliminary report.

On balance, we were not unhappy with it. Obviously, we did not like to read that the doctors felt Patty was "competent to stand trial," but we were buoyed by the next finding—that her ability to help with her own defense was "somewhat diminished by the nature of her emotional state." We were pleased by the recommendation for a period of psychiatric treatment prior to trial—even though we had some doubts that Judge Carter would grant it—and the finding that she was not a risk to flee.

Detailed report awaited

Of greatest interest was the fact that detailed reports would be made to the court within 10 days. A few days later, we learned that Drs. Lunde and Pollack would file reports that limited their observations to the central questions of whether or not Patricia Hearst was sane and competent to stand trial. Drs. West and Singer, however, apparently felt that they could not support their findings adequately without going into depth on the question of what had happened to her and the nature of her response. We looked forward with great eagerness to *that* report.

I got my first look at it when Al Johnson gave it to me on an airplane bound for San Francisco from Los Angeles. Al had already read it, and he smiled when he handed it over. "You're going to enjoy this."

The West-Singer report ran to almost 200 pages, but the heart of it was their 136-page analysis of the defendant. I'd never seen a report quite like it. Dr. West's report read like a true and oh-so-human narrative. The first meeting impression I'd gotten of Patty as a frightened girl fairly leaped out at me.

In the personal history section of his report, Dr. West divided Patty's life into four segments:

PATTY (20 February 1954 to 4 February 1974)
TANIA (4 February 1974 to 17 May 1974)
PEARL (17 May 1974 to 18 September 1975)
PAT (18 September 1975 to the present)

He chronicled her upbringing, her school days and her interests, right up to the time of the kidnapping. I found it particularly interesting to read: "Several persons who knew Patty well, prior to and during the period she lived in Berkeley (fall of 1972 to 4 February 1974) have attested to her lack of serious interest in politics, social issues and world events. In fact, she was considered quite uninformed about such matters."

So much for those who claimed that Patty was already a budding radical at the time of her kidnapping.

Of Patty's relationship with her former fiancé, Steven Weed, Dr. West said:

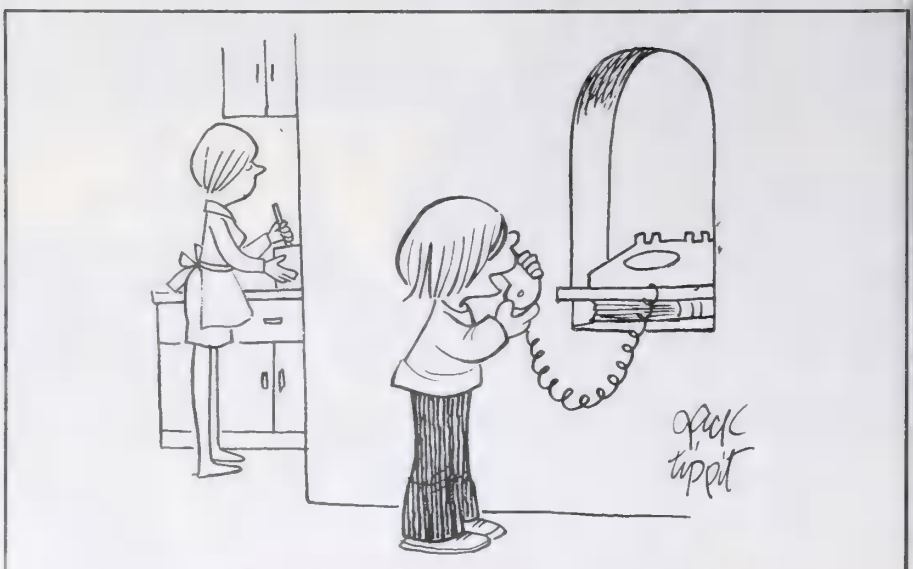
> Steve was somewhat paternal and quite traditional in his relationship with Patty. They were far more like a typical, middle-class, young married campus couple than a pair of romantic rebels living in glorious sin and defying both society and a powerful conservative family. Patty usually cooked meals and took care of the apartment. When she was away, Steve would turn to friends for meals, eat out or merely munch on snacks. Their apartment was attractive and they were collecting art. Concerned about crime in the neighborhood, they installed a new lock on the door only days before they were attacked by the SLA.

Moving into the "Tania" period, D West recounted the events of the kidnapping, and then delved into something of great interest to me—Patty impressions of and first dealings wit Donald "Cinque" DeFreeze, the on black member of the SLA.

> He [Cinque] told her she was a prisoner of war, was being interrogated as such, and would be shot on the slightest provocation. She was also told that she was one of many who had been kidnapped simultaneously by the SLA nationwide. Cinque gave her to understand that the SLA was part of a large, powerful conspiracy, actively engaged in overthrowing the United States government through various means, including the leverage they were to acquire by . . . multiple kidnappings of prominent people. Cinque (and, after a while, other SLA members) made their enterprise sound impressively huge. . . . Their credibility and ruthlessness was emphasized by boasts about the widely publicized SLA murder of Oakland's superintendent of schools, Dr. Marcus Foster with cyanide-tipped bullets. *In her terror Patricia believed everything.* . . .

Patty would have had to have beer an idiot *not* to be terrified. A girl wh had been living a "middle-class, young married campus couple" life was suddenly and brutally in the hands of seriously disturbed and demonstrably violent people.

As I read on about the confinement period, certain sentences stuck in my mind: "She slept very little . . . her captors gagged the bound and blindfolded Patricia again, tied her into a garbage can, drove her around for several hours in the trunk of a car, then returned her to the same closet (which *(continued)*



"I don't know whether I can sleep over or not, Shirley . . . I haven't had a chance to really nag her yet."

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If you're a smoker who has been nking about 'tar' and nicotine, here's y we invite you to smoke Now.

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PATTY HEARST

continued

she recognized by its characteristic stench). She was unable to eat for many days. She was unable to defecate for what seemed to be more than a week. She became deeply concerned about her physical condition. She was sure she was going to die. . . . She had no access to time devices, no way to keep track of the hours and days. When asked by the examiner about her menstrual periods . . . she recalls 'that there could have been two or three periods' while she was still in the closet. . . . It seems likely that altogether she was kept in the closet most of the time for approximately nine weeks, a period now recalled like a nightmare. . . . Terror was ever-present. Each time Cinque came into the closet he brought with him endless hostile questions ('interrogation') and various fearful threats. There were also painful sexual abuses inflicted. . . . The threat of death was constantly reiterated. SLA members repeatedly told Patricia they would use her for a hostage and kill her without hesitation and without a qualm. If they didn't kill her, the FBI surely would kill her and blame it on the SLA. There was no way for her to come out alive. . . . She became convinced that the FBI really intended to kill her. . . . The SLA members often clicked the bolts on their guns to frighten Patricia. At times they would make noises at her in the manner of children at play, imitating sounds of machine gun or automatic rifle fire as they pointed weapons at her. They . . . verbally attacked her for not knowing about various 'revolutionary' topics, for being an ignorant capitalist bitch, a ruling class pig and the daughter of pigs. . . . The SLA finally persuaded Patricia that her family in truth had 'already decided' she 'should be sacrificed' in order to prevent further political kidnappings. . . . She was doomed, but for the SLA."

This last observation struck me as particularly telling, for I already knew that part of the classic conversion pattern is to convince the captive that his or her only chance of survival is through the "goodness" of the captors.

Some pages later, the report read,

> By the end of March, Patricia Hearst had already been successfully "broken." She believed what she was told, without argument. She did what she was told, without hesitation. Cinque had convinced her that to leave the SLA was to die. Far from being free to "walk out the door," she was told that if she chose to leave they would place her, bound and gagged, in an empty lot, then call the FBI, who would surely kill her and blame it on the SLA. Even if she escaped such a death, where would she be safe from the SLA? The implication was that they would kill her, later, themselves, to demonstrate their unopposable power. Cinque's "offer" was never perceived by Patricia as genuine; it was made merely to demonstrate what he already knew: that Tania had been created and was fully under his control. All that remained was to give her the name, bind her to the SLA permanently through her publicized participation in the Hibernia Bank robbery under his command, and add her to his collection of dutiful white followers.

What so pleased me was that there seemed to be no doubt in Dr. West's mind that the story he had received from Patty was genuine. He wasn't saying, "The defendant claims she was terrorized," but that it had actually *happened*. What's more, the doctor reported that she had participated in the bank robbery only to save her own life.

How much more sense this interpretation made than the fantastic idea that everything Patty did for almost two years was the result of ingesting LSD, as her original attorneys, Terry and Vincent Hallinan, had wanted to claim.

Reading the section of the report labeled "Pearl" was like finding the missing piece to a puzzle you've been working on for months, if not years.

Rationally, I knew there were only two possible explanations for the missing year and a half—the time between the Hibernia Bank robbery and Patty's arrest. Either she had joined the SLA, had truly converted to their extremist philosophy—or she had been so scarred and battered emotionally by the treatment she received during the period of confinement that she was, in effect, an underground puppet for 18 months.

I had no real answer to that riddle. But Dr. West had.

"Pearl" personality described

His "Pearl" section began: "The period immediately following the Hibernia Bank robbery is generally confused in Patricia Hearst's recollection. There are blank patches interspersed with clear ones." A few lines later, "She broods over the sporting goods store episode [the holdup of Mel's Sporting Goods Store] when forced to recollect it. 'I can't believe I didn't just let 'em get caught and turn myself in.' Thus, in retrospect, she is now quite unable to understand why she had not allowed the Harrises to be captured at Mel's, letting the police take her also and thus ending her ordeal. The same unbelieving puzzlement is frequently repeated (followed by bitter tears) when she recalls other paradoxical behaviors, or is persuaded (against great resistance) to listen to part of a tape: 'I can't believe I said those things about my father (weeping).'"

Over and over again in the West-Singer report, the fact was evidenced that Patricia Hearst simply did not—or could not—remember certain things that had happened without someone telling her first about the events in question. I thought it was probably of great significance that the name Tania had given way to Pearl: Tania was the name bestowed on Patty by Cinque, but after his death, Patty was controlled by [SLA members] Bill and Emily Harris; in fact it was Emily Harris who changed Patty's SLA name from Tania to Pearl.

According to Dr. West, the switch from the horrifying presence of Cinque to subtler pressures by the Harrises was not really much of a change for Patty. "Patricia recalls that for a long while as Pearl she scarcely ever talked. Pearl 'sat around crying' much of the time. Otherwise she often simply waited, silent and withdrawn, for her next orders from the Harrises."

I kept reading, enthralled. If Dr. West was right in his analysis of Patricia Hearst, it was an amazing story—and it would be an absolute bitch to prove in court.

Report an amazing job

I lit a cigarette, and looked at Al.

"Now you know," he said, "why I told you I'd never read anything like it in my life. It's an amazing job."

"That it is. And if our client wasn't Patty Hearst, it might even prevent a trial."

Al didn't bother to respond. He just nodded and looked out the window. I went back to my reading matter.

The very next paragraph of the report made me lean back in my seat and think, eyes closed, for a long time. Entitled "Pat," it read:

> The person named Patricia Campbell Hearst that we came to examine in the San Mateo jail was obviously not the Patty Hearst of pre-kidnapping days, as described to us by family and friends. At first she would express no preference for a cognomen. "Anything is all right." After a while, timidly, she suggested the possibility of "Pat." Pat was a painfully constricted, tearful, bewildered and deeply regressed young woman. She was very far from a defiant revolutionary spewing angry slogans. She could scarcely talk about her 19 months in the hands of the SLA. This reticence is quite unlike the behavior usually seen in a normal person who returns from a prolonged, unusual, even terrifying experience, and who can hardly wait to pour out the story. Pat resembles more than anything else a returned prisoner of war, one who has endured an experience that cannot be revealed for fear that the unbearable emotions of that ordeal will return and tear the fragile survivor apart.

The "Pat" section of the West-Singer report filled only one page, a sad commentary on how little was known about the quiet girl who now resided in the San Mateo County Jail.

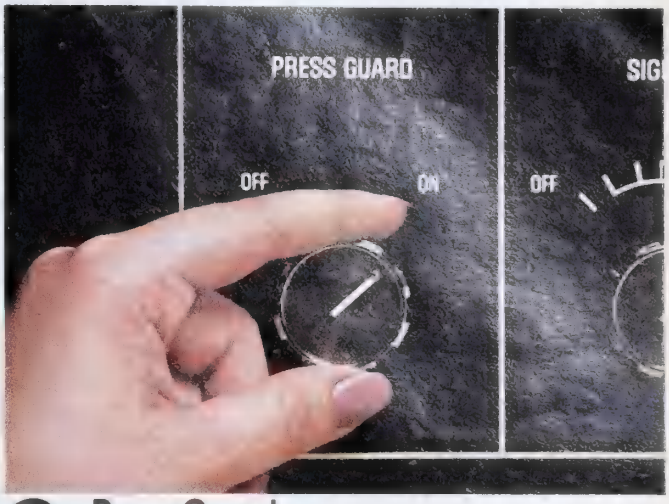
Next came 14 pages devoted to "Present Illness." I read them avidly. The highlights were the doctors' *(continued)*

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1. Large 18-pound capacity.

Several models provide over 7 cubic feet of drying space for easy handling of mixed heavy fabric loads and fast drying.



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Bounce is the fabric softener that works in the dryer to make your cottons really soft. Controls static so synthetics don't cling. And leaves your clothes smelling clean and fresh. No liquids to pour. No rinse cycle to catch.

Bounce makes clothes really soft.
Bounce controls static so synthetics don't cling.
Bounce leaves things smelling clean and fresh.



*Bounce has agreed with dryer makers to supply Bounce samples and to feature their dryers in Bounce advertising.

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PATTY HEARST

continued

analysis of Patricia Hearst's current mental and emotional state. As Dr. West phrased it, for himself and Dr. Singer, Patty was suffering from a "traumatic neurosis . . . An important subconscious factor in the transformation of Patty into Tania was undoubtedly the phenomenon of 'identification with the aggressor.' This has been analyzed in relation to a variety of psychiatrically important situations, ranging from the battered child who grows up to become a child-battering parent, to the doomed prisoner in a Nazi concentration camp who sought out discarded insignia and other shreds of S.S. uniforms with which to adorn his rags. It represents a very primitive distortion of the individual's basic survival mechanism at work."

The result of this traumatic neurosis was what the doctors called a "dissociative reaction." This means that the subject begins to behave in a manner unlike his or her previous personality, but unlike schizophrenia or "split personality," not to the extent of taking on an entirely separate "person" within the same mind and body.

When Patty was let out of the closet (or closets, as it was), "She was weak, broken and compliant, but not yet reliable. By requiring her to participate in the bank robbery, Cinque intended to make her reliable as well. The state of her suggestibility at this point was obviously profound. She was pitifully responsive to orders. She went through her well-rehearsed assignment in the bank 'like in a dream.'

"By going through the motions as she had been ordered to do, speaking her name aloud to witnesses during the bank robbery and being photographed with a weapon in her hand, in her mind the die was forever cast. There remained in her constricted consciousness only two alternatives: life as a member of the SLA, or death. To live as a member of the SLA it was necessary to become Tania, and Tania she became."

A victim, not a criminal

This report was a defense lawyer's dream, in that it fit our concept of our client and not that of the government, whose picture of Patty during all the hearings since her arrest was that of a gun-toting revolutionist. On another level, however, it was much more than that. It was the qualified opinion of two well-respected experts that this girl was a *victim* and not a criminal.

When I'd finished Dr. West's portion, I turned to Dr. Singer's separate report on the psychological testing.

Margaret Thaler Singer had given Patty the full battery of psychiatric tests. Dr. Singer expressed her concern at the results: "There were indications that she was possibly functioning below her usual level of performance on these types of tasks. This is based upon the following: On certain portions of the test, her skills were at a superior level. These were in the areas of general information, vocabulary, block design and the object assembly tasks. But even within the general information test, she stated that there were only 50 weeks in a year and only 20 million people in the U.S. Such replies indicate some intellectual inefficiency when compared with the rest of her general information."

Dr. Singer also noted that Patty had trouble doing mental arithmetic, and that her poorest score came on the test for concentration. Clearly, Dr. Singer saw Patty the same way Dr. West did.

On the Gogh Adjective Checklist, the subject is given a list of 300 adjectives and is told to mark those "self-destructive" terms which she feels apply to her personally. As Dr. Singer reported, "Ms. Hearst checked only 14, which is far below average for her age. Women her age usually designate about 91 words. The usual interpretation given to this response is that the person who has cooperated as Ms. Hearst did—and carefully considered each word but chosen so few—has drastically narrowed down the amount of themselves they will look at."

When she gave Patty the Thematic Apperception Test (in which the subject is shown a picture and told to describe whatever meaning it suggests to them), Dr. Singer found that her subject responded almost exactly as had a well-known group some 20 years earlier: "Most of the tales she created for the pictures were ones in which people were described obeying the dictates of a thority persons, being dutiful, compli or being the recipients of the wrath angry persons. The tales were o whose forms and themes resembl those I had found in former prisoners war at the time of repatriation: c strained, subdued, low mood tone tal little planning ahead, tales of having be compliant and dutiful, and with t tales sticking closely to the realities the pictures with real little use of ima nation in making up stories. Only on o card did Ms. Hearst seem to do oth than create a low mood tone tale bas on the blatant features of the cards. Th was to a picture usually interpreted a person, in a dark room near a windo Ms. Hearst said for this picture: 'A m and he's in a cell and he's getting ou She stopped and the examiner urg her to 'tell me more of the story.' M Hearst continued with: 'It's just he's part of it. He's trying to separate himse from it. He's part of this void and he trying to emerge from it and be a di tinct figure.' My interpretation of th remark was that it seemed similar to t state she might feel herself to be in that time."

The more I read, the more I realize that my instincts on first meeting Patty had been right: she was *not* herself, even close to it, and her ordeal ha marked her significantly.

Dr. Singer also gave Patty the Sen tence Completion Test, which is used i the hope of learning how the subjec views himself or herself. The examine provides the beginning words, or word of a sentence, and the subject complete it. There are no "rules."

(continued on page 49)



"And don't try to adjust the TV set. It's supposed *to be black and white.*



I can't seem to forget you.
Your Wind Song stays on my mind.



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GREAT GRATERS

Everyone's in a flutter about the fancy new machines for grating and shredding, yet much the same results can be had with simple, friendly graters (mostly for about a dollar) and a little elbow power. Many of these handy gadgets are multi-talented, but each one we tried seemed to have a favored task, from chocolate curls to cole slaw.
Details are on page 46.



Photograph by Michael O'Neill



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GREAT GRATERS

continued

Graters tend to be personal matte with each type having its staunch su porters. We have our prejudices; understand those of others. There a only a very few general tips that app to all: In general, if there's a choice b tween stainless and not stainless, choo the former, for obvious reasons. If plas is your only choice, so be it. In gener try to use the full sweep of grater su face—you'll get more for your effor It's often a good idea to cut large foo into halves or quarters—cabbage, chee onions.

Here are descriptions of the graters v show on page 45 and below.

Rear, left: the old stand-by grater th everyone should have at least one of comes in various sizes. Most useful f grating cabbage for slaw; other surfac grate nutmeg, citrus peel, slice cooke or raw foods like potatoes.

Rear, right: a new grater to us th might become a favorite. The wav grid pattern effectively grates carro and cheese, dices cooked potatoes, et Could also be used as a "thick" straine

Center: The no-hole grater, another ne entry, has a surface covered with shar rasping metal points. The best grate we've found for chocolate.

Front, left: Old favorite, for gratin nutmeg. We feel that for best flavc nutmeg should be grated fresh, just a we feel that the best black pepper come from a pepper mill.

Front, right: Another popular grate that we find the best way to grate citru peel.

Below, rear: New from Tupperware i their Grater Bowl that has four differen surfaces for most grating needs. Bowl of course, catches food.

Front, left: New model of the Moul grater—the French grater that many peo ple can't live without for such things as grated Parmesan.

Front, right: Table model grater for cheese, works on pepper mill principle.



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Pall Mall tobaccos.
Not too strong, not too light.
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Pall Mall 100's . . . 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76.
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It's a breezy new fragrance for the lighter side of your life.

A totally new fragrance with the classic quality
you'd expect from Wind Song, but with a jaunty new style all its own.
Wind Song Breezy is light and fresh and free and easy.
Absolutely smashing in its own unique way.
Whether it's backpacks or bikinis, a jog in the park
or love under an umbrella, you can follow your mood
without losing your femininity.

Wind Song
Breezy
New from Prince Matchabelli.



PATTY HEARST

continued from page 42

I found Patricia Hearst's responses luminating—and, at times, terribly sad.

Sentence Completion Test: Ms. Hearst's responses here can be clustered into three groups. The most prominent was a series of replies indicating a marked "Immediateness" in her thinking; the "here and now" of her surroundings were the things foremost in her mind and therefore those of which she easily thought at that time. (Many persons answer these sentence starters with more long-term notions or associations, which give one a broader perspective on the speaker's thinking ing process.) The underlined words below are the sentence starters; the responses suggesting the "immediacy" of her associations are:

I want to know how to crochet.
Our family comes to visit me.
I feel o.k.
Much of the time I smoke.
If I, I was out of here, I'd like it.
Friends, come to see me.
My mother, she's been good.
My clothes don't fit me.
My greatest trouble is the present and the past and I guess the future too.
My stomach, it's there.
My father, he's been good.
My worst habit is smoking.
At night I go to sleep.
My looks, they're average.
The dark, it's there I mean.
My chief worry is this case.
When I get out I'm going to see my friends.
My health is all right.
Death you have to accept it.

A second group of responses suggest some longer-term concerns:

My school work was a drag.
The future doesn't look like much.
I suffer in silence.
There are times when I feel like dying.
My mind, it's hard to concentrate.
My imagination runs wild.
I fear death.
Many of my dreams I try not to remember.
I cannot understand what makes me cry.
Secretly I am depressed.
My childhood, I don't remember it that good.
Suicide is out of the question.
Fighting makes me sick.
I feel most proud of nothing.

The third group of responses:

The training happened.
Money often destroys people.
Working is good.
My greatest longing is to be with people.
God is the Supreme Being who made all things.
Religion I can't relate to it.
The laws we have, I don't understand them.
Earning my living, I can do it.
Most people are content.
I am very strong.
Children, I really like them.
Girls usually grow up and get married.
My greatest ambition is to help people.

The feature of most interest is the first set of responses quoted above. In these responses the focus is on the present tense; almost no ideas of past times are said aloud. In themselves these remarks may seem like the "usual" things a person in jail or a person who desired to conceal things about their thinking might say. However, the way in which Ms. Hearst participated at the time did not suggest she was consciously trying to evade or conceal material. Her manner was that of a young schoolgirl trying to do what an older person requested. She seemed dutifully trying to work for me, and these ideas were what came to mind. She was not flip, evasive, or putting me on.

I don't happen to cry very often (like most American males of my age and background, despite the fact that it would be healthier for us if we did), but I was damn close to tears after reading those pathetic little sentences:

"Much of the time I smoke. I envy people who are free. My imagination runs wild. (But not according to Dr. Singer's other tests, or this one either, for that matter.) Most of my dreams I try not to remember. I cannot understand what makes me cry. I feel most proud of nothing."

To complete the sentence beginning with the single word "God," she gave an answer straight out of the Baltimore Catechism: "the Supreme Being who made all things." And then on the next line writes "Religion I can't relate to it."

My throat tightened when I read the three final sentences: "Children, I really like them. Girls usually grow up and get married. My greatest ambition is to help people."! Poor Patty Hearst. It would be a long time before she saw any children, and as for marriage and helping people, well, those would have to wait, perhaps for years. She was the one who needed all the help she could get—and she didn't even seem to realize it.

Dr. Singer also reported on Patty's reaction to all the psychiatric exams.

> Her attitude toward doing the tests and talking with me was quite different from that usually shown by other persons in jails, or persons being tested and evaluated as part of legal procedures. At no point did she ask anything about how the testing or my role related to the legal charges against her. People in jails and those being given psychiatric-psychological evaluations for courts usually quiz me about how what I'm asking them relates to their defense. Typically, such persons want to know if the examiner thinks they are sane or insane; if they are going to "get off" or be tried or convicted; how my work relates to their lawyer, the judge, the prosecution. Often such persons blatantly are trying to convince you that they are either "crazy" or "not crazy," depending on their desires. Instead, Ms. Hearst docilely and cooperatively did whatever I asked of her and made no attempt to connect what she and I were doing with the pending legal procedures.
>
> She also differed from most persons tested in jail by *not* trying to convince me of anything about herself, nor trying to evade or conceal things about herself from me. Instead she simply sat there attempting to do everything I asked of her, even when talking about certain events caused her to sob and break down. Some persons, during similar examinations, lie or tell you they "can't remember a thing." But Ms. Hearst would plaintively ask, "Do I have to talk about that?" Often her face would become pale, or sometimes noticeably splotchy and flushed, and she would painfully describe what was requested. These reactions reveal d her distress at recalling how terrifi'd she had been of the SLA members at times, and how difficult it was to specify for me or others exact times, places and sequences of events that had taken place between February 1974 and September 1975.
>
> Thus, the impression was that she

(continued on page 181)



"I changed my mind. I'd rather be a big enchanted prince in a small pond than a small enchanted prince in a big pond."

Ralph Nader reports

You've used it to dry clothes, to grow plants. Now the sun can be harnessed to heat your home. A special report on solar energy's progress and problems.

Solar energy is not an exotic new invention of the post-energy crisis '70s. People have always used it—to dry their clothes, to grow their crops and plants and to warm themselves. Now there are ways of harnessing that sun so it can be used in the same way that gas and oil energy are used today.

We hear very little of energy conservation these days. The cynical prediction two years ago that the American consumer would accept higher prices for utilities and fuel has come true. The present use of energy in the United States implies a need to double our generating power in the next ten years.

Yet the means of conservation and the technology for solar heating and cooling are here right now. A study by the American Institute of Architects estimates that a 15-year effort to make the country's buildings energy-efficient—through insulating, solar heating and high efficiency air conditioning—could save *twice* as much oil as we now import.

Since 1939, 200 U.S. homes have been constructed using some degree of solar power for heating and cooling. For example, Dr. Harry Thomason, a Washington, D.C. solar designer, has built a number of houses successfully heated with solar energy. This year, the Maine Audubon Society opens its new solar heated office building at Falmouth, Me., with estimates that 60 to 75 percent of the building's heat will come from the sun.

Solar energy can provide us with over one-fourth of all energy needs by the year 2020—safely, cheaply and without polluting. The use of solar energy systems could release the finite fossil fuels—coal, gas and oil—for areas where there are no alternatives.

The heating of water alone accounts for 15 percent of the energy consumed in American homes. How sensible, then, to make use of solar water heaters, for a start. There are already 8,000 in the United States. (Japan has more than a million.) It is possible to install a solar hot water system for close to $600 and some do-it-yourself know-how.

Some electric utilities are growing curious about the reported economic advantage of solar over electric water heaters. Massachusetts, Narragansett and Granite State Electric Companies are co-sponsoring a solar water heating program which will eventually reach 100 homes in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. If the demonstration yields economically attractive results, the electric companies are expected to begin leasing solar water heaters to their customers.

As yet, solar heating is not cost-competitive with conventional heating. If you spend less than $500 on heating fuel each year, you will save nothing on sun power at *current* prices. Why? The initial cost of installing a solar energy system is about $7,000. And you will need a conventional backup system for prolonged periods of overcast. But tomorrow? Solar heating becomes more enticing as fuel costs rise, as solar energy costs drop and as we are inevitably faced with conserving our resources.

Should you investigate solar heating for your house? For an old one, probably not; what you *should* do is to make the home energy-efficient. For a new house, yes, investigate solar heating—but with care. The buyer of a solar heating system should have the help of an experienced engineer or architect. He must evaluate the site and size of the home, its orientation, the placement of its windows, study the comparative costs, review with a lawyer the contract and warranty. He should also consider the climate. Solar energy systems do best where the air is clear, and the sun's rays penetrate strongly.

The foreseeable scarcity of gas, oil and coal have led to legislation aimed at reducing energy consumption. California, for example, has adopted an energy conservation code that specifies more insulation and limits the area of glass in new houses.

But why don't our leaders talk more about energy and do more about farsighted development of solar power? The per capita consumption of energy in the United States is twice as high as West Germany or Switzerland—both of which enjoy a high standard of living. The American householder's energy bill has gone up 50 percent in the last two years.

Yet solar energy programs have received only one percent of United States Energy and Research Development Administration funds. Solar energy accounts for less than one one-hundredth percent of the nation's total energy consumption, while we race full steam ahead on production of finite fossil fuels.

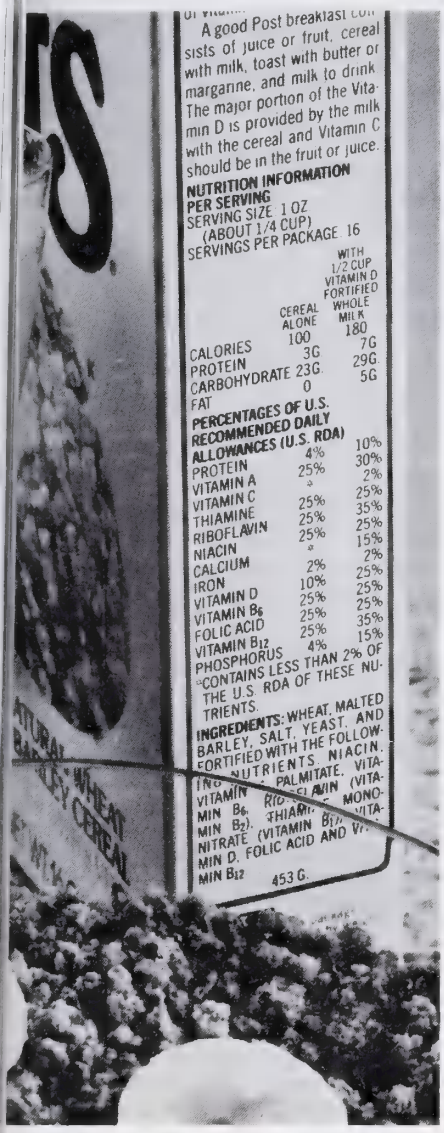
The economy will bring about the use of solar energy. There is no other way. What are needed now are low-cost systems encouraged by the federal government and the consumer needs tax and loan incentives.

Some help is in sight. Two Senate bills are now pending. One is the Energy Conservation Act of 1976 (S2932). The other is a bill sponsored by Sen. Hubert Humphrey to accelerate the solar research program of ERDA (S3227).

Meanwhile, you can begin to think "solar" by insulating the attic floor, walls, windows and doors and by patching air leaks. Let the sun in in winter and keep it in at night by closing curtains and in summer close the sun out.

Find out more about solar energy by writing the American Institute of Architects, 1735 New York Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006, or by requesting *Buying Solar*, c/o Joseph Dawson, Office of Consumer Affairs, HEW, Washington, D.C. 20201. **End**

"Dear General Foods, All this talk about nutrition gives me 100% of my daily requirement of confusion."



There's a tendency for people's eyes glaze over when reading things like "5% U.S. RDA Thiamin."

You'll find mysterious-sounding terms like this on the nutrition labels on any General Foods products. And while these labels are useful in telling you what's in foods or helping you choose foods for their nutritional value, their usefulness is limited as long as they remain mysterious-sounding.

Of course, there's room on the labels only for facts, not explanations. So to help you better understand them, we'd like to provide a few explanations here.

We'll take as our example the label from Post® Grape-Nuts® cereal—but the pointers, of course, can apply to many other products as well.

What's a U.S. RDA?

It stands for United States Recommended Daily Allowance, and it tells you the amounts of various nutrients considered adequate for maintenance of good nutrition in most healthy persons in the United States.

A glance at the Grape-Nuts label, for example, tells you that one serving (without milk) gives you 25% of the U.S. RDA of Vitamin A. With milk, it becomes 30%—plus 35% of the U.S. RDA of Vitamin B12, and so on.

Who determines what goes on the label? The U.S. Food and Drug Administration. And their U.S. RDA figures are useful not only in evaluating the nutritional content of a food, but in helping plan your menu.

Our label tells you, for example, that Grape-Nuts cereal doesn't supply Vitamin C. Which is a strong argument for including a source of Vitamin C in your breakfast. (A 4-oz. glass of Tang® brand instant breakfast drink, for example, gives you 100% of the U.S. RDA of Vitamin C.)

Riboflavin, Thiamin and other mysteries.

Besides the familiar items on the label (Vitamin A, etc.), there are several less familiar ones (Riboflavin, etc.).

A complete explanation of some of these nutrients would take a full booklet, and we'll tell you how to get one shortly. In the meantime, here's a quick glossary of some of the nutrients on the Grape-Nuts cereal label: *Thiamin*. A vitamin that promotes normal appetite and digestion, and helps the body change carbohydrates in food into energy. *Riboflavin*. Like Thiamin, a vitamin important in the body's use of food to release energy. *Niacin*. A vitamin that also helps the body's release of energy. *Vitamin A* is needed to help maintain skin, membranes and eyes in a healthy state. *Vitamin C* is important in the formation of connective tissue. *Calcium* is a mineral important in making bones and teeth. And the mineral *Iron* is vital in carrying oxygen to the cells.

These nutrients (plus protein) are the ones for which the Food and Drug Administration requires the % U.S. RDA to be listed in every nutrition label. Many of our labels exceed this. The Grape-Nuts cereal label, for example, lists 13, instead of just the 8 required.

In short, General Foods' products carry nutrition labels when the product is one that's ordinarily eaten for its nutritional value. But there are some products—condiments such as our Good Seasons® salad dressings, for example—that aren't. These products are the exception to the rule, and usually don't carry nutritional labels.

How to read the ingredients.

What's so difficult about reading a list of ingredients? Nothing, really—but here, too, the more you know, the better.

Did you know that ingredients are listed on all General Foods products and they are listed in order according to how much of each is present in the food? Thus there's more wheat in Grape-Nuts cereal than anything else, since wheat is listed first. Next is malted barley, and so on.

How to find out more.

This short course in label-reading won't solve all the mysteries surrounding nutrition—but it is a beginning.

To help you better understand this important subject, we'd like to send you a 56-page booklet you can use as a reference, *Nutrition Information Can Work For You.* For your free copy, write to Miss Peggy Kohl, Vice President, Consumer Affairs, General Foods Consumer Center, White Plains, N.Y. 10625. (One to a family, please.)

Our reasons for telling you all this are a mixture of helpfulness and pride in our products. The more you understand about food, the better off you'll be. And the more you understand about our foods, the better off we'll be.

GF GENERAL FOODS

©General Foods Corp. 1976

Beauty Journal

September's sweet song brings an abundance of good things to make you look, feel better.

IN PRAISE OF PIERCING

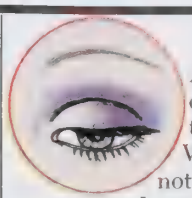
With the trend to shorter hair these days, earrings are showing off more than ever. If you're contemplating getting your ears pierced, you should know more about the big deed. Ask your doctor about his willingness or go to a reputable jeweler who offers the service. Whatever you do, don't make a friendship pact for mutual ear piercing at home. The other extreme is someone who checked into a hospital for the "operation." At most, all you'll feel is a quick, hard pinch. A 14K gold wire or small gold earring is inserted to keep the avenue open. During the first month, leave whatever's in in and cleanse day and night with alcohol (or hydrogen peroxide) on cotton. Infections seem to depend on individual reactions. A few will have a problem; most, nothing more than a brief period of tenderness. If by slim chance you have excessive pain, redness or swelling around the lobe, see a doctor. Wait at least a month before switching off your starter earrings. Pierce advantages: ▪ Pierced earrings are hard to lose. ▪ They're comfortable, while clip-ons tend to pinch. ▪ You don't have to take one off while talking on the phone. ▪ One warning: Take care about flashing a shiny hoop in front of inquisitive babies' hands. Otherwise, you can wear proudly and safely.



EXERCISE OF THE MONTH

Q *I want to wear straighter skirts but have bulges on the sides between my waist and hips. Help! F.P., Akron, Ohio*

A Try doing a "Leonardo da Vinci wheel." Feet apart, hands over head, lean to one side as far as you can. Begin circling, always facing front. Slowly, rhythmically. Feel the stretch. Do 8; reverse for 8 more.



SHADOW PLACE

Although eyelids don't cover such a vast expanse, area-wise, everyone always wants to know *exactly* where eyeshadow looks best. We feel color should be a subtle enhancer, not a loud distraction. Shelve your bright turquoises and apple greens and play with heather plums, dusty roses and tawny browns. Instead of smearing one color in a thin streak across the lid, set your eyes by applying the shadow in the crease just underneath the bone, then run color from center of lid and only on the outer half of the lid (see illustration). This gives a wider-eyed look. Sexy, smoldering.

A BABY AFTER 35?

America's child-bearing women are in a holding pattern, waiting. In 1960, a fifth of the women under 30 who had been married were childless; in 1970, the numbers had reached one quarter; and, by 1974, a startling third. Later marriage, advanced schooling, career—all have delayed motherhood. The fact that 35 is the traditional cut-off date for giving birth prompted Carole Spearin McCauley to write *Pregnancy After 35* (new from Sunrise/E.P. Dutton, $7.95) hoping to separate fact from fantasy. Besides looking at the physical factors (genetics, diet, drugs, labor), she delves into emotional aspects, from "a spiritual renewal" to "we wanted babies . . . but who needs kids?" There are chapters on how to shop for a doctor, "Fathering," and such tidbits as: for older couples, conditions favor having a girl!

NEW NEWS NOTES

Among the array of new products are a few that clamor for attention, and deserve it. ▪ Curl in Hand. A cordless, collapsible machine that will curl your hair. Small enough to slip into a handbag, plug in for a quick pickup. Super Curl Compact by Gillette, $16. • The Total Face: An oversized tortoiseshell-esque mirrored compact (5x7), holding trios of lip colors, blushers and eye shadows; duos of contouring creams and brushes and a base. For home or travel. By Eve of Roma, $8.50 bargain with any purchase, at dept. stores. • Two-In-One Magic. Refracting eye shadows, uniting one soft color with second color highlights. Now you see blue; catch the light, it's iridescent violet. Or, cocoa that changes into green—at the turn of your head. Two-Tone Lustre Shadows by Aziza, $2.50 each.

STOP THE SIMPLE PIMPLE

When a lone blemish begins to blossom a few days before a big Saturday night, can the raging spot be quelled, we wondered? We all know the good health rule of "hand's off" your face—and we're not recommending picking-and-poking (for there are too many variables)—just acknowledging that at one time or another, everyone does it. Facing reality, we turned to Christine Valmy, a skin specialist who has her own salons and trains others in facial care, to ask her if she had any professional tips for handling a random blemish. She suggests, at the first sign of swelling, to posthaste make a paste of baking soda and water to cover. Or hold an ice cube in a face cloth over the bump. If the blemish is well on its way, wash hands and face, then, with your fingertip, move the pimple to a point over the nearest bone (forehead, cheek, chin). Rotate firmly for an hour plus (perhaps while watching TV) to disperse the mass. Sounds tedious, but it works. Finish with an ice cube or any constrictive face mask. If the blemish goes on, the infection will build up and beg to get out. If you must prick it, use only a sterilized needle. Learn to squeeze "nicely," not bim-bam, but circling with light pressure until the liquid runs clear. And remember: what seems epic to you probably appears as a mere microdot.

Border by Julia Noonan. Drawings by Thea Kliros

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"My hair isn't all that's changed."

Brighten up your spirits. Give your hair a Frost & Tip® look. It's easy. You can do anything from a single streak to a full head of frosting.

And remember, you won't be changing your whole haircolor, you'll just be adding excitement.

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Frost & Tip. It's more than a look. It's a feeling.

The working woman

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

A progress report on women who hold "non-traditional jobs"—bricklayers, plumbers, truck drivers, stevedores, etc. Here's how they're getting along in so-called "male" occupations.

The April 1916 *Ladies' Home Journal* carried a feature entitled, "The World of Busy Women: Where They Are Holding Men's Jobs These Women Have Achieved Success in Them." Beneath that elaborate headline are photographs of 18 women in starched waistcoats who are identified as the breakthrough women of their era: the first female judge, state senator, commissioner of correction, wireless operator, crop and cotton statistician, city councilwoman, U.S. Commissioner—and 11 members of the first all-women jury in the United States.

In 1976, although females are not exactly commonplace in such positions, few people would call them "men's jobs." Today, when we challenge the very concept of the "man-sized" job, the focus is on blue collars and workshirts: the construction trades (bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers, operating engineers, laborers), truck and bus drivers, longshore workers, unskilled and semi-skilled factory workers.

Now, when women enter fields once dominated by men, we say they are holding "non-traditional jobs"—and we reject the tired old clichés about any job being too dirty, messy, difficult, dangerous or "unladylike." Economic sanity demands a more practical rule-of-thumb: If it pays well and she is willing and able to do the work, no job is inappropriate for a woman.

SKILLED CRAFTS

In 1974, U.S. Secretary of Labor Brennan announced Apprenticeship Outreach, a six-city pilot project to recruit, select, hire and train women, and a series of career conferences in ten cities to promote non-traditional jobs.

Meanwhile, a three-year research study on women in apprenticeships in Wisconsin identified the obstacles that tend to exclude women from the skilled trades: vocational schools discriminate against girls; only men train apprentices; job training and employment counselors are unfamiliar with sex discrimination laws and practices; news of apprentice openings are posted in plant locations where women are unlikely to see them (for example in the men's bathroom) more than half of the employers said they wouldn't consider women for some trades because the jobs were "unsuitable" or "too heavy."

It is a constant struggle to bridge this gap between national commitment to equal opportunity, and actual practice in the field. Mandatory hiring goals for women (and minority workers) have been imposed by the Office of Federal Contract Compliance, in 21 areas nationwide, to increase the employment of women bricklayers, cement masons, electrical workers, glaziers, lathers, ironworkers, painters, roofers, sheetmetal workers, steamfitters and plasterers. In Detroit, nine women took a 12-week course to ready them for entry into a four-year apprenticeship as tool-and-die makers. In San Francisco in 1975, 255 minority youth and women were prepared for apprenticeship exams during a 10-week training program run by the construction trade unions.

CONSTRUCTION JOURNEYWOMEN

In Bessemer, Ala., Edith M. Brasher, 55, and Billie Scales, 40, have become cabinetmakers through apprenticeship training—a combination of classroom instruction and on-the-job supervision. On July 1, both women received wage increases to more than $5 an hour. Speaking of the elaborate table saws, dowling, sanding and shaping machines the women use to produce the company's line of kitchen cabinets, plant owner Thomas R. Johnson says both Ms. Brasher and Ms. Scales "have proven to be adept at operating the equipment and are all-round desirable employees."

In 1974, Joyce Wallace was supporting herself and her small daughter on a $212 monthly welfare check. Then she enrolled in a welding course funded under the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA). In May 1975, she was hired by U.S. Steel in Antioch, Calif., to weld metal "shoes" for the Alaska pipeline. About being a "breakthrough" woman, Ms. Wallace says, "Thousands of women did it before; the women kept the factories running when America marched off to two world wars. And thousands more are doing it now. It's no big thing."

Pamela Gagne, 26, became the first woman construction electrician trainee in Massachusetts when she began her four-year training program working with 300 men at the construction site of the new Federal Reserve Bank in Boston. Ms. Gagne says that after six years as a secretary "I cleared only $100 per week, which I could barely live on. Even more important, I was bored; I hated being cooped up." Now she works outdoors, enjoys on-the-job training, and earns the regular union trainee wage of $4.85 an hour—which rises to $5.40 after the next six-month period. Once she has three years of work experience she can apply for a state journeyman electrician's license. But right now Ms. Gagne says of her job, "It's the greatest!"

Of the 415 occupations recognized as apprenticeable by the U.S. Department of Labor, about 160 have female apprentices—more than double the number in 1974—though women comprise only one percent of 400,000 registered apprentices. As we emerge from the economic slump, however, more women are discovering the benefits of earn-and-learn *(continued)*

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Part of it has to do with the woman. The other part has to do with Alive.

Alive is the support pantyhose from Hanes. For you and every woman who works hard, plays hard and loves being alive.

So beautiful, Karen Black wears it. Even under the lights.



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The working woman

continued

apprenticeships in the construction trades, and both unions and employers are being held to an open-door policy for women workers.

LONGSHORE WORK

A stevedore's work is hard and heavy. But women who are strong and able have a right to perform that work, according to the National Labor Relations Board (NLRB) and various state human rights commissions. In Seattle in 1972, the NLRB ordered two longshore unions to pay lost wages to six women who were ejected from the union hiring hall when they applied for dock jobs. In Albany, N.Y., a stevedoring concern was directed to provide three women with steady work and to compensate them for loss of earnings. From September to November 1973, Ruth Gordon, Jan Teevan and Rita Martin had applied for work at the McGrath Shed of the Port of Albany. The three women were systematically passed over while the company hired 103 men. Longshore experience was not necessary to do the job and the men hired were not required to take a lifting or strength test. However a company employee had taken it upon himself to decide "the job was too dangerous" for women.

That sexist assumption cost the company money and assured Ms. Gordon, Ms. Teevan and Ms. Martin "all the rights, privileges, benefits, seniority and pay raises" to which they would have been entitled had they been selected at the first September 1973 shape-up.

TRUCKERS AND BUS DRIVERS

Women are in the driver's seat—and not just to chauffeur the kids around. Recognizing that women also drive trucks for a living, the General Motors design staff uses female as well as male test subjects to determine driver eye location and hand reach in light to heavy trucks. The introduction of automatic transmission in tractor cabs allows for greater handling and responsiveness, whatever the driver's size and weight. In many communities, more than half of the school bus drivers are women, and a woman driving a city bus is no longer a rarity.

In April 1974, *The International Teamster* magazine featured a cover story on five-foot, four-inch, 125-pound Judy June Hill, who drives a 15-ton tractor-trailer for a window manufacturing firm in Indiana, Pa. Ms. Hill, 26, said: "I really like to travel and I'm very happy with the wages. After all, I have to support two children by myself." A

(continued on page 60)



"Inner Rinse may change your mind about douching."

Now there's a way to feel really clean without the bother of old-fashioned bags or the expense of throw-away douches.

Inner Rinse® is a whole new way to douche. It's a two-part douching system: a specially-designed Cleansing Unit, plus a specially-formulated Cleansing Concentrate. Together, they work deep inside, helping you feel fresh and confident.

More convenient than old-fashioned bags.

With Inner Rinse, there's no awkward bag to hang, no cold tub to get into. The "you-shaped" Inner Rinse Unit was designed to conform to your body, comfortably. And because it's pliable and compact, it's easy to use and store.

Costs less than disposables.

Disposable douches can cost as much as 59¢ every time you use one. But the Inner Rinse Unit is reusable.



That means once you own the system, Inner Rinse can cost as little as 11¢ per douche. And refills of the liquid are available.

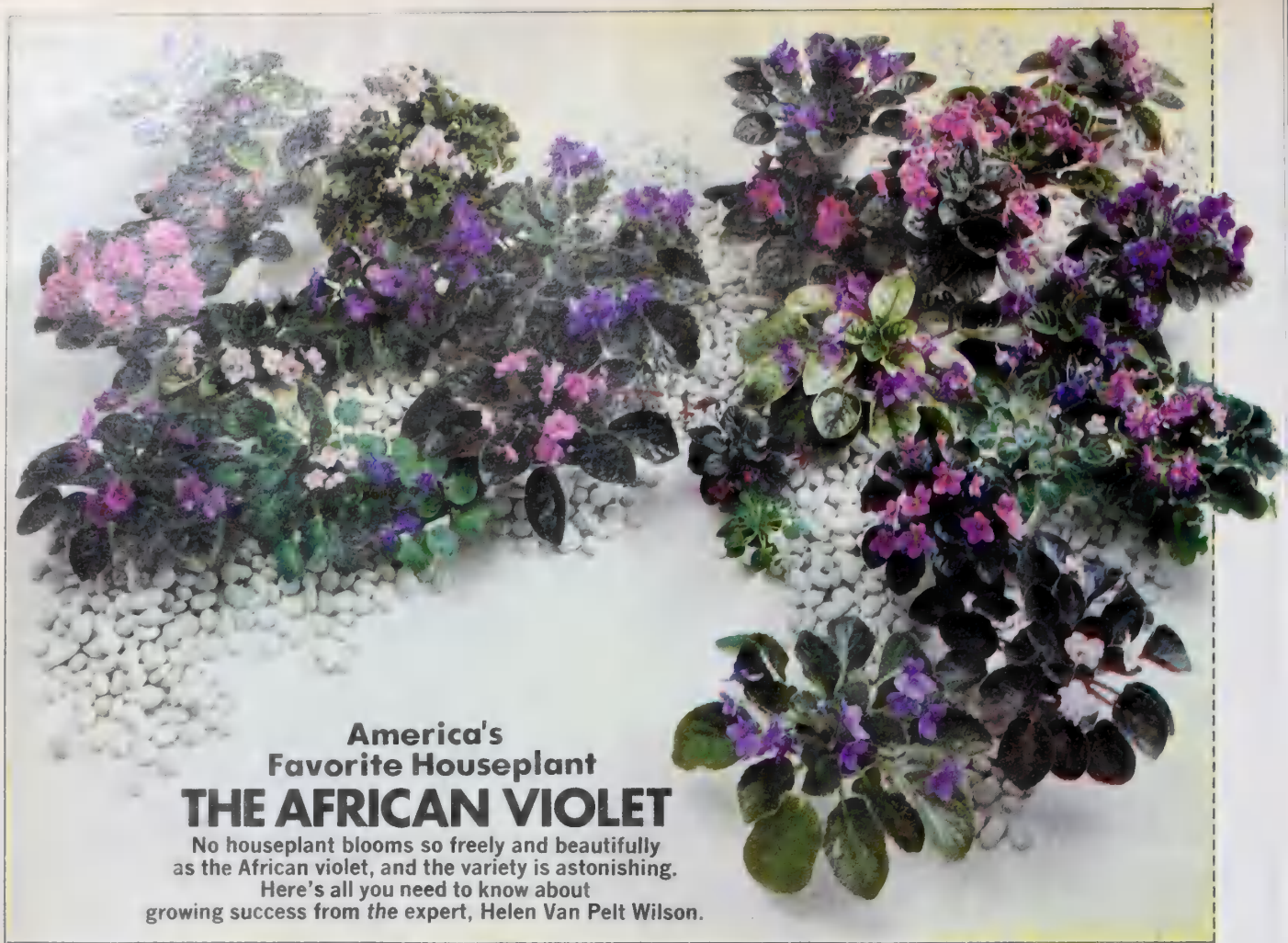
The importance of a non-acid douche.

The Inner Rinse Liquid Concentrate is non-acid for truly effective cleansing, yet it's mild and gentle. Won't upset your natural pH balance. And it has a good clean scent, not medicinal or perfumey.

Effective. Convenient. And economical. Only a douching system can be all three. And Inner Rinse is the only total douching system.

inner rinse®

Only a system can be so convenient, cost so little, cleanse so well.



America's Favorite Houseplant

THE AFRICAN VIOLET

No houseplant blooms so freely and beautifully as the African violet, and the variety is astonishing. Here's all you need to know about growing success from *the* expert, Helen Van Pelt Wilson.

It's been said that "African violets are not just plants, they are a way of life." Certainly people who grow them rarely care for any other houseplants, and hybridizers encourage this happy addiction by constantly creating varieties with new color blends and petal formations, different leaf and plant forms. In fact, thousands are now available, a far cry from the two dozen offered when I wrote my first article about them in 1945—for this same *Ladies' Home Journal*. The African Violet Society of America was formed in 1946, with only eight members; membership today is some 22,000. You can buy plants conveniently in supermarkets, at florists, roadside stands, garden centers and from mail-order specialists. America's favorite houseplant is so for obvious reasons. The bloom is lovely and constant with only short periods of rest; plants are small enough to make a good show in two average windows, fitted with shelves and a broad sill; and they are relatively easy to care for.

The original African-violet, *Saintpaulia ionantha*, discovered in South Africa and resembling a true violet, bore light-to-dark purple flowers above dark green glossy leaves. Today there are Saintpaulias with singles that last well, semidouble and double blooms in gray to lavender to rich violet tones; pale to deep pinks to corals, a few almost red; and fluffy whites to creams. Blossoms are star-shaped, fringed, two-toned or multicolored, white-rimmed or with darker contrasting centers. Leaves are no longer simply "tailored" but fringed, fluted, heart-shaped, or scalloped. Vining plants have been created from certain pendent species, and these make charming basket plants or, hanging over shelves, they add interest to the window picture.

All these "violets" are easy enough to grow provided their basic needs are supplied and *regular* not spasmodic attention is given. They won't endure the neglect a snake-plant or sansevieria usually survives, or the darkness certain palms seem to forgive. Anyway, be assured *you* can be successful with African violets and accept the fact that it is a myth "they are difficult."

Location

African violets bloom in any fully light place, that is, at windows not darkened by walls, shrubbery or trees. It is not true that they prefer shade; in shade few or no buds form. Sunlight can be beneficial if it is not too strong. North and east windows are usually satisfactory, but I prefer a sunny southern exposure in winter when short days mean less light at other windows. If you set up an indoor garden in such a location, have a thin curtain or slatted blind to draw when the sunlight gets too hot toward spring, or install a permanent outside awning that can be let down a little at a time. Too much sun makes leaves lose color and hug the pot in their effort to avoid the strong rays.

To get bloom anywhere, even in dark areas, you can install fluorescent lights; if you add a timer, you won't have to remember to turn them on and off once you learn the light preferences of your plants. Fluorescent lights have produced such satisfactory results that enthusiasts often set up whole Saintpaulia gardens with ceiling fluorescents in their cellars, under their kitchen cabinets or on shelves among their books. You can also buy attractive readymade light set-ups. I like my two-foot table *(continued)*

Photograph by Tosh Matsumoto. Plants courtesy of the African Violet Society of Staten Island.

For houseplant success with no mess, no guess... just press.



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Plant foods, insecticide, pots, planters, potting soil, peat moss, vermiculite, plant care book, mist sprayer— plus everything else houseplants need.

THE AFRICAN VIOLET

continued

fixture that accommodates six to eight standard plants, placed on a pebble-filled plastic tray.

You can install standard fluorescent tubes of 20, 30 and 40 watts, or the more expensive growth tubes manufactured specifically for plants; you will have good results from either if (1) you allow 20 watts of illumination per square foot of growing area; (2) set standard plants with *tops* 7 to 10 inches below the lights, miniatures 5 to 6 inches below; (3) keep lights on 12 to 14 hours per day (never all night), starting perhaps at 10 hours. But these are not hard and fast rules. Observe growth. If it elongates, move plants nearer the lights; if it is brittle and pot-hugging, move plants down a little. Since "violets" under lights use more energy than at windows, give them more water and more plant food there. Let the reaction of your plants tell you what to do.

Watering and fertilizing

Water from the top or the bottom of the pot. The *feel* of the soil is your best guide until you work out a just-right schedule—probably every second or third day. The ideal is a *just-moist* condition—neither bone dry nor soggy wet. Each time I water, I fill the pot saucers with lightly fertilized water, a solution of ¼ teaspoon of a soluble brand to one gallon of water, and let it stand for about half an hour. Then I pour away any excess, for it is unhealthy to let plants stand in water. About once a month, with this method, I water thoroughly from the top to flush out collecting fertilizer salts. Always apply *warm* water. Shower with warm water also, frequently enough to keep foliage clean. Let foliage dry then out of the sun.

Heat and humidity

How often you water depends on the heat of the room and the degree of humidity. African violets like it warm, 70° to 72° degrees even up to 75°, but they will adapt to a cooler life if they must, as we discovered when we also tried to live cooler during the recent fuel shortage. Plants won't bloom as freely at 60° but at one less-than-perfect location I had, plants did a fair job there by day and it was still colder at night. In very cold weather, I slip sections of cardboard or folded newspapers between plants and glass at night. In any case, avoid a close atmosphere and don't crowd plants.

African violets *prefer* 40 to 50 percent humidity, but that isn't always possible. I have found that they will bloom fairly well even at 30 percent but not so freely as when the humidity is over 50 percent. You can increase humidity by placing vases of water among the plants, by growing a number of them together and by elevating them on pebble-filled saucers or trays. Pour water over the pebbles but hold the level below the plant roots; if roots are kept wet, they rot. With proper ventilation African violets bloom beautifully in terrariums and aquariums where humidity is high.

I hear talk about ailments, but with proper care African violets don't usually get "things." However, a monthly spray with an all-purpose pest deterrent is worthwhile (be sure the label indicates for African violets) and planting in soil free of pests and disease is essential. Growers sell excellent mixtures of sterilized soil, or you can buy this in bags at hardware stores and garden centers. Sometimes this soil is too heavy for the fine roots and you may have to add about one-fourth vermiculite or perlite to make it light and fluffy. Sterilization is essential to avoid nematodes and other root-destroying organisms.

I should warn you that you start growing Saintpaulias at your peril. One recipient of a gift of three plants in two years had 350—nothing unusual about this story—for these plants are easily reproduced by inserting leaf stems half an inch deep in moist vermiculite or peat moss. It takes from nine months to a year from leaf-to-flowering plant in 2¼-inch pot. And plants will prosper in these small pots for a long time, for Saintpaulias need to *fill* pots with roots for good bloom. Anne Tinari, who has taught me much, suggests ⅓ pot diameter to ⅓ leaf spread; thus a 9-inch plant grows better in a 3-inch pot than in a 5-inch one.

Wherever Saintpaulias are grown, informal associations, round robins or big or little formal clubs develop, these usually associated with one of the two national societies. To become a member of the African Violet Society of America, the parent group with its fine research program, write to Box 1326, Knoxville, Tenn. 37901; to join Saintpaulia International, which emphasizes other gesneriads, write to Box 549, Knoxville, Tenn. 37901. Both publish handsome magazines and you will enjoy membership in either. Perhaps it is the friendly quality of this plant that so easily draws us into happy association. **End**

TO KATHY, DANCING

By Maureen Cannon

Phantom your partner but you find him pleasing
To look upon through lidded eyes. Spin, spin
In circles on my kitchen floor, tall daughter,
Hold out your hands, invite musicians in.
Prepare the feast . . .
So suddenly, so soon then?
Can it be time to let the dance begin?

The working woman

continued from page 56

graduate of the PMTA Truck Drivers School in Harrisburg, Pa., she was hired, says her boss, "because she's a qualified truck driver. It's as simple as that. There's absolutely no question about her ability."

Katherine Terhune has driven a bus in Seattle since 1943. "To tell the truth, it's really a soft job," she commented. "People call it a 'man's job,' but it's easier than what a chambermaid does." Ms. Terhune has felt some resentment from a few male co-workers and some passengers, but for the most part she has been well-received through the years, even receiving little gifts such as flowers or fresh-caught fish from her passengers. Her ultimate assessment: "It's been a good life and a good job."

NON-TRADITIONAL JOB PIONEERS

More and more women are rushing in where a generation ago no woman ever worked before, breaking down both psychological and practical barriers. Here are some inspiring examples:

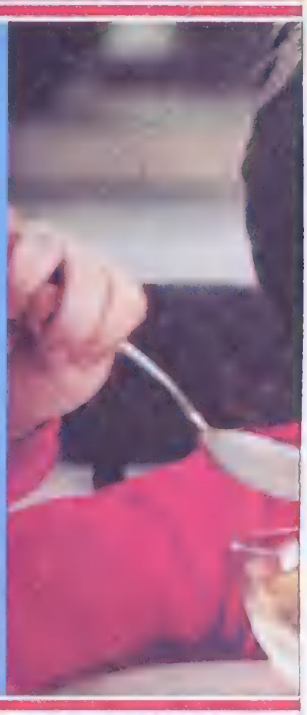
- Susan Conyer, a telephone installer with N.Y. Telephone Company was told by her employer: "You should be home having babies." She replied, "I already had 10 babies. I want to earn some money." Ann Serrano, 25, went from telephone operator (traditional) to telephone repair worker (non-traditional)—and doubled her salary.
- Glenda L. Boyles applied for a bartending job in Worcester, Mass. She was told she was the best qualified applicant but couldn't have the job because a local ordinance prohibited the employment of women behind the bar. She complained to the Human Rights Commission and within 24 hours the regulation was repealed.
- Women are no strangers to kitchen garbage, but put a woman in a paid sanitation job and she's considered unfeminine. Rubbish! Nadean Alexander and Frances Burton chose to become San Francisco trash collectors—to the tune of $5.90 an hour.
- Lil Willey, a Wisdom, Mont. forestry worker, says of her job, "It's good to get out with the girls. We have fun, see the wildlife, stay out of mischief and breathe the good air." Ms. Willey and her women co-workers plant 350 trees a day on mountainsides "steeper than a horse's nose."

Women who work with their hands, develop mechanical and building skills or perform manual labor are challenging the last bastion of the male domain. For the right woman, a shovel feels better in the hand than a scalpel. The choice is hers. **End**

AUTUMN
SAVINGS TIME

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BLUE BONNET®
"Dessert Burgers"

Makes 12

Sift together 2 c. unsifted flour, ½ c. cocoa, 1½ tsp. baking soda and ¼ tsp. salt.

Cream ½ c. Blue Bonnet Margarine and 1 c. sugar. Add 1 egg and ½ tsp. vanilla. Alternately beat in flour mixture and 1 c. milk until smooth. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto ungreased baking sheets to form 24 rounds. Bake at 425 F. 7 minutes or until done. Remove from sheets. Cool on wire racks.

Cream ½ c. softened Blue Bonnet Margarine until light. Gradually beat in 1 c. confectioners' sugar. Add ½ tsp. vanilla. Beat 2 egg whites until foamy. Beat in 1¼ c. confectioners' sugar until blended. Thoroughly combine both mixtures. Spread on flat side of 12 rounds. Top with remaining rounds. Store in refrigerator.





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Photography by Susan Wood





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THE CAT AND THE CALENDAR

A single parent has to be organized. But always, always, there must be some time left for love and understanding. By Barbara Holland

Ann struggled one arm into her coat and thumbed the pages of the desk calendar with the other hand. Mrs. Whitcomb had once observed that calendars in a business office should be for business matters only; Ann had flashed her a particularly charming smile and nodded. These were business matters. All of them. Because if it didn't all work together, then none of it would work at all.

Nothing tonight, thank God. Cub Scouts tomorrow night; early dinner, bring three feet of string, my turn to drive. At 1:15, conference with Sara's teacher. Bring lunch.

It often happened that Ann needed her lunch hour for other things than food and brought a sandwich to squeeze in somewhere, which led to skirmishes with Mrs. Whitcomb, who said a business office was not a restaurant. She tried to chew unobtrusively.

Wednesday P.M., shopping (Tommy sneakers). There was just no way to wedge sneaker-shopping into Saturday. She had tried it two Saturdays in a row and it wouldn't fit, and had to be rewritten into a Wednesday night. It made her nervous to move things ahead like that, shifting an undone errand forward on the calendar. She felt as if they would all pile up, eventually, at some final ending of calendar pages, and fall off a sheer cliff into darkness, maybe dragging her over with them. Jobs written on a day's page should be done on that day, and life click forward another step.

Thursday 12:30 dentist. Bring lunch, pick up wine for Saturday on way back office. P.M. make covered dish for Scout banquet, Friday 6:30. church.

The Saturday page was black with notes. It always was. The Wilders were coming to dinner which meant really clean the living room, not just scoop up the newspapers. Vacuum, dust, mop kitchen. Buy candles. And of course the usual things: bank, groceries, cleaners, Sara's allergy shot, Tommy to soccer practice, change sheets and towels, clean refrigerator. Books back to library. The boys were overdue for haircuts. She could take them when she picked up Tommy from soccer. Allow an hour-and-a-half; the barber was mobbed on Saturdays.

Sewing machine to shop? The question mark meant she might not make it, and the sewing machine become another irritating hiccup in the orderly progress of things, like the sneakers, and have to be moved to another Saturday. The pieces of Sara's dress continued to languish, crumpled, in the back of the cupboard.

She flipped the pages back into place. It all fit, this time. Except for perhaps the sewing machine, it could all be done, it all worked, and the week meshed together like the gears of a watch.

Order was important. Order was precious and necessary, the keystone of survival. She had had a year of chaos, and its shadow still haunted her. First the blank, unimaginable horror of Tim's death, then the grief, all mixed and muddled up with money problems, and quiet children creeping around like little zombies. Then, still foggy and trailing wisps of hurt and bafflement, she had borrowed a navy blue suit from her sister and gone out and gotten a job. She had to.

The first few months she worked were wretched. Beds were unmade and homework forgotten, nobody had clean socks, and once they ate dinner at twenty after nine, with the children drooping and sighing over their plates. Working looked dangerously close to impossible. But gradually the system had begun to take shape; things squeezed themselves into a schedule and began to *(continued)*

Illustration by Peter Schaumann



At the 1908 Claren County Fair, the gentlemen were baffled by the women's insatiable delight in the game of Blindman's Bluff.



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COATS & CLARK

THE CAT AND THE CALENDAR

continued

function. She planned the week's menus on Sunday, wrote out the children's directions every night and propped them on a table already set with cereal bowls and juice glasses for breakfast. Everyone put their dirty socks in the hamper and dug for their clean ones in the laundry basket. Ann took things out of the freezer in the morning, and went to bed at night with the dishwasher churning and the dryer whirring, clicking buttons and zippers. Everything worked, but it still gave her a precariously balanced feeling. If one piece of machinery misfired, the whole arrangement would come crashing down into rubble and confusion, and everything stop. She could manage things the way they were, just barely, but one thing more, one sick child, one long phone call, and all would be lost.

On the bus going home she made her daily transition from her office self into Mom-at-home. It was peculiar being two people every day. She could feel the two halves of herself grinding together restlessly as she stared, unfocused, at the filth on the bus window. The accountant had called; did she remember to tell Mrs. Whitcomb? She still hadn't sewed the new insignia on Brian's scout uniform. Maybe she could pin it. Was there lettuce enough for salad?

By the time she confronted her own house, the change was finished and the office put away until tomorrow.

Mrs. Greeley, next door, waved at her and Ann waved back, meaning "I'm home; relax." Mrs. Greeley looked in on the children after school, brooding over their orphaned state. It was comforting to know she was available, but actually the young Burkes would much rather have been on their own, preferably in a blizzard, with the chance of bears, or wolves.

Tommy's jacket was on the floor in the hall. Also a library book and Brian's cap. "Kids?" she called. "Puss? Brian?"

In the kitchen the oven was on, set correctly at 350°, but the casserole was sitting beside it on the counter. Ann swore wearily and put it in, burning her thumb. The oven needed cleaning desperately. Two potatoes had been inexpertly peeled and lay in a bowl of water as per instructions, but six more sat unpeeled in the sink. What had happened? Where were they, anyway? "Hey, kids!" she called again, with an edge in her voice.

"Mom?" It sounded uncertain. "We're in the den."

The real estate man had called it a den because it was clearly too small to be called a family room, and he liked a house to have one or the other. Three children crouched or flopped around a carton on the couch.

"Tommy," said Ann, "you didn't finish the potatoes. What's that in the box?"

They looked up, a little nervous but trusting, and the boys turned to Sara as spokesperson. "It's a cat," said Sara. "We found it at the school bus stop. It was there this morning, and it was still there when we came home, crying and hungry. Look, Mom, it's so *thin*. Feel its ribs. We gave it some of that meat in the casserole."

"Ah, poor little wretch," said Ann.

"Can we keep it?" cried Brian. "It doesn't have any home or anything."

Her burnt thumb throbbed. Dinner would be late. The cat was a small gray-striped item with irregular blotches of white, too old to be cute, well into a stringy adolescence and promising to be one of the most undistinguished felines she had ever seen. It would certainly have fleas, and the carton was lined with the embroidered quilt from Sara's bed. She was tired.

"No, we can't keep it," she said. "That's the *(continued)*

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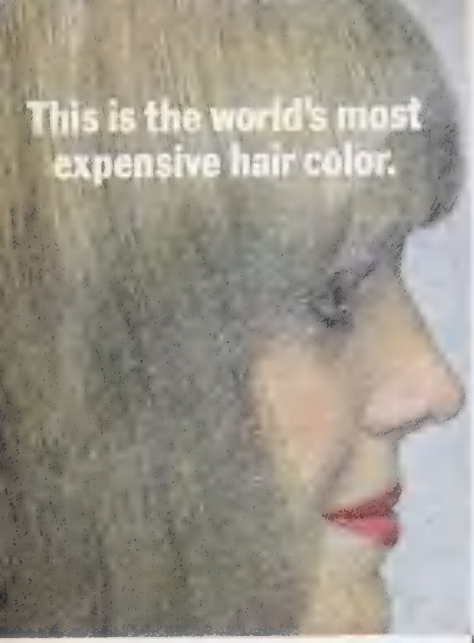
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kitchen, Tommy was hacking at potatoes with a face like thunder.

She tore up lettuce for the salad with vicious little jerks. It's not fair, she thought. I am not a monster. She wished a sad but hearty curse on all the stray animals that wandered the face of the earth and were brought home to make nice parents look like monsters.

Dinner was a gloomy business, but then it wasn't very nice anyway; the potatoes retained an interior crunch, the meat was stringy and presently everyone stopped trying.

The cat was still in the den. What with putting the quilt in the washing machine, setting the table and everything, Sara hadn't had time.

"After dinner," said Ann. "Back where she came from. *Right* after!"

"You said they could take care of themselves," Brian whispered.

"She'd have to go to a vet, have an operation so she couldn't have kittens, be given distemper shots, and she probably has ear-mites, fleas and maybe worms. It just won't *fit* and that's all there is to it!"

"You could take her to the vet on Saturday, maybe," offered Tommy.

"*No*," cried Ann desperately. She jumped up and pushed her chair back and began to snatch the messy plates together. "I'm busy Saturday. You've got to have haircuts, both of you. The Wilders are coming for dinner, and groceries, the bank, and if there's any time left over I'm going to take the sewing machine to get fixed. Don't you see?"

She pleaded wildly with their stony faces. "It's all worked out. We can't stop for cats. We're *busy*." She hurled away from them, into the kitchen, and dropped a knife on the floor.

Behind her, Tommy, who never gave up hope, said, "It's okay if I don't go to soccer practice. I don't care."

She held on to the edge of the sink, gathering in her nerves. When she could trust her voice, she called over her shoulder, "Tommy, it's your bath first tonight. Brian, start your homework."

It was late. The schedule was shattered beyond reclaiming and the meat loaf still to do. She scraped plates frantically and clattered them into their slots in the dishwasher.

The phone rang. She shouted toward the other room, "If it's for me, I can't talk now."

"But what'll I say?" wailed Sara.

"Tell them I'm dead. Tell them

(continued on page 82)



THE CAT AND THE CALENDAR

continued

last thing we need. Tommy, get those potatoes peeled right now and I mean it. Brian, you go pick up the junk in the hall. Sara, get that quilt away from the cat and go put it in the washing machine, then you can take the poor thing right back where you found her. Wash your hands when you come back."

Three faces stared at her, horrified. They were not just disappointed. They were shocked.

The cat staggered to its feet and peered over the edge of the carton, and opened its mouth at her in a pink, triangular mew.

"But Mom," said Tommy. "It'll *starve*."

"Cats can take care of themselves." She turned her face away from the foundling. She had never seen anything that looked less able to take care of itself, but by now they wouldn't eat until long past seven, which would squeeze baths and homework up to past nine. By the time she had dinner cleaned up, the meat loaf made for tomorrow and the laundry in, it would be the middle of the night. She thought longingly of bed.

Her children were looking at her as if she had just sprung, in jackboots, from the administrative offices of Auschwitz.

"Peel the potatoes," she said, and went upstairs.

She took off her working clothes and put them away, donned her jeans and slid her feet gratefully into loafers. Downstairs the children's voices murmured rebelliously. Brian piped clearly, "And sneak out every night and feed it." She sighed and went back down. In the

"What about the animal shelter?" asked Tommy hopefully.

"It's not open now, they work the same hours I do. Who's going to drive her? Besides . . ." She stirred in her plate and her voice trailed off. It was a female. The shelter killed the females almost at once, to cut down the future legions of strays. A man's world, even for cats. She suppressed a stir of indignant tribal loyalty.

"Can't she stay just till morning?" asked Sara.

"It's so dark," said Brian, who still slept with a night-light.

"No," said Ann. "You'll only feel worse if she hangs around. And maybe somebody else will find her. Maybe she already has a home." They stared at her contemptuously and she reddened. "Look, there's just no time to take care of her."

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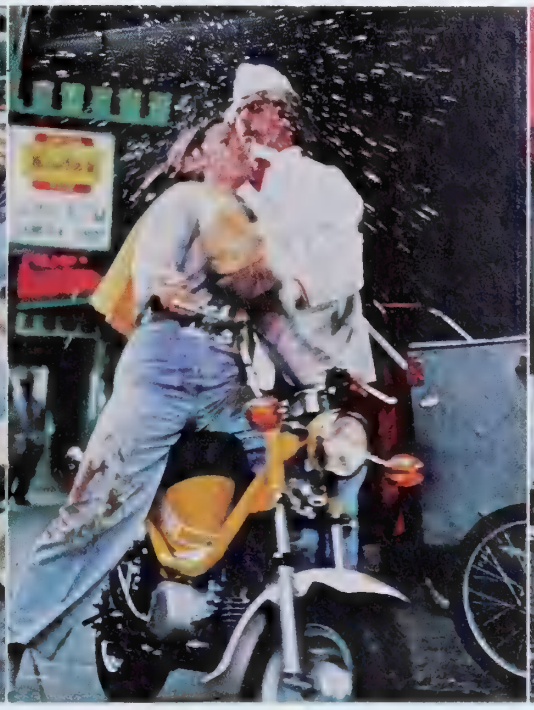


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For people about to buy a vacuum cleaner, she has some good advice. "When you're in the store," she says, "have the salesman show you the agitator. Make sure it's made of steel. This agitator revolves at high speed to beat and sweep out deep-down dirt. So it needs the durability and strength of steel to maintain its balance. Softer materials, like wood, plastic or aluminum can warp or dent, causing the agitator to wobble. And that's not good for the cleaner or your carpet.

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A JOURNAL EXCLUSIVE

The "right to die" issue, focused on a comatose 22-year-old named Karen Ann Quinlan, has become one of the major dilemmas of our time. In the March issue of the *Journal*, a "How America Lives" survey revealed that most women favored "pulling the plug" in a hopeless medical situation. Eventually, we met the parents of Karen Ann Quinlan, Julia and Joseph. Now, the *Journal* is privileged to present—in the space usually reserved for "How America Lives"—their deeply moving, never-before-told story of the struggle to let Karen die the death they feel God has decreed. We welcome your comments.

"Let me sleep" The story of Karen Ann Quinlan

BY PHYLLIS BATTELLE

Sometime during the afternoon of April 27, 1954, the phone rang inside a new, four-room house tucked unobtrusively among the sun-dappled woodlands of rural New Jersey. Julia Duane Quinlan heard it, but she didn't hurry to answer. She was an exuberant, spontaneous teenager only six years ago, but Julie's buoyancy had been diminished by a series of assaults on her 95-pound body. Three successive miscarriages were followed by the most recent and ultimate sadness—a full-term pregnancy that ended (she could never, never forget) on an ice-cold delivery table in a Jersey City hospital, with the doctor saying, "You've got to do all the pushing and the work, everything on your own now, because the baby can't help. We think it's dead."

Julie became hysterical and, in the emergency, no one thought to inform her husband, Joseph, who sat in a waiting room, hopeful and then frightened, for ten hours. Finally he learned of the stillbirth from a nurse, and was advised to buy a cemetery plot. So the baby, Joseph Quinlan Jr., 6½ pounds, was buried.

As though to make certain no tragic nuances were overlooked, the doctor told the Quinlans that since Julia "is very small," he saw no chance that she would ever bear a live baby. For the first time in her life, she wanted to jump out a window. Instead, led by Joe, she had moved away from Jersey City and its memories to begin a new life here in Landing, N.J., in a house two dirt roads back from the shore of Lake Hopatcong; a summer resort area: population, 702 unfamiliar faces.

Now the phone kept ringing, and finally Julia answered.

"Mrs. Quinlan, this is Sister Naomi," said a warming voice. "We have a baby for you, if you can come up tomorrow."

Julie felt giddy. Dear God, what do you say when suddenly you're offered a fifth chance? She said, "Oh, of course, Sister. We could come up tonight. Should we come up tonight?" That wouldn't be necessary, no. Tomorrow would be fine.

Joseph Quinlan is a quiet man, gentle, carefully controlled. The kind of man people lean on. It is why he has a recurring ulcer. When Julie reached him at his office, he tightened the trusty lock on his emotions, but still was short of breath. "So soon?" They'd only applied for adoption two months ago. It never happened that fast. "What is it," Joe asked, "a boy or a girl?" "Does it make any difference?" Julie said, because she'd forgotten to ask.

The next morning they attended early mass at Our Lady of the Lake, the small, stone parish church they'd recently joined, stopped at Hackettstown to buy a white layette, and still arrived at St. Joseph's Children's and Maternity Hospital in Scranton, Pa., before noon. Sister Naomi placed the baby girl in Julie's arms before a simple altar in the hospital's chapel, because, she said, "This is what I want you to remember—that although this baby comes to you through us, she is a gift from God."



Joseph and Julia Quinlan in their living room, beneath Karen Ann's portrait.

Julie looked down and saw "this beautiful, perfectly round face with the tiniest nose and ears you ever could find." Joe was stunned by the turned-up nose, the biggest, bluest eyes he'd ever seen and a dimple in the baby's chin—just like the dimple in his. It made this little doll seem, right off, like his own.

Catholic Charities has rules on how much information to offer adoptive parents. Sister Naomi said only that the baby's name was Mary Ann, that she had been born a month ago, on March 29, in Scranton, her birth weight was 7 pounds, 2 ounces, and her natural mother was, like the Quinlans, an Irish Catholic—"a very good woman, active in the church." The father, not identified. 'If there is anything else you want to know about her heritage or special traits, you just watch your child. She will develop on her own."

On the drive home, they decided to name her Karen—Julie loved the name. In deference to the biological mother's wishes, they would retain the Ann. With Julie's mother and sister, who were waiting at the house, they toasted Karen Ann Quinlan with cups of steaming tea.

But the baby was sick.

At first Julie thought the diarrhea was a result of the excitement, or the wrong formula, or anyway, something minor. But Karen quickly became severely dehydrated. "When you touch her," Julie said, "it's like you're touching the skin of a 90-year-old woman."

Dr. Morley Wells, the pediatrician in



Karen Ann Quinlan (left to right): At six weeks; her first Christmas (nine months old); first Communion (age 7); high school graduation portrait (age 18).

nearby Dover, was alarmed. He phoned St. Joseph's immediately, and they reported an epidemic of dysentery among their babies. One had died. Wells rushed Karen to the most modern facility in central New Jersey, St. Clare's Hospital at Denville, and placed her in isolation. She was fed intravenously and watched constantly. After three days, Julie thought "she looked completely lifeless," and Dr. Wells confirmed her critical condition. "I'm afraid the illness has gone too far. I can't give you any hope."

It was a Sunday—the Sunday Joe was to receive his confirmation at Our Lady of the Lake—and they couldn't think what to do. Stay with Karen or go to church? It was Julie who decided that it was vital, especially now, for Joe to make his confirmation, which "is receiving the holy spirit." All the way to church they prayed, and Julie's prayers were punctuated with the recurring thought, "We finally have our baby and now we're going to lose her."

When they rushed back to the hospital, Dr. Wells met them at the door of Karen's room and said, "I don't understand it, but she seems to be perking right up." And three days later, as Joe and Julie readied their baby for the ride home, the pediatrician said, "Don't worry about *this* little girl. She's so full of life, she's going to give you both a hard time."

Twenty-one years later, almost to the month, Karen Ann Quinlan was returned to the same hospital, St. Clare's, in a deep coma from which she never roused. After attending a birthday party the night of April 14, 1975, and consuming a few gin and tonics, she had slipped into unconsciousness. No one ever determined exactly why. She had been on a crash diet to slim down to a size-7 bikini, and had not eaten all day. It would later be found that she also had taken a mild, "therapeutic" amount of a tranquilizer, and aspirin. Whatever the cause, Karen fell quickly into a coma and for a period of time—no one ever knew exactly how long—she stopped breathing. The resulting oxygen starvation caused the cognitive area of her brain to die.

At first, there was hope. Stretched out on the bed, her eyes opening and closing, she looked herself—a young woman relaxed, possibly just awakening. One foot, awkwardly turned inward at the ankle, was the only perceptible sign of brain dysfunction.

The first day of the coma, Julie squeezed her daughter's hand and thought Karen returned a slight pressure, "but maybe," Julie admitted, "it was my imagination."

On the fifth day, Karen's sister Mary Ellen, 19, stopped at St. Clare's on her way to college and saw "Karen just waking up, and she blinked once, and she looked right at me, and I thought she recognized me; and I still think she recognized me. It was a totally different look than the blank look I had been seeing before. I stayed until about ten that night, just waiting for another look like that. But Karen never ever did look again like that. She just returned right away to that blank stare. I think then I realized she was going to die."

But Joe wouldn't accept reality, even as Karen's condition deteriorated. Her weight dropped from 120 pounds to 90, 80, finally 70. Her body gradually contracted into a grotesque simulation of the fetal position and became rigid, as her cognitive brain lost all its power over her bodily functions. This rigidity made intravenous feeding all but impossible, so she was nourished through tubes inserted in her nostrils. A hissing machine called an MA-1 respirator—it looked like a transparent, upended accordion—pumped air through a plastic hose inserted in her throat.

By late June, only Karen's head was mobile, and her face contorted into a series of grimaces and writhings while her eyes darted everywhere, seeming to focus but totally empty of expression. Still, the aimless eyes were blue and, to her father, beautiful.

Joe became withdrawn, tense. Julie, fearing he might have a heart attack—"he's just that age"—tried gently to make him see the truth. As they stood by Karen's bed one day, she ventured, "You know, Joe, if Karen should die—" and Joe erupted. "Don't ever say that again," he told his wife in a low, taut tone she'd never before heard. "I don't ever want to hear that. She's not going to die."

All through the month of June, Joe Quinlan chased dreams. He thought that if Karen could be moved to a physical therapy facility, her misshapen body could be straightened again; but no sanatorium they contacted would accept comatose patients. He shopped for a mobile home to rent, hoping to drive the family to Arizona, where the good air would revive her. "I really thought God loved me so much He wouldn't let her die, and I knew Karen—she's such a determined, strong girl. If anyone could pull out of this, it's Karen." By early July, the rest of the family and Karen's doctors—neurologist Robert Morse and pulmonary internist Arshad Javed—were convinced her case was hopeless. And they worried about the irrationality of her father.

One morning, Joe was walking down a hospital corridor with Dr. Morse, telling the physician about some hopeful new

At Karen's Bedside

Writer Phyllis Battelle was permitted to see Karen Ann Quinlan—the only member of the press to do so. She wrote this account of her impressions after several visits, at both St. Clare's Hospital and Morris View Nursing Home.

I first visited Karen in the evening of May 17, 1976, in the intensive care unit of St. Clare's Hospital. My reaction was not shock or revulsion but deep pity—a feeling of "Oh, this poor child." She looked like a child. Her body was a small, rounded mold concealed under a sheet. All that was exposed were her head and her hands. The hands were drawn tight over her chest, the wrists sharply cocked so that the long, white fingers pointed straight downward, stiff and thin as pencils. Karen's head was in constant movement, straining back and forth in an erratic, swiveling motion—as though seeking relief from her rigid body. The eyes, still intensely blue, roved wildly, never quite focusing, and her mouth closed and opened in a series of grimaces that gave the impression she was soundlessly crying out in anguish. Her once tawny, sun-streaked hair was cut short and curled in damp wisps around her cheeks and forehead. Her jaw had receded in recent weeks, causing Karen's upper teeth to bite into her lower lip; as a result, the teeth had been encased in a protective plastic mold. She was attached to a series of machines and hanging bottles by a variety of tubes: two thin ones inserted into her nostrils fed her; another delivered antibiotics directly into her kidneys; a transparent, hose-like tube was attached to her upper chest, sputtering and gurgling as it pumped air from a respirator into Karen's lungs. Occasionally, she would emit a low, moaning sound.

In later visits, I saw Karen's body free of the masking sheet. It was emaciated, and seemed totally foreign to her round and still attractive (even when contorted) face. Her knees were pulled up taut against her chest, her legs twisted and entangled together in a posture no healthy human being could assume—outside the womb. The towels that padded her knees and the gauze pads separating her toes helped to prevent the contracting limbs from imposing open wounds and bruises upon themselves. Under surgical pads, her bedsores were so deep that the hipbone could be seen beneath.

This is the rigid, irreversible "persistent, vegetative state" in which Karen Quinlan lay. As neurologists have explained, her highly-developed "cognitive" brain function had ceased. Only the internal "vegetative" regulators—which control breathing, facial movement and to some degree body temperature, blood pressure and heart rate—still functioned.

For me, watching Karen's face became an emotional, rather than a rational, experience. When her face was composed, it was easy to slip into the illogical rationale that Karen really was a "sleeping beauty," as some of the media have imagined her. But when she was awake and grimacing, I found it difficult to believe that Karen did not suffer pain, however primitive. And her original neurologist, Dr. Robert Morse, did not foreclose the possibility of Karen's suffering. "The sensation of pain is a subjective thing," he testified in court. "Yes, she does move. She does feel. What quality she feels these impulses at, God only knows. I don't."

Pain or not, there was no hope of recovery for Karen. Those arms and legs would never untwine. The mind would never think normally. This was not one of the several other kinds of coma that could respond to medical miracles. And that is why, each time I left Karen's bedside, I felt a compelling urge to whisper—though I never did, and she wouldn't have heard me if I had—"Go to sleep, Karen. Sleep in peace."

sign he had observed, when Morse stopped abruptly, turned, and said flatly, "What am I going to say to you, Joe? You're talking about a miracle. Even if God did perform a miracle so that Karen would live, her damage is so extensive that she would spend the rest of her life in an institution!" As though a light flashed on in his head, Joe saw the truth of it. Karen was never going to come back healthy—swimming, singing, acting the nut. She wasn't coming back. From the dark of his mind where he'd stowed all the things people had been saying (he had thought their comments obscene), Joe pulled up a phrase Julie used: "Karen would never want to be kept alive on machines like this. She would hate this." Julie was right.

Now Joe also remembered, and tried to put into focus, the reassurances that his parish priest, Father Thomas Trapasso, had been trying to offer him. Father Tom and Julie had been discussing for weeks the philosophical concept that, since Karen would not want to be kept alive this way, the doctors could remove her life supports; that way, she would be able to die naturally, and be taken to God. The priest had assured Joe that the Roman Catholic Church has held the view for centuries that extraordinary means of supporting a hopeless life may be abandoned "to allow a patient to pass away in peace." Joe had blocked out the thought. Now it came back.

Joe and Julie purchased a cemetery plot for Karen. They called in the director of a local mortuary and made funeral arrangements. Then Joe drove to the rectory. He needed to talk again to Father Tom because he knew now that "everybody made this decision quite long before me, and I'm the last holdout. But all of a sudden, I have the final say and this decision bothers me something terrible."

Joe's question to the priest was, "Am I playing God?"

Father Tom made it easier. "Don't worry that you're making a decision in Karen's death," he said gently. "God has made the decision that she's going to die. You're just agreeing with God's decision, that's all."

On July 31—Karen had been in a coma for three months and 16 days—the Quinlans gave Drs. Morse and Javed their permission for the physicians to remove the respirator that was assumed to be keeping their daughter alive. Dr. Javed recommended the prodecure. It was a way Karen Ann could die with the dignity she deserved. Father Tom and the hospital chaplain, Father Paschal Caccavalle, reaffirmed the church's position that such an action would be

appropriate.

It was the kind of behind-doors agreement between doctors and hopeless patients, or their families, that is reached hundreds of times a day in hospitals around the world. In an era when medical technology has outstripped the laws of nature and the courts, the decision to allow death, when there is no hope of recovery, is an individual and private one.

The Quinlans were asked to sign a letter drawn up by the hospital, authorizing the doctor to discontinue extraordinary procedures and releasing the hospital and physician from all liability. Dr. Morse touched Joe's arm and said, "I think you have come to the right decision."

But, the next morning Morse telephoned Joe Quinlan. "Joe," he said, "I have a moral problem about what we agreed on last night. I feel that I have to consult someone else and see how *he* feels about it. I think I know what he's going to say, but I'd like to consult him anyway. I think it will help me."

The consultant was Dr. Morris Bender, chief of neurosurgery at New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, and Dr. Morse's mentor. He did indeed help resolve Morse's problem, but in so doing compounded the Quinlans'. The next morning, Dr. Morse again telephoned Joe at work.

"I find that I will not do it," he said firmly, "and I've informed the administrator at the hospital that I will not do it." Joe was almost as bewildered as distraught. "All this long time I hoped Karen would recover, and Morse kept saying, 'there's no hope.' Then he said we'd made the 'right decision,' and now he'd just turned completely around. What kind of man is this?"

Joe rushed to the hospital to see the administrator or some other official, but everyone was tied up in meetings. Seeing Joe's excited state, Mrs. Rubinsky, the assistant administrator, took him to the employees' cafeteria for coffee and said sympathetically, "You know, Mr. Quinlan, you're going to have to have patience with us now, because we've never done this before. It's the first time this has ever been done at St. Clare's." Those apologetic words gave Joe the first clue that his tortured decision might not be that simple to implement. His second clue came later, when he and Julie held a meeting with the doctors and hospital administrators.

Theodore Einhorn, attorney for St. Clare's Hospital, said, "Karen Ann is over twenty-one and you are not her legal guardian, Mr. Quinlan, so legally you have nothing to say about her care. What you will have to do is go to court and have a judge appoint you as Karen's legal guardian, and then come back and make your request again."

Well, okay. "Will you remove the respirator then?" Joe asked.

Einhorn replied, "I don't know. We may or we may not. But you will have to become her guardian as a first step, in any case."

That is how a private family-physician matter was forced into the courts and media, and became the public's business.

Legal minds would later theorize that the law should not make judgments on when to prolong life or let it end—and many medical authorities would tempestuously agree. But the Quinlans had no alternative. It was go to court, or go home and be silent. Joe didn't think about it at the time, but later reasoned, "The time had come to face the fact that death is part of life, it's going to happen to all of us, and there's no sense hiding it under the rug anymore."

The Karen Ann Quinlan case aroused anger, controversy and compassion among doctors, lawyers, judges, theologians and human beings of all persuasions around the world. It changed personalities, built reputations, became the cause of humanitarians, heroes, kooks, profit-seekers and image-makers. It set dramatic precedents on the issues of life and death.

And in the quiet eye of the storm lay Karen, unable to think or even (everyone hoped, no one knew for certain) to feel—but still maintaining a strong, steady heartbeat, and sufficient brain activity to resist classification under any of the established legal criteria of "brain death."

A pediatrician's unintentioned prediction had come true. This girl was "full of life" long after—by most people's standards, including her own—she would have been better dead.

Karen always was strong. After her infant flirtation with death, it was as though she knew she must make up time. As soon as she could sit up, she climbed out of her crib. Trying to keep her in a playpen, Julie discovered, was consonant to ordering a tiger to a cat litter box. Karen was a curly-haired blonde, gun-toting, bat-swinging, muscular, independent tomboy. "My little chatterbox," Julie called her.

When Karen was 16 months old, Julie

A POEM FOR KAREN, BY HER MOTHER

(Note: Julia Quinlan wrote this poem, and others, in the waiting room at St. Clare's Hospital, where she spent many hours alone with her thoughts.)

I kiss her
on her cheek
She cannot feel
my kiss

I look into her
eyes
She cannot see
me

I call her name
She cannot hear
me

There is a grimace
on her face
She cannot feel
the pain

A red light on
the machine
Tells me she is
breathing

The machine is
keeping
her alive
There is no life....

In my heart
I hear my, Karen
whisper

Remove me
from this machine
Let my heart beat
on its own

When it grows tired
it will stop
And,
I will go to sleep

Do not wake me
now
Do not place me
on that machine,
again....

Let me sleep
For I have waited
long

Let me sleep,
Peacefully,
Eternally....

—October 15, 1975



The Quinlan family: 19-year-old John, Joseph and Julia, and 20-year-old Mary Ellen, in front of their New Jersey home.

became pregnant. Frightened because of the Jersey City doctor's warning, she rushed to Dr. Emile Hornick, the top gynecologist in Boonton. On May 3, 1956, labor was induced. Still drowsy from the anesthesia when the doctor told her she'd given birth to a baby girl, Julie cried "No, you're lying. The baby's dead." Only the weight of an 8-pound, 2-ounce infant on her stomach made her believe.

Karen was not impressed with her new sister. A quiet, delicately feminine girl from infancy, Mary Ellen was not Karen's style until much later in life, when Mary Ellen would say, "Everything that I was, Karen wasn't, and everything that she was, I wasn't—and that's why, together, we were one whole. Without Karen, I'd just stop growing."

When the Quinlans' second natural-born child—9-pound, 5-ounce John—arrived on September 28, 1957, Karen, 3½, shot out of the house and hammered on neighbors' doors like some rowdy Revere, yelling, "I have a brother, I have a brother!"

From the time Karen Ann could understand, Julie and Joe read her a storybook about an adopted child (recommended by Catholic Charities), so she would know her status and not face "a rude surprise" later. Karen was fascinated, even "boasted" about it. But in seventh grade, Karen's free-spirited, gay attitude was threatened for the first time. A teaching nun brought up the subject of "illegitimacy" in class, and Karen, terribly disturbed, asked Julie, "Am I illegitimate?" Julie, angry and appalled, controlled the urge to weep or call the school and scream "Why?" She "explained to Karen again about her mother—that her mother wasn't married but that she was very courageous, very unselfish, because you'd have to be unselfish to give up your baby." And, as she had done before, Julie showed Karen the birth certificate that showed Joseph and Julia Quinlan as parents (no mention of "adopted"), and the original birth certificate from St. Joseph's, listing her natural mother's name and Karen's place of birth.

Karen said, "Someday I want to see my other mother," and Julie understod that clearly, and didn't discourage it. Still, the next year was troubling for Karen—the adolescent age of 13 is difficult for girls, at best. She felt "angry at her fate" and saw her biological, unknown father as a "culprit." Julie saw to it that Karen's friends were often in the house, "so she wouldn't feel alone, or that she was different from anyone else. It was painful for awhile, but Karen was a realist and she bounced back. She was that kind of person."

Karen never did locate her natural mother, though one day when she was in Scranton with a girlfriend, Mary Lou McCudden, she did check out a phonebook. "It wasn't because she was displeased with the parents she had," Mary Lou remembered later, "it's just—well, if you're adopted I guess it's something you wonder about. So she took me down to a phone booth, and we looked under what the last name of her mother was." But Mary Lou said, "Well, Karen, what are you going to do? You can't just walk up and say, 'Did you have a daughter eighteen years ago that you gave up for adoption?'" And that problem—what do you say once you ring the doorbell?—ended the effort. Karen was curious, but not enough to embarrass anyone, including herself.

Nor did Karen's natural mother ever try to locate *her.*

When *The New York Times* printed the real mother's name, Julie was distraught: "I thought if this poor woman is married and her husband may not know she had a child, then she must be living in fear. Maybe she wants to say something but she can't. Dear God, just help her, it must be a terrible strain. I know every July 28 I think of our son who was born dead, and I'm sure every March 29 she must think of Karen and long to see her..."

In high school, Karen had the kind of open, bronzed, all-American beauty one sees on TV commercials for suntan lotions. She was superb at all sports, an avid reader, a play-by-ear pianist with a beautiful pop singing voice, and an unenthusiastic student who should have received straight A's (said the teachers at Morris Catholic High) but received zigzag B's and C's instead. School was confining, and she liked the outdoors. Karen was usually on the verge of a laugh—and her sense of fun was contagious. Only 5'2½", Karen would pick up Julie (5'1") by the waist and whirl her around the kitchen till her mom screamed for mercy. Grandma Duane said, "Karen was really something—she'd come in a room and fill it with fun. There's nobody like Karen." Karen even laughed when she was troubled. "Like when she hadn't studied for a test, she'd giggle," and when Mary Lou said, "How can you laugh about it?" Karen would say, "Why not?"

She had a serious side, which few people saw, and a few hangups. Karen was terrified of cancer. If she had a sore throat, she'd tell Mary Ellen it was malignant—and she'd try *not* to tell Julie, because Julie would take her to the doctor, and "Karen was terrified of doctors, too." To her, they represented pain and confinement.

There was a fatalistic streak in Karen. People didn't think about it till after the coma, but then Mary Ellen felt, "She had this feeling, always, that she'd better live fast, because she might not live long." And she told Mary Lou, "I'll bet you I die of cancer." When Mary Lou told her to bug off, Karen said seriously, "You'll see." Julie thought, "From the things she said to me over the years, maybe she had an insight. Like she asked me to be sure to donate her eyes to an eye bank if she died. It's unusual for young people to think of

things like that, but Karen did."

She was always bluntly honest and said what came to her mind. One night when she was 17, Karen told Father Tom Trapasso, "The trouble with religion is it's too dull." The priest laughed and agreed, and the rest of the evening was fun. Father Tom saw Karen as "religious in the deepest sense of the word. She is spontaneously generous. She reaches out for people. I always felt she was a kind of longing soul in many ways. If she'd lived in a big city, Karen might have joined marches to help society, but in a small town, all she could do was give everything she had to people she loved."

Tommy Flynn was her most consistent boyfriend when Karen was in high school. A stocky, swarthy, good-looking boy, ten months younger and a year behind her in Morris Catholic, he knew—more than perhaps anyone else—what Karen was thinking and feeling. The three years she dated Tommy—she saw other boys, but only to show her independence—were good for Karen. They danced, skiied, snowmobiled, swam. They went to New York. At Christmastime when she was 17, they walked about 60 miles around Manhattan, looking and talking. "She was beautiful," Tommy said, "and a really, really funny person, who gave complete joy. But she—and I, too—had a very strong sense of self, almost a self-secrecy, and we shared this with each other and with no one else. We grew up together, spiritually and emotionally."

Midway in her eighteenth year, Karen amazed Mary Lou by betting her $10 that "I'll be married before I'm 19." But on her birthday, Karen handed her friend a bill and said with a laugh, "You win."

Why did Karen's one romantic adventure come to an end? To Tommy it was all a little hazy, gradual and sad. They had begun to "fantasize about marriage, but we never really talked about it." And then, "there was a kind of growing apart in where we were headed or what we wanted, in our own lives as individuals." Tommy became president of the high school, and an activist in a fight for curriculum reform. Karen had graduated the year before, didn't want to go to college, and was working on a succession of jobs in the area. He loved her, "but we were different a little bit. I was fighting head-on for a cause, and Karen wasn't that way. If she didn't like the way something was, she would avoid direct confrontation—she would fight it inside her. I still felt immensely for her, but knew we couldn't go on coexisting that intensely. At least I couldn't—and, at the time, I didn't think she could either."

The autumn of 1974 was strange for Karen. Her best friends left for college. She had new friends and plenty of dates, but she missed the old faithfuls. She'd drive to Bloomsburg State College in Pennsylvania to see Mary Lou. She'd call Tommy at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, Fla., and tell him what she was doing, how she was thinking. He understood. "Friendships were real important to Karen and she'd started wondering why am I here and why are they there?"

Shortly after Christmas, Karen asked Julie if a girlfriend, Robin Croft, could move in with her. Robin's parents were separating, and she needed a place to stay. After about five weeks of this arrangement, Robin told Karen she'd found a cute little apartment, right by the lake, near the Quinlans', but couldn't afford it unless Karen would share the rent. Joe and Julie hated to see Karen move out. But she was 21 and she said, "Gee, Mom, if I can't make it on my own now, I'll never make it." To Julie, it was "just another case where Karen was helping a friend, and I wouldn't discourage that."

The two months in the lakeside apartment were an exciting adventure, and the Quinlans were in on most of it, because "Karen was at home as much as she was over there," according to Julie. "The place wasn't very warm, so she'd often come back here to sleep." And Karen didn't want to spend much for food—she was saving for a trip to Florida in April, and she was putting aside more money to give her parents a trip to Hawaii for their thirtieth wedding anniversary—so she came home often for meals. But Mary Ellen stopped at the apartment nearly every day and found that her older sister was sometimes depressed. "You could tell by the poetry she wrote. Most of the poetry you write is when you're depressed. One was really nice, something like, 'If the walls could talk, I wonder if they'd ask me why I'm unhappy when they've sheltered kings and queens and they've been happy here, so why not me? Who am I that I shouldn't be happy?'"

Early in April, Robin decided to move back with her mother. Karen couldn't afford to keep the apartment alone, but, as she explained to Julie, she didn't want to move back home for the couple of weeks remaining before the Florida trip; she had established her independent status, and it would be like going backwards. Two young men named Tom French and William Zywot—a neighborhood friend when Karen was younger—said she could use a bedroom in their house on Cranberry Lake for a couple of weeks.

Joe and Julie were appalled at the idea of her moving into a place with men, but Karen laughed and said, "Don't worry Mom, these fellas couldn't care less about me. I'll be very safe there."

On Friday, April 11, three days after she'd moved into her new quarters, Karen called home and talked for more than an hour about what she'd been doing, how "really cute" the brown wood bungalow was. She gave Julie directions, and Julie promised to drive up and see the place maybe one day next week after work.

Three nights later, at 2 A.M. Tuesday, a nurse called from Newton Memorial Hospital in neighboring Sussex County. Julie fumbled for the phone on her side of the bed. All Joe could hear was her hushed voice. "What? Where? Oh—we'll be right there." When he turned on the light, Julie was crying. "Karen is very sick, unconscious. We have to go to Newton Hospital right away." Mary Ellen, still half asleep, tried to be reassuring. "There's nothing that serious about being unconscious," she said, "it happens a lot."

They all thought she might have been in a car accident. But when they got to the hospital Dr. Paul McGee, the doctor in intensive care, informed them Karen was in a critical comatose condition that it wasn't caused by an auto accident and he wished he knew what *had* caused it. It's hard to treat coma blindly, without a medical history. Karen was stretched out, an oxygen mask over her mouth and nose helping her breathe. McGee told Joe they were afraid of pneumonia. "That often happens with someone in a coma—they attempt to throw up, but they swallow their own vomit and it goes right into the lungs while they're unconscious. Then pneumonia sets in."

Two young people had brought Karen to the hospital. The boy, Thomas French, told the Quinlans that Karen had been with them at a birthday party, that she'd had a few gin and tonics and started to pass out. Thinking she was drunk, they put her in bed. Then, one of the girls went back to check, and discovered that Karen wasn't breathing. They tried mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and called the police, then brought her to the nearest hospital. Dr. McGee kept asking if Karen ever took drugs. The girl whose birthday was being celebrated, Terry O'Neill, seemed

half hysterical and half drunk, and she ticked off a list of drugs Karen might have taken. The doctor discounted her. "If she took all those drugs," McGee said to Joe, "well, they'd kill an elephant." Julie said, "She's never taken anything all her life. Karen wouldn't even take aspirin." Joe said she wouldn't even smoke marijuana: "She was too health-minded." When the doctor said that a few tranquilizers, Valium, had been found in Karen's handbag, the Quinlans were surprised.

The next day, Mary Ellen and John were asked if Karen took drugs. Neither they, nor any of her friends who were queried, had ever known her to take any drug but alcohol. She did drink sometimes—beer, gin and tonics, or "7 and 7s" (Seven-Up and Seagram's Seven, a blended whiskey). "But she wasn't the kind to go out and get bombed," Mary Ellen said. By the end of the day, in their desperation, Joe and Julie found themselves in an ambivalent position. "No one likes to think of any of their children being on drugs," said Joe, "but the way the doctors talked, like if only they knew it was drugs, they could treat her for it, after awhile we found ourselves praying to God it *was* drugs."

But it wasn't. Karen's blood tests revealed only a "therapeutic" dosage of a tranquilizer and aspirin. The cause of the coma remains unknown.

Mary Ellen saw Karen early the next morning and thought, "she doesn't look too bad except her hair's dirty. Karen'll really hate that when she wakes up." The doctors performed an emergency tracheotomy, making a surgical incision in Karen's throat and inserting a tube attached to a respirator. Mary Ellen watched the respirator work. "It pumps, then it stops so she'll be able to take a breath by herself and then, if she doesn't, it pumps again. But sometimes she takes a breath and the machine pumps at the same time, and then she chokes and a buzzer on the machine goes off. The first time that happened, Karen raised way up in bed and her arms flew up and her eyes popped open and she looked like she was in so much pain I was scared out of my mind. I screamed, 'Nurse!' and the nurse came running. She adjusted the respirator and Karen fell back. After I recovered, I thought, 'Boy, when Karen wakes up I'll tell her about that, and she'll laugh.' She likes stuff like that—when people are worried out of their minds and then everything comes out all right."

John Quinlan, 17, tried to be manly, but when he'd see Karen he'd get sick. He'd vomit. As days passed, he visited his sister late at night, alone. Julie wished he'd talk about it, but knew why he didn't: "Boys aren't allowed to cry."

Tommy Flynn came home from college on the Monday of Karen's last party and hung around his home all day because she'd said she would call. There was "something very important" she wanted to discuss. When she didn't call, he was "very, very surprised. It wasn't like Karen." Two days later, he went to the hospital "in a state of shock" and hoped she'd recognize him. He felt "somewhere in her being" she knew he was there, but there was no sign of it in her eyes. "They were almost not attached, almost like a light had been taken out of them or something."

At 10 p.m. on April 18, 1975, nearly four days after the coma commenced, Dr. Robert J. Morse came to Newton Hospital to examine Karen. He was consulting neurologist at five New Jersey hospitals, and confirmed there was brain damage, but the extent remained uncertain. Morse suggested that she be moved to St. Clare's, which had more sophisticated testing and life-support facilities. Joe and Julie felt relieved. To them, St. Clare's represented past illnesses cured, tragedies averted. Dr. Arshad Javed, Pakistan-born pulmonary internist, was asked to assist Dr. Morse in the testing and treatment. The transfer took place April 24. Karen had been unconscious for more than a week.



The Quinlans with their parish priest, Rev. Thomas Trapasso, in front of Our Lady of the Lake Roman Catholic Church, Mt. Arlington, N.J.

The angiogram, electroencephalograph readings and lumbar probes confirmed abnormal brain activity, and ruled out the presence of a tumor or cranial blood vessel displacement as cause for the coma. Karen's breathing was judged "irregular" and geared to "awake" and "sleep" cycles. In "wake" periods, she could breathe shallowly, but in "sleep" periods her impetus appeared to founder, and she would trigger the respirator, "asking" it to send air to her lungs. Urine and blood tests revealed levels of only .6 milligrams percent of aspirin and Valium—a "normal therapeutic" amount. A toxic level would be two mgs. percent, a fatal level, about five. No hard drugs had been taken.

Whatever her condition at the onset of the coma, Karen's brain damage quickly appeared extensive. As her body began to twist and grow rigid, therapists tied her hands and feet to boards in efforts to resist her relentless inward bending movements. The effort was quickly abandoned. Karen's inherent forces were too strong. By midsummer, her body had folded itself into a tight little fetal figure, less than three feet long.

This was her condition when Dr. Morse and St. Clare's Hospital, through attorneys, advised the Quinlans that they would not remove the life-supporting machines—at least until Joe went to court and arranged to become Karen's legal guardian. Were they afraid of their "image"? Of malpractice suits? Joe wondered, but didn't know, of course. He went out to look for a lawyer.

Paul Armstrong, 30, a Legal Aid Society attorney, looked like an elongated schoolboy from some rich Eastern prep school. His immaculate, intellectual presence might have intimidated a modest man like Joe Quinlan, except for Armstrong's charismatic blue I-cannot-tell-a-lie eyes. Those, and a framed certificate over his desk: a Notre Dame diploma. To Joe, that signified goodness and a common ground.

Paul, sensitive and perceptive, also felt a kindred spirit in this man across the desk. "His face was ashen and he looked as if he may have been suffering an ulcer." Paul was well versed in ulcers, "having had one early in my twenties while attempting to resolve academic and philosophical problems."

Joe explained that he wanted to be appointed guardian for his daughter, and

Paul said that should be no problem. The young lawyer handed Joe a questionnaire to ascertain whether he qualified for free legal aid. He didn't, but was "one of those millions of Americans on whom it would be a severe financial strain to hire an attorney." Paul volunteered to help Joe get his guardianship—"it's relatively simple"—and asked for particulars.

When Joe poured out his story—of the irreversible coma, the struggle with his faith, the support of his church, the wavering of the doctors—Paul Armstrong's brilliant mind began racing. He was an advanced student of constitutional law, and saw the enormity of the issue; he knew there were diverse opinions within various state courts (never resolved) regarding the right of privacy; he realized if Mr. Quinlan brought a legal plea to discontinue extraordinary means of sustaining his daughter there would be quick, sharp reaction from legal and medical minds, and society in general; he wondered if there were arguments substantial enough to support a case—the First Amendment, guaranteeing free exercise of religion? Maybe. Or the constitutional right of "privacy"—the right of people to make decisions affecting themselves in circumstances where there is no danger to society? Before Joe could finish his story, Paul was excited, intellectually, and deeply moved, emotionally.

They talked for three hours. Joe explained that his motives were based on his belief that it was "God's will" Karen should die peacefully. There was no financial reason. Medicare was paying the $450-a-day costs of keeping her alive, since she was an adult without income. Paul asked if Joe didn't want to take the simple route of becoming her guardian without revealing his motives. Joe said, "No, that wouldn't be honest. I want everything open and above board." As their talk progressed, Paul was convinced that Joseph Quinlan was "a man of great nobility and courage." He also realized, more keenly than ever before, "those responsibilities which every professional person should assume, to extend whatever skills he has for the good of his fellow man—and society." So when Joe said, "You understand, I'd like to pay you for your services," Paul interrupted: "Mr. Quinlan, if you and the family wish to repose your trust in me, I'd be honored to do my best on your behalf. Just the privilege of representing you would be enough." Before they said goodbye, Paul said, "I think there are substantial constitutional arguments that can be advanced on your behalf, but I'll need time to do some research." He also needed time to discuss it with his pretty, young wife Maria. They'd been married only four months.

Paul and Maria alternately bantered about it—"How will we eat?" "Eating is a base materialistic concern, primitive, actually"—and discussed it solemnly. There was the apartment rent to be paid, the car loan, the insurance, Paul's college loan. Maria made $90 a week as an assistant librarian. Could they manage on that? Hardly. It wasn't until two weeks later, when the Quinlans took them to see Karen, that the Armstrongs finally made the decision. Driving home that evening, Maria admitted that "my initial reaction to the case was they shouldn't let her die. But after visiting Karen, there's no *way* we can't help."

Shortly afterward, because of his total commitment to the Quinlans, Paul resigned his Legal Aid position, and Maria sold the stocks her grandparents had given her, to finance their effort. The Armstrongs became, in spirit, part of the Quinlan family. If the Quinlans' hearts had to break, theirs would, too. Karen became their grand obsession.



Joe and Julie Quinlan.

On Friday, September 12, 1975, Paul filed a plea with Judge Robert Muir of New Jersey Superior Court, requesting that Joseph T. Quinlan be named guardian of his 21-year-old comatose daughter, in order to be granted "the express power of authorizing the discontinuance of all extraordinary means" to sustain her life. "Medical science can't help her," he stated. "The law has never addressed itself to this question. When can we, as a society, legally and morally make this decision?" The proposed act, Armstrong explained, is known medically as "dyasthanasia," as opposed to "euthanasia" or "mercy killing," which the Catholic Church does not approve. Dyasthanasia is removing extraordinary means; euthanasia means taking an active step to induce death.

The *Newark Star-Ledger* broke the story in its Saturday edition with a banner headline: FATHER SEEKS THE LEGAL RIGHT TO LET HIS GRAVELY ILL DAUGHTER DIE. Former State Attorney General Arthur Sills told reporters that since most courts operate on the assumption that death comes about when the heart stops beating, "I would assume there would be quite a controversy."

The media quickly grabbed up the story, contacting the best medical, legal and theological minds for opinions. The *Washington Post* quoted University of Pennsylvania law professor Alex Capron (author of a book on legal definitions of death): "It is a mistake to contend the legal question in this case is a definition of death. The girl continues to have brain activity. The question is when to cease treatment of a person who is incurable and has no hope of recovering or leading a full, human life."

On September 16, Judge Muir appointed a Morristown attorney, Daniel Coburn, as Karen's temporary guardian to represent her interests during the hearings. Coburn promptly visited St. Clare's, saw Karen, and though he had intended to dine out after the visit, went directly home. "The first thing I did," he told *The New York Times*, "was look in on my own daughter." Emotions, even among outsiders, were becoming good journalistic copy.

The trial was set for October 20. Paul saw that his massive research was only beginning, and he needed help. He phoned a law school friend, James Crowley, 33, who earlier had studied theology and canon law in Rome, and

(continued on page 172)

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MOTHERING

By Geraldine Carro

News, ideas and information every parent needs to know about child-rearing.



A PLAYGROUP REPORT

How do five preschoolers have terrific fun weekday mornings while their mothers find respite without babysitters? The answer is the cooperative playgroup, the best thing that has happened to parents and children since the extended family collapsed.

At first our group began with three mothers who had met watching their two year olds dig in the neighborhood sandbox. Like many city mothers, we had no parents of our own living nearby to offer babysitting relief. Moreover, we were all eager for our children to play regularly with kids their own age. On an impulse, which proved to be an excellent one, we organized.

We began slowly. The three children met an hour a day, three mornings a week. On her assigned day, each mother had charge of the children in her apartment. (Later, as the children could cope with more activity, we expanded from three to five children and met five mornings a week from 9–11:30.)

The first session was not an unqualified success. My daughter Catherine had looked forward to the children's arrival. But when fellow groupies, Adam and Piers, settled into her toy corner, she shrieked in protest.

Soon she learned to share, under usual circumstances a hard lesson for an only child. The others also grew in the group atmosphere. All younger siblings, they flourished once out from under the thumbs of older brothers and sisters.

As the months passed, we watched the [illegible]. At first, like typical two year olds, they played alongside rather than with each other. Gradually, they related to joint activities. Mornings were filled with group finger-painting sessions, blocks, play dough, dancing, story reading and games often invented for the occasion by either a mother or the children.

Mid-morning juice and cookies, a vital moment of quiet, was the only regularly scheduled event. Otherwise each mother programmed the morning independently.

Instinctively, we all preferred informality and made few rules. Problems were ironed out in the conversations we mothers invariably had when we dropped off and picked up our children.

We did develop a few commonsense ground rules:

- Each of us kept handy a list of home phone numbers. (Also, recommended: the father's work number and the pediatrician's).
- We limited the group to five. At one point we had six, which turned out to be too much for both mothers and children to handle.
- Children with runny noses were invited to stay home.
- If a mother could not be available on her assigned day, she would try to switch days with another parent. It was her obligation to notify others of the change.

But the success of the group had more to do with the congeniality of the mothers and children than with any rules. Our gratitude also helped. We parents were not only delighted with the free time the group gave us, but with the friendly community we had created for our children.*

*For suggestions on playgroup activities, a good source is *The Playgroup Handbook* by Laura Peabody Broad and Nancy Towner Butterworth. St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 1974. ($3.95).

ALCOHOL: DANGER TO KIDS

Sunday morning. While parents sleep, kids wander into the room, where last night's leftover cocktails still sit. They decide to have a drink.

This seemingly harmless childhood experiment can end in tragedy. Alcohol is a deadly poison for young children, says Dr. Richard W. Moriarty of the National Poison Center in [illegible]tsburgh. In a child under five, several ounces can lower the blood sugar level enough to cause death. Dr. Moriarty advises parents to empty glasses and lock up the liquor.

This topic is the first in a series on children and discipline.

DISCIPLINE: WHEN ONE PARENT IS THE "BAD GUY"

When it comes to disciplining the kids, one parent or the other often ends up the perennial "bad guy."

Typically, in middle-class families, the mother is bad guy. After all, she's the one who's usually home most. In some families, however, the role of "heavy" falls to father. He's the legendary terror behind the phrase, "Wait until your father gets home."

Is it inevitable that one of the two parents has to be the bad guy—a stance bound to invite the children's resentment?

The consensus of experts we talked to is *yes*—to a point. Someone has to impose restrictions. And, logically, the task falls to mother, if she's the one in charge of the children day to day.

While mother may prefer to wait until father can arbitrate, the experts think waiting is ill-advised. Discipline should be imposed immediately.

"Wait - until - your - father - comes home" is generally a dangerous game, says New Jersey child psychiatrist Richard Gardner. It's a way mothers shift the children's hostility to father.

Sometimes, of course, father plays the game. Even when he's with the kids, he may back away from disciplining them. "He wants to keep his good image," Dr. Gardner says.

This is an error, he warns. "It's bad for children to grow up thinking women are the witches, the harsh ones."

What can mother do if father avoids the fray? "Communicate," says Sharon Bermon of Women Counseling, Inc. in New York City. "Let your husband understand you don't like being the 'heavy.' "

However, even if you are, no one has to be an ogre, says Dr. Joseph Cramer of Einstein College of Medicine. "Ogres are parents who use children as scapegoats for their own anger at something else."

In any case, some degree of conflict is normal. "The ever-happy household is myth," Gardner says.

What makes many mothers tense is that their kids may seem to listen to them less and less. They become desensitized. Gardner sees this as a partly positive sign. It shows that the children trust that mother is basically on their side.

MAILBOX

Do you have ideas to share with other parents? What topics would you like us to cover in this column? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

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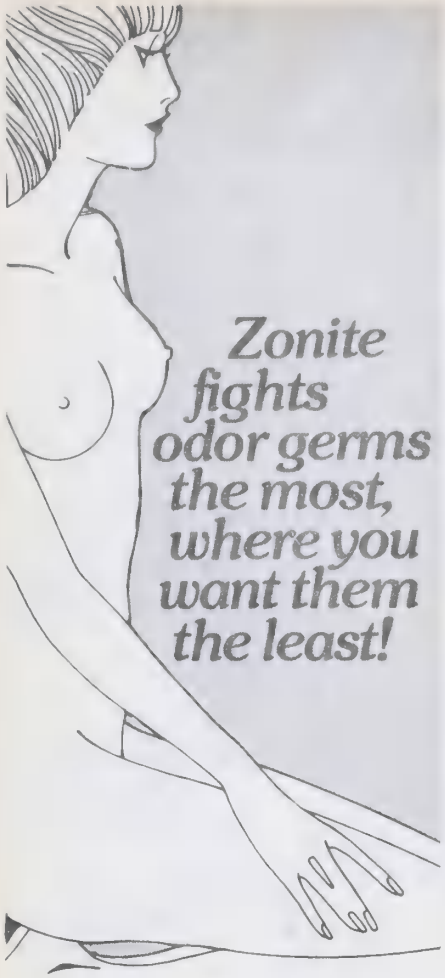
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Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Can vitamin C protect against swine flu? How going off the Pill can affect menstruation, etc.

VITAMIN C AND SWINE FLU. Linus Pauling, Nobel Prize-winning chemist and vitamin C advocate, has suggested that vitamin C might help "prevent or treat" swine flu. Recent reports suggest, however, that large doses of vitamin C could induce irrevocable genetic damage in one's offspring. The *Journal of the American Medical Association*, reporting on chemical means to combat flu, does not mention vitamin C as being even possibly useful. The Federal Food and Drug Administration says: "No data indicating the safety or efficacy of vitamin C for preventing or curing flu has been presented to FDA by any firm or individual."

AMENORRHEA. Women who take the Pill should be warned that they may have trouble regaining their periods when they stop. Gynecologists at Los Angeles County Hospital recently studied 60 such amenorrheal women, one of whom had not menstruated for 11 years after going off the Pill. Many of the women wanted babies, but the ovulation-inducing drug clomiphene worked for surprisingly few (42 percent) of them. However, an experimental drug, bromocriptine, induced ovulation and menstruation in most of the others—and several conceived.

A HARD LOOK AT LAMAZE. Nurse Nancy Rose, R.N., who teaches Lamaze childbirth classes to expectant mothers in Iowa City, and obstetrician James Scott, M.D., who delivers some of their babies, decided to assess the method's "objective" value. Comparing 129 Lamaze first deliveries to 129 ordinary ones, they found that the Lamaze mothers received less anesthesia and were less likely to require forceps. But the Lamaze mothers were in labor as long as the others and had comparable complications. Their babies were no healthier. The clinicians conclude that Lamaze courses are of little objective benefit to mother or child.

HOPE FOR BARREN WOMEN. English researchers, in a dramatic breakthrough, recently induced a pregnancy by taking an ovum from a woman's body, fertilizing it in a lab dish and introducing it into her womb through a tube. But the embryo attached itself improperly in one of her fallopian tubes and had to be aborted at 13 weeks.

Meanwhile, fertility specialist Georg Silló-Seidl, M.D., of Frankfurt, Germany, has for two years performed fallopian tube transplants for four women whose tubes were blocked, preventing conception. He also furnished ovarian transplants to three women who could not ovulate. He says that to his knowledge none of the seven has become pregnant yet.

SMART DRUGS. A "smart bomb" zeroes in on a target with its built-in guidance system. Doctors are developing comparable "smart drugs" to fight cancer. Because present cancer drugs dilute and break down in the bloodstream en route to the cancer, researchers are experimenting with packaging the drugs in microscopic capsules of an inert fatty material called "liposomes." The liposomes keep the drugs intact. Body cells mistake the liposomes for ordinary food fat and absorb them, releasing the drugs, on target, inside. Still to be found, says Buffalo, N.Y. researcher George Poste, Ph.D., is a way to "address" liposomes specifically to cancer cells, sparing all the healthy cells. **End**

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Dollar's Worth from Mary Willis





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THE CAT AND THE CALENDAR

continued from page 66

I'll call back Sunday afternoon." She slammed the leftovers into the refrigerator. The meat would make two days' worth of lunch sandwiches.

Sara came in. "It was Mrs. Clay, about brownies for the PTA. You're supposed to make brownies. Can I give the cat some dinner before I take her out?" She hauled the half-gallon milk carton from the refrigerator. "Can she have some milk?"

From the den, Brian called, "What's seven take away nine?"

From upstairs, through the rumble of bath water, Tommy called, "Mom? Am I supposed to wash my hair?"

Ann turned and shouted up through the ceiling, "No!" The shout startled Sara, the milk carton slid from her hands, smashed and split at the seams. The swift white tide gulped over the floor.

The doorbell rang. Sara lifted her horrified stare from the mess and said helpfully, "I'll get it," and escaped.

It was ten minutes of ten before the kitchen was cleaned up, the homework done and all three children, Tommy with his coat over his pajamas, had carried the cat mournfully to the school bus stop, come back, been put to bed and the laundry put in the dryer.

Ann took the meat out of the refrigerator and stared dully at it. Chop onions, mince parsley. Bread crumbs, tomato sauce, salt, pepper, thyme. Her knees felt shaky. She put the meat away. "I'm going to bed," she said aloud to no one, a habit that had begun since Tim died. "I'll set the alarm for six, and make the meat loaf in the morning."

She wished she could sleep in her jeans. Slowly, achingly she undressed, then brushed her teeth.

Across the hall there were smothered sounds, gasping and crooning. Sara was crying.

Ann leaned against the wall for a minute and closed her eyes. Then she went into Sara's room and sat on the bed and groped for the damp, tangled head in the dark pillow. "Don't cry, puss. The cat'll be all right."

"Oh, Mom." Sara gave a shuddering gasp. "I keep thinking, suppose it was me. Suppose people said, oh, it's only a little girl. Little girls can take care of themselves. What if everybody said that, said it's too much trouble, put it back where you found it? We don't have any time for little girls." She flung herself back into her pillow in a spasm of self-pity.

"That's ridiculous," said Ann briskly, fighting off a quick vision of her daughter supperless in a dark wet ditch, headlights going by. "Everyone has time for little girls. We're just too busy for extra things."

Muffled: "Busy doing what?"

"Why, you know. Working. Cleaning. Haircuts. Taking you for your allergy shot." Even as she named the things, she was embarrassed. They were the schedule, they were important, but they might sound feeble to Sara. "Go to sleep," she said, "things will look brighter in the morning."

Back to her own room and bed at last, delicious bed. Sometimes it seemed the ultimate reward of her days.

When she woke up, the luminous dial of the clock said ten minutes past twelve, and her mind was spinning like wheels in snow.

The house was quiet. In the other bedrooms the children slept. At least, she hoped they slept. Maybe a small gray cat padded through their dreams on silent feet. Or maybe in their dreams they became the cat, like Sara, and the door was closed against them, and the ditch was dark. After all, in a world where a father can die, just die, and never be seen again, anything can happen. Nights can *(continued)*

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EXAMINE YOUR DOG CAREFULLY.

If you can't feel his ribs easily, chances are they're covered by extra pounds. His flanks (the area from rib cage to hind legs) should taper upward, not hang like belly. Can you see a neckline? It shouldn't look as if his head is connected directly to his shoulders. Check his joints: excess weight can make them stiff or swollen.

And remember: clues may show up first in your dog's behavior. If he tends to sleep a lot, or is less active, less playful—he could be overweight. But how do you put a dog on a diet?

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THE CAT AND THE CALENDAR

continued

get very dark and cold in a world like that.

But it simply wouldn't fit in. Everything else was worked in neatly and so tightly that a neighbor dropping in to chat could throw it off for days. The gears meshed and turned.

Lying on her back, staring up through the dark, Ann could feel the gears turning, and in the half delirium of sleeplessness became a gear herself, with steel teeth made of jobs and errands that were done, went "click" and moved backwards. Unfortunately, small things could get caught in the teeth and chewed up. Little soft things. She hadn't written to her mother in a month. Brian had tucked his tooth carefully under the pillow for the Tooth Fairy three nights running, looking eagerly in the morning for the coin that wasn't there. The little cat meowed in the ditch and cars roared by, inches away. Sara whimpered in her sleep. But the schedule kept moving.

Exhausted, Ann sank down for a moment into real sleep, but the schedule loomed up over her, grinding and moving. It was taking over everything. It was huge and shining, grinding relentlessly toward her house and all the little soft things in it, crushing as it moved. Bearing down on them.

She flung herself awake. Tears of pure panic were sliding down her temples into her hair. She tossed back the blankets and turned on the light.

In a scramble of haste, she found her bathrobe, but only one slipper. She could still see the huge grinding steel gears, rolling closer, so she left the slipper and ran down the stairs barefoot, turned on a light in the living room and unlatched the front door.

Outside it was inky dark and starless. The ground stabbed icicles up through her bare feet and gooseflesh crinkled her arms. "Kitty, kitty, kitty," she called faintly.

She started toward the bus stop, wondering if she would break a leg in the dark or get attacked or arrested for running around in her bathrobe. Why hadn't she stopped to look for where the children put the flashlight?

Oh, Tim, why aren't you here, she thought crossly. Things like this couldn't have happened when you were here. You would have liked the cat, let it sit in your lap at dinnertime and secretly fed it bits from your plate. I wouldn't be running around barefoot in the night calling "kitty" if you were here. I wouldn't have sent it away in the first place. I've changed.

I had to change.

But she could see Tim's gentle, amiable face floating like a lighter shadow in the darkness, and it wasn't reproachful, he never would be, but she knew she had changed too much, been carried too far in grief and anger and fear, and would have to go back.

Suddenly she stumbled over something soft and smothered a scream. The soft thing clung to her ankles; hopeful as Tommy, stubborn as Brian, it had come back to the house. She scooped it up and cuddled it under her chin, fleas and all. "You waited for me," she cried. "You knew I wouldn't let the schedule get you."

The cat didn't weigh any more than a child's sock left forgotten on the grass, and she cradled its sharp little pelvis in her hand as she felt her way back toward the light.

Once inside, it began to purr as if to shake its bones apart.

There was no milk, of course. Sara had dumped it, and time would have to be found tomorrow to get more, but she got out the remains of the unsuccessful dinner and put them on the floor. The cat attacked them frantically, as if they might be snatched away, purring and trembling and making desperate little grabs at the meat.

"You'll go to the vet tomorrow," said Ann dreamily, watching. "Tommy will miss soccer. The living room won't get dusted, and if the Wilders don't like it they'll just have to go home."

The glittering steel system had broken down, stumbled to a halt and the house was safe. The gears would have to bend and spread, somehow, to make room for small, other, useless things. A cat and maybe a bedtime story, once in a while. A little disorder would have to be let back in, like the cat. A little room would have to be made for memories of Tim and his impulsive, cheerful, disorderly spirit and its seedlings that persisted in his children, and kept cropping up, and had been stamped down since he died—because there had been no time, no room. No room for such half-forgotten pleasures as an extra, unearned, un-bedtime kiss.

She would go on making out menus, and get up at six for the meat loaf, and write down things to do, but only in a spirit of hope, because there was no way, no way in the world, that everything would get done. No matter how early she got up, she couldn't do it all. No one could. It was simply impossible. And the harder she tried, the more little soft things got crushed.

Probably the sewing machine would stay broken forever. The boys would never, never get haircuts until it grew down to their heels like Rapunzel. Important jobs would get moved forward again and again, until they fell off the ultimate cliff at the end, but she wouldn't fall with them. She would learn to balance on the ledge and laugh.

She had learned survival, and survived, and now she was going to have to unlearn some of it. Gather up her children and go back, and remember some of the things she had lost along the way.

The little cat gobbled and growled with pleasure, and Ann leaned drowsily against the refrigerator door and watched. She found herself smiling. Not the office smile, or the motherly smile, but a different one, that came by itself from inside somewhere, and hadn't been used in a long, long time. **End**

STOPPED FOR A DRAWBRIDGE

By Gardner McFall

See how the man waits patiently,
eyes level, regarding carefully
the water and the bow of
some advancing ship.
Even the smallest boat receives
his greeting and the largest,
with taller mast, a siren
to halt our passage.
Day and night he is there;
it must be love that holds him
outward looking.
We should be tenders
not of drawbridges, but of each other.
Consider that noun, that state of, ending
with the suffix, –ness. We would do well
to learn the art of tendering,
held up here for five minutes, held up
over the St. John's River.

SHOPPING CENTER

TEN TOP LOOKS FOR FALL '76

PAGE 102: From left; velvet jodhpurs by BILL HAIRE FOR FRIEDRICKS, $118. Available at I. Magnin, all stores; Battelstein's, Houston. For information regarding cashmere sweater and ascot, and more stores for jodhpurs, write Helen Stein, Bill Haire for Friedricks, 205 West 39 Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018. Grecian evening gown by DON SAYRES FOR GAMUT, satin, $180. At Lord and Taylor, all stores; Jacobson's, Jackson, Mich. For more stores write, Gamut, 512 7th Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10018. GAYLE KIRKPATRICK FOR TUDOR SQUARE: vest $50, shirt $40, skirt $50, all of wool blend. For store information write, Ralph Hergenrother, Tudor Square, 1407 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

PAGE 103: From left; Ciré poncho by BILL HAIRE FOR FRIEDRICKS, $90; at Joske's, Houston; I. Magnin, all stores. For more information write Helen Stein, Bill Haire for Friedricks, 205 West 39 Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018. PATTI CAPPALLI FOR JERRY SILVERMAN SPORT: wool melton cossack coat, $250. Available at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; Hecht Co., Washington, D.C.; May's, San Francisco. For more information write Silverman Sport, 530 7th Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

PAGE 104: From left; wool tunic sweater, by VJ DESIGN, $90. For store information contact Anita Deen at VJ Design, 500 7th Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10018. OSCAR DE LA RENTA peasant-look separates: skirt and blouse $220, vest $140, apron $30. All or most of these separates available at Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Neiman Marcus, all stores; I. Magnin, all stores; Jacobson's, Jackson, Mich.

PAGE 105: BILL HAIRE menswear suit; Jacket $145, vest $70, pants $85. Available at B. Altman, N.Y.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; I. Magnin, all stores; Battelstein's, Houston. ANNE KLEIN kilt in wool, $120, at Bloomingdale's, N.Y., Montaldo's, all stores; Nordstrom, all stores. For more store information contact Linda Coleman, Anne Klein, 205 W. 39th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018. Hooded blanket jacket in wool, by GIL AIMBEZ FOR GENRE, $170. Quilted suede vest, $70, suede gaucho pants, $125. Jacket available at Ann Taylor, N.Y. and Chicago; Hecht Co., Washington, D.C. Jacket, vest and gaucho pants at Neiman Marcus, all stores; Hudson's, Detroit; Joseph Magnin, all stores.

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Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

What is sex appeal? Dr. Rubin explains, and notes that it *is* possible to increase yours—once you realize that the ingredients lie within every one of us.

I believe there is a universal sex appeal. That is, there are people who are sexually appealing to just about everybody for a sustained period of time. But you may be surprised to find out that these people do not necessarily fit our society's usual standards of beauty and attractiveness. Of course, society's standards, fashion's dictates, the media—all influence us. They tell us who and what (manner of dress, hairstyle, body type etc.) to find attractive. In effect, we are brainwashed at a very early age. But people who try to meet these standards—even those who succeed—do not necessarily come across as particularly attractive. Indeed, they often seem rather exhibitionistic.

Of course, each person's life experience—especially early background with mothers, sisters, fathers, brothers, friends and heroes and heroines—has much to do with individual taste and attractions. Character structure also plays a very important role. Sex, after all, is never separated from the rest of what goes on in us—and is almost always an extension and mirror of how we relate generally. Thus, some rather dependent people find independence in others very attractive—sexually, too. Some people who are shy are drawn to gregarious people. Those who felt vulnerable and hurt in childhood may be drawn to people who seem to need our help and protection. Creative people are often drawn to those who provide admiration and support further creativity.

If you feel that your own life is dull, mechanical and prosaic, you may be sexually attracted to people who project the illusion of glamour or mystery—or who seem exotic. On the other hand, some "bubbling-over" people are drawn to highly reserved individuals, each finding the other challenging and sexually attractive.

The darker side of sexual attraction is that many of us who have not resolved our early feelings for parents are attracted to people who represent substitute mammas and papas. And, yes, there are many women and men who are masochistic enough to seek out sadistic partners (and vice versa). But if we are essentially healthy and relatively problem-free, we will be attracted to people whose main appeal is to our healthy side rather than to that which is "sick" in us. They will be people with whom we can really exchange feelings. We will find people who like and care for themselves, and are capable of caring for others, too. We will be drawn to cooperative partners rather than competitive ones. We will be drawn to people with whom we have enough in common to be able to grow together, rather than having such diverse aspirations and interests that we will grow apart.

At a very early age, each of us develops a self image as well as an image of the person whom we see as our sexual ideal. Different people, because of early influence, will prefer different physical attributes. These preferences certainly play a large role in providing the initial chemical spark that draws people together. But when it comes to sustaining a sexual relationship, they don't play as big a role as personality influences. Physical appearance also doesn't play as large a role as healthy mutual emotional investing—caring for and about each others' well-being over the long run—and looks don't account for universal appeal.

So what *does* make some people universally sexually appealing? I think it's the very important message these relatively rare people convey—a message of acceptance and openness. An invitation is sent out and, in effect, it says, "You needn't fear rejection or hurt, harsh, perfectionist judgment, being absorbed, exploited, used, ridiculed, etc." These people give the impression of self-acceptance, emotional health and personal well-being, and they somehow let us know that they will find us acceptable as we are. They also make us aware of their own healthy spontaneity, vitality and aliveness, which helps to stimulate and put us in touch with our own aliveness and vitality. This immediately makes it possible for a flow of feelings, an open emotional exchange, to take place. This is the stuff of real, sustained sexual appeal.

Then can a person's sexual appeal be enhanced? Yes, but it is not easy. What it really involves is self-acceptance and the evolution and development of one's own talents and interests. This always attracts people. We cannot accept others if we don't accept ourselves. If we reject ourselves, we will either reject others or somehow use them—or both. Deep down we know this, even though we may be neurotically drawn to relationships. When we like ourselves, *really* like ourselves, other people feel that we can like them, too, and this never fails to attract! Youthfulness, a gorgeous body, eyes like sapphires, or designer clothes, none of this matters as much as the loving ability to accept one's own weaknesses and strengths—and sensuality. A patient of mine put it simply and well when she said that she knows she is sexually appealing when she feels good about herself.

End

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Love Me, Love My Fool" (David McKay). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered

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Beauty Secrets

of the world's most glamorous women

By **Francesco Scavullo,** with Kathy Erskine

One of the world's leading photographers turns author in a unique book, "Scavullo on Beauty." Far more than a portrait collection of the world's most glamorous women, it is an uncommonly helpful, down-to-earth book of advice on that always ephemeral subject, "how to be beautiful." Both in dialogue with his subjects and in comments based on years of helping women look their best, Scavullo speaks with authority and sensitivity. This, from his introduction: "I think every woman is glamorous and desirable—if she would only believe it. I believe that people who care about themselves and who do the most to look their best are among the happiest in the world. With beauty comes power—and you can have it if you know yourself well enough to trust your own instincts. Start searching, inside and out, for a better, more beautiful you." Here, from the "Journal," a beauty book bonus.



Faye Dunaway

"The best thing for beauty is just being happy."

Scavullo: What's the secret of your great looks?

Ms. Dunaway: The best thing is to be happy. I think the greater your measure of personal happiness, the more it shows physically.

Q. How do you take care of your hair?

A. Nothing special. I just use a mild shampoo.

Q. And diet?

A. I adore junk foods, but when I work I eat foods that are healthy for me.

Q. So you're like a dancer or an athlete when you're working—you live for that work.

A. You have to. The demands are there. And if you don't work that way, you just can't do it. When I'm not working, I'm less strict on myself.

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From SCAVULLO ON BEAUTY, by Francesco Scavullo, to be published by Random House, Inc.



Cicely Tyson

"I take care of my body because it's the only one I have. It is my instrument, the most important thing for my work."

Scavullo: Do you associate beauty with physical attractiveness?

Ms. Tyson: I think beauty is an intangible thing. I don't think it's anything that you can put your finger on. I say that because I think the moment I became acutely aware of what beauty actually meant to me was brought about by a woman who lived across the street from me when I was a child. She had eight of the most beautiful children you've ever laid eyes on. One was more gorgeous than the other. But the woman, by all the Western standards we've set for beauty, was no beauty at all. I became very friendly with her because of her children, and as I got to know her I would think, "What a nice lady." But it wasn't so much that she was nice, it was that she always made me feel a certain warmth and love, which I recognized, as I grew older, as definite components of beauty.



Ali MacGraw

"I have always been considered this instant, all-American sporty character; in fact, I'm absolutely the opposite."

Scavullo: How do you see yourself?
Ms. MacGraw: I have always been considered this instant, all-American sporty character; in fact, I'm absolutely the opposite. I never think of myself as beautiful, but when I look the very best that I can I think I probably look striking, not pretty.

Q. Do you wear your hair long for ease and convenience, or is it security?
A. I was thinking of chopping it all off, but it's really healthy and nice and I like the way it feels. I wash it three times a week depending on what's around, and no conditioners. And I brush it a lot.

Q. Do you stay out of the sun?
A. I'm very worried about turning into a prune, but I love the sun. I feel the most attractive when I'm brown, and I have abused myself in the sun for my whole life. I wander around like a greased bear, but there's nothing that's going to stop the sun from drying up the skin.

Q. How do you indulge yourself?
A. I know some people think getting a facial is a luxury, but it's not a luxury to me, it's a flat-out necessity.

Mary Tyler Moore

"I consider my smile my best feature and my mouth my worst feature."

Scavullo: What do you consider your best feature?

Ms. Moore: I have a love-hate relationship with one part of my body. I consider my smile my best feature and my mouth my worst feature. In both cases I neither play up nor play down this area. Rather than lipsticks I prefer to wear lip gloss.

Q. How do you indulge yourself after working very hard?

A. If I had to pick one favorite indulgence it would be the luxury of a massage every once in a while.

Q. How would your friends describe your looks?

A. I'm sure my friends would describe me as "outdoorsy and windblown."

Q. Are you your own best beauty expert?

A. Sometimes when preparing for a black-tie affair, I'll come home with an elegant, up-swept hairdo. My husband will often say, "That's not you." But it *is* me—then. It suits a particular mood.

Q. Do you think life is easier if you've done your best to be attractive?

A. When a woman has done her best to be attractive, life may not be easier for her, but it's probably easier for those around her.

Q. Who do you try to look attractive for?

A. I try to look attractive to please myself first. I don't know if I could do better but undoubtedly, if inclined, I could do it "differently."

Q. What would you do if you wanted to improve yourself?

A. I have no real desire to change or modify the beauty regimen I now follow. I would say my beauty plan at present is a continuation and maintenance of schedules I have found to work in the past.

Photograph of Mary Tyler Moore. Copyright © 1975 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc.
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Jacqueline Bisset

"My problem is thin hair . . . it suits me to be soft."

Scavullo: What does it take to make you look and feel good?

Ms. Bisset: I need a non-extreme, warmish climate to be fairly relaxed. I'm better in California, for example, than I am in an English winter.

Q. I've heard you talk about your hair being fine and that people used to call you "Miss Fifteen Hairs."

A. I had my hair straightened, and it actually all fell out. But it has improved lately.

Q. How did it improve?

A. I started using baby shampoo, and balsam conditioner. It stopped my hair from snagging and I now have a reasonable head of hair, although the length of my hair is a life's work—it never grows.

Q. Does your very fine hair stay put?

A. It doesn't stay. It has that funny, floppy quality, but if it gets too "set" it *looks* horrible. It suits me to be soft. I've gone off baby shampoo now, and I'm using something that's supposed to be a natural shampoo.



Princess Aga Khan

"I take a lot of sun, but I'm careful."

Scavullo: You're a very beautiful young girl, and I've always thought that New York destroys a woman's hair and skin. How do you take care of your skin?

Princess Aga Khan: I go once a month and have my skin cleaned and use special herbal products.

Q. Is that it? Or do you take care of it at home, too?

A. I just use natural products.

Q. Do you watch what you eat?

A. No, not always.

Q. So you don't have any kind of a diet?

A. No, I feel healthy, and I am healthy—knock on wood.

Q. Do you exercise?

A. I play tennis, ski, swim, ride my bike and do a lot of walking. I have no real routine. But I'm a pretty athletic type of person.

More Beauty Secrets

Jacqueline Bisset

Scavullo: Do you think life is easier when you're beautiful?
Ms. Bisset: Well, I mean, what is beauty? I don't know. I have regular features, I know how to make myself up, and I know how to dress fairly well, and I'm interested in people. I think people can feel that, so if I put my energy in the direction of the people I talk to, I can probably, on some level, seduce them.
Q. Do you have any permanent beauty problems you can't change?
A. I have something new which has just come up in the past six months. I have pimples. I get very funny about it because I've always had this feeling in me that associates pimples with bad health and bad discipline. I like my skin; I think it's important to have nice-looking skin.
Q. Do you use a lot of creams on your face?
A. At the moment I'm not using any and it kills me, but my dermatologist won't let me use anything. I don't look after myself as I should, and I'm aware of it.

Cicely Tyson

Scavullo: As a child were you led to believe that your own physical attractiveness was important?
Ms. Tyson: Oh, yes. I was conditioned by both parents to always look my best. They were both extremely handsome in the physical sense and terribly clothes-conscious. Daddy was a Beau Brummel, and Momma was the best-dressed woman around. They both had such style. Momma made most of her clothes and ours as well. The Tyson sisters always wore the best clothes. They weren't expensive—we certainly couldn't afford that—but Momma knew exactly what to do with a piece of fabric and a needle and thread. It always amazed me, and it still does. So "people judge you by the way you look" is something I heard almost daily throughout my childhood.
Q. Did your mother also teach you how to take care of your skin, etc.?
A. Makeup was a no-no. The closest we ever came to makeup was a little dusting of powder. Keeping clean and brushing one's teeth were just taken for granted. It would never occur to me to go to the breakfast table without doing that first.

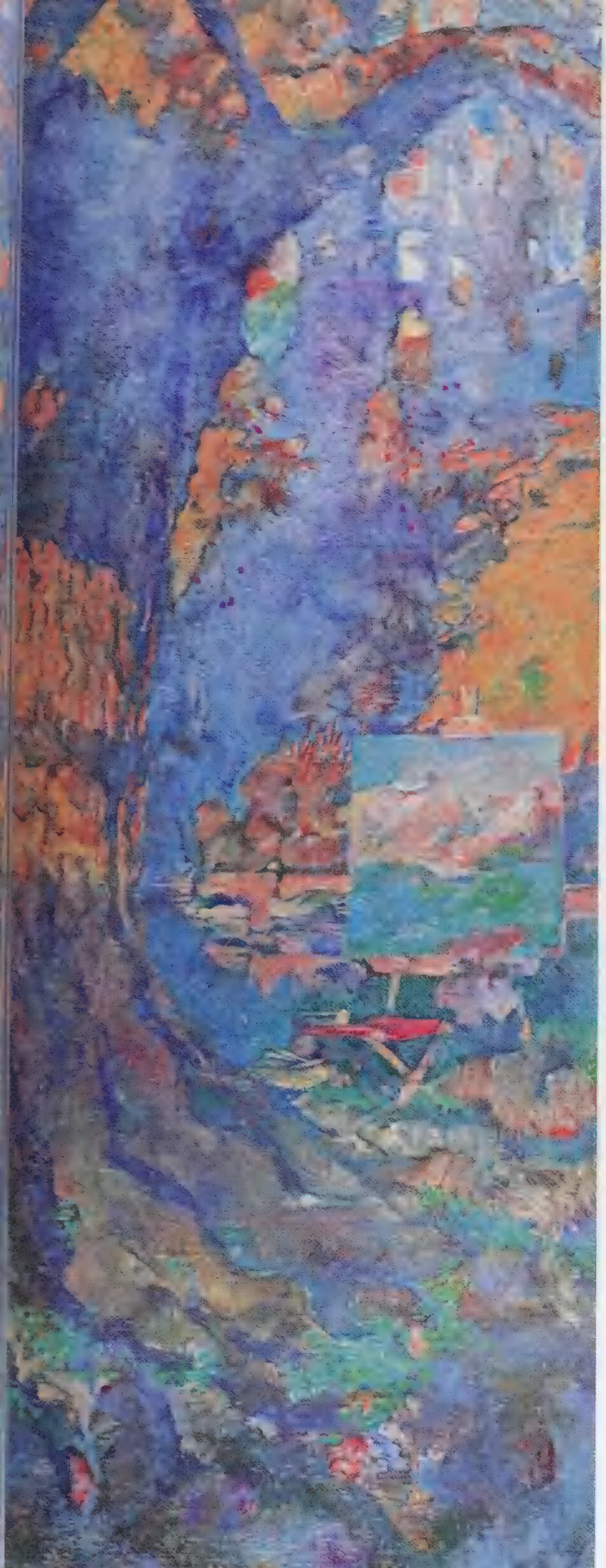
Mary Tyler Moore

Scavullo: How do you take care of yourself?
Ms. Moore: I take ballet and occasionally wrap my thighs in plastic wrap: it's like another skin, and I lose water from any of the spots that are wrapped. Tennis is becoming a way of life for me.
Q. Do you diet?
A. If I become overweight, I go on a protein diet, eating eggs, cottage cheese, meat and fish, raw or cooked vegetables. My breakfast is a half grapefruit, a poached egg and a slice of bacon. Lunch —a mixed salad of cottage cheese, tuna fish, chopped raw carrots, and green pepper. For dinner I have a steak, two cooked vegetables without salt or butter, and a salad with vinegar and lemon dressing.
Q. Do you have a food indulgence?
A. What I adore—but only when I'm not on a diet—are health-food sandwiches. Mainly, though, I'm a big salad eater. And I love cookies—I shouldn't, but sometimes I cheat a little.
Q. How do you take care of your skin?
A. Basically, I'm a soap, water and moisturizer girl. I use a night cream at night and a moisturizing foundation for day. When I'm in the sun I use a suntan oil. Except for my lips, I don't bother with a sun block, though I probably should. If the facts were otherwise, I would be in the sun all the time. It makes me feel well and look well, but the look is short-range and the damage long-term. I know I should also cover my hair with a hat in the sun, but I never do—I can't be restricted, even in the sun. My life is so very disciplined all the time that it's especially important for me to be unrestricted when I find time to play.

Ali MacGraw

Scavullo: Do you ever really study yourself in the mirror and just want to give up?
Ms. MacGraw: Oh, yes, sure, doesn't everyone?
Q. How do you get out of it?
A. It's so internal, and I've gotten very philosophical about it; everything has to run its course. It's a circle, the opposite of down is up, and when it stops being grim it's going to be wonderful, inevitably. If I look in the mirror and feel repulsive I'm probably in a repulsive mood, and will continue to look so until I get it together. And the best thing to do is back away from the mirror immediately and close the door.
Q. Have you ever thought about what your best feature is?
A. Not very often, but I guess it's my nose. I am very eye and hand conscious—they're so much a part of expression—so when I want to be aware of what I'm doing, I want to make my eyes look the best they can, and my hands.
Q. What about bad features?
A. Dreadful, huge feet. I'm quite flat-chested, broad-shouldered and my upper arms are bigger than I wish they were. I always look at people who are beautifully lean, head to toe, and I'm never going to be like that. I'm convinced that if I spent every waking minute of my life being pampered, I could make myself look "terrific," but that seems to me to be the opposite of what life is about.
Q. Do you think American women should improve their self-image?
A. The best thing would be to be less preoccupied with beauty, self-image, etc. I think that beauty is such an internal thing. If you don't have any vitality or inside life, it doesn't matter what you put on or how you do it. I think it's self-examination, however you do it—religiously or through therapy or maybe good friends who sit down with you and talk about your insides. I think we were all probably taught that thinking about yourself is selfish, it's bad. But if you don't know who you are, then you're wasting your life. When you know who you are, then you know how you look—all those little extras just fall into place.





Is marriage a matter of shared interests, or can it survive the battle of clashing tastes? A story about husbands, wives and other strangers.

By Marlene Fanta Shyer

Something in Common

I couldn't see her eyes behind her sunglasses, but her expression was bulletproof. "I might as well tell you first," Midge said. "Earl and I are separating."

Midge and I were pushing swings, her Todd and my Melissa gliding in tandem, their empty strollers side by side next to the playground bench as usual.

"You and *Earl*?" Had I heard this right, or was she discussing some other less unlikely couple? It was certainly impossible that our dear friends, with whom Matt and I had spent numberless bridge evenings, dinners, days at the beach, could be splitting up?

Midge was nodding; I could spot no change in her expression.

"I can't believe it," I said. Yesterday, if asked to describe Midge and Earl, I would have said, "loving," or "compatible," or "devoted." Like Matt and I, a well-matched pair.

"It's just that we're—" Midge was clearly struggling to find the right phrase to describe their own particular style of incompatibility. "We're just—on different wavelengths," she said.

"Wavelengths?"

"Nothing in common. No real shared interests. Earl's into the insurance business and motorcycles and fishing. I don't care about the insurance business and I hate fishing. And I'm absolutely scared stiff of motorcycles."

"But you and Earl get along. You never fight. There's been no infidelity, has there? And he loves you—"

"And I love music. In fact, don't laugh; I'm going to take up the violin."

I wasn't laughing. I wasn't laughing at all.

"Of course, we're going to remain on good terms," Midge said.

"Of course," I said, and I thought about my own marriage. I thought about last Sunday and the Sunday before that. I couldn't find a word to say.

My day was ruined.

Now it was Sunday again. We were getting into a certain routine.

I dressed Melissa *(continued on page 161)*

Illustration by Stan Hunter



No matter what size your kitchen—think big, think individual. The square footage is quickly forgotten if the space is both efficiently planned and personally decorated. Our three kitchen choices range in extremes from a snug corral drop over a garage to a generous cook-in / live-in wealth of kitchen with Mexican style. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

MAXI-KITCHEN: WIDE OPEN SPACES

Here, nonstop luxury for a family who loves to cook—and be near the cooking. An airy kitchen opened up with [illegible] equal areas for working and relaxing. The handy cutting board island offers storage space and, at each end, side racks for hanging pans. Overhead, a giant white hood draws from the cook-top. The dining alcove is countrified with a touch of Mexican: heavy beams, rough plaster walls, quarry tile flooring and a group of native artifacts around a warming fireplace.

Photograph by Dick Sharpe. Designed and built by Fred [illegible]

The Personal Kitchen




USE
WATSONS
MATCHLESS
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KITCHEN CHARM: EYE FUN AND FOOLERY

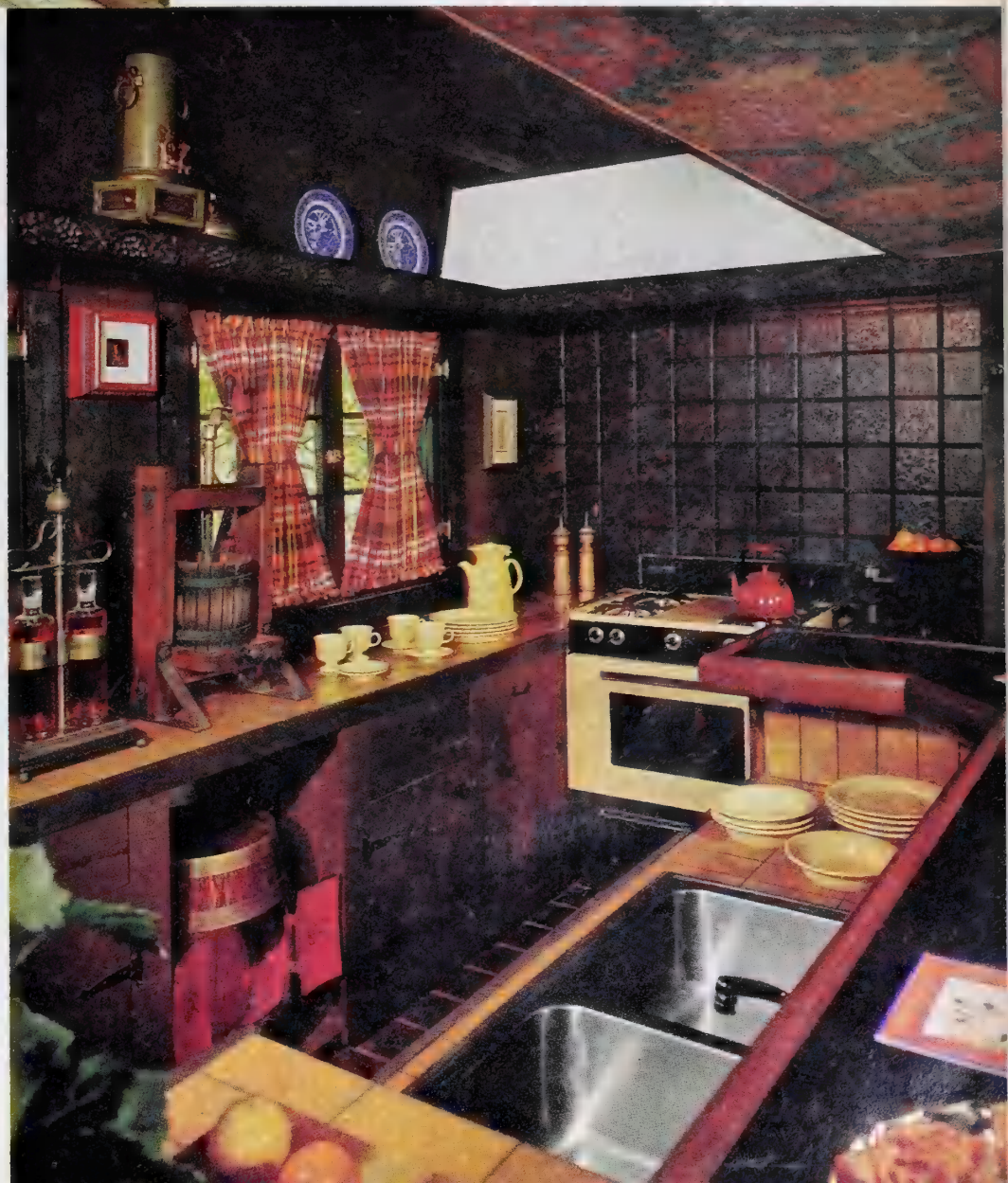
Opposite page and detail left: Personality plus—a perfectly charming, quite whimsical way to handle a kitchen. It takes a glance or two to be able to tell just what is real and what isn't. The numerous plants are genuine green and growing things. Yet the sprightly fields of clover all over the walls and ceiling are made of mere paper. The matching clover-bordered rug is a fool-the-eye painting, as are the hand done still lifes enhancing the cabinets and expanding the space. The attention-getters—including the walled baskets, turn-of-the-century scales, Casablanca ceiling fan and repeated lemon theme—all cleverly disguise the details of an older kitchen updated.

Photographs by Leland Lee. Design by Robert Mentzer

COMPACT KITCHEN: WINE BUFF'S CORNER

Right: This small-sized but sensibly laid out kitchen, set in the corner of a garage apartment, has everything well within arm's reach. Its boundaries are marked on one side by a serving bar for informal dining on the high counter stools. Easy to care for, the walls are tiled in rough brown squares, the countertops, in a smooth golden shade. Plaid curtains are sashed in the center, hourglass effect, and the ceiling is paneled with fabric echoing the same warm earthy colors. The non-essential details in this kitchen show off the owner's obvious devotion to the grape, including a darkly carved border motif, an antique grape press, corking machine, winery scale and for aging the vino, a plump wooden barrel.

Design by J. Davis Polk



The Ten Top Looks for Fall '76

Selected from this fall's great lineup of fashion, ten looks that go from classic to ethnic, from elegant to fun. You'll find styles like these to fit every pocketbook. Best news of all, they're not one-shot fads, but clothes you'll love for years to come.
By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.



Classic Jodhpur

Good-sport riding look for non-riders. Here captured in sleek velvet mini-check with brandy cashmere polo sweater and ascot. By Bill Haire for Friedricks.



Country Air

Adapted from the deep-country, a hearty look of red fisherman's vest over woodsman's shirt and plaid flared skirt. By Gayle Kirkpatrick for Tudor Square.



Grecian Goddess

A simple, flowing evening gown that falls softly in accordion pleats. As flattering as if it were made for the goddess Aphrodite. By Don Sayres for Camut.

Poncho Time

One of the great poncho looks, this, a slick all-weather ciré with sideways kangaroo pocket worn over a cowl-hooded sweater and tailored trousers. All, Bill Haire for Friedricks.



Cossack Coat

Go Russian for evening with a dashing tunic coat. This one is scroll trimmed with braid and jets, worn over a harem-legged jumpsuit. By Patti Cappalli for Jerry Silverman Sport.

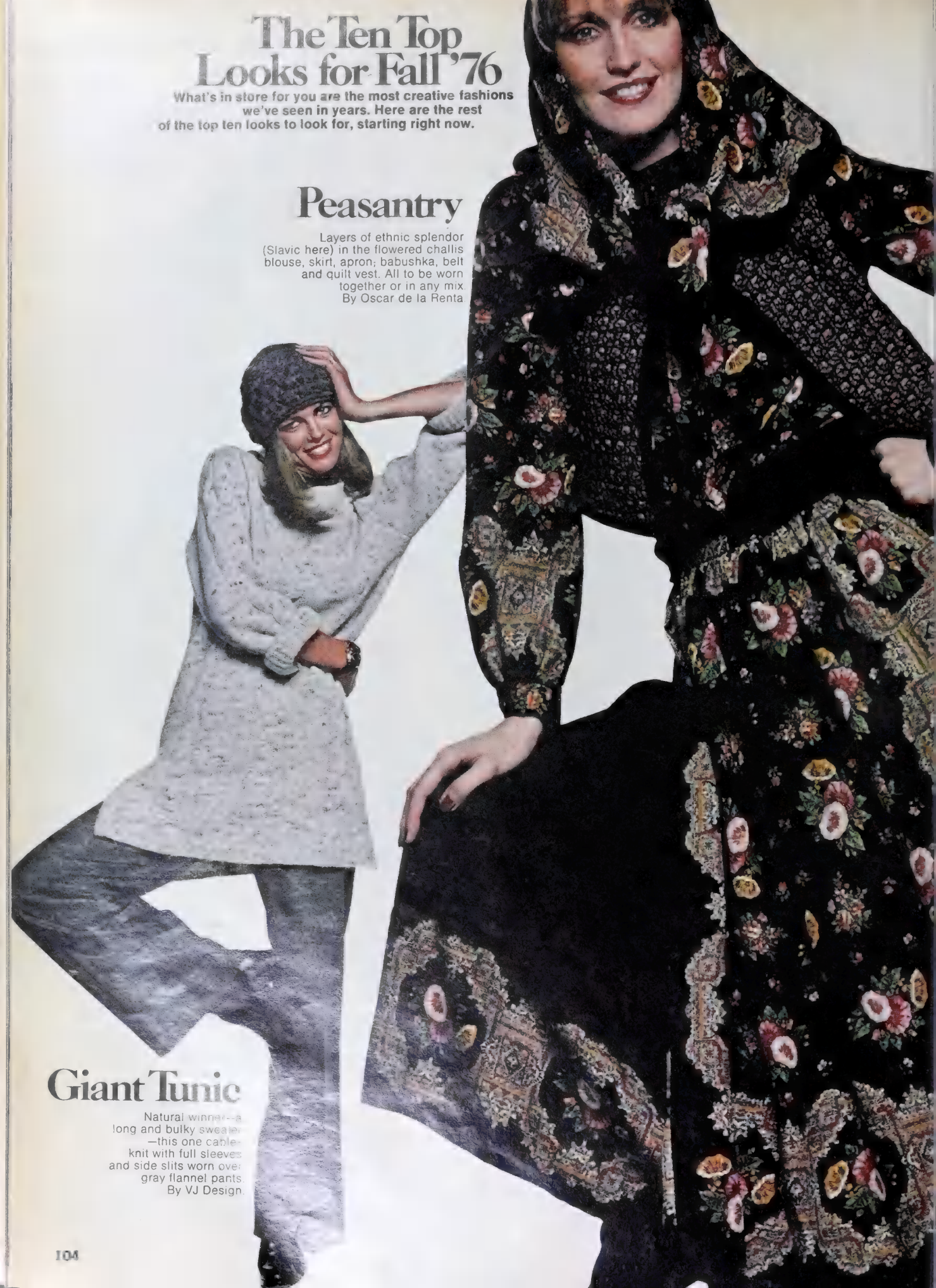
All photographs by Neal Barr. Hairstyles by Bob, makeup by Wendy, both of Cinandre. These two pages: KJL jewelry; Caravelle and Bulova watches; Golo shoes. See page 84 for more fashion information.

The Ten Top Looks for Fall '76

What's in store for you are the most creative fashions we've seen in years. Here are the rest of the top ten looks to look for, starting right now.

Peasantry

Layers of ethnic splendor (Slavic here) in the flowered challis blouse, skirt, apron; babushka, belt and quilt vest. All to be worn together or in any mix. By Oscar de la Renta



Giant Tunic

Natural winner—a long and bulky sweater—this one cable-knit with full sleeves and side slits worn over gray flannel pants. By VJ Design.

Menswear

Soft but debonair suiting. A mix of solids and pattern. Here, sand and smoke windowpane plaid jacket with solid vest, pleated pants and ascoted shirt. By Bill Haire for Friedricks.

Kilt Update

School chums updated. Lush, deep-pleated plaid kilt in mid-calf length. This one, shown with silky crepe de chine shirt and crewneck sweater. By Anne Klein.

Blanketing

One of the ethnic blanket looks, cut here into a hooded, scarved jacket and layered over the big cowl neck sweater, suede vest and gaucho pants. By Gil Aimbez for Genre.

These two pages: Boots by Golo, menswear hat by Frank Olive; watches by Accutron and Bulova.
See page 84 for more fashion information.









TOMATO

Big red tom, the bright vine-ripened beauty, is one food Americans almost can't live without. Eaten fresh and whole with salt, sliced in sandwiches, wedged in salads or cooked down as a base in a world of dishes, the tomato is firm and fully packed with vitamin C, and very near the bottom of the calorie scale —an average 35 each.
Recipes on page 123

Pictured top to bottom:

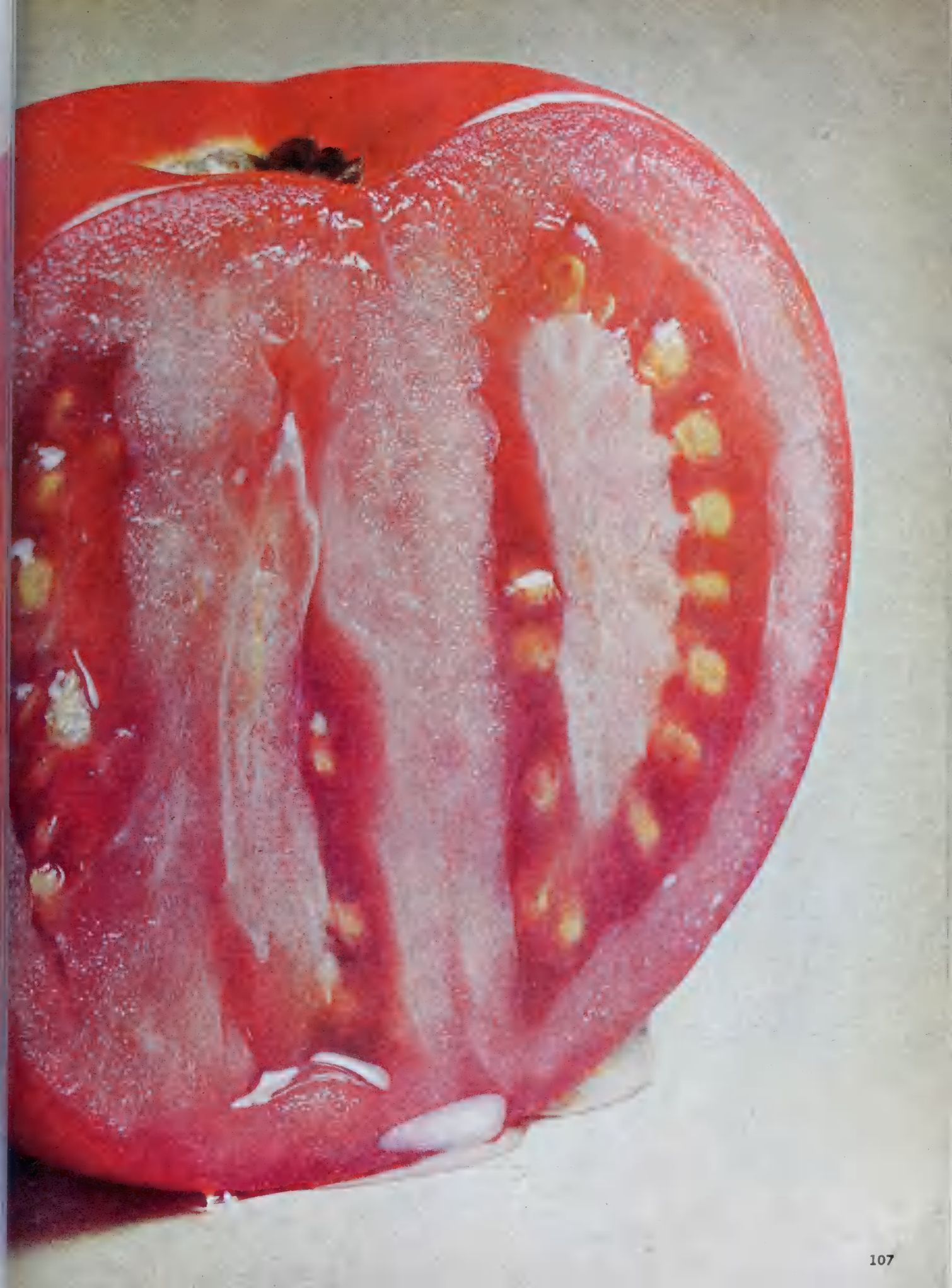
Pizza. An easy rendition of a family dinner-sized pie. Hot roll mix crust topped with mozzarella cheese, rounds of tomatoes, basil, oregano.

Stuffed tomato. A cupping of cottage cheese piqued with blue cheese dressing. Celery and scallions for crunch. A long peel of tomato skin curls for rose garnish.

Basic tomato sauce. To make in season and freeze for later use a thousand ways. It can be the essence of any "red" sauce . . . marinara, Spanish, etc.

Chili sauce. A spicy preserve put up, seeds and all, with green pepper, onions, celery, brown sugar and spices. A snap to make. Serve atop hamburgers, alongside of meats.

Photographs by Fred Schulze



LUNCH-TO-GO

Everybody's "brown bagging" these days—both to school and to work. Whether you're toting lunch in metal pail, basic paper or attaché case, bringing-your-own is suddenly the most satisfying way to get better food that's better for you—at better prices. Shake free of the bologna-on-rye rut and explore a challenging range of individualized midday edibles. All are readily portable, yet can happily stay home as well. Carefree carrying tips and recipes for a series of plan-ahead menus, on page 116.

By Sue B. Huffman, Food and Equipment Editor

FESTIVE



TEEN



HEARTY



Photographs by Rudy Muller



DIET



JUNIOR



HEALTH



MENUS

FESTIVE: Chilled cucumber soup; sherried chicken and asparagus in ham; zucchini salad; fruit tart; wine.

TEEN: Meat loaf on roll; marinated vegetables; apricot milkshake; peanut butter cupcakes; apple.

HEARTY: Meat turnover; raw vegetables; apple cake, orange spread; pear; coffee.

DIET: Greek salad; crackers; creamy coffee delight; melon; iced tea.

JUNIOR: Peanut butter/cheese sandwich; vegetables; grapes; carrot cookies; juice.

HEALTH: Bean sprout/avocado sandwich; sesame-cheese-stuffed celery; brown rice pudding; ambrosia.

MAGIC BIRTHDAY PARTY

To celebrate your child's all-important day in a wonderfully easy way, try your hand at making magic.





Presenting: a shazam-alakazam birthday party for kids, ages 6-10. Success is foolproof—any party with a hatful of rabbits is bound to be more fun than a barrelful of monkeys. The simple trick to this event is a never-ending number of surprises. Start off by sending out sleight-of-hand invitations on the backs of playing cards. Party decorations couldn't be easier—slews of balloons, cardboard hats with celestial cutouts and star-studded paper plates. Hire a local Merlin, cajole a talented older sibling or uncle, or teach your own youngster a few basic parlor tricks with wand, coins and cards. (Magic books and beginner's kits are inexpensive and plentiful.) At this party, even the food is magical! Opposite: Every wizard pulls something special out of a hat—and our cake-hat's the show-stealer.







Have the birthday child blow out the candles, then whisk away the lid of the top-hat chocolate cake. What should suddenly appear but a family of adorable cupcake rabbits (one per guest)

This page, top left: Hocus-pocus plate. Crunchy chicken drumsticks with surprise orange taste; Cheddar cheese presto-changed into baby carrots; a cucumber crown and magic pearl potatoes. (Hide a pearl onion in each, except one portion gets two; whoever finds the double treasure, wins a prize.) Lower left: Play-and-munch a deck of kings, queens and aces: oversized sugar card cookies, painted with even a minimum of artistic talent using tinted egg yolks. Center right: Funny-faced mouse. A cuddly scoop of ice cream with candy ears, chocolate chip eyes, nutty almond nose, licorice whiskers and tail.

Photographs by Paccioni

How America Entertains

Could this be magic? A party planned for fun and games. What you're trying to conjure up are gasps of astonishment and squeals of delight. Creating an illusion with food is less work (and less money) than you'd imagine. The crowning glory is the surprise rabbits in a magician's mystery hat cake. Full directions, shopping list, do-ahead timetable and delicious recipes start on page 129.

MAGIC BIRTHDAY PARTY MENU

Serves 6

Crunchy Drumsticks
Magic Pearl Potatoes
Cucumber Crown with Tomato Jewel
(no recipe)
Cheddar Cheese Carrots
Banana Nog
Mice Cream Magic Card Cookies
Magic Top Hat Cake

Give me



the soup that can do it all—Campbell's Tomato Soup.



From dips to desserts, from soups to sauces, everything Campbell's Tomato Soup gets into gets better: better-tasting, better-looking.

SPAGHETTI WITH MEAT SAUCE

½ pound ground beef
1 cup chopped onion
1 teaspoon basil leaves, crushed
1 teaspoon oregano leaves, crushed
1 large clove garlic, minced
2 cans (10¾ ounces each) Campbell's Tomato Soup
1 can (16 ounces) tomatoes, cut up
½ pound spaghetti, cooked and drained
Grated Parmesan cheese

In saucepan, brown beef and cook onion with seasonings until onion is tender (use shortening if necessary). Stir to separate meat. Add soup and tomatoes. Simmer 30 minutes; stir occasionally. Serve over spaghetti with Parmesan. Makes about 4 cups.

BEST EVER MEAT LOAF

1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato, Golden Mushroom, or Cream of Mushroom Soup
2 pounds ground beef
½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
⅓ cup finely chopped onion
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon salt
2 to 4 tablespoons water

Mix thoroughly ½ cup soup, beef, bread crumbs, onion, egg, and salt. Shape firmly into loaf (8 x 4"); place in shallow baking pan. Bake at 375°F. for 1 hour 15 minutes. Blend remaining soup, water, and 2 to 3 tablespoons drippings. Heat; stir occasionally. Serve with loaf. Garnish loaf with onion rings and serve with peas and onions if desired. Makes 6 servings.

PORK LOIN—TO—PERFECTION

3 to 4-pound pork loin rib roast
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato or Golden Mushroom Soup
½ cup water
½ cup chopped onion
1 tablespoon paprika
1 medium bay leaf
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
6 medium carrots, cut in 2-inch pieces
4 medium potatoes, cut in half

In large heavy pan, brown meat in shortening; pour off fat. Add soup, water, onion, and seasonings. Cover; cook over low heat 1 hour 15 minutes. Stir occasionally. Add carrots and potatoes. Cook 1 hour more or until done. Remove bay leaf. Thicken sauce if desired. Garnish with parsley. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

GARDEN DIP

1 package (8 ounces) cream cheese, softened
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
2 tablespoons finely chopped celery
2 tablespoons thinly sliced green onions
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
2 teaspoons horseradish
Generous dash garlic powder
Generous dash salt
Generous dash pepper
Generous dash hot pepper sauce

With electric mixer or rotary beater, beat cream cheese until smooth. Gradually add remaining ingredients; chill. Serve as a dip with assorted fresh vegetables, crackers, or chips. Makes about 2½ cups.

VEGETABLE MEDLEY

½ pound sliced mushrooms (about 2 cups)
3 small zucchini, sliced (about 3 cups)
2 medium green peppers, cut in strips
1 cup sliced onion
1 large clove garlic, minced
½ teaspoon basil leaves, crushed
2 tablespoons salad or olive oil
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
½ teaspoon salt
Grated Parmesan cheese

In large heavy pan, brown mushrooms and cook zucchini, green pepper, and onion with garlic and basil in oil 5 minutes. Add soup and salt. Cover; cook over low heat 15 minutes. Stir occasionally. Uncover; cook 5 minutes more. Serve with Parmesan. Makes about 6 cups.

PENTHOUSE CHICKEN

2 pounds chicken parts
¼ cup seasoned flour
Shortening or salad oil
½ medium green pepper, cut in strips
½ cup sliced onion
⅛ teaspoon thyme leaves, crushed
1 can (10¾ ounces) Campbell's Tomato Soup
¼ cup water
1 teaspoon vinegar

Dust chicken with flour. In skillet, brown chicken in hot shortening (¼-inch deep). Cover; cook over low heat 45 minutes or until done. Uncover last 10 minutes to crisp chicken. Remove chicken to warm platter; pour off all but 2 tablespoons drippings. Cook green pepper and onion with thyme in drippings until tender; add remaining ingredients. Heat, stirring to loosen browned bits. Serve over chicken. Makes 4 servings.

COOKBOOK OFFER: Get more than 600 exciting recipes in Campbell's "Cooking with Soup" Cookbook. Send $1.50 and any two Campbell's Soup labels with your name, address and zip code to: COOKBOOK, BOX 494, Maple Plain, Minn. 55359. Offer good only in U.S.A. May be withdrawn at any time. Void where prohibited or restricted. Allow six weeks for delivery.



Give me the Campbell Life.

EVERYBODY LOVES A SANDWICH

Whether an All-American hero or intensely ethnic, sandwiches are our daily bread.

Sandwiches—whether eaten at breakfast (the Turks munch on chocolate sandwiches for quick A.M. energy), lunch (the rustle of paper bags is heard throughout the land), supper (amazing how filling a toasted cheese with tomato and mustard can be), or midnight snack (Dagwoods unite)—those two pieces of bread, with you-name-it in between are a subject of universal concern, endless fascination—the National Sandwich Headquarters estimates that 300 million sandwiches are consumed every day in America. We talk a lot about sandwiches in this issue—see "Lunch-to-Go," page 108. Here are some more essentials.

Breads

"Fresh" is the critical word. We often keep ours in the freezer, but in many homes we know, bread doesn't sit around long enough for this precaution. "Variety" is another word we promote—try pita (also called Syrian or pocket bread), bagels (in a range of flavors), the whole grains, and what about rolls for a real change? Homemade bread, thick cut, is still probably our all-time favorite. A trick we saw just recently is nice for a change of pace (surprise!)—try a slice of white and one of rye, or pumpernickel, or whatever.

Fillings

A spread of soft butter or margarine is more than a habit—it keeps fillings from soaking into bread. Also keeps bread fresher. Doesn't have to be thick (dieters note) but must be all-over. Try cream cheeses and spreads for same effect. If using meat or cheese, many thin slices are better than one thick one. This also lets you shape filling to size of bread—unless you're an "edge nibbler" like some we know.

Preparation

We've been reading for years about making sandwiches the night before—for those who pack for lunch-carriers. That's fine if you can get it all together, but we somehow still prefer making them the day of carrying. What does help, we find, is *planning* things the day before. If you do make up the night before, be sure your handiwork stays in the refrigerator overnight and add such things as mayo, tomatoes, eggs the next morning. As to freezing ahead—that's possible for some, but we find it limiting because of the things that won't freeze. But it can be a time-saver if you're into simple things like plain roast beef or cream cheese.

Wrapping

For all brown-baggers, wrapping can be the tremendous trifle that makes or breaks a good lunch. Airtight is the critical factor, and you can insure this many ways: plastic wrap or bags, foil, waxed paper (sealed with tape), Ziplock bags or Square-A-Way containers by Tupperware—be sure you save these last two.

Surprises

If packing lunch is a daily routine, don't sink into a boring pattern. **Snacks:** Put in sunflower or pumpkin seeds, soybeans. Or instead of chips, try popcorn for a snack. **Drinks:** Switch off your regular liquid, be it coffee, tea or milk. Drink piping hot bouillon or chilly gazpacho. Freeze those little cans of apple or tomato juice; delicious, plus they'll keep your lunchbox cool. **Fillings:** Substitute shredded cabbage for the usual lettuce. Make double-deckers one day, open-faced sandwiches the next—decorated in tic-tac-toe design with pimiento strips, olive slices. **Extras:** Send along fun, new single packets of mustard, catsup, sandwich spread, mayonnaise, salt and pepper. For a touch of silliness, decorate a cupcake or a slice of cake with a smiling face. **Unfood:** Slip in love notes, a clipping from a magazine, cartoons. Make your own greeting cards; put in reminders of appointments or bring-homes. Or wrap up an inexpensive game or puzzle.

Celebrity Sandwiches

Everyone loves a sandwich, including the stars. When asked, these famous people confessed: **Elizabeth Taylor** joked, "I'd kill for avocado with alfalfa sprouts and bacon on rye." **Rock Hudson** loves cold roast beef and tomatoes on thin, home-baked white bread. **Gene Hackman** said, "Forget the foolishness and give me a peanut butter on good old fresh French bread." **Billie Jean King** volleys, "Give me a Big Mac any time—and often." **Danny Kaye** adores hotdogs, 2 or 3 at a sitting. **Candice Bergen** sticks to peanut butter with bacon and mayonnaise. (Peanut butter is still the # 1 favorite.) **Zubin Mehta** requests a hamburger patty with a fried egg on top, oozing with hot pepper sauce on open-faced rye. **Shirley MacLaine** fancies white chicken meat and tomatoes on white bread with plenty of mayonnaise. **Debbie Reynolds** is enticed by things healthy—avocado, bean sprouts and slices of tomato on whole wheat bread. And **Elliott Gould's** bent is for hot corned beef, piled high with coleslaw, Swiss cheese and Russian dressing, but "only if a dill pickle is served along with it."

Illustration by Rainbow Grinder



"Identical twin salads? No!"

Says Maurice Moore-Betty, noted cooking teacher.



"Part of the garden flavor's missing in this salad."

The dressing was made with one of those oils which has a noticeable taste of its own. Some oils just come on too strong in salads. And their taste can mask the delicate flavor of any salad. But, pure, mild Wesson Oil is a flavor-saver.

"All the garden flavor's alive in the Wesson® Oil salad."

The dressing was made with the mild Wesson blend of pure vegetable oils, which has no noticeable taste of its own. So the full flavor of salads comes through. With Wesson you taste the delicate vegetables and delicious seasonings—not the oil.



Unlike some oils, Wesson has no noticeable taste of its own.

With Wesson® you taste the salad-not the oil.

©1976 Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc.

LUNCH-TO-GO

continued from page 109

FESTIVE

CHILLED CUCUMBER SOUP

All recipes pictured on pages 108–109

Dill weed and yogurt flavor this tangy, low-cal soup.

1½ cups sliced peeled cucumber
1 cup chicken broth
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons plain yogurt
1 teaspoon fresh dill (or ¼ teaspoon dried)
Salt and pepper to taste
Sliced cucumber for garnish (optional)

Combine cucumbers, broth and onion in saucepan. Heat to boiling. Reduce heat and cook until cucumbers are translucent, about 10 minutes. Pour into blender container. Purée until smooth. Chill.

Before serving, stir in yogurt, dill, salt and pepper. Garnish with additional cucumber slices, if desired. Makes two 1-cup servings. About 40 calories each.

To carry, pour into totable insulated container.

SESAME SEED BREAD STICKS

Once you've tried these crispy bread sticks, you'll make them again and again.

3½ to 4 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2½ teaspoons Italian herb seasoning
1 teaspoon garlic powder
2 packages active dry yeast
1 tablespoon sugar
2 teaspoons salt
¼ cup olive or salad oil
1½ cups warm water (110-115°F.)
1 egg, beaten with 1 tablespoon water
½ cup sesame seed

Combine flour with Italian herbs and garlic powder; set aside. Combine yeast, sugar and salt in large bowl. Add oil and ¼ cup warm water; stir with wooden spoon for 3 minutes. Gradually add flour mixture alternately with remaining water. Mix well. Let dough rest 5 minutes. Knead on lightly floured surface for 5 minutes. Divide dough into 20 equal pieces. Roll each piece into a rope about 5 inches long. Place on lightly greased cookie sheet. Brush each piece with beaten egg and sprinkle with sesame seed. Cover and let rise in warm place for 20 minutes. Preheat oven to 300°F. Bake for 35 to 45 minutes or until golden brown. Makes 20. About 120 calories each.

SHERRIED CHICKEN-ASPARAGUS ROLLS

A new dimension in finger food.

½ cup water
1 chicken bouillon cube
2 tablespoons dry sherry
2½ teaspoons cornstarch
8 thin slices ham
1 whole chicken breast, cooked, boned and shredded
8 frozen asparagus spears, cooked and drained
4 slices bacon, cooked

To cook sherry sauce: Combine water, chicken bouillon, sherry and cornstarch in a small saucepan. Heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Chill.

To assemble rolls: For each, place 2 slices of ham atop each other. Layer diagonally on ham 3 tablespoons shredded chicken, 1 tablespoon sherry sauce, 2 asparagus spears and 1 slice bacon. Bring opposite ends together over filling and secure with wooden picks. Repeat making 3 more. Cover and chill. Makes 2 servings. About 185 calories per roll.

To carry, pack in insulated container.

REFRESHING ZUCCHINI SALAD

2 tablespoons plain yogurt
¾ teaspoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon honey
¼ teaspoon oregano, crushed
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup finely sliced zucchini
¼ cup coarsely chopped green onions

Combine yogurt, lemon juice, honey, oregano and salt; mix well. Stir in zucchini and green onions; toss to coat. Chill. Makes 2 servings. About 30 calories per serving.

To carry, spoon into individual bowls with tight-fitting lids.

APPLE-PEAR CHEESE TARTS

Delectable little tarts destined to become family favorites.

Pastry:
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
Dash salt
½ cup shortening
2 cups shredded sharp Cheddar cheese (8 oz.)
5 to 7 tablespoons cold water
Filling:
2 cups peeled, chopped apples
2 cups peeled, chopped pears
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon cinnamon
Dash salt
¼ cup water
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 egg, lightly beaten (optional)

To prepare pastry: Combine flour and salt in medium bowl. Cut in shortening with pastry blender or two knives until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add cheese and toss. Sprinkle in cold water and mix quickly and lightly with fork. With hands, shape into a ball. Chill.

To prepare filling: Combine apples and pears in medium bowl; set aside.

In a saucepan, combine sugar, cornstarch, cinnamon and salt. Add water and lemon juice and stir until smooth. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens. Remove from heat; pour over fruit and toss.

To assemble tarts: Divide dough in half, one ball slightly larger than the other. On lightly floured surface, roll out larger ball into an 18x12 inch rectangle. Cut into six 6-inch circles. (Use a 6-inch plate as a guide.) Fit dough into six 3-inch muffin pan cups or individual pie dishes with edges extending over pan. Fill each evenly with fruit. Roll out remaining dough and cut into six 4½-inch circles. Place over fruit. Trim and flute edges. (Tarts may be frozen at this stage if wrapped securely.) Brush pastry with beaten egg, if desired. Make 2 slits in top dough so steam can escape. Bake for 35 to 45 minutes or until crust is golden brown. Remove from muffin pans to cool. If baked in individual pans, do not remove from pans to cool. Makes 6 tarts. About 556 calories each.

To carry, wrap each tart in foil or plastic wrap.

TEEN

HEARTY MEAT LOAF SANDWICH

Good way to use leftover meat loaf.

1½ teaspoons catsup
¼ teaspoon mustard
⅛ teaspoon prepared horseradish
1 hard roll, split
Butter or margarine, softened
2 slices baked meat loaf
1 slice Muenster cheese
1 slice tomato

For sandwich: Combine catsup, mustard and horseradish. Butter cut sides of rolls. Arrange 2 slices meat loaf on bottom half of roll. Spread on catsup mixture, then cheese and tomato. Top with roll half. Makes 1 sandwich. About 560 calories. To carry, wrap tomato slice separately from sandwich.

MILD MARINATED VEGETABLES

A good salad to keep on hand in the refrigerator—lasts up to a week.

1½ cups cooked green beans
1½ cups cooked whole-kernel corn
1 large red onion, sliced
3 tablespoons salad oil
¼ cup white wine vinegar
1½ teaspoons basil, crushed
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Combine all ingredients. Mix well. Chill in refrigerator overnight, stirring occasionally. Keeps up to 1 week. Makes 6 servings. About 110 calories per serving.

To carry, spoon each serving into individual container with tight-fitting lid.

PEANUT BUTTER CUP CAKES

Perfect for any age peanut butter fan.

Cup Cakes:
½ cup creamy peanut butter
⅓ cup butter or margarine
1 cup packed brown sugar
2 eggs
2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ tablespoons cocoa
1 tablespoon double acting baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract
Frosting:
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 tablespoons creamy peanut butter
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
3 to 4 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
⅓ cup chopped peanuts

To prepare cup cakes: *(continued*

A butter way to bake a better cake.



Leave it to Betty Crocker to come up with something extra special. The Butter-Rich Cake. It looks like an ordinary cake but it tastes extraordinarily delicious. The stick of creamy butter and extra fresh eggs you add are what make this cake so rich. Why not butter up your family tonight? Just follow this simple recipe with any one of seven Betty Crocker cake mix flavors.

The best things begin with Betty Crocker.

Butter-Rich Cake Made with Betty Crocker® Cake Mix

1 package Betty Crocker® devils food, yellow, German chocolate, chocolate fudge supreme, Sunkist* lemon, marble or milk chocolate cake mix
3 eggs
1 cup water
½ cup butter, softened
1 package of your favorite flavor Betty Crocker frosting mix or Browned Butter Frosting (below)

Heat oven to 350°. Grease and flour oblong pan, 13x9x2 inches. Blend cake mix (dry), eggs, water and butter in large bowl on low speed, scraping bowl constantly, until moistened, about ½ minute. Beat on medium speed, scraping bowl frequently, 3 minutes. Pour batter into pan. Bake until wooden pick inserted in center comes out clean, 35 to 40 minutes; cool. Prepare frosting mix as directed on package; frost cake.

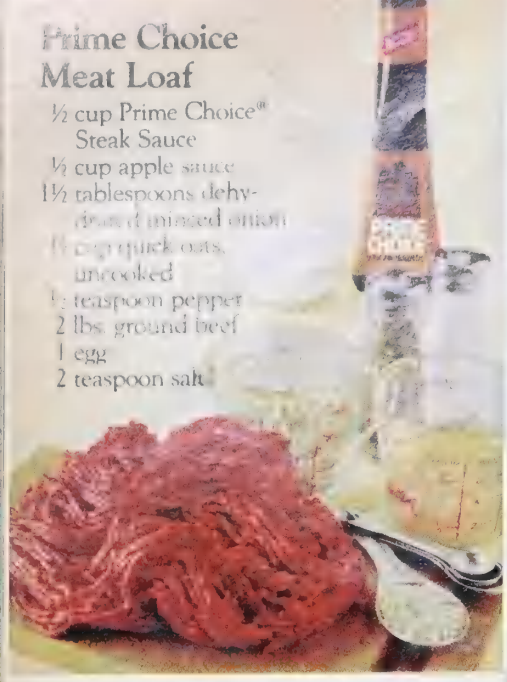
Betty Crocker®

BROWNED BUTTER FROSTING: Prepare Betty Crocker creamy white frosting mix as directed on package except—lightly brown butter over low heat before adding to frosting mix.

High Altitude (over 3500 feet): Heat oven to 375°. Stir 2 tablespoons flour into cake mix; increase water to 1¼ cups. Continue as directed.

®Reg. T.M. of General Mills, Inc. *Reg. T.M. of Sunkist Growers, Inc.

Look for other delicious recipes on all of our cake mix packages.

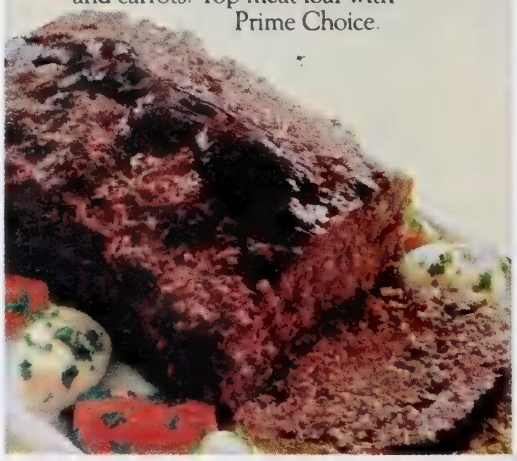


Prime Choice Meat Loaf

½ cup Prime Choice® Steak Sauce
½ cup apple sauce
1½ tablespoons dehydrated minced onion
½ cup quick oats, uncooked
½ teaspoon pepper
2 lbs. ground beef
1 egg
2 teaspoon salt

Combine all ingredients except ground beef. Blend. Add ground beef and stir until Prime Choice® mixture is evenly distributed.

Pat meat into large loaf pan. Bake at 350° for 1½ hours. Serve hot with parsley potatoes and carrots. Top meat loaf with Prime Choice.



LUNCH-TO-GO

continued

Preheat oven to 350° F. Grease 16 2¾-inch muffin-pan cups or use paper liners. Cream peanut butter and butter or margarine with electric mixer at medium speed until combined. Add sugar; beat until smooth and fluffy. Add eggs and continue mixing until light and fluffy, scraping bowl occasionally.

Sift together flour, cocoa, baking powder and salt. Combine milk and vanilla. With mixer at low speed, beat in half the dry ingredients and all the liquid. Add remaining dry ingredients and beat just until mixed. Spoon batter into cup cake pans. Bake for 20 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Remove from pans. Cool on wire racks.

To prepare frosting: Cream butter or margarine and peanut butter. Add confectioners' sugar alternately with milk. Beat until fluffy. Stir in vanilla. Fold in peanuts. Frost top of cup cakes.

Makes 16 cup cakes. About 370 calories each.

GOLDEN APRICOT MILKSHAKE

Protein-packed plus vitamin A as a bonus from the apricots.

1 cup milk
1 egg
3 canned apricot halves, well drained
⅛ teaspoon almond extract
Dash salt

Combine all ingredients in a blender container. Puree until smooth. Makes 1 serving: 395 calories.

To carry, pour into a freezer-proof container with tight-fitting lid; freeze. Pack frozen in lunch bag. By lunch time, the drink should be thawed or slushy.

HEARTY MEAT TURNOVERS

Fantastic hot or cold—and they freeze like a dream.

Pastry:
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup shortening
3 to 4 tablespoons cold water
Filling:
½ pound ground beef
¼ pound ground pork
1 cup chopped onions
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon garlic powder
Dash pepper
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup mashed potatoes
½ cup chopped fresh spinach
¼ cup catsup
1 egg, slightly beaten

To make pastry: Combine flour and salt. Cut in shortening with pastry blender or two knives until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Add cold water and mix quickly with fork until pastry forms a ball. Wrap in plastic wrap, chill.

For filling: Brown ground beef and pork in skillet. Add onions, salt, garlic powder and pepper. Cook until onions are tender, about 3 to 5 minutes. Add flour; mix well. Stir in mashed potatoes, spinach and catsup until well mixed. Remove from heat; set aside.

Preheat oven to 425° F. Divide pastry in half. Roll one half on lightly floured surface to a 12x7-inch rectangle. Cut in half lengthwise. Spoon ¼ of the meat mixture onto each 7x6-inch rectangle. Brush edges of pastry with beaten egg. Fold pastry, from 7-inch side, over meat to form turnover. With tines of fork press edges to seal. Brush top with beaten egg. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Cut slits in top to allow steam to escape. Repeat with remaining pastry and filling. Bake for 25 to 35 minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot or cold.

To serve cold, cool on wire rack for 30 minutes. Lightly wrap, refrigerate. Makes 4. About 800 calories each.

To freeze: Wrap cooled turnovers in foil; freeze. To serve, place frozen in refrigerator overnight or at room temperature for 4 hours.

To carry, wrap chilled turnovers in foil or plastic wrap.

APPLESAUCE CAKE WITH ORANGE SPREAD

Great for snack or dessert—the orange spread adds the final coup.

2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¾ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup butter or margarine
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup applesauce
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup seedless raisins
½ cup chopped pecans
Orange Spread (recipe follows)

Preheat oven to 350° F. Grease a 9x5x2½-inch loaf pan; set aside. Combine flour, sugar, baking powder, soda, cinnamon, salt and nutmeg. Mix well. Cut in butter or margarine with pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture resembles coarse crumbs.

Combine eggs, applesauce and vanilla. Add to dry ingredients. Mix only until moistured. Fold in raisins and nuts. Pour into prepared pan. Bake for 60 to 70 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool in pan 5 minutes. Remove from pan and cool completely on wire rack.

To serve, slice bread into 16 slices. Spread each slice with Orange Spread. Place 2 slices together to *(continued)*



Prime Choice® Steak Sauce can turn ordinary ground beef into something a little extraordinary. It's the unique tasting sauce w just a hint of sweetnes In fact, it's so thick an delicious, it adds zest any cut of meat.

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BRAND

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Sweet 'n Sour Chicken

1 can (8 oz.) pineapple chunks
½ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons shortening
1¼ cups water
2 cups carrot sticks
3 HERB-OX® Chicken Bouillon Cubes or Instant Broth packets
¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¼ teaspoon ginger
¼ cup catsup
2 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon soy sauce
2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 cup green pepper strips
¾ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2¼ cups MINUTE® Rice

Drain pineapple, reserving juice. Add water to juice to make 2¼ cups. Sauté onion in shortening in large skillet until tender. Add 1¼ cups water, carrots and bouillon or broth. Cover and simmer 5 minutes. Combine sugar, cornstarch and ginger; add catsup, vinegar and soy sauce, and stir into vegetable mixture. Cook until clear and thickened. Add chicken, green pepper and pineapple; cover and simmer 5 minutes. Meanwhile, bring measured liquid, salt and butter to a boil. Stir in rice. Remove from heat; cover and let stand 5 minutes. Serve chicken mixture over rice. Makes 6 servings.

LUNCH-TO-GO

continued

four "sandwich." Makes 8 servings. About 520 calories for each "sandwich."

Orange Spread
5 ounces cream cheese
1 tablespoon orange juice
1 tablespoon grated orange peel
1 tablespoon sugar

Combine all ingredients in small bowl and stir until well mixed. Chill.

DIET

GREEK SALAD WITH SPICY GARDEN DRESSING

1 cup torn iceberg lettuce
1 cup torn romaine lettuce
2 green onions, sliced
3 radishes, sliced
½ cup sliced cucumbers
6 cherry tomatoes
3 ounces feta or Muenster cheese, cut into strips
½ chicken breast, cooked and slivered
½ cup cubed green pepper
Spicy Garden Dressing (recipe follows)

Combine all ingredients. Divide in half. Makes 2 servings. About 268 calories per serving with 1 tablespoon Spicy Garden Dressing.

To carry, place each salad in airtight container or bag with a few drops of water. In watertight plastic bag, place 2 ice cubes. Pack with salads to help keep crisp.

SPICY GARDEN DRESSING
2 tablespoons cornstarch
¾ cup water
¼ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons salad oil
2 tablespoons capers, drained
2 tablespoons catsup
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
2 teaspoons prepared horseradish
1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
1 garlic clove, minced

Combine cornstarch and water in saucepan. Cook, stirring frequently, until thickened. Stir in remaining ingredients and chill overnight. Makes 1⅓-cups. About 18 calories per tablespoon.

To carry, spoon into midget-size plastic container with tight-fitting lid.

DIET-LITE COFFEE DESSERT

So good you'll never believe it's low-cal.

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
2 cups skim milk
1½ tablespoons powdered instant coffee
1 egg, slightly beaten
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon orange extract
Orange peel, for garnish (optional)

Combine gelatin and milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until gelatin is dissolved. Stir in coffee.

Combine egg and sugar, mix well. Add some hot coffee mixture to egg mixture, stirring constantly. Pour heated egg mixture into hot coffee mixture, stirring constantly to prevent lumps. Continue to cook for 2 more minutes. Mixture will be thin. Remove from heat and stir in orange extract. Continue stirring until custard cools slightly. Pour into 4 individual serving bowls with tight-fitting lids. Refrigerate at least 3 hours. Makes four ½-cup servings. About 125 calories per serving.

To carry, cover and pack with lunch. Will hold at room temperature up to 3 or 4 hours. Garnish if desired.

JUNIOR

CHEESY APPLE-PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH

2 tablespoons peanut butter
2 slices cracked wheat bread
4 dried apple rings
1 slice American cheese
1 lettuce leaf

Evenly spread peanut butter on each slice of bread. Layer one slice with dried apple rings, cheese and lettuce. Top with bread slice. Cut into quarters. Makes 1 sandwich. About 525 calories.

SOFT CARROT RAISIN COOKIES

¾ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup sugar
1 cup grated raw carrot
1 egg
¼ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons grated orange peel
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
2¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup seedless raisins

Preheat oven to 375° F. Cream butter or margarine and sugar with an electric mixer at medium speed until light and fluffy. Add carrots, egg, orange juice and peel and vanilla. Mix well.

Combine flour, baking powder and salt. Gradually add to carrot mixture just until mixed. Fold in raisins.

Drop by tablespoonfuls, 2 inches apart, onto greased cookie sheets. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes until golden. Remove to wire racks; cool. Store in tightly covered container. Makes 2 dozen cookies. About 140 calories each.

HEALTH

CRUNCHY SESAME-STUFFED CELERY

⅓ cup sesame seed
1 cup cottage cheese
2 tablespoons minced green pepper
2 tablespoons red pepper
1½ tablespoons chopped parsley
1 tablespoon prepared horseradish
1 teaspoon lemon juice
¾ teaspoon salt
12 celery sticks, each about 3" long

Place sesame seed in a small skillet. Toast over medium heat, shaking skillet occasionally, until golden brown. Cool.

Combine sesame seed and remaining ingredients except celery in medium bowl. Cover and chill. To serve, spread 2 tablespoons of mixture into each celery stalk. Makes 12 stuffed celery sticks. About 35 calories each. To carry, arrange in container with tight-fitting lid.

BEAN SPROUT-AVOCADO SANDWICH

2 teaspoons butter or margarine, softened
2 slices cracked wheat bread
½ cup fresh or canned bean sprouts, well drained
1 teaspoon mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
Dash soy sauce
Salt and pepper to taste
3 slices avocado
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 lettuce leaves

Lightly butter one side of each brea slice. In small bowl, combine bea sprouts, mayonnaise, mustard, soy sauc salt and pepper; mix well.

Dip avocado slices into lemon juic to keep from darkening; drain well.

For sandwich, layer on bread slic lettuce leaf, bean sprout mixture, avo cado and lettuce leaf; top with remain ing bread slice. Makes 1 sandwich About 365 calories.

To carry, wrap avocado slices an bean sprout mixture separately.

AMBROSIA

2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons sweetened condensed milk
1 tablespoon grated orange peel
2 teaspoons grated lemon peel
⅛ teaspoon allspice
Pinch salt
1 medium orange, peeled and sectioned
½ cup seedless grapes
½ cup cubed pear
½ cup cubed plum or apple
½ cup flaked coconut

Combine first six ingredients in a bowl Mix well. Add remaining ingredients toss until well mixed. Chill. Makes servings. About 120 calories each.

To carry, spoon into individual wide mouth insulated container.

DATE-BROWN RICE PUDDING

1 cup cooked brown rice
1 cup chopped pitted dates
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons cornstarch
3 tablespoons honey
2 teaspoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, slightly beaten
Lemon peel, for garnish

Combine brown rice, dates and lemon peel; set aside.

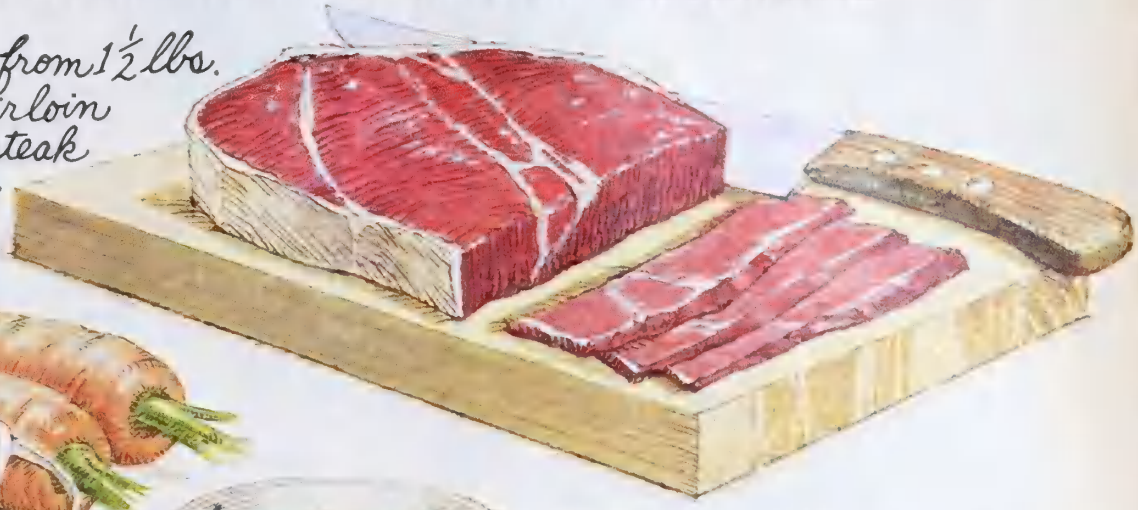
In a saucepan, mix milk, cornstarch honey, lemon juice, cinnamon and salt stirring until smooth. Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently, until milk mixture thickens slightly. Add some hot milk mixture to eggs, stirring constantly Pour egg mixture into hot milk, stirring constantly, to prevent lumping. Cook for 2 minutes more, stirring constantly Remove from heat. Stir in brown rice mixture. Makes four ¾-cup servings. About 285 calories per serving.

To carry, pour into individual serving bowls with tight-fitting lids. Refrigerate overnight. Garnish with lemon peel, if desired.

End

THIS QUICK, INEXPENSIVE RECIPE ALLS FOR STEAK, MUSHROOMS, CELERY, SOY SAUCE, GREEN PEPPER AND FLAVOR FROM THE MEAT OF THE TOMATO.

1. Trim fat from 1½ lbs. top round or sirloin steak and cut steak into thin strips 2-inches long; reserve.





2. Slice 1 small onion and separate into rings and prepare ¾ cup very thin slices of carrot.



3. Cut 1 small green pepper in thin strips. Slice 1½ cups of celery and drain 1 (4 oz.) can sliced mushrooms.

4. Blend 1 tablespoon cornstarch with ¼ cup soy sauce in a small bowl.



5. Stir in 1 (8 oz.) can Hunt's Tomato Sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon ground ginger and set aside.



6. Sear the steak strips in ¼ cup oil in a large skillet or wok over high heat, stirring constantly.

7. Add the onion rings and carrot and celery slices and continue to "stir-fry" over high heat just until crisp-tender. Then add the green pepper strips & mushroom slices.

8. Stir in the Hunt's Sauce mixture and "stir-fry" 3 to 4 minutes longer until the sauce thickens slightly and becomes shiny. Serve over 3 cups hot cooked rice. Makes 6 servings.

HUNT'S® TOMATO SAUCE.
LAVOR FROM THE MEAT OF THE TOMATO.

STIR-FRY BEEF

© 1975 HUNT-WESSON FOODS, INC.

- 1½ lbs. top round or sirloin steak
- ¼ cup pure vegetable oil
- 1 small onion, sliced
- 1½ cups diagonally sliced celery
- ¾ cup thinly sliced carrots
- 1 Tablesp. cornstarch
- ¼ cup soy sauce
- 1 (8-oz.) can Hunt's Tomato Sauce
- 1 teasp. sugar
- ¼ teasp. ground ginger
- 1 small green pepper, cut in thin strips
- 1 (4-oz.) can sliced mushrooms, drained
- 3 cups hot cooked rice

Trim steak and cut into thin strips 2 inches long. Sear in oil in a large skillet or wok over high heat. Separate onion slices into rings and add to skillet with sliced celery and carrots. "Stir and fry" just until crisp-tender. Blend cornstarch with soy sauce in small bowl and stir in Hunt's Sauce and seasonings. Add all at once to skillet with green pepper strips and mushrooms. "Stir and fry" about 3 to 4 minutes longer until sauce thickens slightly and becomes shiny. Serve on hot cooked rice. Makes 6 servings.

California Siesta Fiesta

California—the land of casual living; home of California Ripe Olives and Spanish Rice-A-Roni, flavor delights that make meal preparation a snap. Wherever you are, you can enjoy a California Siesta Fiesta tonight. Our recipe will make four fabulous main dish servings at around 50¢ apiece. Toss in the salad for a few pennies more. It's cool kitchen cooking. Top-of-stove one-pan easy.

California Siesta Fiesta





1 pkg. (5½ oz.) GOLDEN GRAIN Spanish Rice-A-Roni
2 tbsp. butter
2 cups hot water
1 can (1 lb.) stewed tomatoes
1 can (6½ oz.) tuna, drained
1 cup pitted CALIFORNIA RIPE OLIVES
Dash Tabasco

Brown rice and vermicelli in butter. Add water, Spanish flavor packet, tomatoes, tuna, olives and Tabasco. Bring to boil, reduce heat, cover and simmer 15 minutes. Makes 6 (1 cup) servings.



TOMATO

continued from page 107

TOMATO PIZZA pictured on page 106

Hot roll mix makes the crust on this cheesy, unusual pizza.

¼ cup cornmeal
4 tomatoes
1 package (13¾ oz.) hot roll mix
¾ cup lukewarm water
2 pounds mozzarella cheese, coarsely grated
4 tablespoons olive oil
1½ teaspoons basil
1 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon onion salt
½ teaspoon garlic powder

Sprinkle two 14-inch pizza pans with cornmeal, set aside.

Preheat oven to 425°F. Core and skin tomatoes; cut into ¼-inch slices. Drain on paper towels.

For crust: Dissolve yeast from hot roll mix in ¾ cup lukewarm water (do not add egg). Stir in mix. Knead dough on lightly floured surface about 5 minutes or until smooth. Cover and allow to rest 10 minutes.

Divide dough in half. Roll out each half on unfloured surface into a 15-inch circle. (Dough is very elastic and will shrink back.) Transfer to prepared pans. Evenly sprinkle on cheese. Arrange tomato slices on cheese. Sprinkle on remaining ingredients. Bake for 20 to 30 minutes or until crust is browned. (Pizza on lower rack will bake more quickly.) Makes two 14-inch pies. Cut each pie into 8 slices. About 335 calories per slice.

CHEESE STUFFED TOMATOES pictured on page 106

Jazz up the basic cottage cheese-stuffed tomato with bottled blue cheese salad dressing.

3 ripe tomatoes
1 container (16 oz.) cottage cheese
3 tablespoons bottled blue cheese dressing
3 tablespoons finely chopped green onions
3 tablespoons finely chopped celery
½ teaspoon salt
1 tomato, for garnish

Cut tomatoes in half and scoop out seeds. Invert to drain.

In medium bowl, combine cottage cheese, dressing, green onions, celery and salt until blended. Spoon cottage cheese mixture into tomato halves. Refrigerate. To serve, garnish each with tomato "rose" and green onions, if desired. Makes 6 servings. About 150 calories per serving.

BASIC TOMATO SAUCE pictured on page 106

The answer to an overabundance of garden tomatoes: make a sauce that lends itself to many dishes, freeze. *(continued)*



Spicy Meat-Stuffed Tomato

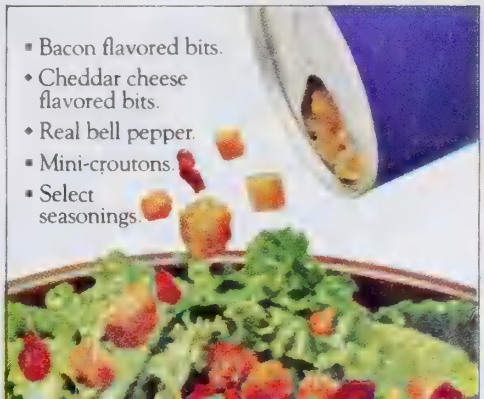
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makes salads taste special.

You've got the salt and pepper shakers, now get the *Flavor Shaker*—Salad Crispins.® It can turn any green salad into something special. Just shake on this delicious assortment of flavor bits, crunchy mini-croutons and select seasonings that really give your salads a lift.

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Shake on the flavor.





Which diet plate has fewer calories?

You could save at least 20 calories by ordering the plate with mashed potatoes.

It's true. On both plates the beef patties have 185 calories and the tomatoes about 15. Where you save is by choosing potatoes. Even mashed with milk with butter added, half a cup of fresh mashed potatoes has fewer than 100 calories. Half a cup of creamed cottage cheese has at least 120.

So you could save at least 20 calories and enjoy a delicious, economical potato in the bargain. (We do recognize, however, that neither "diet plate" is a properly balanced meal.)

Potatoes aren't just delicious, they're good for you. A medium-size potato provides almost one-third the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance of Vitamin C plus other important vitamins and minerals. And potatoes help balance a proper diet meal by giving you carbohydrates, the body's basic and necessary fuel.

Now that you know you can – and should – eat potatoes on a diet, reward yourself with lots of nutritionally-balanced true diet plate ideas. Send 50¢ for The Potato Lover's Diet Cookbook, P.O. Box 16111, Dept. AD, Denver, Colorado 80216. The Potato. Something good that's good for you.

Source: Nutritive Value of Foods, USDA #72 © 1975 The Potato Board

TOMATO

continued

2 dozen ripe tomatoes (about 10 lbs.), cored and skinned

Quarter tomatoes over measuring cup or saucepan to save the juice. Place tomatoes in large saucepot (at least 8 qt. size). Heat to boiling, stirring. Continue cooking, uncovered, over medium-high heat, stirring about every 10 to 15 minutes to prevent sticking. Reduce heat to low, cook for 3 hours until tomatoes have reduced to about 3 quarts.

Remove from heat and spoon into freezer-proof containers with tight fitting lids, leaving 1-inch head space. Freeze. Makes 3 quarts. About 75 calories per cup.

MARINARA SAUCE

2 tablespoons olive oil
1 cup chopped onion
2 garlic cloves, chopped
4 cups frozen Basic Tomato Sauce, thawed
1 can (6 oz.) tomato paste
1 can (12 oz.) beer
1 cup water
2 tablespoons minced parsley
2 tablespoons chopped celery leaves
2 tablespoons chopped fresh basil (or ½ teaspoon dried)
2 teaspoons sugar
1¾ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon crushed red chili pepper
⅛ teaspoon black pepper

In a 3 quart saucepan, heat olive oil. Add onion and garlic; sauté about 3 minutes. Stir in remaining ingredients and simmer uncovered for 2 to 3 hours, stirring occasionally. Makes 1 quart. About 245 calories per cup.

MEAT SAUCE

Aromatic bitters makes this sauce unusually good.

8 cups frozen Basic Tomato Sauce
3 tablespoons olive or salad oil
1 pound ground beef
1 cup finely chopped onion
1 cup finely chopped carrot
4 large garlic cloves, minced
½ cup water
½ cup dry red wine
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ cup chopped parsley
2 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons marjoram crushed
2 tablespoons chopped celery leaves
1 tablespoon salt
1 tablespoon aromatic bitters
2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon oregano, crushed
¼ teaspoon pepper

Thaw Basic Tomato Sauce. In large skillet, heat 1 tablespoon oil. Add beef and cook until browned. Drain and remove to 4-quart saucepot or Dutch oven. Heat remaining 2 tablespoons oil in skillet. Add onion, carrot and garlic and sauté for 3 minutes. Add to saucepot with remaining ingredients and Basic Tomato Sauce. Simmer uncovered, stirring occasionally for 1 hour. Sauce should be very thick. Makes 2 quarts. Serve over "al dente" pasta. About 170 calories per 1 cup of meat sauce.

ICED COLD TOMATO SOUP

2 cups frozen Basic Tomato Sauce, thawed
2 tablespoons chopped green onion
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon instant powdered chicken broth
¼ teaspoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup dry white wine
¼ cup water
1 tablespoon fresh dill weed (or ¾ teaspoon dried)
Sprigs of fresh dill for garnish (optional)
Cucumber slices (optional)



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IT HELPS MAKE GREAT HOMEMADE GRAVY, TOO. Add Kitchen Bouquet to the natural meat juices for delicious, savory gravy.

KITCHEN BOUQUET.
NO KITCHEN SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

TOMATO

continued

In blender container, place Basic Tomato Sauce, onion, salt, powdered chicken broth, sugar and pepper. Cover and puree for 30 seconds or until smooth. Add wine, water and dill weed. Blend for 10 more seconds. Refrigerate for at least 1½ hours or until chilled. Just before serving, whirl in blender for a few seconds. Pour into bowls. Garnish with fresh dill and cucumber slices, if desired. Makes 3½ cups or 4 servings. About 75 calories per serving.

SPANISH CHICKEN

Season up your Basic Tomato Sauce to make a spicy chicken dish.

4 cups frozen Basic Tomato Sauce
1 tablespoon salad oil
1 broiler-fryer chicken, cut up
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 cup chopped onion
⅓ cup chopped celery
⅓ cup chopped green pepper
2 garlic cloves, finely chopped
1 tablespoon flour
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
1½ teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon marjoram, crushed
½ teaspoon grated lemon peel
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Thaw Basic Tomato Sauce. In large skillet, heat oil. Add chicken and brown on all sides. Remove to 2 quart baking dish; set aside.

Add butter or margarine to remaining oil in skillet. Add onion, celery, green pepper and garlic, sauté until tender. Remove to dish with slotted spoon.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Into remaining drippings, add flour to skillet and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, for 3 minutes. Stir in Basic Tomato Sauce and remaining ingredients reserving 1 tablespoon parsley, for garnish. Simmer for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour over chicken. Bake in oven for 1 hour. Garnish with reserved parsley. Makes 4 servings. About 330 calories per serving.

LENA MAE'S FRESH TOMATO CHILI SAUCE

pictured on page 106

A family favorite our food editor's mother has been making for years. Great with meats, or added to tuna or chicken salad.

10 pounds ripe tomatoes
3 cups finely chopped celery
2 cups finely chopped onions
2 cups finely chopped green pepper
1 cinnamon stick, about 5 inches
1½ teaspoons whole cloves
5 teaspoons dry mustard
2¼ cups light brown sugar
3 cups cider vinegar
3 tablespoons salt
½ teaspoon chili powder

Peel and core tomatoes; slice into chunks. Place in large saucepot and cook 15 minutes over high heat, stirring occasionally. Spoon off about 4 cups of juice (save for soup stock, etc.) Add celery, onions and green pepper to tomatoes. Reduce heat to medium and simmer, uncovered, for 1½ hours, stirring occasionally.

Tie cinnamon and cloves in a piece of cheesecloth and add to pot. Continue simmering for 1½ hours, stirring occasionally. Stir in chili powder and cook an additional 30 minutes. Pour into hot, sterilized pint canning jars, leaving ½ inch headspace. Adjust dome lids and screwbands. Process in boiling water bath for 15 minutes. Makes 5 pints. About 18 calories per tablespoon.

BLOODY BURRO

pictured on this page

A Mexican bloody Mary—olé!

1 medium tomato, quartered, cored and seeded
1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila (3 tablespoons)
1 tablespoon lime juice
1 teaspoon instant powdered beef broth
⅛ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
4 drops bottled red pepper sauce
Lime wedge, for garnish

Puree tomato in blender for 30 seconds. Add remaining ingredients, cover and blend well. To serve straight up, refrigerate at least 30 minutes. Blend lightly before serving. To serve on rocks, prepare drink, immediately pour over ice. Garnish with lime wedge, if desired. Makes one 6-ounce drink. About 130 calories per serving.

SPICY MEAT-STUFFED TOMATOES

pictured on page 123

Delightful supper entrée—the kids will love it!

6 tomatoes
2½ cups garlic- and onion-flavored croutons
¾ cup water
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon basil, crushed
½ teaspoon oregano, crushed
½ teaspoon thyme
1 tablespoon olive or salad oil
1 pound ground beef
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ pound finely chopped mushrooms
1½ teaspoons salt
Dash pepper

Preheat oven to 375°F. Cut tops off tomatoes. Carefully scoop out seeds to form shell; invert to drain.

Crush croutons in blender or in plastic bag with rolling pin. Reserve ⅓ cup. Place remaining croutons in large bowl. Stir in water and herbs.

Heat oil in skillet. Cook ground beef until browned, stirring frequently. Drain and add to crouton mixture.

In same skillet, melt 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Add mushrooms and sauté for about 15 minutes over medium heat or until all liquid evaporates and mushrooms brown slightly, stirring frequently. Add to meat mixture with salt and pepper.

Spoon beef-mushroom mixture (do not pack) into tomato shells mounding slightly. Melt remaining tablespoon butter or margarine and combine with reserved crouton crumbs; sprinkle on tops. Place on baking sheet or in shallow baking dish and bake for 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings. About 405 calories each.

MARINATED TOMATO SALAD

Nice do-ahead salad or appetizer.

Vegetables
1 pint cherry tomatoes, or 4 to 6 small tomatoes, quartered (do not peel)
1½ cups canned artichoke hearts, well drained
1⅓ cups large ripe olives, sliced and drained
½ cup coarsely chopped green onions

Marinade
2 tablespoons shallots, finely chopped
2½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon Dijon mustard
¼ teaspoon black pepper
¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup salad oil
½ cup olive oil
2 teaspoons dried tarragon
1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Pierce tomatoes with sharp fork or cake tester; set aside with other vegetables. *For marinade:* In medium bowl, combine shallots, salt, mustard, pepper and lemon juice; beat lightly with whisk or fork. Add oils very gradually, beating constantly with whisk. (Mixture will thicken slightly.) Stir in parsley and tarragon. Add vegetables and toss to coat evenly. Cover and refrigerate at least 12 hours, stirring occasionally. Makes 6 to 8 servings. About 355 calories for each of 6 servings; 260 each of 8.

End



Bloody Burro: A brunch-time blender beverage featuring fresh tomato, tequila and seasonings.

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MAGIC BIRTHDAY PARTY

continued from page 111

FOOD CHECKLIST

- 1 cup orange juice
- 1½ cups corn flakes
- Potatoes or instant mashed potatoes
- 1 jar (3-oz.) cocktail onions
- 1 lb. plus 2½ cups confectioners' sugar
- 24 squares (1-oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
- 3 cups cake flour
- 1½ cups grape jelly
- 2 teaspoons ground cardamom
- Food colors: red, yellow, blue, green
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
- 6 cinnamon sticks
- 2 tablespoons honey
- 6 chicken drumsticks
- ½ pound butter or margarine
- ¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 package (10-oz.) mild Cheddar cheese
- 24 eggs
- 2 pints vanilla ice cream or birthday child's favorite
- Parsley
- 2 bananas
- Nonpareil candies
- Red licorice lace candy
- Whole almonds
- Chocolate chips
- Marshmallows
- Small, round, white, hard candies
- Birthday candles
- Midget paper cupcake liners

Staples to Have on Hand:

- 3 quarts milk
- Sugar
- Shortening
- Vanilla extract
- Salad oil
- All-purpose flour
- Baking soda
- Cream of tartar
- Salt
- Paprika

SCHEDULE FOR MAGIC BIRTHDAY PARTY MENU

Two or Three Weeks Before:

1. Mail invitations or have birthday child hand deliver.
2. Buy party hats, table cloth, napkins, favors, paper plates.
3. Purchase ingredients for cakes.
4. Make cakes; wrap and freeze.

Four Days Before:

1. Purchase remaining food except chicken.
2. Make card cookies—store covered.

Two Days Before:

1. Make Mice Cream—cover with plastic wrap and freeze.
2. Remove cake from freezer; thaw in refrigerator.
3. Make frostings; cover and refrigerate.

One Day Before:

1. Construct hat cake and cupcakes.
2. Make cucumber crowns. Wrap and refrigerate.
3. Purchase chicken. Coat drumsticks, place on lightly buttered cookie sheet. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate.
4. Make cheese carrots—do not garnish. Wrap, refrigerate.

That Day, Morning:

1. Decorate party room and set table.
2. Make Banana Nog; refrigerate.

45 Minutes Before Eating:

1. Bake drumsticks.
2. Make Magic Pearl Potatoes.
3. Garnish Cheese Carrots with parsley.
4. Arrange food on plates; pour drink.

CRUNCHY DRUMSTICKS pictured on page 111

Orange juice is the secret surprise in these crunchy treats.

1 cup orange juice
1 tablespoon salad oil
6 chicken drumsticks (about 1½ pounds)
1½ cups corn flakes, crushed
1 teaspoon salt

In a shallow bowl, combine orange juice and oil. Add drumsticks, turn to coat. Marinate for 1 hour, turning frequently.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease a baking pan. Combine corn flake crumbs and salt; evenly coat drumsticks in mixture. Place in baking pan. Bake for 30 to 35 minutes or until fork-tender. Makes 6 servings. About 200 calories per serving.

CHEDDAR CHEESE CARROTS pictured on page 111

A colorful addition to the birthday party menu.

1 package (10-oz.) mild Cheddar cheese
Parsley sprigs **Paprika**

Soften cheese to room temperature. Pull off a small amount and soften by working it in your hands. Roll *(continued)*



Kids and Moms never grow out of Cream of Rice.

Cream of Rice® is a very special cereal. Perfect for babies because it's so gentle. Perfect for Moms because the creamy taste goes well with other flavors, too. So as this baby grew, they both could enjoy Cream of Rice any way they pleased—with honey or brown sugar, fresh strawberries and cinnamon, even with maple syrup and bits of bacon.

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So gentle, it's delicious plain or fancy.



Fleischmann's is the margarine most recommended by doctors!



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What does this mean to you? No margarine alone can reduce serum cholesterol. Any doctor will tell you that. But used in a total dietary program... along with lean meats, fewer eggs and skim milk... Fleischmann's Margarine can help reduce serum cholesterol. Up to 17% in clinical tests.

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Of all the leading brands, Fleischmann's Margarine is the only one made of 100% corn oil. That means it's low in saturated fats, high in polyunsaturates, and contains no cholesterol. What's more, Fleischmann's has a light, delicious taste that goes with everything.

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Fleischmann's 100% Corn Oil Margarine gives you more than good taste.



Dining out? Ask for Egg Beaters® and Fleischmann's Margarine at your favorite restaurant.

Another fine product of Standard Brands

MAGIC BIRTHDAY PARTY

continued

o a ball. Then, rubbing palms together, taper one end a point to form into a carrot-shape. Roll in paprika. Gar- h with a sprig of parsley for carrot top. Cover and refrig- te. Makes 30 carrots. About 40 calories each.

MAGIC PEARL POTATOES pictured on page 111

hat's the magic pearl? Pearl onions, of course. The child o finds two gets a prize.

r (3-oz.) cocktail onions
ups hot, mashed potatoes (we used instant)
cup grated Parmesan cheese
ablespoons butter or margarine, melted
sley, for garnish

ce 1 onion in each of 5 shell-shaped ramekins and 2 onions one ramekin; set aside. In saucepan, beat mashed potatoes, ese and melted butter until smooth. Spoon into ramekins. rnish each with parsley. Serve immediately. Makes 6 serv- s. About 260 calories per serving.

BANANA NOG pictured on page 111

utritious drink to serve at the birthday party or anytime.

edium bananas
ablespoons honey
easpoon nutmeg
ups milk
1 egg white (use yolk for egg paints)
1 whole egg
6 cinnamon sticks

mbine first 6 ingredients in blender container. Puree until ooth; refrigerate. To serve, pour into cups; garnish each h cinnamon stick. Makes 8 cups or 6 servings. About 165 ories per cup.

MICE CREAM pictured on page 111

orable creatures to delight the birthday child and guests. any flavor ice cream.

ints vanilla ice cream
nonpareil candies
l licorice lace
6 whole almonds
6 chocolate chips

th ice cream scoop (we used a 4-oz. or No. 12 scoop), ke 6 balls and place on chilled cookie sheet. Place in ezer.

Cut red licorice in 18 three-inch strips for tails and iskers. Cut each chocolate chip in half. Take ice cream of freezer. For each mouse, use nonpareils for ears, the colate chip halves for eyes, almond for nose and 3 red rice strips for whiskers and tail.

Wrap tray with plastic wrap and return to freezer until ving time. Makes 6 mice. About 280 calories per serving.

MAGIC CARD COOKIES pictured on page 111

ble cards—perfect favors for your magic party.

cups sifted confectioners' sugar
up butter or margarine, softened
gg
teaspoons vanilla extract
cups unsifted all-purpose flour
easpoons ground cardamom
easpoon baking soda
easpoon cream of tartar
yolk paints (see note below)

a large mixing bowl, combine the sugar and butter or rgarine. Beat at medium speed until fluffy. Add 1 egg vanilla extract; mix thoroughly.

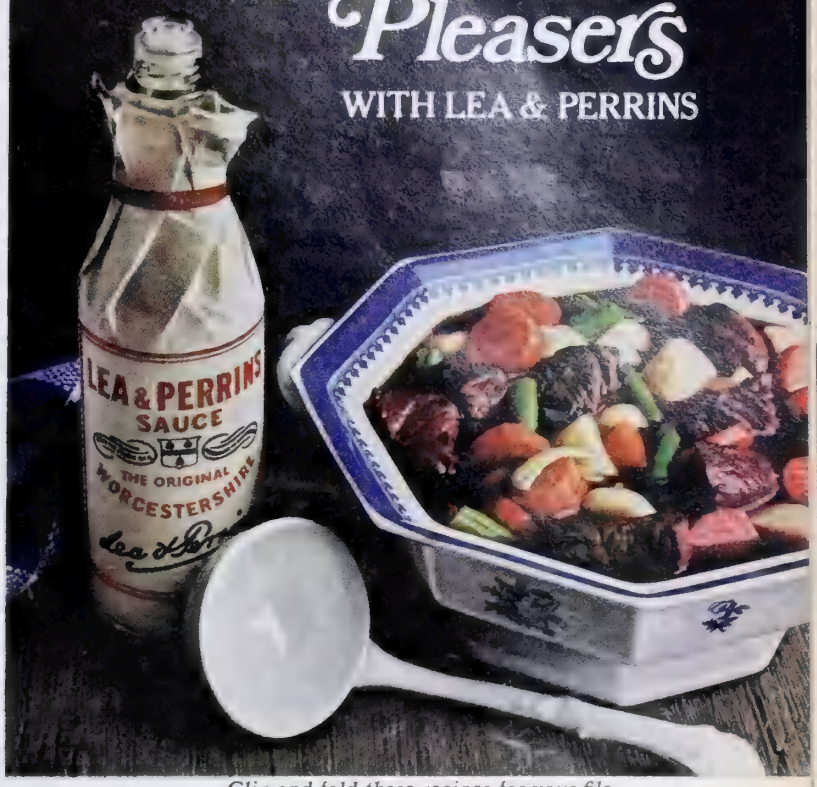
ift dry ingredients together. Add to the egg mixture and tinue mixing until well combined. Form dough into a , wrap in waxed paper and refrigerate for 2 to 3 hours.

Divide dough in half. Roll one-half out on a lightly floured face to a 15x9-inch rectangle. Cut into ten 4½x3-inch angles. Carefully transfer to lightly greased cookie sheets. eat procedure with remaining dough.

Preheat oven to 375° F. Prepare egg yolk *(continued)*

PREPARE-AHEAD #7 in a series

Prepare-Ahead Pleasers
WITH LEA & PERRINS



Clip and fold these recipes for your file.

Delicious meals with no last minute fuss... are planned for extra-special flavor—thanks to Lea & Perrins, the Original Worcestershire Sauce. Its century-old recipe uses only natural ingredients to give meals a hearty touch that's guaranteed to please.

Hearty Stew-p (deliciously in between stew and soup)

- 2 lb. beef for stew, cut in ½-inch pieces
- 2 Tbsp. oil
- 1 cup chopped onions
- 1 can (10½ oz.) condensed beef broth
- 1¼ tsp. salt
- 5 tsp. Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce
- 4 cups potato chunks
- 2 cups sliced carrots
- 1 package (9 oz.) frozen cut green beans

Brown beef well in hot oil. Add next 4 ingredients and 1 cup water. Bring to boil. Simmer, covered, 1 hour. Stir in potatoes and carrots; simmer, covered, 45 minutes. Add green beans; simmer, covered, until meat and vegetables are fork-tender, about 5 minutes.* Serve in bowls with crusty rolls. Serves 6.

Easy Chicken Brunswick

- 2½ lb. chicken parts
- 2 Tbsp. oil
- 1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed chicken gumbo soup
- 1 can (12 oz.) vacuum packed whole kernel corn
- 1 Tbsp. Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce

In a large skillet brown chicken in oil for 15 to 20 minutes; drain fat. Stir in remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer until chicken is tender, about 30 minutes.* Serve with steamed rice and tossed green salad. Serves 4.

Saucy Budget Steak

Brown 2 lb. boneless shoulder or chuck steak in preheated 425°F. oven 20 minutes; drain fat. Reduce temperature to 325°F. Combine ½ cup water, ¼ cup catsup, 2 Tbsp. brown sugar, 2 Tbsp. Lea & Perrins Worcestershire Sauce and 1 tsp. salt; pour over meat. Cover tightly and bake until tender, about 1½ hours.* Spoon gravy over sliced meat. Serves 4-6.

*Can be made ahead, refrigerated and reheated, covered.

Lea & Perrins. The people who know their sauces.

For your free Worcestershire recipe book, write Lea & Perrins, Dept B3, Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410.

When my husband used to save the wishbone, I knew what he was wishing for.



Some nights when my husband came home from work, he was so hungry he could eat a horse. Unfortunately, he just couldn't eat my chicken. In fact, to tell you the truth, no one really could.

My husband pecked. My daughter ate like a bird. Even my mother-in-law wouldn't fight for the neck.

Not that I ever did anything to make it taste bad, mind you. Personally, I always felt I could be another Julia Child, if I ever really learned to cook. It's just that I never did much of anything special, to make my chicken taste good. And with the price of meat and everything else, we seemed to have a flock of chicken around the house all the time. Especially leftovers.

That is, until I discovered McCormick/Schilling. You know McCormick/Schilling are the spice and flavor people. So when it comes to making sauces, gravies or anything at all, they put a lot of good flavor into everything they make. And that goes double for their Bag'n Season.

You see, Bag'n Season is a lot more than just a cooking bag. So it does a lot more when you use it to cook. For meat loaf, pork chops, spare ribs, or stews. Or, even for one of my chickens.

And the results are everything you could wish for. Meats come out succulent, juicy and tender. With a delicious flavor of spices and herbs. And, the natural juices make a perfect base for gravy.

Which made a big difference in the chicken I make. And a noticeable difference in my life.

Suddenly my family started showing up for dinner. On time. My husband started coming home for lunch. Even our relatives started dropping by again. You know, just to sit around and chew the fat.

And with McCormick/Schilling Bag'n Season, even my leftovers could taste terrific. That is, if we ever had any chicken left over.



McCormick/Schilling flavor makes all the difference in the world.



McCormick/Schilling

MAGIC BIRTHDAY PARTY

continued

ints (see below). With small brushes, aint your favorite card suit on each ough rectangle. Bake for 10 to 12 inutes. Let cool for 10 minutes on okie sheet and then transfer to wire ck to cool completely. Wrap each in astic wrap. Makes 20 cookies. About 35 calories each.

OTE: To make Egg yolk paints, beat egg yolks lightly; divide evenly into bowls. For yellow: stir in ½ teaspoon ellow food color. For red: stir in ½ teaoon red food color. For green, stir in teaspoon green food color. For black: ir in 1½ teaspoons green food color, ½ teaspoons red food color and 5 drops lue food color.

MAGIC TOP HAT CAKE

pictured on page 110

o make our top hat cake, the batter ust be prepared three times. Here we ive the recipe for one batch (which, itself, makes a super two-layer cake).

ake Batter

- **5 eggs**
- **2½ cups sugar**
- **1¾ cups milk**
- **4 squares (1-oz. each) unsweetened chocolate**
- **½ cup shortening**
- **¼ cup butter or margarine**
- **2 teaspoons vanilla extract**
- **3 cups sifted cake flour**
- **1½ teaspoons baking soda**
- **¾ teaspoon salt**
- **cup grape jelly, melted**
- **andles**

Grease and lightly flour one 12x2-inch ound cake pan and three 8x2-inch ound cake pans; set aside.

Beat one egg in a medium saucepan. tir in 1 cup sugar and ¾ cup milk until ixed; add chocolate. Cook over low eat, stirring constantly, until chocolate elts and mixture thickens. Remove rom heat and cool to room temperature.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Combine hortening and butter or margarine in arge mixer bowl. With electric mixer at edium speed, add remaining 1½ cups ugar and cream until light and fluffy. tir in vanilla. Then add remaining 4 ggs, one at a time, beating well after ach addition, scraping bowl occasionlly.

Sift flour, soda and salt 4 times. With ixer at low speed, gradually add dry ngredients into creamed mixture alterately with remaining 1 cup milk, beginning and ending with dry ingredients. Add chocolate mixture and continue mixing until well combined. Batter ields 8 cups.

Divide batter evenly into each of two 8-inch cake pans. Bake for 40 to 45 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean.

Repeat batter recipe 2 more times. From second batch, pour 4 *(continued)*



Chicken à la Française

- 3 cups hot cooked rice
- 2 whole chicken breasts, skinned, boned, and cut in thin strips (about 1 pound)*
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup sliced green onions with tops
- 1 can (8 ounces) sliced mushrooms (drain; reserve liquid)
- ½ cup dry sherry
- 1 cup fresh or frozen green peas
- 1½ cups chicken broth
- 3 fresh tomatoes, peeled and cut in eighths
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch

While rice is cooking, season chicken with salt and pepper; sauté in butter until browned. Add onions and mushrooms; continue cooking 2 minutes longer. Stir in sherry, peas, and broth. Cover and simmer about 20 minutes. Add tomatoes. Dissolve cornstarch in mushroom liquid and stir into chicken mixture. Cook, stirring frequently, about 5 minutes longer. Serve over beds of fluffy rice. Garnish with chopped fresh parsley, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

*1½ pounds before skinning and boning.

For other menu-stretching recipes, write to: Rice Council of America, Dept. L, Box 22800, Houston, Texas 77027.

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RICE.
A great eating idea whose time has come.

MAGIC BIRTHDAY PARTY
continued

cups into remaining 8-inch cake pan; bake as above. Set remaining 4 cups batter aside. Prepare last batch of cake batter; combine with 4 cups of batter from second batch and pour into 12-inch pan (12 cups of batter is required for 12-inch layer). Bake 12-inch layer for 1½ hours, or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean.

Cool cakes in pan 10 minutes and then invert on wire racks. Wrap in plastic wrap or foil and freeze up to 3 weeks; or, refrigerate for 24 hours so layers will be firm enough to hold their shape.

Ed Note: You can use cake mix, as follows: 4 packages chocolate 2-layer cake mix as label directs, but reduce water by one-third for each package. Bake 8-inch layers as directed above; bake 12-inch for one hour. Cool, wrap and refrigerate all for at least 24 hours before assembling.

To shape top hat. With a 1½-inch round cookie cutter cut out 3 "cupcakes" from each of two 8-inch cake layers. Start cutting at center of each layer. Set aside cupcakes to finish later (see recipe below). You can cut up to 5 cupcakes from each layer, but keep near the center of cake.

Place the 12-inch layer on a large serving platter or cookie sheet. This is the hat base or "brim." Using a very long sharp knife (a serrated blade is good) shave two opposite sides slightly to turn the round shape into an oval (remember top hats are not completely round). Now stack the uncut 8-inch layer in center of the 12-inch layer, then carefully pile the two cut 8-inch layers on top of that. This is now the basic crown of the top hat. Shave them slightly to conform to the oval shape of the base. Also trim the inside of the two cut layers so that only a 1-inch rim is left. This will form the "secret" compartment for the Rabbit Cupcakes. (Save cake scraps for snacks.)

Now we want to shape the brim of the 12-inch base so that it resembles a proper top hat. Work as carefully as you can but don't worry too much about nicks or breaks, for the later glazing and icing will cover any mistakes. On the two opposite sides that we trimmed to make the oval (we'll now call them A and B—see diagram 1 below) cut down from the top edge at a 45° angle in one 6 to 8-inch strip. Remove strips A and B and place on top of brim—as in diagram 2. Now we want to shave a bit off the other two sides—we show one side in diagram 3. Continue the dip begun at the peak of A down about half an inch in center of side and back up to tip of B. Also shave slightly on the bottom. Work slowly until you get the feel of how easy it is to "sculpt" the cake. Do the same sculpting on opposite side. With soft bristle brush, glaze cake with 1 cup melted jelly and refrigerate until glaze hardens—about 2 hours. This will seal and firm the cake.



Fig. 1



Fig. 3

Cut an oval piece of cardboard to cover the top of hat as a lid; set aside.

Before frosting, place 6 cake rabbits inside top hat. Frost top and sides of cake with Chocolate Frosting (recipe follows). Cover top of cake with cardboard lid and frost with Chocolate Frosting. For shiny surface, dip knife in water and smooth over Chocolate Frosting. Fit a pastry bag with a No. 2B decorating tip and fill with pink icing (see White Frosting). Pipe around lower crown to form hat band. If desired, decorate band with small pink candies.

To serve, press candles into lid of hat; light. After candles are blown out, remove lid. Voila! The rabbits are pulled out of the hat by the birthday child.

Slice cake vertically around hat band; cut brim into wedge-shaped pieces. Then cut crown into wedge-shaped pieces. Makes 30–36 servings. About 530 calories each.

Chocolate Frosting
12 squares (1-oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
6 eggs
4½ cups sugar
1½ cups milk
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon vanilla extract
Pinch salt
1 cup confectioners' sugar

Melt chocolate in small saucepan over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth; set aside.

In large saucepan, beat eggs until foamy. Add sugar, milk and butter or margarine. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until sugar dissolves and butter melts. Continue cooking until mixture begins to boil. Boil for 1 minute, stirring. Remove from heat. Pour into large mixing bowl. Add chocolate, vanilla and salt and beat with electric mixer. Gradually add the confectioners' sugar. Continue beating for 10 minutes or until sugar is dissolved. Makes 8 cups; about 720 calories per cup. Cover and refrigerate for 24 hours. Bring to room temperature before spreading.

NOTE: This recipe will frost the entire top hat cake.

Rabbit Cupcakes
½ cup grape jelly, melted
6 to 10 round cake pieces (as cut out in cake batter directions)
Midget paper cupcakes liners

White Frosting
¼ cup butter or margarine, softened
1 package (16-oz.) confectioners' sugar
1 egg white (use yolk for egg paint)
Pinch of salt
¼ cup milk
Red food color
2 marshmallows
30 small round white candies

With melted jelly, brush sides of cake pieces. Refrigerate until glaze hardens. Place cakes in midget paper cupcake liners.

To prepare White Frosting, place butter or margarine in small mixing bowl. Add confectioners' sugar, egg white, salt and milk. Beat until smooth and fluffy. Remove ½ cup for piping hat band; stir in enough red food color to tint it pink. Set pink icing aside. (White Frosting may be made 24 hours ahead.)

To prepare cupcakes: With remaining frosting, frost evenly top of cupcakes. For rabbit ears, with scissors, cut each marshmallow into 3 circles; cut each circle in half. Press "ears" and candies for eyes and nose into frosting. With red food color, paint on pupils, whiskers and inside of "ears." Set aside to dry. **End**

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Snappy after-school treats made with Kellogg's® Rice Krispies.®

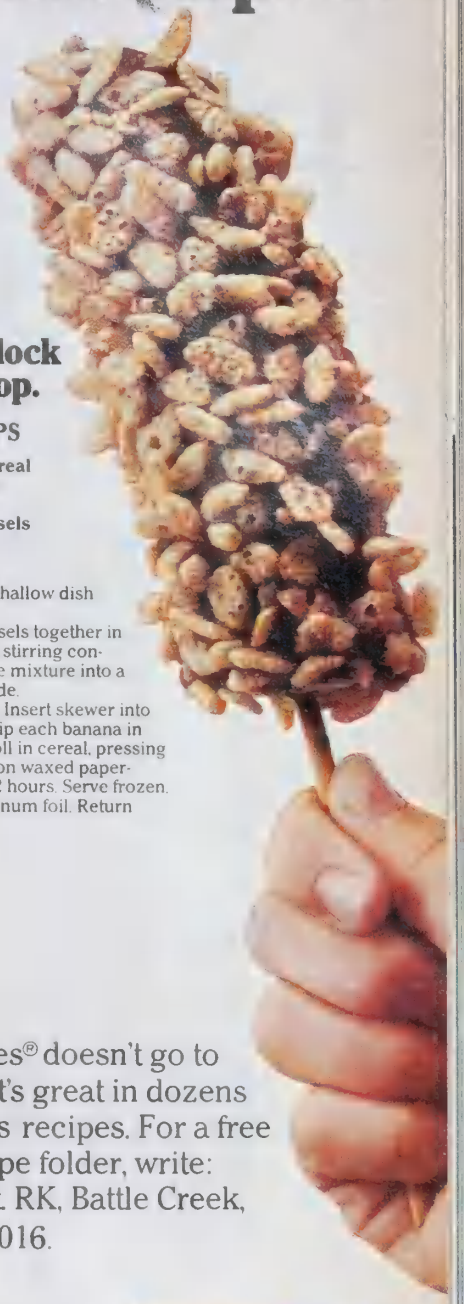


Chocolate chip cookies with Snap! Crackle! Pop!™

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

¾ cups regular all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup regular margarine or butter, softened
¾ cup granulated sugar
¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring
2 cups Kellogg's Rice Krispies cereal
1 pkg. (6 oz., 1 cup) semi-sweet chocolate morsels

1. Stir together flour, soda and salt. Set aside.
2. Measure margarine, granulated sugar and brown sugar into large mixing bowl. Beat until well blended. Add egg and vanilla. Beat well. Add dry ingredients. Mix until combined. Stir in Rice Krispies cereal and chocolate morsels. Drop by level measuring-tablespoon onto greased baking sheets.
3. Bake in oven at 350°F. about 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool about 1 minute before removing from baking sheets. Place on wire racks.
   Yield: about 6 dozen cookies, 2½ inches in diameter



Be the first on the block to make a Bananapop.

FROZEN BANANAPOPS

1½ cups Kellogg's Rice Krispies cereal
3 tablespoons regular margarine or butter
½ cup semi-sweet chocolate morsels
4 firm bananas
8 wooden skewers

1. Measure Rice Krispies cereal into shallow dish or pan. Set aside.
2. Melt margarine and chocolate morsels together in small saucepan over very low heat, stirring constantly until smooth. Pour chocolate mixture into a second shallow dish or pan. Set aside.
3. Peel bananas. Cut in half crosswise. Insert skewer into cut end of each half. Immediately dip each banana in melted chocolate to coat evenly. Roll in cereal, pressing cereal gently into chocolate. Place on waxed paper-lined tray. Freeze until firm, about 2 hours. Serve frozen. To store, wrap individually in aluminum foil. Return to freezer.
   Yield: 8 servings



Kellogg's® Rice Krispies® doesn't go to sleep after breakfast. It's great in dozens of delicious, no-fuss recipes. For a free Rice Krispies recipe folder, write: Kellogg Co., Dept. RK, Battle Creek, Mich. 49016.



Peanut buttery treats you don't have to bake.

PEANUT BUTTER MARSHMALLOW TREATS

cup regular margarine or butter
pkg. (10 oz., about 40) regular marshmallows OR 4 cups miniature marshmallows
cup peanut butter
cups KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES cereal

1. Melt margarine in large saucepan over low heat. Add marshmallows and stir until completely melted. Cook 3 to 4 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat.
2. Stir peanut butter into marshmallow mixture.
3. Add Rice Krispies cereal. Stir until well coated.
4. Using buttered spatula or waxed paper, press mixture evenly into buttered 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan. Cut into squares when cool.
   Yield: 24 squares, 2 x 2 inches
   NOTE: Best results are obtained when using fresh marshmallows.

Don't let it sit in your cupboard.

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A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

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The plain truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste there has to be some 'tar.'

But Vantage is the only cigarette that gives you so much flavor with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

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FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

LADIES' HOME Journal

Guide to Home Improvement



RESTONIC
is for couples with more than a nodding acquaintance

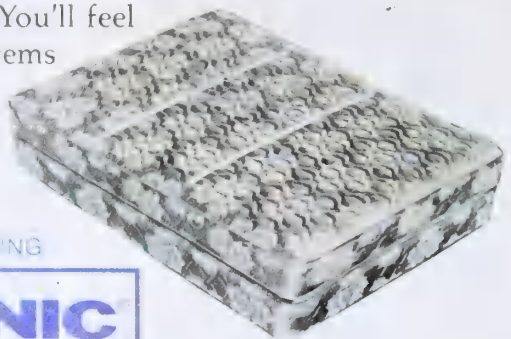


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*Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows are the Restonic "spoke couple" across the nation.



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Your home is your world, and it needs a change . . . to give a lift to an aging house, to accommodate a family need, to make a new environment for love and growth. Does improvement have to cost a fortune? Not if you do it yourself, the contemporary way, aided and abetted by all the new products and services on the market.

Need an extra lavatory? There are now cinch-to-install, one-piece sink units. Yearning for a new floor? Create one yourself. To save money, are you buying a new home on the "no-frills" builder plan? Plan your own interior work and let everyone pitch in. Today's woman can handle plywood as well as pie pans; today's teenagers have a new home-orientation, too. And today's do-it-yourself dealers—home centers, supply houses, hardware stores—are veritable treasure houses of ideas, demonstrations, instructions, inspirations. "I lose my cool in a home center," writes a typical *Journal* reader. "I want to buy everything in sight and change my whole house."

This *Journal* Home Improvement and Decorating Guide is just a taste of the many projects you can plan. Start from here. Build up a file and scrapbook of things that can make your home more liveable, more fun. Explore the resources of your community. Get everyone in the family involved. By this time next year, you'll have a more comfortable, serviceable, attractive home . . . and a whole new point of view!

CREATING NEW ROOMS

There are a number of ways to make a too-small house larger and more comfortable. All are worth considering if your family quarters are cramped, since looking for a larger house in today's market can be a frustrating experience, financially and emotionally. Making more efficient use of the space you now have, or building an additional room, can be exciting, satisfying —and economical.

Do you have unused space you've been overlooking? A large, under-used room that could be divided into two? A porch or an attic, an attached garage or perhaps your basement? Creating a new room in such spaces can be rewarding since much of the work can be done by a do-it-yourself family.

When an attic cannot be used unless more light and floor space are created by the addition of dormer windows or skylights and structural changes, you will generally require the experienced hand of a carpenter or contractor. You don't have to depend on a professional for the entire job, however. You can hire a contractor to build only the shell of a new room while you do the interior finishing yourself.

You can transform an unfinished attic into an extra bedroom or other kinds of new space—if the floor beams ("joists") are large enough to support the added weight of flooring, wall paneling or covering and a normal amount of furniture. Your decision to use attic space for a new room may depend on whether there is a regular stairway (or space to build one), rather than a drop-ladder leading from the main part of the house. You will have to install six to 10 inches of insulation—both to keep summer heat out and your winter heat in—and in most cases some kind of large-capacity window fan or built-in exhaust fan. (Fan installation kits are available at home centers, or mounting hardware will come with the fan.) Good ventilation in many attics, summer especially, can be a real problem.

Basements on the other hand are cool —and tend to be damp. The first step in coverting any basement space into a family room, workshop or hobby-related space, is to make sure the area is thoroughly dried out and the walls covered with an asphalt paint. (A portable dehumidifier can help.) You then can attach thin furring strips—usually 1x2-inch wood—to the walls as a base for installing paneling, wallboard or whatever wall covering you like. For flooring, you may have to lay a sub-floor, with insulation and a vapor barrier, on top of concrete. Some kinds of the newer, resilient sheet flooring and tiles can be put down directly on the concrete. Check your home center flooring expert for advice, and read carefully installation recommendations that come packed with the material you select.

In planning the conversion of an attic or a basement, first make a rough plan of each room or area and then fill in all measurements as carefully as possible. Make a cost list of the materials you think you will need, after learning approximate prices. It's a good idea to add about 10 percent extra to the list to allow for normal wastage. If you don't plan to do all the work yourself, a rough estimate of from 60 to 75 percent of the total materials' cost should be added for labor. A contractor, of course, can give you a much more precise estimate, but your own figuring can give you a general idea of how much the project will cost.

Another likely candidate for conversion into bedrooms or a family room is an attached garage, which is sometimes even easier to transform than an attic or basement. The floor can be raised with what are called "sleeper" beams to the level of your other ground floor rooms and heating and electrical connections *(continued)*

The finishing touch...

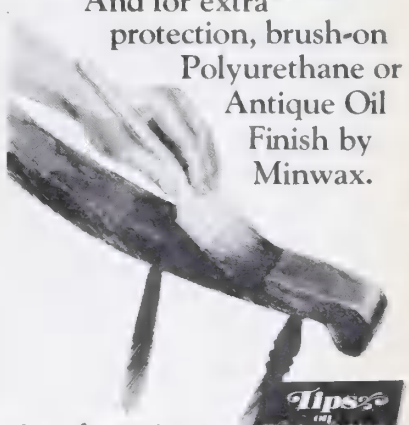
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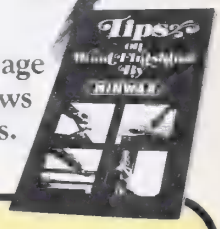
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run under the new floor to existing connections in the main part of the house. The garage door can be turned into a window wall. The walls, once insulated, can be covered with paneling or wallboard. If you have a double garage, you might consider using only half the space, leaving the other half for one car.

Compared to a do-it-yourself conversion of an unused attic or basement, building an extension onto your house is another story entirely. Adding a room or a new wing entails more expertise than most home carpenters are likely to have. In most cases, professional expertise will save you time, trouble and money. Remember, local zoning laws and building codes must be checked.

Even the construction of a single room at the back of your house, at a place where you already have a door (so that you would not have to knock through any existing wall), still means that at some point the roof of the new addition will have to be cut into your existing roof. And exterior walls will have to be blended. Otherwise, you will not have a really sound addition, and certainly not one that harmonizes with the rest of your house.

SOLVING YOUR CEILING PROBLEMS

For years on end there was nothing much to do with a ceiling except plaster, paint or paper it—period. But now we have a variety of ceiling tiles, and the decorating life—at least insofar as a cracking and peeling expanse overhead is concerned—is not only simpler, it keeps getting more attractive all the time. Manufacturers are continually coming up with new kinds of tiles and ceiling patterns, and new ways of installing the tiles that couldn't be easier.

A ceiling in a kitchen or bath that stains easily from cooking fumes or excessive moisture can be transformed over a weekend into a scrubbable, vinyl-clad expanse that's a snap to keep clean and presentable. An ugly ceiling in any room, or one that insists on cracking and peeling no matter how often it's repaired or painted can be covered almost as easily. Even a ceiling that insists on sloping off into one corner of a room finally can be straightened out, once and for all.

If your house is getting noisier than you like these days, consider acoustical tile. A ceiling is the largest sound-reflecting surface in a room, and traditional, hard-surfaced plaster or board ceilings are not very effective noise mufflers. Acoustical tiles are.

As a rule, an install-it-yourself tiled ceiling will cost less than half what it would cost to replaster the ceiling. And tiles now come in such a wide variety of finishes and designs that there's sure to be something that will fit your needs.

There are three basic ways to put up a tile ceiling. If the existing ceiling you want to cover is smooth and structurally sound, all you have to do is clean it and then cement tiles directly over that surface. If the ceiling is damaged or uneven, however, you have to attach furring strips—narrow 1x2-inch wooden strips—to your ceiling and then staple or glue the tiles to those strips.

The third method is to install a suspended grid from the old ceiling into which tiles can be slipped quickly and easily. The grid is hung on wires from above and the installation of the tiles varies depending on the product you are using, but most manufacturers publish excellent, easy-to-follow, how-to instructions. One of the newest suspended ceiling systems offers a wide variety of tiles that can be installed so that no seam shows between tiles.

All three methods of ceiling tile installation—glued, stapled or suspended grid—are within the average abilities of a do-it-yourselfer. And the time it takes to use any one of the methods to cover a ceiling in a 10x12-foot room is usually a weekend. Don't forget, however, that if you want to make changes in your present overhead lighting system when you're installing ceiling tile, you have to plan on doing it before you start installing the tile. If you're going to install a suspended ceiling, ask your home center about the new, recessed lighting fixtures now available. Many now are size-matched to the dimensions of the new ceiling tiles.

Professionals have been using textured paints to conceal cracks and seams in ceilings and to dress up ceiling areas for years. Now the textured paints are widely available for do-it-yourselfers. They come with detailed instructions for the easiest application and with specific suggestions for the best types of brushes or rollers to use. For little more than the cost of regular paints, you can have a newly redecorated ceiling with the look of stucco, sandstone or other texture, and in an assortment of colors.

Like textured paint, vinyl-backed "wallpaper" used on a ceiling also can hide imperfections and give not only the ceiling but the whole room an exciting and attractive "custom" look. It's sometimes difficult to use wallpaper on ceilings, however, unless you intend to paper the entire room; but if you are papering instead of painting, it's then as easy to handle the ceiling as the walls (but definitely plan to do the ceiling *before* the walls). Wallpaper strips on a ceiling always are hung across the room—across the shorter dimension—rather than down the length of the ceiling because shorter strips, of course, are easier to handle.

Urethane beams, which simulate old and heavy timbers but actually are very lightweight and easy to handle, can give an especially interesting "beamed-ceiling" look to any room. The beams come in a number of different styles and sizes, ranging from 6 to 18 feet, and they can be trimmed with little trouble with a hand saw or a small electric sabre or jig saw. To install the beams you have to use a special adhesive that is applied to the ceiling with a caulking gun and which will hold the beams firmly after only two, short minutes.

THE KITCHEN AND THE BATHROOM

Efficiency and comfort *are* the most important considerations when it comes to kitchens or bathrooms. A full-time homemaker can spend as much as 50 percent of her day in the kitchen; a working wife and mother has an equal need for a labor-saving layout.

Saving steps and being able to work in an area without through traffic from other rooms is a major help. Some kitchens, primarily the ones built in a U-shape, offer those advantages already. With the refrigerator against one wall, the stove against another and the sink against still another—forming the points of an unseen triangle—it is easy to move back and forth from each crucial area (unless, of course, the distance between any two points is more than about eight feet). If you're lucky enough to have this kind of layout already, but still feel your kitchen needs improving, you can concentrate on such things as the creation of new countertop and cabinet space, and better lighting and ventilation in the room.

It is both difficult and expensive to move existing utilities in a kitchen, but if your present space is truly inefficient, a much-improved working layout might be worth the money and effort. Investigate the possibilities with a kitchen contractor or a company that specializes in kitchen equipment.

Aside from major renovations, of course, there are dozens of things you can do yourself to make your kitchen both more functional and more pleasant. Good ventilation and lighting, for instance, can make a world of difference. So can new cabinets, or a new low-maintenance floor, or heatproof countertops beside your stove, or a convenient "butcher-block" surface for a perfect cutting and slicing area.

Lighting in a kitchen should be distributed evenly enough so that you do not have to work in your own shadow and strong enough so that you can see into cabinet corners and read the small print of a recipe or on a food label. The new, widely available *(continued)*

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continued

track lighting with movable "spotlights," can offer an exciting lighting variation in a remodeled kitchen.

If the overhead fixtures you now have don't supply enough light—and they rarely do—you should consider installing additional lighting under cabinets over particularly busy work surfaces or much-used appliances.

For better air in your kitchen, free of the smoke and grease that are so hard on walls and ceiling—and your own peace of mind—cooking vapors either should be vented to the outside or at least filtered. The perfect time to install the proper range hood above your cooking area and an exhaust fan built into a wall near the range to vent fumes to the outside is when you are remodeling or redecorating.

If cabinets and counters are your problem, you can find new, pre-made kitchen cabinets at your local home center. You can also buy new cabinet fronts in unfinished woods that can be painted or stained to match perfectly the ones you already have, or to change completely the kitchen's appearance with a different stain or paint. Another solution might be to strip and refinish old cabinets, adding new decorative hardware and molding.

If you are remodeling, you will certainly consider replacements or additional appliances. Keep in mind that appliance manufacturers are acutely aware of the energy shortage and most have done something about it. Before buying new appliances, look for the energy-saving options available. Most new refrigerator-freezer compartments feature special cabinet insulation. Refrigerators may also have a control switch used to raise or lower the temperature within according to the outside temperature; make sure it is easily accessible and adjustable. Some dishwashers have "energy options"—a "dry" selector switch to air dry or activate the heater during the drying portion of the cycle. You can add heat during the washing and drying as you wish, thus being able to control a portion of the energy used by the dishwasher.

Don't forget appliance decorative touches. Many new dishwashers have interchangeable colored front panels to change with a change in decor. Refrigerators and trash compactors have decorative front panel kits. A magnetic strip holds the panels firmly against the door and they will not fall off even if the door is slammed.

Another addition to consider is a water naturalizer that can be installed easily under the sink. The naturalizer employs an activated carbon and ionized filter that removes chlorine's color, odor-causing agents, chemical detergents, rust and sediments to give you pure drinking water at all times.

New, plastic countertop materials come in many colors and textures. Sold by the yard, they can be installed easily with a special laminating cement. They can give a fresh, coordinated color look to your countertops.

Remodeling your bathroom usually is a much simpler undertaking than remodeling a kitchen—depending on how extensive your changes are. Almost everything that needs to be done to modernize the bath, from changing the wallcovering to installing new fixtures, can be done by you without professional help.

In recent years, manufacturers of bathroom equipment have produced attractive, one-piece units that make it possible for the home handyman to handle even a tub, shower or lavatory installation. The best thing about these one-piece assemblies is that you don't have to go to the trouble and expense of tiling or paneling around them, and they are available in a variety of sizes, shapes and colors. They are not prohibitively expensive, and once installed they are easy to keep clean.

If you don't need new fixtures but would like to "dress-up" or improve the ones you have, you can buy pre-built bathroom vanities and cabinets. One of the most popular bathroom additions is a sliding glass door for the tub and shower area. They come with complete instructions for installation and the job usually takes about one hour.

Installing ceramic tiles on the floor or walls of a bathroom once was a job only for professionals, but today you can buy tiles that come on 12x12-inch mesh sheets (some are 12x24-inches), with matching curved pieces for corners. Pre-grouted ceramic tiles now are available and make do-it-yourself installation easier and quicker.

When existing tiles are cracked or badly discolored but you don't contemplate remodeling immediately, you might try some of the new peel-and-stick tile appliqués. They are waterproof, stain and mildew-resistant and —of course—washable.

Vinyl and plastic-laminate wall coverings for the bath also come in easy-to-handle sheets and are now available in attractive colors and patterns.

THE FLOORS HAVE IT

Sometimes a new floor or a new floor covering is all that's needed to give a room a totally new and exciting look. It's a tempting thought if your budget is limited or if you would like to completely redecorate a room in several easy stages, starting at the bottom. The days of having to pay a professional to create a beautiful floor in your home are no more: new fashions in floor coverings make do-it-yourself installation quick and easy.

New, resilient, sheet flooring and tiles, including the "self-stick" variety, carpeting, even ceramic and mosaic tiles, are available in a wide range of colors, textures and patterns. They come packed with detailed, "plain language" installation instructions that make the job easy for those who haven't tried it before.

Let the condition of your existing floors and the atmosphere you want to create help you decide the type of flooring to buy. Take the time to look at all the types available at your local home center (come with floor measurements so that you can get approximate costs for the different types of flooring).

Resilient flooring is an excellent choice for many rooms. It comes in sheet form—vinyl—and tiles in vinyl, vinyl abestos, asphalt and cork. The variety of colors and patterns available in sheet vinyl form is literally amazing, with styles to suit any decor. Many have an easy-care, no-wax gleam that requires only a dampened sponge mop for cleaning. There are new, cushioned vinyl sheets that are so flexible they can be folded like a blanket and carried home in a car's back seat. Installation is easy because it requires only stapling around the edges. You don't even have to worry about "bubbling" because the vinyl is elastic and settles into shape after 24 hours.

There is now cushioned sheet vinyl in 15-foot widths, in addition to the standard 6-, 9- and 12-foot widths on the market until now, so that it can be installed in larger rooms without seams. If you don't staple the flooring in place there's a new foam flooring adhesive that comes in aerosol cans and shoots out like shaving cream.

Vinyl sheet flooring requires only a few tools to install—a straight-blade utility knife, tape measure, shears, a staple gun (or adhesive) and something to use as a straight edge, such as a metal-edged yardstick, metal ruler or even a narrow piece of scrap hardboard.

The first step is to measure the floor to be covered accurately—with the base moldings removed—and to buy a piece at least six to eight inches wider in both dimensions. Make sure the floor is dry and clean. (If you are installing the new sheet vinyl over existing flooring, it must be even and cleaned of all wax or other "soft" finishes.) Fit the flooring into the room, making sure to let at least a three inch overlap go up the walls in both dimensions. Then cut down to fit the flooring into the corners and gradually trim the edges to fit, using a straight edge as a guide.

After you are sure the sheet has been fitted accurately, you can tack it down along one edge with a staple gun, then smooth it out toward the *(continued)*



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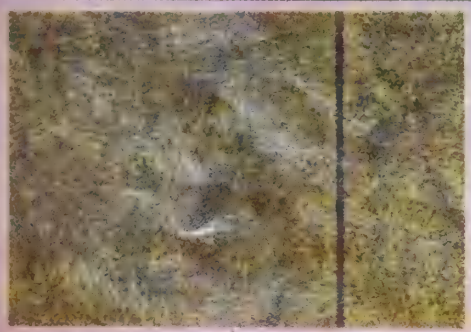
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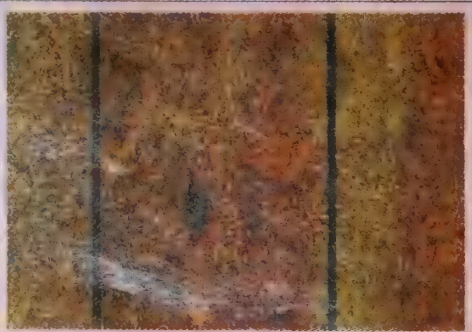
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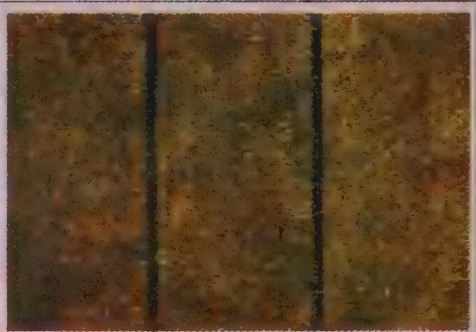
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other walls (a push broom works well for this) and tack down those edges. If you are using an adhesive, roll the material back halfway and apply a band of foam adhesive around the edge and in rows on the rest of the floor about 12 inches apart. Roll the flooring back into position and smooth it down with a broom or even a stiff scrub brush.

To finish the job, re-install the moldings you removed, or use the new, self-adhesive vinyl molding that's quick, clean and easy to apply. It comes in several forms, including rolls like tape, that is flexible enough to fit around corners and cover gaps (and staples) at the edges.

Vinyl asbestos tiles are one of the most popular do-it-yourself floor coverings. They are durable, easy to install and come in both self-sticking and varieties with which you use an adhesive. Most now come in the 12x12-inch size (a square foot), and in patterns and colors so varied that you can create anything from a "wood" floor to a Spanish-tiled effect—even a shuffleboard court for a family room. Many are available with a "no-wax" finish.

Installation of vinyl asbestos tiles, self-stick and those requiring adhesive, follows the same basic procedure. The surface on which you are going to install the tiles must be clean, dry and warm (not below 50 degrees F.). Then you must find the center of the floor. The easiest way to do so is to run cords stretched from the midpoint of one wall to the opposite wall's midpoint (a thumbtack or small nail can hold them in place), and repeated for the other two walls. Center the first tile where the cords cross, then begin placing tiles in all four directions, working outward from the center. If you are using tiles that require an adhesive, follow the directions for spreading it found on the container—but don't spread too wide an area at a time. With self-sticking tiles, don't remove the protective paper backing until you are ready to press them in place. With both types of tiles, *place* —do not slide them into position.

You can trim the edge tiles as necessary with shears or heavy-duty scissors. The instructions that are packed in a box of tiles will tell you how to trim edge tiles for a snug fit; any slight errors of trimming will be covered when you re-install the floor molding or use new, ready-made vinyl or pre-finished wood molding.

Here's a professional's tip: All vinyl asbestos tiles install easier, and are less subject to breaking when cutting, if they are warm. Try to buy your tiles several days before you intend to lay the floor, and store them in a warm place (in winter, placing the box near a radiator is practical).

At one time, ceramic tiles were best left for professionals to install. But today they are designed to be put down by any woman or man with some time—and the desire for a beautiful floor. They provide enduring beauty but are more expensive than the vinyl products —and they are hard on the feet. If you like the look, fall in love with it out of the kitchen or other area where you're bound to be on your feet a lot.

Ceramic tiles come in patterns and colors from brilliant Mexican to rich terra cotta, from pastels to earth colors. Mosaic tile floors have moved out of the bathroom with new colors and improved do-it-yourself installation.

Sold in sheets measuring 1x1 or 1x2 feet, mosaic tiles now come pre-grouted. They are installed with a special mastic (cement) applied with a notched trowel. The most important point to know about mosaic tiles is that the floor surface must be level. If the floor is uneven or warped, a subfloor or underlayment of plywood or hardboard will be required to give a smooth, level surface before you install the tiles.

Ceramic and mosaic tiles are also hard to cut to fit in corners and edges, but you can rent a tile cutter where you purchase the tiles. Your home center expert can also give advice or provide you with literature to supplement directions that come with your material.

Cushion-backed carpeting is perfect for the do-it-yourselfer, since it eliminates the need for separate padding and can be installed with double-face tape around the room edges. Bathroom carpeting now comes in kits with special tracing paper to ensure a perfect fit. The carpeting is cut with ordinary household scissors.

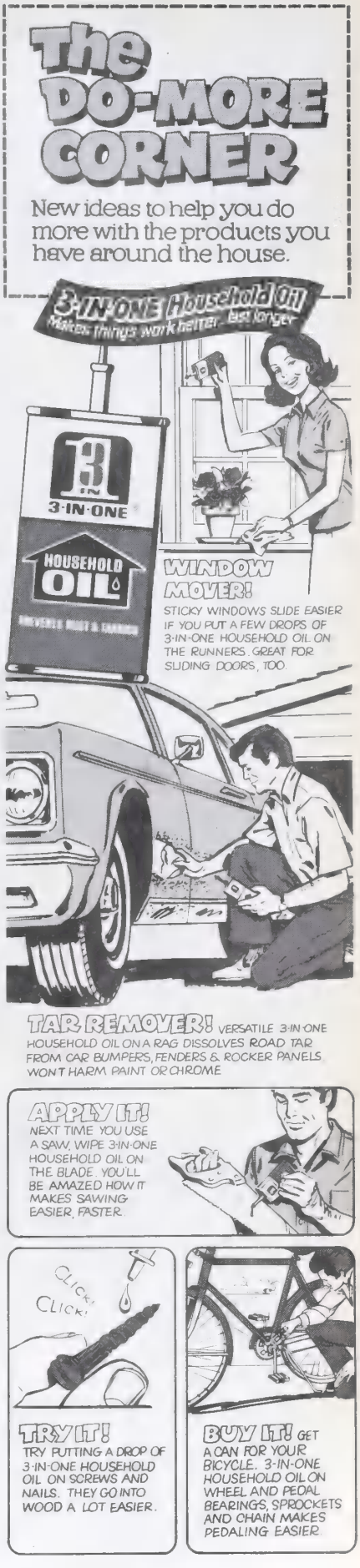
Carpet tiles can also be an attractive, practical flooring choice. Some varieties have a rubberized backing that keeps them in place but permits them to be removed easily for cleaning (some are even washable in an automatic washer). Others come in shags, low piles and indoor/outdoor types with a peel-and-stick backing. They are installed the same way as self-adhesive resilient tiles.

Wood is an attractive, warm flooring material. Wood tiles now come with a foam backing (for softer tread) and are self-sticking. In 12-inch squares, they are easy to install on an existing level floor, with the only tool needed an electric sabre or jig saw to cut tiles for fit.

WALL PANELS

When decorating a home for beauty, comfort *and* ease of maintenance, it's difficult to find a more useful item than wall paneling. It has a durability unmatched by either paint or most other wallcoverings.

Paneling costs more *(continued)*





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initially, but it pays for itself many times over in terms of long-lasting usefulness and generally low maintenance. Homeowners today don't have to restrict themselves to the more expensive, solid wood panels traditionally used in the past. There are many attractive and economical materials available on the market now.

Plywood panels come veneered with a wide variety of hardwoods—oak, cherry, walnut and so on—and textured softwoods such as red cedar or knotty pine.

One manufacturer has created a new, prefinished plywood panel that has a particularly nice "aged" look and a special groove pattern. The panels are butted side by side when they are first put up, but with the passing of time they separate to form a variety of random groove widths that range from 1/8 of an inch to about 5/16 of an inch. This "time-lapse" grooving gives the paneling an even nicer look of age and wear.

In addition to plywood and plywood-veneered wood panels, there are new plastic laminates, fiber glass panels and prefinished hardboards. The new plastic laminates (similar to plastic-laminated kitchen countertops) are resistant to practically every kind of abuse and are ideal for rooms that get a lot of heavy-duty use, such as a child's room or a family room.

The laminates come in many patterns, colors and textures, including wood-grain effects. They cannot be applied directly to your present walls, but it's not difficult to put up some kind of backing such as gypsum wallboard or plywood to your wall first and then to apply the laminated panels directly to that backing with a good contact cement.

Prefinished hardboards also will provide you with a wallcovering that is moisture-resistant and will neither split nor crack. Hardboard panels usually are vinyl-faced or have baked-on finishes, and they too are available in a variety of patterns and colors.

Both plywood and hardboard panels can be put up in one of two ways. The panels can be applied directly to existing plaster walls (or directly to studs in an unfinished room under construction) with a contact-type cement. The walls must be in good condition, both smooth and even. If they are not, furring strips (narrow strips of wood or metal attached to walls as a base) should be used to which the panels then can be attached.

The advantage of this first method is that no nails are needed. Cementing requires a fair amount of "first-time" accuracy, however, so work carefully if you choose this method and follow the instructions accompanying the adhesive you are using as closely as possible.

The second method of putting up paneling is simply to nail or staple each panel to studs or furred-out walls. This method allows a little more leeway for positioning errors of course; it's often the preferred method among amateurs.

But whatever method is used, putting up paneling actually has become one of the most popular of all do-it-yourself projects across the nation. Most all of the "how-to" books or manufacturers' brochures available at home centers contain detailed, easy-to-follow instructions for the entire process—from estimating the amount of paneling you will need to the installation of the molding.

When shopping for paneling, keep in mind that the conventional, vertical use of panels is not a hard and fast decorating rule. Panels can be placed horizontally, or even in an alternating horizontal/vertical "parquet" effect, to give a room an especially interesting or dramatic impact.

If you decorate with wood or wood-veneered panels, remember that once your beautiful room is finished, you should give it the same care you give any fine wood furniture. Avoid abrasive detergents or heavy waxes that could leave deposits in the pores of the wood. Dust regularly with a clean cloth; cover a dry-mop with a dusting cloth to reach the highest points. For textured paneling you should use a wall brush or a vacuum cleaner with a brush attachment that won't catch on the wood. Any random scratches can be camouflaged with "crayon" sticks made expressly for wood repairs. There also are special sprays available to clean and polish paneling.

Sunlight tends to mellow wood, so if you hang pictures on your paneled walls, insert some extra brads or small nails on the back of the picture frames to keep them at a distance of about a half-inch from the walls. That way light can filter behind the pictures and if they ever are removed, there will be no squares of darker wood evident.

WHAT TO DO WITH WINDOWS

What to do with a window always depends on how much air and light you need from it, and on the overall effect you want to achieve in your room.

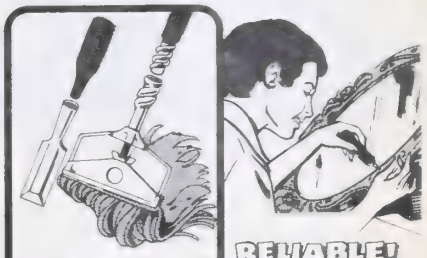
In some instances, the exactly right solution may be unadorned glass panes. If you have a large window in a modern room, or a window-wall, or sliding glass door with a great view, don't spoil things by covering it all up. If you like a bare, clean look and the amount of sun that streams through your windows, and a lack of privacy in that room is no problem, *(continued)*

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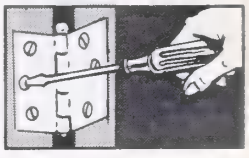


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Interior decorators have been using fancy new custom-made shades for years, of course, but now manufacturers are producing window shade kits that allow even the most inexperienced novice to create a beautiful window. Investigate the possibilities of laminating wallpaper or fabric onto shades with the help of such a kit. There are different kinds on the market and all come complete with detailed instructions.

Interior shutters for windows also are becoming increasingly popular these days because they are both decorative and practical. Spray-painted to match the walls or other items in a room, shutters give a "dressed-up" but light and airy look to almost any area. Home centers sell shutters by the panel in sizes ranging from 6x12 inch to 18x80 inch. (Buy them no more than 4″ wider than your windows so they can be trimmed to fit, and allow ¼″ clearance so they won't scrape casings or sills.)

WHEN YOU NEED A PROFESSIONAL

At some point, even the most competent weekend do-it-yourselfer may come up against a home improvement job that is too difficult for an amateur to handle, or a task that simply is not worth the time and effort a nonprofessional would have to expend. Improvements that require licensed plumbers, electricians or similar workers, of course, must be handled by such experts. You put yourself, your house—and your insurance—in jeopardy when you tackle such jobs unless you're absolutely sure you know what you're doing. Even then, local ordinances in some communities state that certain home alterations must be made by licensed professionals.

The best way to approach any major addition or home renovation is to ask yourself, seriously, just how much time and expertise you can bring to the job. It can take an inordinate amount of time, for instance, to learn the details of building codes and materials—knowledge a contractor or architect would already possess. And being able to work only part of the time on a really big project, one a professional could finish in a matter of days or weeks, can seriously inconvenience your whole family and its normal living patterns.

There's also the question of tools and other equipment. How much would it cost you to buy or rent special tools a contractor would have? If you have any doubts about your ability to handle the total job, to be architect, contractor, plumber, mason and carpenter all at once, consult a professional.

There are a number of important considerations you should have in mind before you actually hire a contractor or architect, however. First of all, consider the problem of finding a really reputable man. Word of mouth—that *(continued)*

Improvement Guide

continued

leave well enough alone. If too much sun or lack of privacy, particularly at night, is a consideration, you can install draw draperies that hang at the sides, out of the way, or flexible blinds that let in the light during the day but close easily at sundown.

For any window, consider modern venetian blinds that come in an exciting range of colors, are even available with beautiful graphic designs, have narrow-width slats but no tapes and open to be almost invisible.

Think about the overall amount of light you want in the room. Would drapes make the acoustics in the room better? Is the room small or large? Curtains that blend with the walls make a small room look larger, while a large room can be made extremely interesting with the use of contrasting colors and bold patterns at the windows. And a low-ceilinged room will look higher if you hang draperies all the way from the floor to the ceiling.

One of the most interesting ways to shut out excessive light and insure maximum privacy in a room these days is to use one of the oldest window tricks around: shades. Shades have come a long way in recent years and now are available in such a wide variety of colors and materials it's difficult to remember the choice once was limited.

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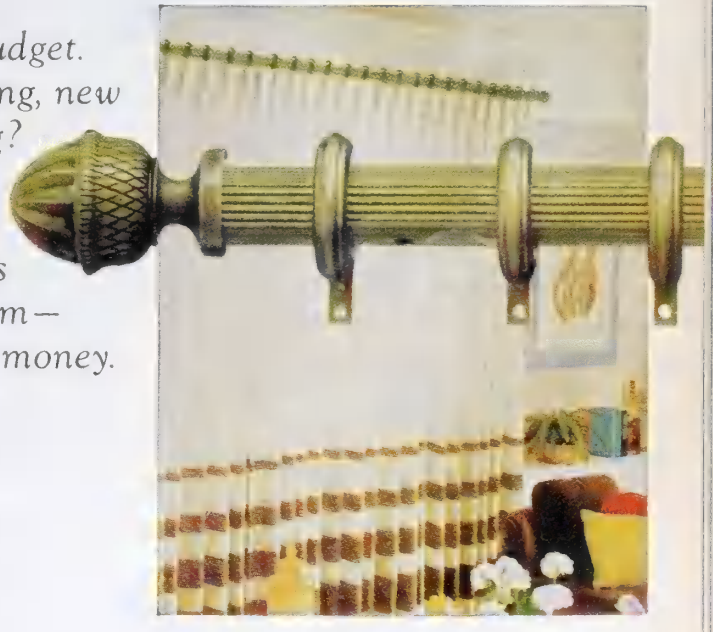


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, recommendations from friends and neighbors—may be elpful, and may also make it easy for you to inspect arefully previous work done by the contractor you are onsidering.

Another way to locate a responsible and reliable professional is to look for the National Home Improvement Council members in your community. NHIC, which is an ssociation of professional home remodelers, also publishes a brochure designed to educate homeowners both n how to choose and how to work with a contractor.

Once you've located at least two or three reputable ontractors, ask for bids from all of them and then compare prices, time estimates and the quality of the materials ach recommends.

When you decide on a contractor, your next step hould be the signing of a written contract, preferably ne prepared by a lawyer. The contract should be absoutely clear as to the precise amount of work to be done nd the kind of materials to be used. It also should state he date the work will be started, the approximate time t will be completed and that the contractor will be esponsible for the cleaning up and removal of any contruction debris from your property.

It is also important to have a clause in the contract that says that if the contractor goes bankrupt before he completes your job, you cannot be held accountable for any debts he has incurred for either labor or materials on your project.

The contract should always include a schedule of payments. Usually, a contractor is paid a sum of money when he starts your project and another predetermined sum when he is half finished. The final balance is delivered once the job is completed—to your satisfaction.

PAINTING PARTICULARS

The best redecorating tool in the world is still the paintbrush—because nothing can change the character of any room as quickly, easily and inexpensively as paint. You literally can perform feats of decorating magic these days with a paintbrush or roller. Paint manufacturers not only have improved their products, they have come up with just about every single nuance of color in the world. Some manufacturers have over 1,000 different shade formulas!

A successful paint job still depends on two crucial factors: the right choice of color for you, and the use of the right type of paint and equipment.

The more you know about colors the more successfully you can use them, so carefully study any number of different color schemes before you make final choices. Naturally, your own personal preferences should be the determining factor, but remember that certain colors can minimize the awkward features of a room while other colors will make those features even more glaringly obvious. Walls and ceilings painted in light tints tend to make rooms seem larger and ceilings higher. Darker, warmer colors make an overly large room seem cozier or more intimate.

Some rooms benefit from the use of two colors. A darker color or shade on each end wall in a very narrow room, for instance, will make that room appear wider. In the same way, a room with a completely uninteresting shape can be given new focus if one wall is painted in a color that distinctly contrasts with the color on all the other walls.

Once you have decided on the color or colors you want to use in a room, the next step is to decide on the type of paint that's best. Flat-finish paints absorb more light than either the gloss or semigloss finishes *(continued)*

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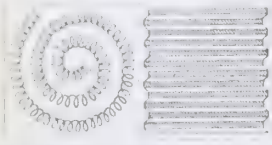
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Improvement Guide

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and so reduce glare in a room and give it a generally softer, "quieter" appearance. But flat paints show dirt and stains more quickly and are not as easy to clean as the harder, shinier finishes. In most instances, a gloss or semigloss finish is a much more practical choice for hard-duty rooms like kitchens, playrooms or baths.

Gloss, semigloss and flat finishes are available in either oil-base (solvent-thinned) or in latex and acrylic (water-soluble) paints. Of these basic types, the latex and acrylic are the easiest for the nonprofessional painter to use because oil-based paints must be thinned and cleaned up, with flammable solvents.

The water-soluble latex or acrylic paints are easy to apply, quick-drying, and almost completely free of that old-fashioned "paint odor." And after finishing your paint job, you can clean up with nothing more than plain old soap and water. (There are even new water-soluble varnishes.)

The quality of a paint is always important. It's false economy to settle for a cheap paint because it will take just as much effort to apply as a better grade but it will not give you the same performance in wear and tear.

The same is true of brushes—quality is important. A good brush not only will hold more paint than a cheap one, it will make it possible for you to work more quickly and smoothly with a lot less effort. The bristles on a good-quality brush feel springy and "elastic" and they should not fan out too much when pushed gently against a flat surface.

Always clean a brush as soon as you are through using it, and leave it in water (if using latex paints) or a solvent (if oil-based paints) overnight. For longer periods of storage, clean your brushes thoroughly and then wrap them in aluminum foil or some kind of heavy paper.

The advent of paint rollers has been a real boon to do-it-yourselfers. When covering plain walls or ceiling, rollers are much faster and easier to use than brushes. Many rollers are designed to take extensions so that you can stand on the floor and actually paint a ceiling or stairwell as high as 12 feet. There also are rollers specially designed for hard-to-get-to areas and awkward corners.

When purchasing a roller, make certain that the roll is fairly easy to remove and change, and that you are buying the right kind of cover for the right job. Short-napped covers should be used for smooth surfaces, covers with a longer nap for rougher walls and ceilings of stucco or concrete.

WALLCOVERINGS

When it comes to decorating interior walls there is such a variety of practical and pretty coverings available that the hardest home-improvement job of all may be deciding which material to use. There are the traditional paints and papers, wood panels, plaster, hardboard and ceramic tiles; then there are the newer plastic laminates, vinyl panels, stone or brick veneers and woven rush matting in 4x8-foot sheets. But investigate all the types, colors and patterns for yourself.

Many of the modern "wallpapers," for example, are not really paper at all. They are vinyl-coated, fabric, foil or cork and paper-backed grass cloth. And within each of those categories there are many glorious patterns and textures from which to choose. The vinyls especially come in many different varieties, and they are marvelously sturdy, stain and fade resistant and washable.

The vinyl coverings offer an additional advantage as well: they can be stripped from your walls easily, without being scraped or steamed, when it comes time to redecorate.

Many wallcoverings come pre-trimmed and pre-pasted today, making things even easier. And the cost of these coverings, which eliminate both the need for standard wallpapering tools *and* the mess of pasting, *(continued)*

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is comparable to the cost of any moderate-priced, unpasted paper. Some of the pre-pasted papers are sold with heavily-waxed, cardboard trays that can be unfolded, filled with water, and are then exactly the right size for "dunking" the wallpaper to activate the built-in adhesive.

If you're thinking of tackling a do-it-yourself wallcovering job for the first time, you can estimate approximately how much material you will need by measuring the length and width of your room and multiplying the total by the height of your walls. If your room is 10x20 feet, and the walls are 8 feet high, the total perimeter of the room would be 60 feet (10+10+20+20); and 60 feet multiplied by 8 feet equals 480 square feet of wall space.

The average roll of wallcovering material contains 36 square feet, but an allowance of about 6 feet has to be made for trimming and matching the rolls, so it's best to divide the amount of your total wall space by 30, rather than 36. Thus, 480 square feet divided by 30 equals 16—the number of rolls it would take to cover your walls. From your total you should deduct one roll for every two "openings" in your room. If you have four windows, one door and a fireplace, or a total of six openings, for example, deduct three rolls from the 16, leaving a final total of 13 rolls.

The special wallcovering borders that sometimes are used at the edge between a ceiling and a wall to give a more finished look to a room, are not sold by the roll but by the yard. Therefore, to determine the amount of material you should order, measure the total distance around your room.

For most nonprofessionals, the pre-pasted or vinyl wallcoverings will be the easiest to use, although regular wallpapers are not really that much more difficult to hang. If you choose a very expensive, relatively fragile wallpaper, it is wiser to have it installed by a professional. A wallpapering kit does not require a big investment, however, and doing the work yourself certainly will save you money.

In planning your project remember one more thing: Walls must first be properly prepared, made both clean and smooth, or all your labor and beautiful new material will come to naught. A plaster or rough wall of any kind will have to be scraped and sanded. A smooth or gloss-painted wall also will have to be sanded so the paste or adhesive that secures the new covering will stick to the wall properly. Any raw wood or unpainted plaster walls will have to be sealed with a coat of oil-base paint or with some kind of glue sizing.

It is possible to cover over old wallpaper, but only if that paper is perfectly tight and smooth, and there are no more than two layers on the walls at present. Otherwise, the old paper must be removed. And never, never try to cover an old paper with a vinyl wallcovering. As the vinyl dries, it will pull off the old paper underneath and give your newly covered spaces an unplanned, unsightly, wrinkled look.

Wallcoverings can transform a room dramatically, so consider colors and patterns very carefully. Strong colors and patterns will tend to dominate everything else and make your room seem somewhat smaller than it actually is. Paler hues and smaller patterns give a more spacious effect. Consider using a wallcovering on only one section of a room. You're still likely to get a dramatic effect with such a treatment.

The use of a supergraphic on one wall can be especially dramatic—and fun. Until recent years, most supergraphics were used by professional decorators only in places like hotel lobbies or offices, but today the use of such wallcoverings is gaining momentum in homes everywhere. You even can buy a supergraphic wall system in a kit now. You also can buy wallpapers that will provide especially good *(continued)*

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surfaces on which to paint "your own scenes" in either matte, gloss or textured paints.

CHOOSING THE RIGHT POWER TOOLS

The pleasure and satisfaction of handling your own home repairs and remodeling chores will be enhanced by the purchase of a few, well-chosen power tools. Such tools will make it possible for you to undertake certain projects that otherwise would be too difficult, time consuming or even impossible.

The investment you make in purchasing a power tool—and new models of most are surprisingly inexpensive—is well worth it in the long run.

The single most versatile power tool for home use is, of course, the electric drill. It can drill—that is, "make holes"—in wood, plaster, ceramics, plastics, many metals and even concrete. Simply change the bit and you change the type of job your drill can do. Fitted with the right accessories for jobs other than drilling, the electric drill practically becomes a workshop in itself. It can grind materials, sand, polish and buff. It can saw light wood and sharpen scissors or other tools. It can drive (and sometimes, withdraw) screws. It can remove rust or flaking paint and stir a can of new paint quickly.

There are a number of handy accessories for the drill available. One is a flexible sanding pad—the newest of which is made of plastic to which stick-at-a-touch sandpaper discs adhere and sand with practically no tearing or shredding. The entire face of the pad is usable, allowing more effective sanding.

The size of an electric drill is determined by the size of the largest bit or drill shank it will accept. The ¼-inch size is the most useful for a home workshop.

Newer models may have a variable speed control—handy when you want to select a slower speed. A reverse feature is useful in backing-out screws or bits from deep holes. Many of the new models are "double-insulated"—a safety feature. If the drill you purchase does not have a grounding plug, make sure that it is a double-insulated model.

There are also new, cordless models (the power source is rechargeable) that are extremely handy for work in places that are difficult to reach without a long, dangling extension cord.

The second power tool you should consider owning is an electric saw. Depending on the work in view, it can either be a portable jigsaw (often called a saber saw) or a circular saw. The jigsaw or saber saw is extremely useful—it can make straight or curved cuts in wood, plywood and light metals—but it has its limitations. It can make a cut in the middle of a panel—a hole for an electrical outlet—but it has a hard time handling heavier wood, especially any long, straight cuts. For that, you'll need an electric, portable circular saw.

A portable circular saw can save hours of hand-sawing labor, especially if you are cutting a lot of shelving or a number of 2 x 4s (commonly used for framing). The best models come with a blade of 7 inches or more in diameter and are capable of cutting a 2 x 4 at a 15 degree angle.

The decision to collect additional power tools really depends on your needs. A power sander or an electric planer? A table saw or a router? It depends on how much work you expect to do over the years, as well as on your budget. You can always rent a specialized power tool at your home center for a specific project.

FINANCING HOME IMPROVEMENTS

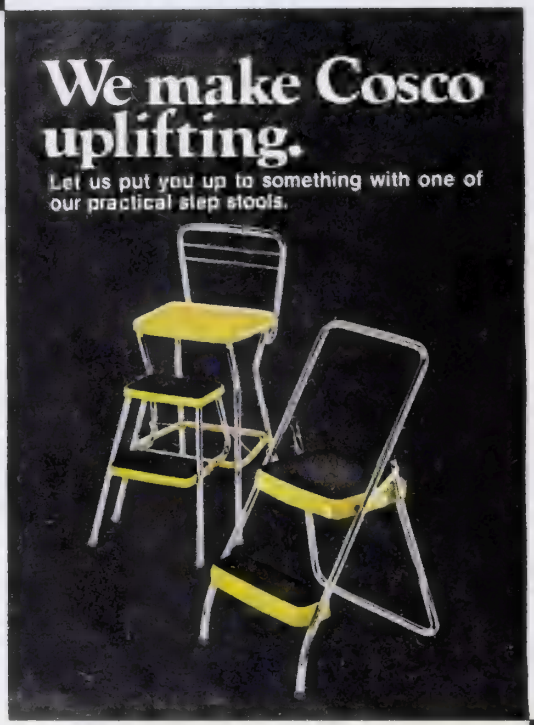
Once you have decided to undertake a major home improvement project, and have a good estimate of what the costs will be, the next step may be negotiating a loan. Shopping around for the best terms and interest rates is important.

Most banks and savings and loan associations are interested in lending improvement funds to homeowners. But different financial institutions have different rates, and even the same type of institution may have rates that vary from one region or community to another.

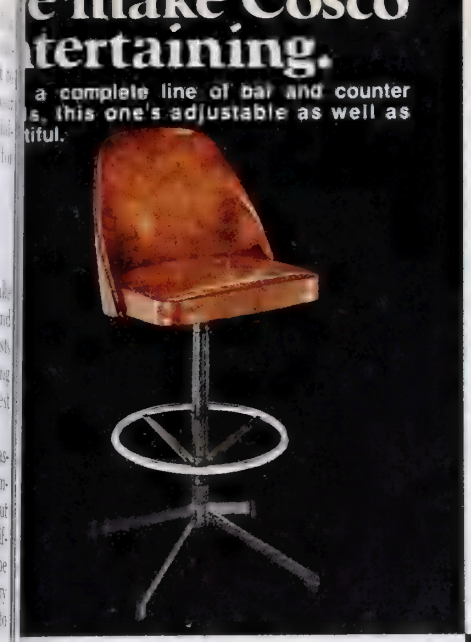
Check the institutions in your community carefully to determine the percentage rate you would have to pay on a loan from each one. Under the provisions of the 1968 Federal Truth-in-Lending Act, all financial institutions are required to state accurately the cost of their credit and the *total* interest you will have paid by the time the loan is retired.

If you have a mortgage on your home now and that mortgage has an "open end" clause allowing you to borrow as much money from the institution holding the mortgage as you have paid on your mortgage to date, you might consider financing your home improvements this way.

Check the possibilities of an FHA (Title I) loan with your bank as well. These are backed by the Federal Housing Administration and can be used only for general "liva-







pieces and accessories. Basically, track lighting consists of "spotlights" hooked up to runners in such a way that each spot can swivel or be turned to illuminate a different section of space. They also can be positioned anywhere along the length of track.

To install the lighting, you have to attach the runners to your ceiling (that's done by using toggle bolts—or anchors for plaster ceilings) or high up on a wall. There are no other major steps involved. Each track unit is sold with a compact power pack that snaps right into the track. The units are designed to be connected to a ceiling fixture's electrical source or to be plugged into an electrical outlet on your wall.

The tracks are sold in different lengths and come in a number of different finishes. The lights themselves also come in a variety of sizes, shapes and finishes. Just snap them into the track and you're all set to snap on some great new lights.

If track lighting seems to have too modern a feel for your home, you might investigate the possibilities of installing a ceiling fixture in your living room, dining room or entrance foyer. Chandeliers can be found in pewter, brass, crystal, wood, clear or frosted glass, china and even plastic.

There should be at least 75 watts of light available to the entry area of your home, while a hanging fixture centered over a dining room table should supply about 150 watts. Supplemental lighting can be supplied from matching wall fixtures or sconces, with one foot of wall lighting for every 12 feet of floor area as a general rule, or use table lamps.

The use of "dimmers" in a dining room, to change the intensity of the main light from high to low, or to any point in between, can be very interesting. Most dimmers can be installed easily by do-it-yourselfers.

A bedroom of 125 to 225 square feet should have one 200 watt ceiling fixture, or two 150 watt recessed fixtures. Bedside lamps on night stands seldom supply sufficient amounts of light for the entire room. Bathrooms should have at least one ceiling fixture that will hold two 60 watt or one 100 watt bulb. And it's a great convenience to have some kind of specialized lighting located directly over your bathroom mirror.

One new, innovative lighting accessory you might consider for any room in your home (other than the kitchen or the bathroom) is the "light curtain," a movable curtain of low voltage lighting. Tiny light bulbs inside rigid luxite or flexible lexan plastic tubes provide an exciting shimmer of light. Once used primarily for commercial purposes, these light curtains now are moving into homes; they can do wonders for the atmosphere of either a contemporary or a traditional room.

bility" improvements on your house and not for nonessentials such as a new greenhouse or a swimming pool.

Another economical way to borrow money for home improvements is to borrow against a savings account. A "Passbook Loan" generally will carry the lowest rates available anywhere. Most lending institutions normally will assess your property to make sure the improvements you're planning are a sound investment.

LIGHTS, PLEASE

Nothing can ruin the overall effect of a beautiful remodeling or decorating job more easily than bad lighting in a home. And worse is the danger of eyestrain or accidents caused by the wrong kind of lighting fixtures or lamps—or by the right kind located in the wrong places.

One of the most common mistakes in decorating is to choose a lamp solely because of its color or style and then to locate it in a room on that basis alone, rather than searching out lamps and locating them in a room for both their beauty *and* usefulness.

Think carefully about the way your family uses each room in your home and whether or not that room is safely and comfortably lit. It's a good idea to include at least one lamp that can provide suitable reading light in any room. Aim for a general, diffused lighting in a room with brighter, localized lighting, concentrated in areas where special activities are likely to take place. A combination of table and floor lamps, wall fixtures or some kind of track lighting can be used.

Track lighting, once a decorating tool used only by professional designers, is now available for easy, do-it-yourself installation utilizing plastic lock-in



ADHESIVES: FLOUR PASTES TO CEMENTS

Choosing the right adhesive for the right job can mean the difference between success and failure in a wide range of household repairs and improvements. The first step in making sure you have the right "sticking power" for any job is to consider how and where the items you're working on will be used.

A flour paste adhesive may be great for sticking paper on cardboard, but even a commercial-grade paste suitable for most wallpapers should not be used to put up paper in a bathroom where *(continued)*



you definitely need a moisture-proof adhesive. Whatever the project, if it's for a bathroom, kitchen or outdoor area, always select a completely waterproof adhesive.

Consider the size of the items on which you're working as well. Epoxy and latex-base adhesives, for example, are great for repairing china or other items that have to be washed continually in hot water. But epoxies, particularly the fast-setting ones, are difficult to handle in quantity. Choosing one for a large project then is not a good idea.

Plastic cements, which are excellent for general repairs and for making all kinds of models, probably should be ruled out for most large projects, too. The cements lack the structural strength required for most such projects.

Resorcinol and formaldehyde adhesives, on the other hand, are good for larger items that must withstand a certain amount of stress. But both must be mixed before use (resorcinol with resin, and formaldehyde with water) and require three to 10 hours to harden, during which time the items you're putting together must be tightly clamped.

Consider the margin for error of various adhesives. If you're putting down floor tiles, for example, and the mastic you're using is likely to rise slightly above the edges onto the tops of the tiles, you want to be certain that "spill-over" can be removed easily with a damp rag before it sets hard and fast. Some adhesive, however, will not dry at temperature below about 64°, so if you're working in an unheated basement workshop or a garage, make sure the adhesive will harden below that temperature.

If you have a good general idea of how and where you'll be using an adhesive, the manufacturer's instructions on any particular type of adhesive, as to materials, moisture-resistance, stress and so on, probably will make a lot more sense to you.

If there are special instructions from a manufacturer for handling or applying an adhesive, always follow those instructions carefully. And make certain that the surfaces of your own materials are absolutely clean, sound and free from all oil or grease.

PUT IT DOWN ON PAPER

Once you have a color scheme in mind, you can begin assembling the ingredients of your remodeled or redecorated room or rooms—furniture, draperies, carpets or rugs, and all the numerous accessories that lend character and magic to a room.

Get your ideas down on paper. You don't have to be an artist—rough sketches of a room plan will be adequate. You'll find that nothing else will be as helpful in enabling you to visualize what you need and what each piece of furniture is going to mean to a room. Indeed, planning on paper is worth the small effort it takes.

Begin by making accurate drawings of the floor plan of the room. Measure off the exact length and width and mark the dimensions on graph paper, making one square equal to one foot.

Next, locate doors, windows, fireplaces, radiators, heating vents, jogs and any built-ins, such as bookshelves.

Using the same scale of measurement, make cardboard cutouts of the furniture you plan to use in the room. Label each one. On the graph paper place major pieces first, then auxiliary pieces. Shift them around until you have them well balanced as far as size and color go. Watch out for any areas you wouldn't want to block up. Give thought to the problem of room traffic. Take a pencil and draw in the traffic lanes in the room you are plotting. Clearances of 30 inches are standard and considered ample. Experiment with arrangements that bring some pieces of furniture out into the center of a room. There is no law that says everything in a room must be backed up to a wall. **End**



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Something in Common

continued from page 97

while Matt made his Everything Omelet for brunch. Matt lately is into cooking, and was singing in the kitchen, happy to be chopping shallots and peppers and mushrooms. I prefer to cook everything from a kit or better still, to eat out.

Later, I showed Melissa the comic pages while Matt looked over the sports section. When Melissa started to yawn, I tucked her into bed and tiptoed out of the nursery.

In the living room, Matt was sprawled across the couch, already mesmerized by the flickering gridiron on TV, the beer commercials, the Fun of Football.

I walked through the living room, stopped at the hall closet, got out my easel, canvas, acrylics. He never even looked up.

"I'll be back in about two hours, all right, Matt?"

"Sure."

"There's pudding in the refrigerator for Melissa when she wakes up," I said.

"Sure."

"See you later, dear."

"See you later, hon," he said.

Driving to the park, I thought about my own marriage. Until Midge's announcement, I'd considered it sound, if not perfect. So what if Matt liked football and I did not? Did it matter that I could not get him to be enthusiastic about an afternoon at the art museum or a weekend antiquing in the country?

I raised a mental toast to individual differences. How dull, after all, to be tied forever to a psychic twin. How much more diverting to bring dissimilar talents and ideas and preferences into a marriage.

Still, as I pulled into the park, I could see CKJ up ahead, already at work at his easel.

He was a stranger to me (identified as CKJ by initials stamped on the canvas satchel he carried) and we'd never exchanged a word, but painted together Sundays, separated by several yards, diffidence and two wedding rings. Last Sunday he'd smiled and waved for the first time. Carrying my easel and paintbox to "my" spot I smiled to myself. Was his wife at home, engrossed by a football game, feet up, beer can in hand?

Again, he smiled and waved. "Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Gorgeous," I said.

Ahead of me (and him) stretched a pond that looked more like spilled mercury than water, with the mirror image of the sun glittering under the feathered bodies of ducks moving in silent, disciplined rows. I was immediately caught up in it. I began to paint, engrossed in

(continued on page 165)

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Pet journal



A profile of Benji's "daddy"—the man who turned an animal-shelter pup into a movie star. Plus pet training tips.

By Karen Larson Benji, a scruffy mongrel with eyes that beg to be loved, is a canine movie star who does more than just tricks. He acts. He shows love, hate, frustration, anger, happiness. He does everything a human actor does except talk—and even his bark is strangely recognizable.

His first movie, *Benji,* produced on a shoestring budget of about $500,000, grossed a fantastic $30 million. It made Benji a star. Reviewers dubbed him greater than Lassie and Rin Tin Tin, and clamored for an Oscar nomination.

But if Benji had won an Oscar, he would have made it clear in his acceptance speech that behind every great four-legged star is a great two-legged teacher—in this case, Frank Inn, who also trained one of the Lassie dogs and the performing camel in the recently released movie *Hawmps.*

Sixty-year-old Frank Inn, weighing over 300 pounds and sporting a blond, handlebar mustache, looks very much like a roly-poly version of the walrus in Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland.* He has been on screen himself—playing the role of the cook in *Hawmps,* a movie based on the escapades of a pre-Civil War cavalry unit that rides camels instead of horses.

An animal trainer for more than 35 years, Frank believes it takes a little knowledge, and a lot of determination, persistence and love to make an animal a star. But he doesn't like to be described as patient. Says Frank, who has trained more than 300 animals, "It never takes forbearance to do what you like to do. I wouldn't have the 'patience' to do anything else."

Sixteen years ago, while looking for animals to train, Frank discovered six-week-old Benji—a mixture of poodle, spaniel, terrier and schnauzer—in an animal shelter. Originally named Higgins after a television comedy butler (his name was changed for the movie), the pup turned out to be "the smartest dog" Frank ever had. By the time he was a year old, Benji was playing the part of Tramp in Petticoat Junction, a job that lasted nine years.

Then, in 1973, when Frank and Benji were ready to retire, Joe Camp, director and producer for Mulberry Square Productions, the makers of family films, came to Frank for a dog that could do what other trainers said couldn't be done: a dog that could act. The challenge excited Frank. He dropped all thoughts of retirement and introduced Joe to Benji. Said Frank, "Joe wanted expressions like happiness, attentiveness, sadness and curiosity—and he wanted it honestly in long-playing master shots . . . not chopped up into a bunch of faked cut-aways. It took everything I've ever known to pull it off, but we did it." Joe was so pleased with Benji's performance, he offered Frank a ten-year contract.

Frank first learned the rewards of meeting a challenge when he was 20. In 1936, a car out of control hit him while he was walking to work. His back broken, Frank surprised the doctors and survived, though he overheard a physician say, "Poor guy, he'll never walk again." But Frank refused to accept a lifetime confined to a wheelchair. He worked long and hard during and after daily therapy sessions until, bit by bit, the strength returned to his legs. Today, he doesn't even limp.

It was during his wheelchair days that Frank first discovered his talent for animal training. He filled the long hours teaching his dog, Jeep, a cross between a fox terrier and a spitz, to fetch and to do tricks like jumping into a car and switching on the car lights. Frank found he could communicate with animals and he loved it. When *(continued)*

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The tampon more women trust



Here are some questions and answers about menstrual protection and Tampax tampons. They'll help explain why the word "trust" and the protection of Tampax tampons are linked so closely in the minds of women in over one hundred countries.

What are the facts about insertion?

The Tampax tampon container-applicator makes insertion comfortable and hygienic. Slim, smooth and prelubricated, it guides the tampon into proper position—quickly, easily. And unlike plastic applicators, it can be flushed away. Drop it into the toilet. In moments, the paper strips unwind and are as safe to dispose of as two sheets of facial tissue. The Tampax tampon, like its container-applicator, is completely flushable and biodegradable.

Does "absorbency" mean "protection"?

Not necessarily. A tampon can be very absorbent and still not prevent accidents from happening. A "water-glass demonstration" is not indicative of adequacy of protection. Water is not the same as menstrual fluid, nor is the inside of a glass the same as the lining of the vaginal canal or its contours. Tampax tampons are made of softly compressed, highly effective absorbent material. Placed in proper position by its applicator, a Tampax tampon provides more than sufficient protection for normal needs. Unlike some other tampons, it expands in all directions—length, breadth and width—to conform to varied vaginal shapes and sizes so that chance of leakage or bypass is minimal. Upon removal, the Tampax tampon slims itself so that it is as easy and simple to withdraw as it is to insert. The withdrawal cord is chain stitched the entire length of the tampon.

Is a deodorant necessary?

No. When a tampon is used, embarrassing odor does not form. Moreover, deodorants may cause irritations or allergic reactions, even be harmful to delicate tissues. Tampax tampons do not contain a deodorant. Why take chances with something that isn't needed?

How economical are Tampax tampons?

In spite of all these advantages Tampax tampons are still more economical than most other tampons. They come in packages of 10 and 40. The 40's in particular make Tampax tampons a real economical buy. A lot more protection for your money.

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internal protection more women trust

Pet journal

continued

he could walk, he took a job training animals at MGM studios and eventually worked with Rudd Weatherwax, coaching Lassie.

Frank thinks his hardest job was training Valentine (born on Valentine's Day), the baby camel in *Hawmps.* When Frank met Valentine, she wouldn't even walk into a trailer truck; four men had to carry her in. He had only two months to teach her to drink from a bottle, open a gate and cuddle. But after practicing 10–12 hours a day at a stable where both Valentine and Frank lived, the camel was ready for the cameras. Her big scene: a barroom brawl where she steps up to the bar, grabs a bottle of whiskey in her mouth, takes a swig and smashes the bottle over a bad guy's head. "The only thing she can't do," says Frank with a wry laugh, "is roll over." **End**

Frank Inn's Pet Training Tips for Journal Readers:

1. Base your training on the reward system. Each time your pet does what he's told, give him kind words, loving pats and his favorite snack.
2. Don't try to teach your animal an entire trick at once. Break it down into steps. For example, if you want your dog to fetch the paper, first teach him to hold it in his mouth, then to pick it up from the ground, then to pick it up and bring it to you.
3. For animals three months or younger, training sessions should be held three times a day and last no longer than five or ten minutes. As the animal grows older, you can increase the frequency and length of sessions; a one-year-old can concentrate for up to 30 minutes at a time.
4. If you want your animal to respond to everyone in the family and not be a one-man pet, have family members take turns practicing with the animal.

Finally, remember that no animal is too old to learn. However, the older the animal, the longer the training will take.

CHILD

By Jonellen Heckler

You are mine
for a moment
and what I do
with that moment
can make me yours
forever.

Something in Common

continued from page 161

getting precisely the correct diversity of gray-browns in the ducks' feathers.

"How's it going?"

I spun around and there was CKJ behind me.

He smiled. Understated-attractive would describe him. Old plaid shirt, formerly-beige chinos and a cadmium yellow streak over the right eye.

"Something about it is bothering me. I can't put my finger on it," I said.

"You mean you can't put your brush on it?" He smiled again. "I think you need one more duck and one less cloud. The clouds are taking over, hogging the whole picture. Too overwhelming."

I stepped back to get a better perspective.

"When you're right, you're right," I said. Of course he'd immediately and correctly identified the problem.

"You've got talent. Where'd you go to school?" he asked.

"I dropped out of the Rhode Island School of Design. You know. To get married."

He nodded. "You want to come see mine?"

I followed him to his easel.

"Watercolor! How beautiful, just lovely! You must be a professional."

He was pleased by my praise, I could see his own watercolor-green eyes light up. "I took a fantastic evening course last year. Nadine Archer. Have you ever heard of her?"

"Everyone's heard of her! Supposed to be the best teacher in the East. Right?"

"Right!"

"I should have guessed you'd taken her course. I was going to sign up for it myself, but—" I sort of shrugged.

I didn't want to discuss Matt's new job. It was a great plum of an opportunity, the beginning of a stellar career as marketing director for the Wheeling Manufacturing Company, Synthetic Fibers Division. It also didn't pay too well —yet.

"Listen, you want to take an apple break?" CKJ suddenly asked. His initialed satchel was filled with McIntosh apples. He said apples gave him creative energy and handed me one. It tasted marvelous.

Together we sat on a rock and ate apples.

We talked about Nadine Archer, about the Wyeths, about conceptual art, about the photorealists. He recommended a visit to the new Gallery Museum in Briartown.

I said I would try to get my husband to take me up next weekend.

"Does your husband paint?" asked CKJ.

"Oh no," I said lightly. "Although, he's really interested in my work," I quickly added. This was basically true. Matt always *looked* at my pictures; the problem was that he really didn't *understand* them.

"And your wife. Is she an artist?"

CKJ shook his head. "Yoga. She teaches Yoga."

"And do you do the exercises too?"

CKJ shook his head. "I could never get the hang of it," he said.

"I didn't realize how late it was," I said apologetically when I got home. "Who won the game?"

"The Steelers won, 24 to 14. How's the picture coming?" Matt said.

I opened my case and unveiled my pond, my less-clouded sky, my feathered ducks. "Careful, it's still wet," I said.

"It's nice, really nice," Matt said. "Is it finished?" he asked innocently.

Finished? CKJ would know. Anyone with even a seed of interest in painting or art could tell that the foreground was flat, that the trees were still charcoal skeletons waiting for the brush.

"Not finished," I said, hoping the disappointment wasn't hanging by its thumbs in my voice.

I reached into my pocketbook and pulled out three shiny apples.

"A young man who was painting next to me at the park gave me these," I said.

"Honey, you know I can't eat apples," Matt said. "You know what they do to my stomach."

"I forgot."

"So who was the man at the park?" he asked.

We had invited three couples over for a casual dinner the following Saturday night. Matt bounded out of bed enthusiastically on Saturday morning. "If you look after Melissa, I'll run down to the supermarket," he said, pulling on his jeans and sweatshirt.

I couldn't help but put my arms around his neck, inhale his after-shave and consider myself lucky to have such a thoughtful darling of a husband.

"I'll set the table, fold the napkins into lilies, put out the guest towels and leave the rest to you. Is it a deal?"

"A deal!" Matt said. "How does a mousse for dessert sound?"

By the time Matt arrived with his three overflowing bags of groceries, I had set a beautiful table. "What's in all those bags, Matt?" I asked. "Did we need all *that*, dear?"

"Do you have any idea how many ingredients are required for a really good paella?" Matt asked.

"Paella! Isn't that a lot of work?"

A whole afternoon of kitchen work and I'd wanted so much to go to the gallery museum today. A Saturday afternoon together, the three of us.

"You know I don't mind. I like doing it.

(continued on page 169)







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Something in Common

continued from page 165

"There's this show of American primitives," I said. "It'll be over this weekend. It's supposed to be great, really first-rate stuff."

"You go. Take Melissa. Go ahead. I'll handle the kitchen detail."

It suddenly hurt so badly. Midge and Earl splitting up. Nothing in common. Going in separate directions.

"Matt--" I was scared. I wanted him to drop the rice, the onions, the stupid lettuce, take me in his arms and tell me we would always travel on the same wavelengths.

"Did you see where I put the saffron, honey?" Matt said. "I can't seem to find it."

They loved the paella, the salad, the dessert.

"You've got real talent, Matt," Doug Peterfield said, finishing his second cup of coffee and second helping of mousse.

Matt beamed. "Speaking of talent," he said, looking at me, "you should see what my wife's been up to."

I could feel my face getting pink. "It's not really finished—"

It was too late for protests; he was already dragging the paintbox out of the hall closet, removing the canvas.

"Beautiful!"

"I didn't realize you were that good!"

"Did you ever study with Nadine Archer?"

"Someday I hope to," I said, stung, and catching something as dismal-gray as duck's feathers in Matt's expression, I quickly added, "in a few years, maybe. I'm really so busy now."

Matt's eyes left mine; in the flicker of a moment he was back as the congenial host, offering brandy and mints.

As we pushed our chairs away from the table, I hooked my arm through his, squeezing it tight to signal that I didn't care a bit about any art course we couldn't afford, but that I did care a lot about him.

"Hey!" Matt, surprised, laughed. "You've got a grip like Joe Forman, you know it?"

I smiled weakly; I didn't have any idea who he was talking about.

Sunday I got to the pond early.

"Did you get up to the Gallery Museum?" CKJ asked when he arrived.

"I took my daughter up yesterday," I said, leaving unsaid the part about Matt's Philistine resistance to things cultural.

"And what did you think of it?" CKJ asked.

I told him what I thought of it. He was absorbed by my every opinion. He agreed with much of what I said. He and I talked the same language.

We painted and chatted together the whole afternoon. I hardly realized when the light began to fade.

"Good heavens," I said, realizing that I'd stayed much too late and that Matt would be worried.

CKJ stood back in order to get a better look at my finished painting.

"It's reminiscent of Monet," he said.

Exactly.

"We ought to celebrate," he said. "It's really good. "Shouldn't we go somewhere, have a drink?"

I turned to look at him, to read his eyes. "I'm sorry," I said. "It's so late and my husband is waiting."

Here was this attractive man, who spoke my very own language, asking me to have a drink and the funny thing was, I wasn't even tempted.

Who could explain it? I was in love with Matt. Though I dozed through his games and he yawned through my exhibitions, the mystery of attraction and compatibility remained: what drove Republicans into the arms of Democrats, fullbacks to flip over ballet dancers, extroverts to dazzle introverts?

Matt and I would have a lifetime of shared interests: the mortgage, friends, a common history and day trips to the discount store. Also, Melissa and other Melissas to come.

If I was tolerant of his wavelengths and he was tolerant of my wavelengths, did we have to have the same wavelengths?

"I really enjoyed painting with you," I said, taking up my painting kit and bidding CKJ a warm goodbye.

Of course, we would always remain on good terms, but speaking the same language, having one interest in common, was clearly not enough.

"Have an apple," CKJ said, and he reached into his satchel.

"I don't know how to thank you," I said.

"How was the game? Did the Braves win?" I asked.

Even Melissa was amused. "The Braves are a *baseball* team!" she giggled.

"The Rams. You mean the Rams," Matt said. "They won, 15-2."

"I'm sorry, Matt. You know football's just not my bag."

"I know, I know. Painting and drawing and museums are your bag. And with that in mind, I'm going to moonlight so you can sign up for the course with Nadine Archer. Doug Peterfield told me where I can get a Sunday job, driving an airport taxi."

"And miss the *Braves*?"

"The Rams, damn it."

"Forget it," I said. "I want you on the couch every Sunday, where you belong. Because you, Matthew R. Phillips, Junior, you're my bag. Let's hope we will always go our separate ways together."

"Let's hope." Matt put his arm around me. "Want to come in the kitchen and taste some really great clam chowder, Mrs. Rembrandt?" he asked. **End**



"I changed my mind. Don't *find him."*



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BARBARA WALTERS

continued from page 32

me the most was that I had to hire a security guard for my eight-year-old child. I had never expected this kind of attention or aggression on the part of the press, and I have an understanding and a sympathy now for the superstars that I never had before. I can only hope that once I go back to work in late September all of this will quiet down.

In what ways has your life changed since *Today*? Are you able to stay up late and sleep late, or do old habits die hard? Is it better for your social life?

I never realized until I left *Today* how difficult the schedule had been. I guess I really had no sympathy for those who had similar schedules on other early morning programs and complained all the time. I felt that the hours of *Today* were part of the job and that many other people had early morning hours and didn't fall apart. I tried to live my life without too much craziness and accommodate it to the hours, but of course it was difficult getting up five days a week at 4:30 in the morning. I used to have to think before I accepted any engagement at night—whether I would rather do that or go to sleep. Usually, I felt I would rather go to sleep. I realize that I have been living for years in a state of mild exhaustion, and it is an absolutely exhilarating feeling to know that I can lounge around in bed now until at least seven! It means that I can get up and have breakfast with my child before she goes to school, something I have never done. Of course, it also means that I won't be home much before 7:30 at night, but I will make sure that the hour between 7:30 and 8:30 or nine, when she goes to bed, are hours devoted just to her. It also means that I can go out to dinner spontaneously now—or go to a movie at night, or stay up and watch television, or read a book, just for the fun of it! These are small pleasures that most people take for granted. I haven't had them in 12 years.

What has been your daughter's reaction to all the headlines about you?

To a great degree, my child has been protected from the headlines, although she is old enough now to read, and she knows that Mommy's life has changed. She thinks that I've gone to work at CBS. We have tried to keep our private life separate from my public life. She thought that the security man, for example, was somebody who was taking her to school because it was easier than the way she had been going. She didn't realize that he was really there to guard her. I think we will both enjoy the breakfast hours and the fact that I won't be exhausted on Saturdays and Sunday I look forward to having a more nor mal life. My child has just reached th point where she knows that Barbar Walters is someone well-known to th public. I don't want her to feel that be ing my daughter will make life eithe easier or harder for her, and I've trie to make this clear to her; but she wi have to learn to adjust to it, just as w all have to make adjustments to ou parents' lives.

Would it bother or surprise you i your daughter decided at the age of 2 or so to marry, have children and mak homemaking her life's career?

Implicit in this question is the inter viewer's opinion that I must criticize anyone who doesn't have a career. have said in the past that I know o many dull women who work and many exciting and interesting women who do not. I don't think that having an outside job is the be-all and end-all of one's life One of my earlier criticisms of the wom en's movement was that it made the woman who was fulfilled at home fee inferior; I hope that we're getting over that. If my daughter wanted to marry and have children and make homemaking a career, I would be very happy I want her to recognize that there are choices.

My child is extremely important to me, and I think that her children will probably be important to her. I think that perhaps there will be decisions that she will make that women of my generation didn't make. That is, she may decide to have her children later in life so that she's able to pursue a career and get it on its way before she has children. When you're successful in your career, it is easier to manipulate the schedule around your own needs. She may decide not to have children at all. I must say, however, that if she got married, had children and did absolutely nothing else, she might find her life somewhat limiting. Again, this depends on how many children she had, at what age she had them and what value being a homemaker had for her.

Are you worried about growing older —or that the normal signs of aging may affect your career? Would you get a face-lift if you felt it would make a difference? Can TV accept the idea of a mature woman who shows her age?

Can TV accept the idea of a mature *man* who shows his age? Again, why is it assumed that a man can mature on television and still be accepted, but a woman cannot? Does this mean that a woman must be young and a sex symbol? If so, does this mean that an anchor-*woman* must be young and be a sex symbol? Or can she be accepted as a person of authority and maturity who does her job well? I know of *(continued)*



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BARBARA WALTERS

continued

men in this business who have had their faces lifted. If it makes them feel better, if they think they need it, fine. If one day I felt that it made me look better on camera, I would probably have one, too. But I hope that I will be accepted for what I do, for my ability, for my personality, but certainly not as a sex symbol who must be forever young.

Do you feel you have to win over Harry Reasoner? Do you resent the antagonism he's expressed?

I understood why Harry resented ABC's hiring me to be his co-anchor. Harry is successful in his own right, and it must have hurt him to feel that ABC thought the program would have additional impact if I were on it. When we first met, he told me that his reaction to me was not personal and I never felt that it was. I also told him that I knew that we could work together and I would do everything possible to make this happen. In the weeks that followed, we have learned to know each other and respect each other's abilities and personalities. We feel certain that the combination of the two of us will make for a better news program.

I think it was also difficult for Harry to accept having a woman with him, even if the woman was the first anchorwoman—or maybe precisely *because* of this. This past summer, NBC added David Brinkley full-time to its evening news, along with John Chancellor. I imagine this must have been a little difficult for John to accept. But it was NBC's hope that the two of them would heighten that already fine news program. There was no reaction in the press, no criticism, in great part because David had been co-anchor on the evening news before. But I think, perhaps even more, because it was two men and not a woman and a man.

Harry and I hope that people will tune in the ABC Evening News, at first perhaps out of curiosity, but later because we are giving them something fresh, honest and even a little different. I've learned a great deal this summer about myself, the press and the reaction to women. I feel that I have great support. I know that what I'm doing is something new. I have always worked very hard and I will continue to do so. A year from now I hope that many of these questions asked by the *Journal* will have been completely answered to everyone's satisfaction, especially including my own.

How do you relax and unwind?

I relax by trying to get away from it all, and the best way for me to get away is to be with my child. We go to Central Park together, we go away on weekends, swimming. We're both learning how to play tennis.

I find when I'm with her that I get a perspective. I realize that life isn't all work. I realize how fortunate I am to have a healthy and happy eight year old. She absolutely knocks me out. I realize how fortunate I am to be in good health myself, to have friends and family who love me and whom I love. Both of my parents are elderly, and my father has been very ill. I thank God that I still have them with me and that life has been as full and as good to me as it has been. Perhaps this sounds corny or overly sentimental, but I think that although a job is important, what is more important is the total picture of your life. Mine is good and sweet, and I am grateful for that. This realization, this perspective, helps me unwind and enjoy what I have. I also know that these middle years of my life—these years since my fortieth birthday—have been the happiest. I have learned what I am. I am grateful for what I have. I accept myself and I accept others.

Do you expect to get married in 1976?

No, I don't expect to. I think one major decision a year is enough. **End**

Karen Ann Quinlan

continued from page 76

was now an attorney with the prestigious Wall Street law firm of Shearman & Sterling. When Jim heard Paul describe the case, he promptly talked it over with his superiors. In addition to allowing Jim to sign on as co-counsel, the firm provided office space and the services of their full staff. Paul and Jim spent many days there, and even some nights, preparing briefs and catching naps in sleeping bags.

Paul also needed an expert neurologist—an authoritative counterbalance for the battery of physicians scheduled to testify for the opposition. Several doctors were sympathetic; they confirmed that the removal of life-supporting machinery in hopeless cases is almost routine in their practices. But they declined to state their positions under the white light of litigation. Finally, Paul was tipped off that Dr. Julius Korein, professor of neurology at New York University Medical Center and chief of the EEG labs at Bellevue Hospital, was a forthright man who just might . . . . Without hesitation, Korein agreed to examine Karen and, after his examination, to testify for the plaintiff. On the witness stand, his expertise would be impressive—and his description of Karen's pathetic condition so graphic that Julie had to leave the courtroom.

She felt apologetic about this afterward, because "Dr. Korein was the first courageous doctor who spoke up for us."

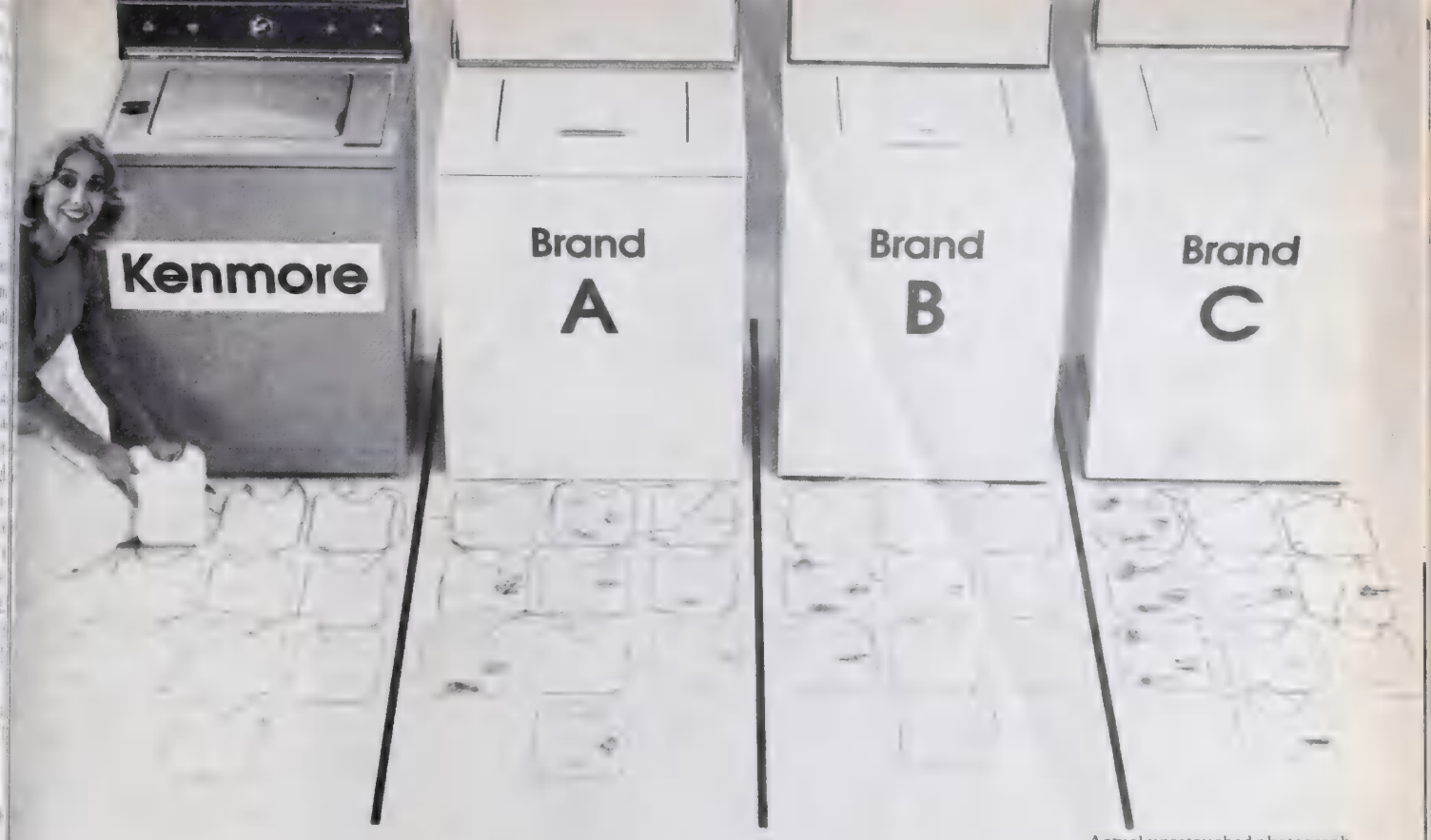
The trial opened on October 20 in the three-story, Georgian-style Morris County Courthouse, set among oak trees of brilliant autumn gold. Every morning for the five days the trial lasted, huge crowds waited outside, hoping to fill the 130 hard wooden seats in Courtroom No. 1. It was Joe, Julie, Paul and Jim on one side of the historic debate, and a team of appropriately confident lawyers, hospital administrators and doctors on the other.

Paul based his case on three constitutional arguments. The most vital was a right of "privacy" which, as guaranteed by the Constitution, includes individual and family decisions to terminate the use of extraordinary medical measures (even when death is a concomitant) in the absence of a compelling, contrary state interest. Next came the First Amendment, which prohibits state interference with the free exercise of religious beliefs. Finally, Paul's case was based on the Eighth Amendment's "cruel and unusual punishment" clause, which declares that the state must treat its members with respect for their worth as human beings, even while punishing them—and that a punishment is "cruel and unusual if it does not comport with human dignity." Armstrong argued that "for the state to require that Karen Quinlan be kept alive, against her will and the will of her family, after the dignity, beauty, promise and meaning of earthly life have vanished, is cruel and unusual." To support this plea, Julie and Mary Ellen and Lori Gaffney, a girlfriend, took the stand to say that Karen had talked often about not wanting to be kept alive by machinery ("She really did say that," Mary Ellen said later, "but you could tell nobody in the courtroom took it seriously.")

Medical not ethical questions

The lawyers for Karen's doctors and the hospital were oriented more to civil and criminal law than toward constitutional issues. So they concentrated on medical, rather than ethical, questions. Their witnesses, principally physicians, offered medical opinions. Yes, Karen was in a "chronic vegetative state." No, she was not likely to regain consciousness. But under no existing legal criteria could she be considered already "dead."

In a rousing summation, Dr. Morse's attorney, Ralph Porzio, intoned: "Your honor, dare we deny the divine command, 'Thou shalt not kill'? And out of the darkness of the night, as in the Book of Revelations, there comes a rider on a pale horse crying, 'Despair, despair,' and I humbly ask you to listen to the same soft answer from the dawn of time. I humbly ask you to *(continued)*



Actual unretouched photograph.

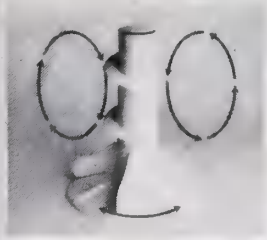
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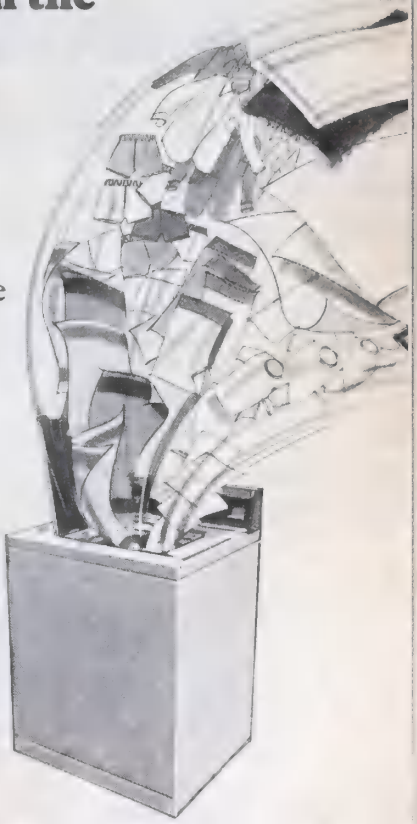
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Karen Ann Quinlan

continued

cast your lot with the whisper on the wind: hope, humanity and the preciousness of human life. . . ."

Paul frowned. Something about the speech was eluding him. Then he smiled. Of course. Fredric March as William Jennings Bryan in *Inherit the Wind*.

Judge Muir's 46-page decision, delivered November 10, cited Joseph Quinlan as a "very sincere, moral, ethical and religious person," but stated that "his anguish" might influence his decisions regarding the day-to-day care of his daughter. Therefore, he could not be appointed Karen's guardian. On the extraordinary means issue, Muir wrote that since Karen is both medically and legally alive, ". . . the court should not authorize termination of the respirator. To do so would be homicide and an act of euthanasia."

Joe was numb. Julie and Mary Ellen wept. John was bitter. But Paul was not surprised and therefore not unduly disappointed. "I understood from the start that lower courts are not the place to render [vital] decisions like this. I was attempting to place it on the record . . . for when it could be appealed to a higher court."

The judge's decision loosened inhibitions and tongues. Doctors, lawyers and theologians found a public forum in the world press, and used it. Rev. Richard McCormick of Georgetown's Kennedy Center for Bioethics told *Newsweek* he felt, "There is a moral difference between killing and allowing to die. When you cease extraordinary effort, it is the disease that kills, not the withdrawal." He regretted the Muir judgment of the Quinlan case. Dr. Christiaan Barnard, the heart-transplant pioneer, said he felt the hopelessly ill should be allowed to die, but that often doctors "concentrate too much on keeping a patient alive. It's often a selfish attitude, a matter of feeding the ego of the doctor." But other physicians—the majority, it seemed—felt much as Dr. Chase Kimball of Chicago did when he told *Time*, "It is the doctor's judgment when to prolong or not to prolong life. A court cannot decide in total detail what a physician is to do." Doctors wanted guidelines, perhaps—but not rules.

After many family discussions, the Quinlans decided to appeal to the Supreme Court of New Jersey. While Paul and Jim Crowley prepared their briefs, the Quinlans tried to return to some semblance of a normal life.

As always, this was most difficult for Joe. Introspective and often painfully shy, Joe's life was centered around Julie and the three children, and his job: supervision of eight workers in the "professional service" section of the Warner-Chilcott pharmaceutical company. He returned to his job routine and continued to visit Karen, in her curtained-off section of the intensive care unit, three or four times every day. The nurses felt so deeply sad for Joe that Dr. Morse finally asked him to curtail the visits. Joe stopped his lunch hour trips to Karen's bedside. He didn't want to distress anyone. At home, he occupied his time pasting clippings about Karen into a 19 x 20-inch wallpaper sample book he'd bought: newspaper and magazine clippings arranged against floral backgrounds, or half-covering the advice "pre-pasted, no glue necessary."

Guards now necessary

Mary Ellen went back to her music studies, and practicing the piano at 4 A.M. because she couldn't sleep. John returned to school. Julie cooked, cleaned house, resumed her 9-to-3 job as secretary to the priests at the rectory. And, of course, her daily visits to Karen. Now, when she'd go to St. Clare's in the morning and again at night, Julie had to pass by rotating teams of Wells Fargo guards who stood between Karen and the people who wanted to see her most: hundreds of faith healers who came to the hospital pleading to see and cure Karen—and the press. The press wanted to see what Karen really looked like; journalists were describing her as "sleeping beauty," which didn't jibe with medical testimony comparing her to an "encephalic monster." In the competition for an historic photo of the girl in ICU, price and good taste were no objects. Cameramen posed as frocked priests in a vain effort to slip by the guards. The *National Enquirer* made it known it would offer $10,000 for a picture of Karen in a coma. And the Quinlans received an unsettling phone call from a man claiming to represent a worldwide newsphoto agency, offering them $100,000 for a picture. Julie, who always speaks politely and calmly to the press, even when she is aghast at their questions, said no, she was sorry, but "Karen would never want anyone to see her like this." The man said that $100,000 was a starting figure—"We could go higher . . ."

In September, Joe had received a

phone call from the proprietor of a local service station where Karen once worked, pumping gas. "The State Police just left my place," he said. "They were asking a lot of questions about Karen. Something's going on." Karen's friends began calling Julie, reporting that they, too, were being interrogated. What was it all about?

Criminal investigation begun

On December 16—the day Paul Armstrong filed his briefs for the Supreme Court hearing—they found out. New Jersey Attorney General William Hyland announced to the press that he was conducting a "criminal investigation" into the possible causes of Karen Ann Quinlan's coma. Paul was outraged as the sensational news hit the front pages of the nation's papers. "It took society's attention away from the noble arguments being advanced," he thought, "and served only to cloud the issues."

For Joe, this was the most wracking episode yet. "The Attorney General didn't really expect to find anything, and that's just exactly what happened! After six months, using the State Police and his top investigators—after six months of torment and agony and anguish, and all this filth in the newspapers, he found nothing. All Christians are taught that you turn the other cheek when somebody hits you, but this was a case where nobody was hitting us; they were hitting at somebody that was defenseless. And there wasn't any way we could defend her. None. That's why it was so painful."

The same day, December 16, the New Jersey Catholic Conference (representing the state's four Catholic Bishops) filed a brief with the Supreme Court unanimously endorsing a statement by the Most Rev. Lawrence B. Casey, Bishop of Paterson, who had affirmed the moral correctness of the Quinlans'-position, "in the light of the Catholic Church's teaching."

The seven-man Supreme Court of New Jersey convened on January 26, 1976, to hear argument in case A116, In the Matter of Karen Ann Quinlan. Paul Armstrong and Jim Crowley were well prepared; they had honed their minds by weeks of study, including visits with the scholar-priests at the Kennedy Institute for Bioethics at Georgetown University, Fathers John Connery and Richard McCormick. These two theological geniuses, as well as the prominent New York attorneys Henry Harfield and Myles Whalen, had put them through "deep and intensive intellectual questioning on the issues." From the moment the Supreme Court, headed by Chief Justice Richard J. Hughes, began asking questions, Paul felt reassured. "The justices obviously had first-rate minds, had done their homework, understood *(continued)*

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Karen Ann Quinlan

continued

that they were in a position to resolve this question and were genuinely interested in arriving at how to do so." At the end of the afternoon, Chief Justice Hughes closed the hearing, saying, "It's a puzzling and a tragic and a very difficult case. We'll reserve decision."

There followed more than two months of suspense. Then, on March 31—two days after Karen's twenty-second birthday—Paul and Jim were handed copies of the 59-page decision. Paul slid weakly into Chief Justice Hughes's high-backed chair and, like one who can't wait for the end of a whodunit, he turned to page 58. Then he read 59, then 57, working backward. As he read, he wept.

The Justices agreed unanimously that Joseph Quinlan should become the guardian of his daughter Karen, and that her "right of privacy may be asserted on her behalf by him." Whatever he decided to do regarding his daughter "should be accepted by society, the overwhelming majority of whose members would, we think, in similar circumstances exercise such a choice in the same way for themselves or for those closest to them." The court eliminated any criminal liability for removing the life supports: "We believe, first, that the ensuing death would not be homicide but rather expiration from existing natural causes. Secondly, even if it were to be regarded as homicide, it would not be unlawful." The opinion stated further that if Karen Quinlan's attending physicians concluded there is no hope for her emergence from coma, they were to consult with an "ethics committee" to be established by the hospital; if that committee agreed with the prognosis, the support system may be withdrawn. And, should the doctors decline to remove the apparatus, Joseph Quinlan, as guardian, could find another doctor who would consent to do so.

Prayers answered

It took Paul Armstrong a few moments to compose himself. Then he telephoned Joe and Julie. "Our prayers have been answered," he said.

Julie cried, of course. "I always seem to be crying, don't I? I can't use the word glad or happy, because we're going to lose our daughter, but I'm thankful." Joe was "shocked and surprised, even more so that it was unanimous." Father Tom, who was always at their side, has a round, loving face—one thinks of a world-weary cherub—and he was gratified. But now that Karen's death seemed imminent, the priest worried about the difficulty of implementing the decision with the world looking on. "I think we would be more comfortable," he said, "if nature would take its course first."

It was a landmark decision, the first right-to-die ruling in legal history, and it brought, along with worldwide acclaim, swift and sharp response from those who preferred the lower court's hands-off-the-issue decision. Dr. McCarthy DeMere, chairman of the American Bar Association committee that wrote the legal definition of brain death, was "extremely saddened. This 'committee system' will delay organ transplants for days while ethics committees make decisions." B. J. Anderson, counsel for the American Medical Association, also lamented the committee concept: "A treating physician certainly is able to determine whether a patient is in a terminal condition and if he's unsure of anything, the doctor can ask for consultation with another doctor." In the face of strong reaction, Chief Justice Hughes was calm. "I have no qualms or doubts about the decision," he announced. "I thought of nothing else for two months and I feel quite comfortable with it."

One of a number of doctors who admitted they favored the decision and found it healthy for the medical profession was Dr. Korein. But he also made an observation that was all but lost in the controversial hubbub. He said Karen Ann Quinlan might continue to breathe for a long time after the respirator was disconnected. "I personally know of patients who have continued breathing for five or six years under these circumstances," he said.

In March, the Quinlans engaged Dr. Milton Helpern, former New York City medical examiner, and one of the nation's leading experts in forensic pathology, to observe an autopsy when Karen died. Julie, distressed at the doubt still surrounding the coma, wanted this last effort to determine its cause. Father Tom celebrated a special mass for Karen's birthday in the family room of the Quinlan's home. His message was: "We are waiting for a human being who is dying. Waiting is the best way to show our faith. God never gives us things immediately. Why doesn't God take Karen? I don't know. I only know that twenty-two years ago a child was born who will probably in some way change the world. Her name will go down in history. God did have a plan. Karen's been involved with life and death from the time she *(continued*

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Karen Ann Quinlan

continued

was born. She's precious to God. He's with her."

And Karen's physicians were with her, too, as were the round-the-clock nurses and all the other technological gadgets—including the respirator—that kept her alive. Despite the Supreme Court decision, Karen's treatment had not been altered.

In May, six weeks after the court decision, Julie and her mother were visiting Karen, and Julie saw "this big device I'd never seen before sitting at the foot of her bed, and the nurse said it was a body temperature control machine." Julie couldn't believe it. They were actually *expanding* the technological supports, rather than reducing them. "Poor Karen," she said, "she'll never have even a chance to die. They won't let her." The covers, usually drawn up around Karen's shoulders, were thrown back that day, and for the first time Grandma Duane saw her favorite grandchild's twisted body. The 83-year-old woman couldn't speak, couldn't hear; she was so transfixed with grief that Julie had to tug her by the arm to get her away.

Because he is not a verbal man, Joe had been able to hold back his emotions for these 13 months. Only his doctor, who had stepped up the dosage of Probanthine for Joe's nervous stomach, could diagnose how self-destructive his inner anger was becoming. He just couldn't understand what motivated Morse and Javed. Joe was in the infantry in World War II, and the idea was you followed instructions. Now, this Dr. Morse—he had instructions from the highest court in the state, and he was ignoring them. Again, Joe thought "What kind of man is this?"

Joe had time now—the press was leaving them alone—to analyze what kind of man *he* was. He thought about it a lot, what had happened to him in the past, and he gradually came to a sense that he had a role in God's plan. . . .

Significant war experience

Joe entered the Army at the age of 18, and came out of it two years later with half his left arm shot off, and a missing finger on his right hand. People don't usually notice his artificial arm. After 30 years, he's become clever at manipulating it inconspicuously. But still it's there as a reminder of three significant war experiences. The first came when Joe's infantry unit captured 20 German prisoners. Joe had the job of guarding them through the night. About midnight, a major came out and said he'd just received word the enemy was going to pull a counterattack. "When that happens," he told Joe, "I don't want you to let 'em escape. I want you to kill every one of them." Joe couldn't believe it. "I really prayed hard all night, and finally another private came on duty to relieve me." Joe didn't tell the soldier what the major had said. As a result, when the counterattack came around dawn, the prisoners were herded safely into a basement. Shortly after that experience came another. "I was walking over an open trail with another young man. We were deeply engrossed in conversation, so close he almost touched me. Thinking about it later, I can just see this sniper looking through his rifle, seeing two targets out there in the open. He sighted on one and pulled the trigger, and he killed this fellow right in the middle of our conversation. He was talking at the time and his last sound just went on, getting weaker and weaker, till it stopped. I was on the ground beside him and I asked God this question. 'Why was I spared? Why is he dead, not me?' "

The third significant incident in Joe's memory occurred during the Battle of the Bulge. "An artillery shell hit the ground in front of me and bounced up and on the way it caught me. I was cursing, I was yelling and I was praying almost in the same breath, and the prayer was just 'No, Lord, not now, not here!' I just kept screaming that over and over. I guess because I was scared, and because at nineteen I had had no life. You can face death when you've done something—I've raised a family now, and I would never plead with *(continued)*

A suffering child needs your help. Now.



Consider little Clemaria, 7 years old, and her brother, Jose Mario, 3, who are victims of their environment in a teeming city of Brazil. They are hungry. They live in a house made of adobe, without water or light. They use old boxes for furniture, their bedding is rags. The mother suffers from a heart condition and spends most of her time in bed. As you look into Clemaria's eyes, you can see she is tired of life.

Why is it the children suffer the most? Perhaps because there are so many poor and hungry children, they no longer are considered important news. And yet, one-fourth of the world's children are almost always hungry and one-tenth on the brink of death because of too little food (while each day the average American eats 900 more calories than he needs and twice as much protein as his body requires). Since world population increases at a conservative estimate of 250,000 per day and food production lags, it is predictable that more than 10 million children will die of hunger within the next year.

As this text was being written (in February, 1976) Clemaria and her brother were among nearly 20,000 children in the world registered by Christian Children's Fund but awaiting a sponsor to provide food, clothing, housing and medical care. Sponsors will surely be found for these two youngsters, but what about the other children?

Not only the 20,000 on CCF's waiting list, but what about the millions of others who are barely clinging to life, children old before their time, children for whom entry into our program could mean the difference?

What can be done about them? We must learn to be generous again, with our emotions and concern as well as our wealth. We must return to the grass roots to assist individuals rather than nations. We must curb our own wastefulness. We must declare war on hunger. We must make a commitment. We must do something.

The world is full of children like Clemaria who are hurting. Will you help now? Through the Christian Children's Fund, you can be a part of this grass roots way of sharing your love and relative prosperity with desperate children like Clemaria—who want only a chance to survive in a hungry world.

You can sponsor such a child for only $15 a month. Please fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check. You will receive your sponsored child's name, address and photograph, plus a description of the child's project and environment. You will be encouraged to write to the child and your letters will be answered.

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Karen Ann Quinlan

continued

God. The next time I face death, it'll just be time."

After Karen's tragedy, Joe began to look on these as a series of fateful coincidences, proving that God had spared him for a role in some larger plan. And after the Supreme Court decision, he began thinking, "Maybe it wasn't just good enough for us to have made this decision to let Karen die in peace, maybe God wanted everyone to make it, the whole community of doctors and lawyers and everyone. I really think that He is using us, running this whole thing, and there's a loving Father just waiting for Karen. Someday she'll be with Him and be happy, which is everything."

On May 17, 1976, fortified by his strong belief, Joe Quinlan called a meeting with Drs. Morse and Javed and demanded—in strong, forthright words—that the physicians either move swiftly to remove Karen from the respirator, or step out of the case. Perhaps shaken by the vehemence of always-quiet, always-reasonable Joe Quinlan, Dr. Morse told Dr. Javed to step up efforts to "wean" the patient from the respirator. It turned out to be a relatively simple process. Karen, who the doctors consistently believed would find it difficult to breathe on her own, adapted to this new freedom from technology, and even seemed more peaceful.

The objective of Dr. Morse and St. Clare's Hospital, once Karen could breathe on her own, was to move her from intensive care into a private room—and after that, to transfer her to another health care facility as quickly as possible. The world press was on a death watch now, and St. Clare's did not want her to die—not while she was in their care.

The transfer to a private room took place May 22. Karen's bed was moved into a six-by-eight foot cubicle, the first room off the ICU unit because, as Morse stated, at the first sign of respiratory trouble he would put her back on the respirator.

The search for another facility to care for Karen was thorough. Not only the Quinlans, but St. Clare's and Bishop Casey himself, tried to find a nursing home or chronic-care hospital that would take her in, and let the forces of nature decide whether she lived or died. But at least 20 New Jersey institutions found a variety of reasons why they would not be able to admit her. Paul thought bitterly, "Nobody cares about this poor girl or her family anymore. All they think about is image."

Doctors were equally uneasy about accepting responsibility in a case so controversial among their peers. Finally on May 25, Dr. Joseph Fennelly of Morristown came forward and volunteered. Not only would he treat Karen in accordance with the Quinlans' court-approved wishes, he knew seven other New Jersey doctors who would support him. Doctors and health care facilities, he told the press, were too afraid "of their medical skins." Fennelly hoped the remark would stab some consciences.

On June 3, the board of trustees of Morris View Nursing Home, a 15-minute drive from St. Clare's, met and voted to change their rule against admitting comatose patients. They said they would gladly accept Karen; she would be under the careful supervision of their chief physician, Dr. Richard Watson. Watson met with the Quinlans and announced that "aggressive treatment of any acute problem is inappropriate—as is readmission to a hospital."

At 9:15 on the hot, oppressive night of June 9, Karen Ann—shrouded by a sheet—was wheeled out of St. Clare's and into an ambulance. Surrounded by sheriff's cars with searchlights flashing through the muggy air, she was raced to Morris View, where Joe and Julie and Father Tom were nervously waiting.

Exactly at the moment the ambulan backed up to the glass doors of t nursing home, and news photographe raced forward to try for the prized pi ture, a streak of lightning sizzled dow followed by a curtain of heavy rain. the nursing home, the lights blacked o and the fire doors automatically close and locked. But, almost before Jul could gasp, and just as the bed w rolled out of the ambulance, the pow came on again and the doors swun open to admit Karen.

As the frustrated press cowered in t downpour, Karen's bed was wheel swiftly into a waiting elevator. Pa smiled at Julie and said, "The Dei helped again."

"She looks peaceful"

They put Karen into an 8x10-foot pr vate room, painted a sunny yellow an looking out on tall trees she would neve see. Laurie Miller, the head nurse fro St. Clare's ICU who had supervise Karen for nearly 14 months, went int the room ahead of the family, to attac the necessary tubes and brief Dr. Wa son and, presumably, to say goodby When she came out, Laurie went d rectly to Julie, who was standing alon in the hallway outside. Both women ha tears in their eyes as the nurse mu mured, "She looks peaceful." As Lauri turned and began to walk away, Jo hurried after to thank her—"You nurse have been beautiful," he said—and sh nodded.

Then the family, including Paul an Father Tom, went into the room. Th priest whispered a prayer over Karen and Joe and Julie talked softly to he stroked her perspiring forehead, kisse her cheek—rituals performed hundred of times over the long months. Finall Karen's head slowed its restless, relent less writhing, and she fell into sleep.

"This is what I wanted to do physi cally: place her completely in the hand of the Lord and let His will be done, Joseph Quinlan had testified in court "I want to put her back into a natura state, if she lives a day, a year or fiv years. This is the Lord's will. This is th way He works with the law of nature."

Karen clearly was not back in "a natural state" at the nursing home. There still were high-nutrient feedings, ad ministering of antibiotics for her recur ring infections, the careful ministration of doctors and nurses. Extraordinary means? That term now was only a mat ter of semantics. In the final analysis, in the matter of Karen Ann Quinlan, he parents, following the moral dictates o their consciences, did not want *all* he life supports taken away. The machine were enough, and they were gone.

The family and the Supreme Court had rendered their decisions. The ulti mate judgment—Julie and Joe thanked God—lay in greater hands. End

Mrs. Santiago's Tuna Surprise
vs.
Mrs. Chinn's Tuna Surprise.



Mrs. Nilsa Santiago
New York City



Mrs. [illegible] Chinn
San Francisco





ns (6-1/2 oz. each) Bumble Bee Chunk Light Tuna • 1 large green pepper
all zucchini, sliced • 1 jar (4 oz.) whole pimiento • 1 quart chunked
erg lettuce • 1 large tomato, chunked • 1/3 cup chopped green onion
p whole pimiento-stuffed olives • 1/4 cup mayonnaise • 2 tablespoons
wine vinegar • 1 tablespoon olive oil • 1/2 teaspoon paprika •
teaspoon cayenne pepper

in tuna. Slice green pepper into strips; slice zucchini into thin rounds.
pimiento into thin strips. Toss lettuce, tomato, green pepper, zucchini,
n, pimiento and olives. Gently toss in tuna. Combine mayonnaise,
gar, oil, paprika and cayenne; blend well. Pour over salad, tossing to
e. Makes 4 servings.

2 cans (6-1/2 oz. each) Bumble Bee Chunk Light Tuna • 1 quart shredded iceberg lettuce • 1/2 cup water chestnuts, sliced • 1/2 cup celery, diagonally sliced • 2 green onions, diagonally sliced • 6 sweet gherkins, slivered • 1 can (3 oz.) chow mein noodles • 1/4 cup mayonnaise • 2 tablespoons red wine vinegar • 2 tablespoons light corn syrup • 2 teaspoons soy sauce • 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger • 2 tablespoons toasted sesame seeds

Drain tuna. Arrange lettuce on 4 salad plates. Toss water chestnuts, celery, onions, gherkins and tuna lightly. Spoon onto lettuce. Arrange noodles around tuna mixture. Combine mayonnaise, vinegar, [illegible] syrup, soy [illegible] and ginger. Pour over tuna mixture. Top with sesame seeds to serve. Makes [illegible] servings.

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"In addition, the muscles of the upper eyelids may sag as much as half an inch or more between the ages of 20 and 60, causing eyebrows to shift down and upper eyelids to overlap lashes, making the eyes appear smaller. And those muscles attached to our throat skin may sag *as much as two inches,* resulting in a "turkey neck."

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PATTY HEARST

continued from page 49

was not deliberately trying to mislead, conceal or lie, but was struggling to recall, relate and give the needed information, and was concerned that listeners might regard it as "weird" that she was as distressed as she was, having as much trouble telling us what we needed.

I heard the familiar sound of the plane's wheels being dropped, and I hurried to finish the last few pages of Dr. Singer's observations. The last two paragraphs caught my attention:

> The state of confusion that Patricia manifests at the present time is readily understood in terms of her personal history and past experiences. As I have indicated above, her vulnerability was considerable, and the stress she experienced during captivity was of an order sufficient to create severe psychological disturbance. In fact, her period of being kept blindfolded and isolated in a closet may be an all-time record for this sort of imposed stress in the United States.
>
> Persons, times and places are still confused in her mind, which makes it virtually impossible to obtain from her a comprehensive story about the sequence of events as she experienced them. Her problems of recall of persons may be due to the fact that, being blindfolded, she had to identify persons at first only by voice. Blind persons who have their sight restored often have difficulty associating the visual images of persons with the voices they have learned to identify. During her captivity, Patricia had no particular reason for noting the dates when different events occurred or for paying attention to the sequence of events. Since she did not "store" away this information in an organized manner, she now finds it difficult to recapture it from memory in any sort of organized form. Although Patricia's recall is improving, her level of functioning is not yet satisfactory enough to assist her attorneys fully.

If there is an American stereotype for the victim of "brainwashing," it is probably an emaciated prisoner of war, exhausted and unshaven, whose captors ("Communists," of course) use cruel physical and psychological torture in order to bring his mind around to their view of life, so that in repudiating what his country stands for he thereby enhances theirs.

The first well-known victim of what would, a few years later, commonly be called brainwashing, was the Roman Catholic prelate, Josef Cardinal Mindzenty, Primate of Hungary. In 1948, following the Communist takeover, he was arrested, charged with a series of crimes against the new government (mainly treason and conspiracy). At the trial, he shocked the world by confessing to the charges.

Two decades later he wrote that he had been tortured in the weeks prior to his trial, and that he became, unknowingly, "a different person." Somehow, he said, he had been made to accept temporarily a philosophy that he had opposed all of his previous life.

What has this to do with Patty Hearst? It had, as we were beginning to see in October and November of 1975, a great deal to do with her. Because Patty Hearst was showing many of the classic symptoms of the process known as thought reform. As Dr. West wrote:

> Cardinal Mindzenty made his astonishing public "confession" of spying and criminal behavior (eventually repudiated) after exactly 35 days of . . . pressure. It took Cinque exactly 35 days to get his first full-fledged propaganda statement out of Patricia Hearst, a college sophomore, kidnapped at the age of 19 (SLA tape, 3-9-74) and 60 days to produce the first "Tania" speech (SLA tape, 4-3-74).

There was obviously no doubt in Dr. West's mind—or Dr. Singer's—that Patricia Hearst had been the unwilling subject of an intensive thought reform program unique in American history.

My own feeling was that Drs. West and Singer were right.

Talking to Patty, at the beginning, was an unusual experience. If the topic of conversation was something light, she would smile and even laugh. Her younger sisters, Anne and Vicki, brought her photographs of parties, and she seemed genuinely happy to see snapshots of who had attended and how *(continued)*



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PATTY HEARST

continued

they looked "now." She was particularly pleased to learn that so-and-so was straightened out, no longer "weird" (clearly Patty's favorite word).

On one occasion, Vicki was showing her some pictures of Vicki and her boy friend at the beach, and one shot made Patty's sister look more buxom than she actually was. The two girls were laughing, making comments about how Vicki looked like "Joey Heatherton or somebody" when a man in a moving company T-shirt suddenly turned the corner and stared at them, apparently overhearing their conversation. At first they were simply startled to see that someone had gotten past the extremely tight security, but, when they saw his pad and pencil, they realized he was a reporter. The man quickly left.

Vicki was very upset, afraid that the next day's papers would have a story about how she and Patty were discussing bust measurements. But Patty found the whole thing extremely funny.

At such times, Patty seemed emotionally healthy, but there was a curious undertone to it all, for the words and the reactions seemed those of a much younger girl.

If anyone from her pre-kidnapping past indicated an interest in visiting her, Patty quickly put them on the "approved" list. After a few days, she stopped any mention of people like Steven Weed. It was as if she wanted to bury herself in the pleasant memories of another life, in another time and another "country."

If something humorous happened, and as long as it had nothing to do with the recent past or the near future, Patty could deal with it quite well, even to the point of joking about it. For example, one day her mother told her her hair needed attention and suggested that Patty have it done the way it used to be. Despite her own predicament, Patty found it very funny that her mother asked, "Do they have a beauty parlor in here?"

After the shock of learning that her first—and rather candid—conversation with Trish Tobin had been recorded by prison officials, and realizing (at least up to a point) how harmful that tape might be, Patty was nonetheless able to adjust rather quickly to the fact that *all* of her conversations were most likely being recorded. Usually, she was the one who cautioned visitors about the likelihood of their conversations being recorded for use by the prosecution.

When her parents visited her for the first time since the episode of the Trish Tobin tape, she reminded them that "This is all being taped." True to form, Randy Hearst laughed and admitted she was right to remind them of it. Then the pixie in his nature got the best of him and, raising his voice, he said: "Hello, out there!"

Catherine Hearst, picking up the idea, said, "How are you, Mr. Browning? [James Browning, the prosecutor.] Are you listening? I bet you are." (In later weeks, Patty's mother would often work in an impromptu lecture on fairness, honesty and simply human decency, in the belief that the government was dutifully recording her every word. She was proving herself to be, under the very tough pressure, a strong woman who could "take it.")

Randy continued to be Randy. Later, when I heard some of the tapes, I marveled at how well he kept his daughter from knowing the kind of agony he was going through. He hated to see Patty through the grimy glass, to have to talk with her over cumbersome phones, not to be able to reach out and touch her hand, the three of them seated in the tiny room that Al Johnson always referred to as the "telephone booth." But he had no choice, and so he always had a joke, a light comment to set the tone. To hear some of the tapes you'd think the three of them were sitting in the Hearst living room, chewing the fat about nothing in particular. His was quite a performance.

From time to time, however, reality forced its way into the conversations, but Patty and her visitors did not always see it in the same way. Several family members told me and Al that Patty seemed unable to perceive the actual nature of the trial she faced. She had to be reminded that it was a trial for bank robbery, a very real criminal indictment that could mean up to 35 years in jail. When reminded of this, she usually said, "Oh, that's right."

In October, when Patty was beginning her tests with the court-appointed psychiatrists, her sister Anne came to visit. They talked easily about small matters, and then Anne asked Patty what the tests were like.

Suddenly, the veil was pulled away and Patty broke down, her fragile composure gone. The official jail tape records only a pause, and then Anne's voice saying, with infinite sadness, "Oh, Patty!" After several seconds of a heavy silence, Anne changed the subject.

According to Al Johnson, that was the typical pattern. If you didn't ask Patty anything about her real troubles, she could respond so easily that any outside, untrained observer would have sworn that this was certainly a "normal" girl. But if you moved the questions into the murky areas, the missing year or—especially—the time in the closet, a very different Patricia Hearst responded. Without fail, any mention of the closet brought tears from Patty. It was a classic Pavlovian response. And it hurt like hell to see it.

Ordeal takes toll

Patty was able, for the most part, to keep up a brave and even apparently happy front for her relatives, but as the tests continued, it became obvious that the ordeal was taking its toll. Her weight dropped to 98 pounds, her appetite all but disappeared and the circles under her eyes began to deepen and expand. One day her mother told her, "You look like you have dark glasses on!"

Whenever anyone other than her lawyers tried, or happened, to mention people and events that Patty found painful to recall, she put the question off. In part she did so because of the ever-present listening devices, but there were numerous times when those who knew her well enough could see that she simply didn't remember who or what they were referring to.

When the contents of the taped Trish Tobin visit were spread all over the media, Patty's mother heard her daugh-

(continued on page 188)

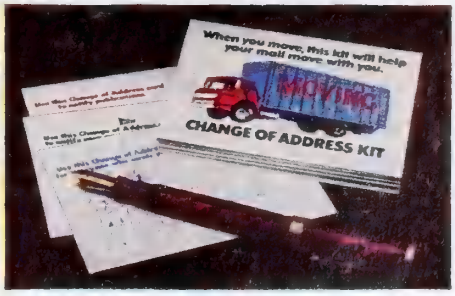
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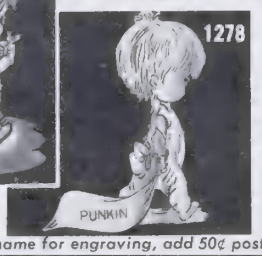
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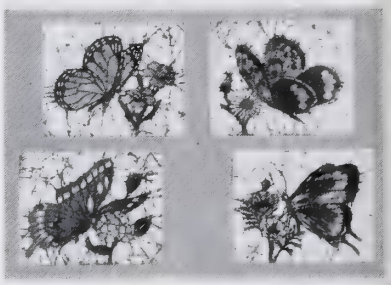


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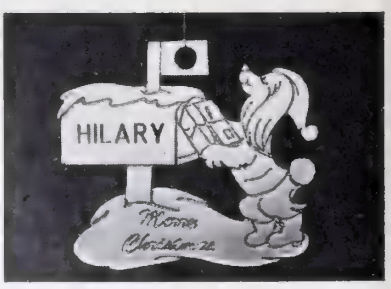
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(Marlo Stepp) I really am, I feel more like a woman and I don't have to wear padded bras to look like one. Everywhere I go people seem to notice me more. My boyfriend was absolutely amazed, and believe me I get more attention from him than ever. I used to envy other women with larger bustlines and I wanted one too. I believe now for the first time in my life I have a beautiful bustline and a balanced figure and I owe it all to you Sean Micheals and your fantastic Bustline Expander. Now I would like to ask you a question. I have tried two other methods for developing my bustline that didn't work. I would like to know why the Sean Micheals Bustline Expander worked for me and the others didn't.

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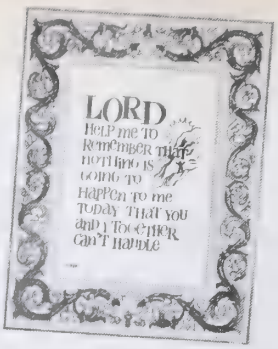
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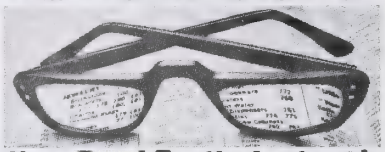
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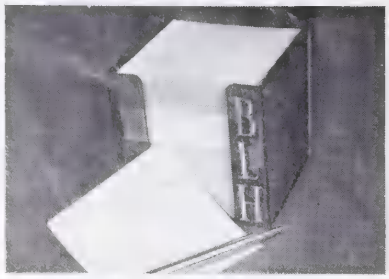


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PATTY HEARST

continued from page 182

ter say, "I don't want to be a prisoner in my parents' house." Mrs. Hearst asked her daughter about it, and when Patty looked at her blankly, Catherine Hearst said, almost in alarm, "Patty, can't you remember what you said?"

That was just it. Patty *couldn't* remember what she had said, and, in regard to certain very important events of the missing year, couldn't remember what she had done. If that bothered her friends and relatives, it scared her attorneys. We were beginning to see what Patty was up against, but our best source of information, Patty herself, was unable to tell us all that we needed to know. It was not a good position for a defense lawyer, and it was a frightening position for a criminal defendant.

One person who seemed to be almost gone from her mind was Steven Weed. I never asked the psychiatrists why that was, but I knew Patty had learned that he was writing a book. It's possible that this alone turned her mind against him; from the very beginning we noticed that Patty was dead set against any form of exploitation. Although she wanted to answer some of the letters from sympathetic strangers who were writing her from all over the world (some containing proposals of marriage), she realized that to do so might mean she would soon see her own letters in the press, sold to the highest bidder. As to Weed, however, she expressed no desire to have him visit or in any way contact her.

One of the most unusual exchanges was that of Patty with Father Dumke, an Episcopalian priest who had agreed to perform her marriage to Weed. When Father Dumke visited her, he mentioned something about Weed and Patty said, "How do you know him?"

Indicative speech patterns

Despite the observation of what the untrained viewed as normal behavior in the first weeks and months, there were a few signs that caused the experts to believe that Patty had come out of her ordeal with some serious scars. When forced to talk about something she would rather not discuss, Patty's voice tone would go completely flat. All liveliness and spark would be gone, and her responses would be short and emotionally neutral. She tended to stress the second word in any four- or five-word sentence, which gave her speech an odd cadence. Tears were always close to the surface, but they were not the defensive tears of a child; they were the involuntary tears of someone being dragged through the recreation of an intensely painful experience, one that the mind wanted desperately to forget.

There was also the problem of her "affect," a term psychiatrists and psychologists use to describe a person's "potential for psychosis." Her overaction to "reality situations" indicated that the load might become too great and that she could have an emotional breakdown. For my part, I always marveled that she had not broken down already. Apparently there was a reserve of great strength in Patty's mind.

One way that this problem with her affect manifested itself was in her almost neurotic reaction to any sign of ill health. Although she was worn out and underweight, the doctors had said Patty was in generally good health. But she would get extremely worried over any small change in her physical condition.

The problem, as so many people failed to realize or kept forgetting, was quite simple: Patricia Hearst was a sick young woman. But it was an emotional, not a physical, illness. The psychiatrists had labeled it traumatic neuroses with "dissociative reactions." And it was those dissociative reactions that we were witnessing when Patty would seemingly regress from a state of apparent normality in conversation to being a sick, frightened girl who pulled the veil down when things got unpleasant. The worst part was that reactions were often unconscious.

Quite naturally, Patty didn't want to remember some of the terrible things that had happened to her, and, on occasion, her mind would oblige her by automatically blanking them out. In one sense, that defense mechanism made it easier on her, but in light of her present predicament—as a defendant in a criminal trial—it increased her jeopardy.

When we first came into the case, Al and I were temporarily in the dark. We knew Patty had undergone severe stress, but we didn't know *exactly* what that stress had been and how severe it was.

In December, we not only had the benefit of the West-Singer report, but we had the results of Al's extensive questioning sessions with Patty. The picture that emerged explained why she continued to show signs of her ordeal more than 20 months later.

For a variety of reasons—running from stark terror to the fact that she didn't have a watch—Patty could not tell us exactly how long she had been kept in the two closets. Dr. West put the time at about nine weeks, which Patty agreed was probably correct but might not have been long enough!

Al Johnson was the one who sat with Patty and took her through the cruel but necessary task of recounting her ordeal. There were many stops and starts, no laughter and a great amount of tears and sobbing.

The interrogation sessions took place in a small room at the prison. Patty smoked almost constantly. Al, who had once been a heavy smoker but who had not had a cigarette in 12 years, found himself wanting one very badly. He had one with Patty, then another, and soon he was smoking again. Two packs a day. Later, a doctor told him that the close proximity reestablished the nicotine addiction. Knowing Al, I think it was as much an emotional reaction; he wanted to be able to share *something* with this "client" who so clearly needed kindness and reinforcement.

Patricia Hearst had been kidnapped and grossly mistreated; her "recovery" would take a long, long time.

End of Part

Next month F. Lee Bailey continues his story of the Patty Hearst case.



"I don't know, but I think I liked last season's TV violence better than this season's."

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What's happening



By Gene Shalit

It's a good month for movie buffs, including a new non-Hitchcock for mystery fans and a baseball movie that's one of the happiest family movies of the year.

Comedy, mystery, romance, gaiety, war, baseball, the Old West, pirates . . . what a diversity of diversions at the movies, with Paul Newman, Geneviève Bujold, Cliff Robertson, James Earl Jones, Beau Bridges, Peter Boyle, Charlton Heston, Don Knotts, Robert Mitchum, Hal Holbrook, Burt Lancaster, Henry Fonda . . . and you hope there's something to see at the movies this month? Kick off your shoes, reach for the popcorn and settle back with these:

FOR CHILDREN ONLY

Leave it to the Disney people to provide a couple of hours of Saturday fluff. *No Deposit, No Return* is a title that has nothing whatever to do with the movie. It's the story of two small children sent to boarding school by a mother who neglects them while she flips around the world as a super-busy women's magazine editor. The kids are upset when they're shipped off for the summer—they're apprehensive about their stuffy but very rich uncle (played by David Niven with his usual urbanity). They give him the slip at the airport and are kidnapped by a couple of safe crackers (Don Knotts and Darren McGavin). Actually, *they* kidnap the kindly, bumbling safecrackers, so they are not really kidnapped at all. (Are you following this?) The kids try to ransom themselves to their uncle, but he *knows* they are not *really* kidnapped and he toys with them until they are *really* kidnapped from the kidnappers by *real* kidnappers. Who has time to explain all this? Suffice to say blah blah blah blah blah blah, and then the happy ending. While your children are in the balcony eating popcorn and giggling, you can get to do your shopping without distraction.

ONE OF THE HAPPIEST

Just for the fun of it, how about taking in a movie about baseball? Are you game? Then see *The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings*, a crackerjack movie set in the 1930's before black players were allowed in the major leagues. In this fictionalized reverberation of those Depression days, a pitcher called Bingo Long forms an all-star team and barnstorms through the Midwest and South playing to the local yokels. He's portrayed with style and a smile by Billy Dee Williams, and he's joined by James Earl Jones as a heavy-hitting catcher. What a battery they are—a battery charged with energy, joy and some sorrow. Here they come, chugging through a small countryside town in a couple of cars and a motorcycle, ballyhooing their arrival by dancing down rural streets, making a hit (and a lot of runs). But there is more than frothy frolic to this entertainment. The film lets us feel a texture of the 1930's, of black athletes forced to act like buffoons in front of white audiences (Bingo pitches one game dressed in a gorilla costume) and there is action *off* the diamond that results in some rough cuts. But most of the time this is an exuberant comedy, with Jones sunny and somber, Richard Pryor touching as a black player determined to make the majors masquerading as a Cuban or an Indian, and Williams exuding a personality of little boy bouyant. It's a family film for everyone, and white audiences who pass it up because of its all-black cast will be missing one of the happiest entertainments of the year.

(continued on page 14)

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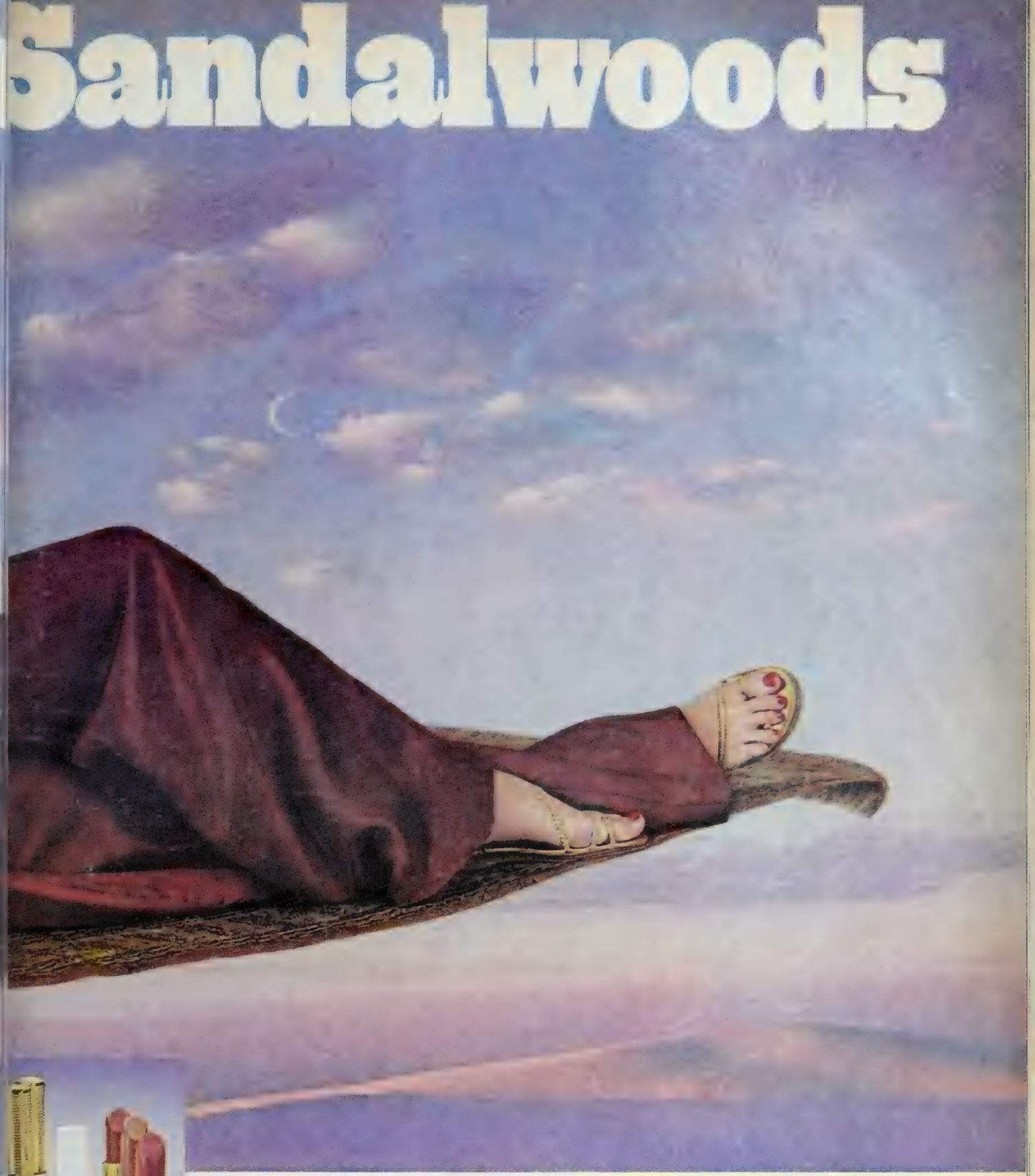
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 20 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

What's happening

continued from page 10

NOT THE WORST

People yearn for peace, but give them a movie about war and watch them troop in. Big war pictures do dynamite business in America, and the newest picture packing them in is *Midway*, a version of a turning-point Pacific battle in the Second World War. Here we are in 1942, just four months after Pearl Harbor. The naval intelligence unit, led by Hal Holbrook, cracks the Japanese code and realizes that the Japanese navy is going to attack Midway. Well, do you think Hollywood's he-man-est stars are going to let them get away with that? Robert Mitchum plays Admiral Bull Halsey, but as the battle begins he's rushed to the hospital with a skin rash that itches so much that he's scratched. Glenn Ford takes his place and reports to Henry Fonda, who plays Nimitz, the admirable admiral. Well, if the Japanese had *any* chance against Fonda, Holbrook, Mitchum and Ford, all hope is lost when Charlton Heston arrives! Off they all go to turn the tide in the Pacific. (I guess the moon couldn't do it alone.) It turns into an historic fight: the first naval battle in which the ships did not exchange a single shot; all were sunk by planes, some of which were not even designed at the time of this battle. Anachronisims aside, this is not the *worst* war movie ever made, nor is it the best. Maybe that's why it's called *Midway*.

MORE THAN COWBOYS

Buffalo Bill and the Indians or *Sitting Bull's History Lesson* is a title that can't fit on a movie marquee, and the story doesn't fit into the picture of Buffalo Bill we saw in *Annie Get Your Gun* or read about in our childhood books. Here is Buffalo Bill in the heyday of his 19th-century carnival celebrity, a show in which Bill buffaloed the audience with distortions of the Wild West. Paul Newman is first rate as Buffalo Bill, playing the sharpshooter in a long wig and waxed mustache. To give his dusty show a shot in the box office, he hires Chief Sitting Bull, a small, silent, old Indian who communicates only through his interpreter, Will Sampson, whom you last saw in *Cuckoo's Nest*. This is an odd film with no straightforward story; it circles like a nervous horse with a new rider in a strange ring. But it has an originality and looseness that I found refreshing, and a distinctive quality of color (the film is largely amber in tone). Don't be misled by the ads. This is *not* a Saturday afternoon cowboys and Indians movie for youngsters. It is the sort of thing that pompous col- *(continued)*

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120s
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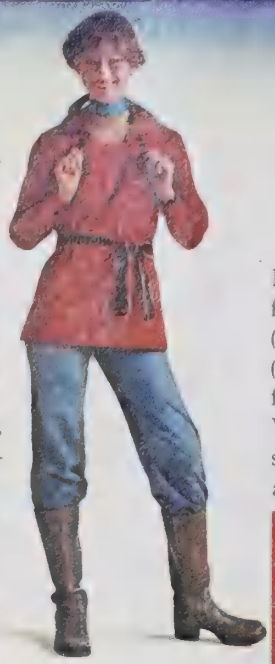
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What's happening

continued

lege movie majors would refer to as "A statement on film." I liked it anyhow.

WEIRD AND SATISFYING

Here's a non-Hitchcock film for Hitchcock fans—the work of a young director named Brian DePalma. He's made *Obsession*, a mystery that is romantic, confounding and weird. *Obsession* is the absorbing story of a New Orleans real estate mogul desperately in love with his 28-year-old wife and their 9-year-old daughter. One night, wife and daughter are kidnapped and, when the police botch the tricky rescue attempt, wife and daughter are killed. The grief-stricken husband then builds the most ostentatious tomb east of southern California and spends the next 16 years in mourning while making more money. Then it's off to Italy for a business holiday—Italy, where he had first met his wife in a church. And guess what!—returning to that very same church, whom does he see but a young woman who looks exactly like his wife. He is stunned, as well he should be since both roles are played by Geneviève Bujold. He is instantly obsessed. Should he woo her? Is he merely trying to erase the guilt he feels about his wife's death by marrying an identical-looking woman? Or does he realize that if he says, "Oh, the heck with it," the picture will have no plot? His course is clear: He woos and wins. Then he takes her to New Orleans, determined to marry her and start a new life. At this point the plot twists into a series of puzzling perplexities that come into focus only at the very end. The cast is splendid: Cliff Robertson is at his best in the lead role, and Geneviève Bujold is one of the most gifted actresses around. So let yourself go, wave goodbye to reality and enjoy a satisfying mystery.

ERROL IS SAFE

There hasn't been a good, dashing pirate, swinging with a dagger in his teeth, since Errol Flynn, so here is a new try at a pirate picture. It's *Swashbuckler*, featuring two swaggering pirates: Robert Shaw as an Irish captain, and James Earl Jones as his black aide-de-camp (accent on *camp*). The story so far: on a Caribbean island there rules a nasty, naughty governor, played by Peter Boyle in a performance he will probably ignore in future biographies. Boyle tosses his kindly old chief judge into the dungeon, and sentences the judge's wife and daughter to live in the slum. (This is a small island but it has a very good slum.) Boyle steals their treasure, including the daughter's jewels. Then the pirates steal the jewels from *him*. Then the daughter (Geneviève Bujold again) steals out to a tavern, sees her jewels on the neck of a pirate's wench and claws to get them back. There is a free-for-all fight with the two women wrestling all over the place. Pirate Shaw admires her spunk. (Later he sees her skinny-dipping in the ocean and he admires *more* than her spunk.) The movie is filled with sword fights and very many chases, including one that involves hundreds of bananas. Alas, the story is often becalmed: There is not a single fight between two pirate ships. There is not a single hand-to-hand struggle between rival pirates. Just about virtually everything happens on land. Shucks and double shucks. *Swashbuckler* walks the plank. Errol Flynn is safe. **End**

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

All the President's Men is quite simply a smash. If there were a Pulitzer Prize for movies, *Men* would win.

The Bad News Bears are a Little League baseball team, managed by Walter Matthau. Run, run, run to see this happy, warm-hearted hit.

The Blue Bird—with a brace of stars (including Elizabeth Taylor), is being hawked as children's entertainment, but it's a turkey. Duck!

The Big Bus tries to spoof disaster movies; a lively idea that, sadly, doesn't work. The appropriate word: "fare."

Embryo begins as Rock Hudson runs down a pregnant Doberman pinscher. Don't ask about what follows.

Family Plot is the newest Hitchcock, and this time horror is on hiatus. It's all just for fun, with a Hitchcock wink.

Harry and Walter Go to New York might have been a charming romp about 1890's New York. But it isn't. In an effort to repeat "The Sting," only the audience gets stung.

Logan's Run doesn't *star* Peter Ustinov, but his small role is the only memorable part of this 23rd century sci-fi confusion.

The Man Who Fell to Earth is a troubling and densely complex sci-fi movie, starring David Bowie. For sci-fi fans, enormously absorbing.

The Man Who Would Be King. A royal relief for fans who adore good adventure. Sean Connery, Michael Caine and Christopher Plummer lunge into John Huston's joyous film set in Victorian India and remote points north.

The Missouri Breaks stars Brando and Nicholson in an eccentric film worth seeing, but ultimately spoiled by gory, graphic violence at the end.

Murder by Death is the latest work by Neil Simon and it adds up to the wittiest mystery movie in years. A super spoof with a super all-star cast.

The Omen, despite the presence of Gregory Peck and Lee Remick, is trash.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson gives one of the best performances in years in one of the most gripping movies in years.

Seven Beauties is an indelible film by the extraordinary Italian director, Lina Wertmuller.

Silent Movie really *is* silent and really *is* a comedy treasure, thanks to the all-around inspiration of Mel Brooks. A film for everyone.

That's Entertainment, Part 2—a sequel to you-know-what, is ■ classy, splashy cavalcade that will make you grin and glow.

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ne Face.
model wears Coty's Glowing
n 'Soft Bamboo' All-In-One
d foundation, 'Bronze Glow'
ighting Color, 'Light'
ure Powder, 'Pewterfrost'
na Silksticks Tipstick and
ct Lashes Mascara 'Black.'

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Can this marriage be saved?

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

Trudy couldn't stand Keith's bachelor friends. Would he ever accept that he was a married man—that his wife needed him more than his friends did?

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Dr. Winifred A. Gahm.

Paul Popenoe, Sc. D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

TRUDY'S STORY

"My husband's friend Jim is constantly underfoot," began Trudy, a tall, lithe young woman of 24 with hair the color of burnished copper. "When I get home from work, and see Jim's car in the driveway, I feel like smashing into it. I'm competing with him for my husband, after six years of marriage."

She reached for the tissue box with trembling fingers. "I used to be a really cheerful person. Now I'm a worrier and getting like my husband, Keith—mean and disagreeable. At work, I hate everybody and I get migraines for weeks, affecting my vision.

"Keith and I both work all day, yet he expects a big, hot meal as soon as I walk in the door at six. Jim eats with us, too, of course, contributing nothing. After dinner, the two of them sit around fantasizing about all the great things they're going to do, sometimes until two in the morning. My husband's extremely bright, but he's not motivated. He's always getting fired, or quitting.

"Weekends drive me bananas. While I scrub and clean, Keith and Jim sit around smoking grass or drinking beer, and at night they chase around on their motorcycles. I'm dying for some fun, but Keith hates crowds. 'Who needs all those weird people?' he'll say.

"Jim and I always needle each other—he knows how much I resent him. Before Jim, my husband had another friend, Charlie, who hung around morning, noon and night. I began to think maybe Keith was homosexual, but when I asked him, he was highly insulted. Keith says he just needs male companionship. With me he just turns up the stereo to a deafening pitch.

"Keith came from a wealthy family, and he wanted a fancy, sit-down wedding dinner, but his father didn't offer to pay for anything, not even the photographer.

"My family has always been poor but very close—a big, noisy, emotional family. Some nights, all we could afford for supper was cereal or pancakes. Weddings to my family mean a big buffet table with lots of homemade food with wine, singing and dancing. Keith didn't dance at all. He stood on the sidelines glowering while I danced all evening. He didn't mingle with the guests and neither did his family.

"My mother-in-law is a cold fish. She'll ask me a question, then leave the room while I'm still answering. She never telephones or comes to call, and Keith's father is a busy executive so we seldom see him, either. They give us lavish presents, but no time or affection.

"My parents never liked Keith, but then they didn't approve of any of the boys who came to our house. My father thought nobody was good enough for his girls. To tell you the truth, I couldn't stand being in the same room with my father as I was growing up. He was usually drunk and very mean to my sisters, my mother and me. My sisters and I banded together against him and that made us feel very close.

"Soon after we were married, my father told Keith that he hated his guts. So Keith usually refuses to go to my family's house. I miss my sisters terribly—they were my closest friends—but we rarely see them.

"About two years ago, my youngest sister got married, and after much pleading, Keith agreed to attend the wedding. I was dancing and feeling warm and wonderful being with my sisters and old friends. Even Keith was smiling and laughing, and I hoped at last he would become a part of the family. At midnight, we all went to my parents' home. Everything went well until my mother said she was tired and asked everyone to leave. She has a way of putting requests so that they sound like orders, and Keith, who was pretty drunk by this time, took offense. He grabbed me and we left.

"Back at our apartment, he accused me of being too friendly with various men at the party. I took the car keys, intending to drive around a bit to clear my head, but he grabbed my hair and threw me on the bed. I lay there, scared he would beat me, but instead he kicked out a window. Since he was a child, he's had a violent temper.

"Another time, Keith was supposed to pick me up at my office. I was out on the sidewalk waiting in front of the building. But I got chilly, so I went to the parking lot and sat in a girlfriend's car talking. After awhile, I went back to the front of the building and saw Keith. He'd gotten a traffic ticket for speeding and was boiling mad. He accused me of being with a guy. He won't believe that I've never been unfaithful.

"I don't understand what's eating him. I keep telling him he's the handsomest man in the world, and so creative and intelligent, but I never get *(continued)*


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Shine one on.
SILKSTICKS by COTY.
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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

a word of praise, no matter how much I wait on him and pamper him. He says I made the first pass and also proposed marriage first, and I guess he's right. I'm still crazy about him, even if he doesn't take me places and has no time for me. He doesn't even seem to enjoy me in bed.

"I wasn't a virgin when we married and Keith was—something he'll never forget. My first boyfriend treated me real crummy. When I found out he was lying and cheating on me, I left him and started going with Keith. We got married when he was 20 and I was 18.

"Keith was a high school dropout, but he had a good job as a darkroom technician, making $4 an hour. He's always been fascinated by photography and by machines. There isn't a camera, watch or car engine he can't take apart and put together again. He develops his own color photographs and has taken some really spectacular shots.

"He stayed four years with the same photo-finishing outfit, being bounced from plant to plant, and not getting any raises. Then a rich aunt died, leaving him some money, and he decided to get a degree in photographic technology. Two years later, after graduation, he sat home for nine months without a job while I kept working. That's when Charlie, also broke and out of a job, started hanging around.

"One Christmas Eve, I hurried home to find that Keith had spent my $50 Christmas savings on booze and grass, and he and Charlie were both stoned in the living room. I felt abused and furious, but said nothing.

"I try so hard to please him. Every night before going to sleep, I feel compelled to tell him I love him or else I toss and turn all night. He mumbles, 'Me, too,' but he never says it first. I want to be put on a pedestal. Instead, I take out the garbage.

"The other Saturday, I got so frustrated listening to Keith and Jim talk about buying a boat and sailing around the world that I went out and washed and waxed my car. 'Why don't you wash my truck, too?' Keith yelled, and like a dummy, I did. Of course the next day he found a tiny spot I hadn't polished. I should have told him, 'Do it yourself' but I didn't dare. I'm afraid he'll get angry and leave for good.

"Once he did leave me. He packed his things and took off in his truck. I sat crying and crying, knowing I didn't have a single close friend, and not wanting to call my family. I didn't see how I'd survive without Keith.

"After a few hours, he came back and asked, in that rough voice that reminds me so much of my father's, why I was crying. I kissed him and told him how glad I was to see him.

"Later, we made love, as we do almost every night. I sometimes have several orgasms before Keith has one. He never talks during our love-making, he just laughs at my enjoyment, which makes me feel like some kind of animal.

"He's sarcastic about everybody, even his friends when they're not around. I agree they're losers, but I feel he should be loyal at least to them. Sometimes I think he chooses inferior people just so he can feel superior.

Nothing motivates him these days—not even photography. There's no future in his job, or in mine, and maybe not in our marriage either."

KEITH'S TURN

"Family interference and Trudy's personal problems have caused all our troubles," Keith said decisively. He was a well-built, bearded young man of 26 who smiled and laughed often—often at inappropriate places.

"Soon after we were married, Trudy's father told me to my face that he hated my guts." Keith gave a short, humorless laugh. "He'd been drinking, but his wife hadn't, and she said she hated me, too. I kept my cool and left, but I'm really sensitive underneath and I was hurt.

"I never wanted to see Trudy's relatives again, but they won't leave us alone. They keep asking us to dinner, and when Trudy offers excuses, her mother makes her feel guilty and disloyal. Her family lives only a few blocks away and her mother, a meddlesome blabbermouth, pops in frequently without telephoning first.

"My parents are considerate people who leave us alone. My mother is rather unsympathetic to me, but my father and I were close until I was about 14. Then he was promoted into a big job, so I didn't see him much. I missed him; my sisters treated me like a brat kid brother, so I started running with an older gang and dropped out of high school. My parents didn't seem to care so long as I stayed out of trouble.

"I met Trudy through mutual friends. After our marriage, we got along fine until we started to argue about our families. Her father's comment was what really started things off.

"A couple of years after we were married, I was out of work for a time and Charlie started coming around. He was an old school pal—we thought alike and still have a kind of psychic communication that doesn't require words.

"Trudy hated Charlie and finally he began to give her hives. She became so grouchy and disagreeable that she drove us out of the place.

"Then I got a good job as supervisor of a photo-finishing lab, earning $238 a week plus overtime, but the work schedule was killing me. I was putting in 12- and 14-hour days, six days a week, dark, windowless rooms. The pressu was fierce and I felt I was becomi some kind of machine, with no time f fun or relaxation. Charlie got marri and moved to Chicago. I missed him much I drove out there looking for wor

"I met my friend Jim at my prese job. He's single and lonely, so he spen most of his spare time at our place. W talk about photography and how we' going to escape the rat race, like saili around the world. That idea driv Trudy up the wall; she likes possessio and material things.

"Trudy just has no self-confidenc She could never do anything right as kid and as a result, she's always b littling herself. She won't even undre in front of me because I once kidded h about her secretary spread. She tak everything to heart.

"She does nice things a lot and I kno she wants me to say, 'Oh, it was wo derful and you're great, and I love yo but I can't get the words out. She know I'm crazy about her. I've been faithf and I work hard. She says I've ruine her relationship with her parents an sisters, but I say she should grow u and find some real friends.

"She complains that I don't take h places. It's true I've become pretty i dependent, but that's because I don know which way our marriage will g I don't want to be left high and d like she is, without a single close frien She's terribly shy and unsure of herse —either she's totally silent or she rattl away and says things she regrets late She's got to get herself together an like herself, or nobody else will."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"The basic problem in this trouble marriage arose from Trudy's excessiv need for affection and Keith's inabilit to relate to people either in the intimac of marriage or at work.

"Keith's father was a passive figure a home. His mother, the controlling on appears to have had trouble relating t Keith, which complicated his ability t give warmth and love to any woman.

"From many hurts and rebuffs grow ing up, Keith learned to defend himsel against further pain by cutting peopl off and walking away from difficult sit uations. At work, his aloofness and blunt sarcastic manner limited his chances fo advancement despite his talent and in telligence. Unable to give Trudy th constant praise, attention and affectio her low self-esteem demanded, h 'walked away' from married life, by re verting to the life of a single man.

"Keith didn't realize the pain his boy friends were causing Trudy—becaus she only complained about their free loading. She couldn't bring herself t say, 'I want you more than they do. When it became a matter of *(continued)*



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And Mr. Muscle doesn't have all the irritating caustic fumes you get with most other oven cleaners.

But prove it to yourself. Try the easy, overnight way with Mr. Muscle and you'll never go back to the daytime method.



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Can this marriage be saved?

continued

choosing between Jim and Trudy, Keith promptly told Jim to take off.

"Keith was also unaware of the extent of his hostility—particularly toward women. He had learned to control his temper but only at the cost of walling himself off. Through counseling, he began to delve into inner problem areas he might otherwise have avoided.

"Trudy's dependency needs were extreme, and she needed to move a little away from Keith and from her family in order to develop her own capabilities. She is a bright, capable, extremely attractive young woman, but she didn't believe it. Her sisters were all A students in school, while Trudy had brought home D's and C's. But when she applied herself, she found she could earn A's in school work, too, and was capable of handling more demanding jobs than she'd ever held. When Keith showed an interest in improving their marriage, her tension decreased and the crying spells and migraines stopped.

"During counseling, Keith expressed an interest in becoming a professional photographer and owner of his own studio. His father gladly offered to subsidize him. Trudy's parents were anxious to bridge the gap between them and their daughter and son-in-law. But Keith wasn't ready to accept and respect people with values and attitudes so different from his own. Instead, he wanted to move away from the area where he and Trudy were both raised and where both sets of parents still live. Such a separation might help them find ways to grow and pull together the separate lives they are now leading.

"There is a natural selection process in marriage, and most couples marry out of deep unconscious needs. Basically, Keith and Trudy love one another and want their marriage to succeed. They need to recognize how they can fulfill each other to build a life *together*.

"Keith needs a wife who is more directive, who will insist upon his getting out of the house and doing things. He has become aware of his hostility and how he is hurting himself by projecting it on others. Trudy is aware that she leans too much on Keith, that she defers too much and should express her own needs more plainly. She realizes that her family and Keith may never be close, and that Keith's tactlessness and lack of feelings for others are probably essentials of his personality that can't be changed and she must accept.

"When I last spoke with them, Keith and Trudy were happily planning a week together alone in the mountains—the first time they had been away together since their honeymoon." **End**



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PERFECT FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS—ORDER NOW WHILE SUPPLIES LAST

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Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

Our famed financial analyst answers reader questions about the right way to buy U.S. Savings Bonds for minors . . . the true cost of a mortgage . . . and how young women can get college athletic scholarships.

If we pay 9.5 percent for a mortgage, how much will the mortgage cost us after deducting the interest costs on our tax return? My husband earns about $17,000 a year.
At that income level, and assuming you file a joint return, you are in the 28 percent tax bracket. After allowing for Federal tax deductions, your actual rate is 6.84 percent. Here's a table that shows the "real rate" on a mortgage at various interest levels. The assumptions: filing a joint return, itemized tax deductions, only Federal tax deductions are considered.

YOUR TAXABLE INCOME	*YOUR TAX BRACKET*	*INTEREST RATE ON MORTGAGE* 9%	9.5%	10.0%	10.5%
$11,000	22%	7.02%	7.41%	7.80%	8.19%
17,000	28	6.48	6.84	7.20	7.56
23,000	32	6.12	6.46	6.80	7.14
29,000	39	5.49	5.80	6.10	6.41
35,000	42	5.22	5.51	5.80	6.09
41,000	48	4.68	4.94	5.20	5.46

It seems to me I see more women than ever before watching stock ticker tapes at our local brokerage office. Am I mistaken?
You are not mistaken. Of all first-time investors in the stock market in recent years, women have accounted for a firm majority of 56 percent.

We hope to start a monthly program of buying a $25 U.S. Savings E Bond for our baby son—to provide for his college education. Are there special ways to do this?
Buy the E bonds in your son's name and designate yourself as beneficiary, *not* co-owner. At the end of the first year, file a Federal income tax return in your son's name and state on the return that your son elects to report the interest annually. Then list the increase in the value of the E bonds each year as his income. This establishes your child's "intent," and you need file no further returns as long as the interest on the bonds, plus your child's other investment income, is less than $750 a year. Nor will any tax be due on your child's income unless the total of his investment income exceeds $750 a year. When your son cashes in the bonds to meet his college costs, all the accrued interest on the bonds will be free from Federal income tax. And the interest is exempt from all state and local income taxes and personal income taxes. Be sure to keep a copy of the tax return filed in your child's name to prove "intent."

I'm a graduate student, married, and I drive a taxi at night to help support my wife, who also attends college. We tried to get a loan to help us buy some furniture, and I included my "moonlighting" income in reporting our total earnings. The store owner wouldn't accept it. Is this fair?
He is *not* allowed to do this! Under the Equal Credit Opportunity Act, which went into effect in October, 1975, a creditor may *not* discount the income you draw from your part-time employment. A creditor may examine the probable continuity of your job, but he cannot ignore your earnings just because your employment is not full-time. Take this answer back to the store, if you still wish to finish the transaction with him—or show it to any other creditor who tries to bend the law against you.

Our daughter is a magnificent athlete. She is better by far than her two older brothers—both of whom are at college on athletic scholarships. What about her, though? She has just entered her junior year at high school and we think she should start planning now.
Under relatively unknown provisions of Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972, as implemented in 1975, and under the leadership of the Washington-based Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women (AIAW), dramatic advances are being made in giving girls such as your daughter equal opportunities for athletic scholarships. Your child may qualify for a scholarship in whatever her sports specialty is, at hundreds of superb U.S. institutions. What's more, the pace of full compliance with the law by colleges and universities will speed up as the July, 1978, deadline for compliance nears. For information on schools, eligibility and requirements, write the American Alliance for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, 1201 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. For the AIAW Handbook Directory of institutions offering scholarships to girls, send $6 to the Publications Sales Department, same address.

My husband and I paid more than $175 for wedding photographs at our daughter's wedding, but they're so out of focus, so washed-out looking that they're not worth saving, much less giving as a present to the new couple. We're heartsick because now we have no record of our beautiful wedding party. Even worse, the

(continued on page 83)

If you were paid for being a housewife, you'd have a $13,000-a-year job.



You're a cook, a plumber, an accountant, a governess, a psychologist and a chauffeur.

And $13,000 a year is a conservative estimate of what it would cost to hire people to do what you do every day.

Think of what that expense could mean to your family if something happened to you.

You need life insurance.

The Equitable has a booklet for you that talks life insurance. Woman to woman.

It's filled with quotes from a recent panel discussion. It's free. And it's important you read it.

Because your family can't afford to keep house without you.

EQUITABLE

It's time you figured out how much your life is worth.

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Please send me a free copy of *Life Insurance... "Women Speak their Minds."*

Name_____

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The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States. New York, N.Y.



A FEW TENDER DAYS

By Yevgeny Yevtushenko

Exclusive! A sensitive poem and essay on love by Russia's leading poet—hailed as one of the world's greatest writers!

A few tender days:
pebbles trembling away
at the touch of our feet,
toeing the waves.
On the bloom of your cheek,
in the flow of your hand,
little islands of moles,
sweet with your scent.

We had only one night:
the surf rushed the dam,
the gale-maddened shades
tried to leap from their frames
to the deep as it raged.
Looting the shores,
the gale ripped in two
the starry world formed
by storm scented lips.

Entangled forever
like brother and sister
or ruin and rise
passion and fear
fuel the flames:
your arms round my back,
your teeth set in pain,
you frightened yourself
and I am to blame.

One drink is enough,
the cormorant shrieks,
the glum derrick moans,
lugging sand from the beach.
Your pillow is bare:
in that desert of sheets,
meaningfully stuck:
one fine strand of your hair.

There's a strange children's home
where love's minutes and days
like lost children cry
all day and all night.
There, evermore sad,
roaming the shades,
are a few tender days:
your children and mine.

Translated by Anthony Kahn

YEVTUSHENKO ON LOVE

This is my second attempt at a foreword to this collection of love poetry. My editor dismissed my first effort with characteristic charm. "Not good enough, Genia," she said. Or, to give it its Russian translation, "Not good at *all*."

"Are you sure," I asked with grim hopelessness, "are you really sure a collection of love poetry should have a foreword?"

She readjusted her glasses and peered through them with the ruthless resolve of a horsebreaker on the wild prairies of publishing. "I'm sure," she said.

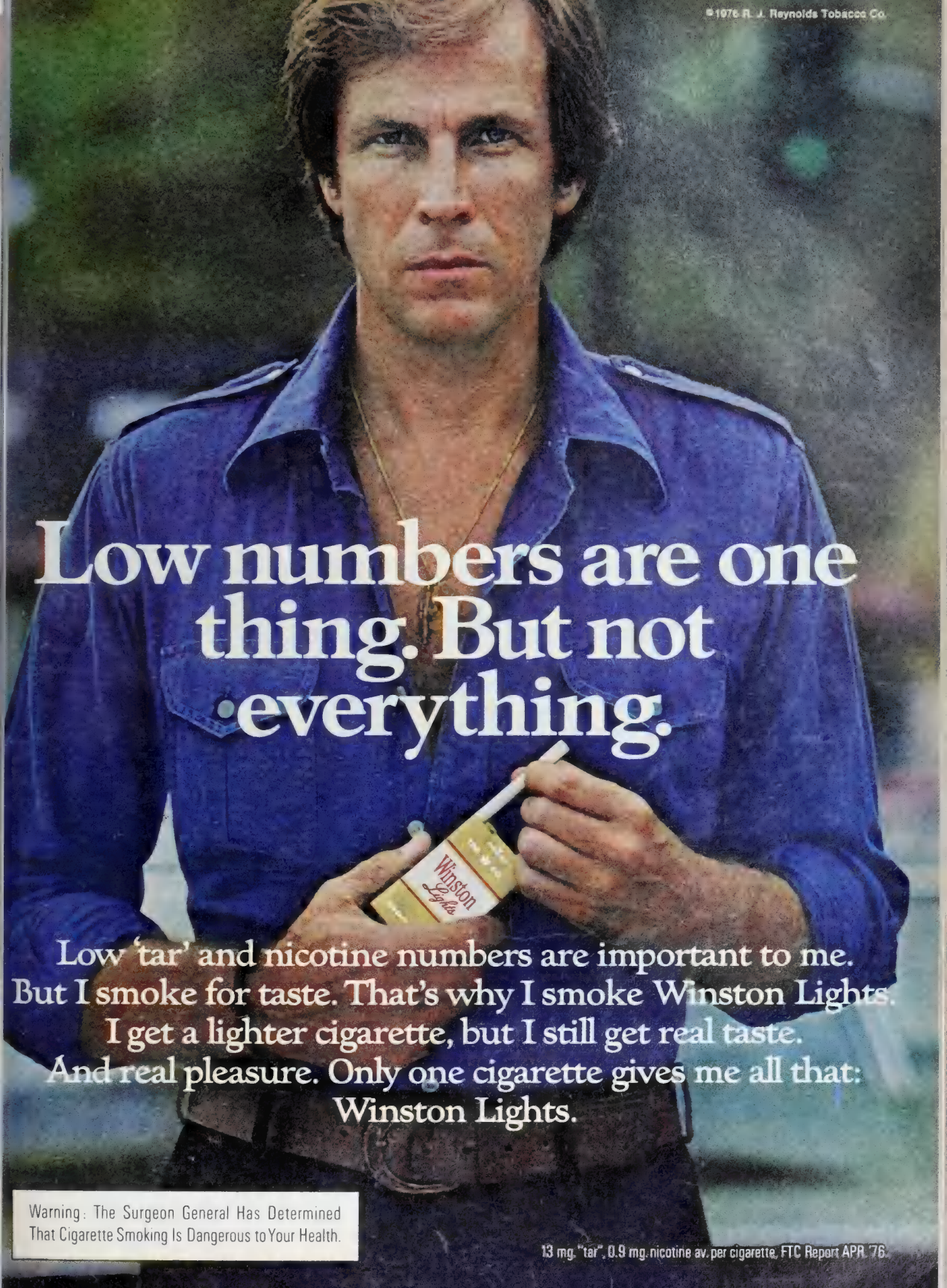
And with that, she took off her glasses and, instantly, her face seemed embarrassed and vulnerable. "A woman with glasses is two women," I thought.

As always, I was disarmed by a woman's vulnerability. A foreword about love? Unthinkable. Impossible. Love itself is a foreword!

One day when I was nine, my mother warned me, as she was going out the door, "This bookcase is for children, and that one is for grown-ups. I've locked that one. Keep it locked—or else." Naturally, the first thing I did was grab a *(continued)*

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Photograph by David W. Hamilton/The Image Bank

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Low numbers are one thing. But not everything.

Low 'tar' and nicotine numbers are important to me.
But I smoke for taste. That's why I smoke Winston Lights.
I get a lighter cigarette, but I still get real taste.
And real pleasure. Only one cigarette gives me all that:
Winston Lights.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

butter knife and, with its supple blade, jimmy open the forbidden bookcase. And so, at the tender age of nine, my favorite author became Maupassant, and I proceeded to devour all the shady love intrigues of Georges du Roi, that elegant cad who jimmied open the doors of high society with the waxed tips of his curled moustache. I didn't realize it at the time, but Georges was an unhappy man, totally denied his fair share of the gift of love. A connoisseur of love knows nothing of love.

I was driven not so much by a craving for love as a curiosity about it—and a covert one at that. There was something shameful, something rather damp and dirty about it. The sharper the attraction a young girl exercised over me, the greater my desire to yank her braids, as if to mask desire with disdain. The young girls were as inexperienced as I was and, soon, I felt an even greater attraction to mature women, who seemed touched and enhanced by the magic of the Unknown. However intense the feeling, though, it was curiosity and not yet love.

The flesh is a dilettante; the soul, a seeker. The soul recoils from the interests of the flesh. The pursuit of one interferes with the pursuit of the other and if the instinctive appetites of the flesh aren't curbed, the flesh can even turn and devour the soul. Only when soul and flesh understand one another can desire and love be chaste and clean.

Who among us hasn't had the following experience: You come home late at night, full of loathing for the world and for yourself. Suddenly you see two young shadows in an embrace so pure you'd think there wasn't a drop of cynicism, lust, blood or filth in the world. Indeed, if the whole world harbors only two such souls, we don't have the right to lose faith in the possibility of love.

Why are true love and tragedy shackled to one another like two convicts on a chain? Because love is the perfection which the imperfection of the world enviously tries to stifle.

Pushkin had the ideal attitude towards women:

> I loved you once, I swear, so tenderly,
> As may God grant another hold you dear.

Not a trace of possessiveness. In Pushkin's love poetry the untamed charm of sensuality lives side by side with the embarrassed charm of restraint.

Someday someone will write a great new tragedy about the Romeo and Juliet of the West and East, against the backdrop of the cold war waged by our contemporary Montagues and Capulets.

In the love of a man for a woman and of a woman for a man lies the very root of Christianity—an attempt to conquer death. A child is the joint victory of a man and woman over their own impermanence.

Love and art are alike—they alone can conquer death.

Russian seems to be the only language in which you can refer to a loved one as "my native one"—a phrase reserved in other languages for the place where you were born. But then love is the very place where we are born.

To this very day, people in the Northern Russian countryside use the old-fashioned term, "I take pity on you," to mean, "I love you." Someone cooked up the absurd theory that pity degrades a person. Pity degrades only those who don't know how to pity others.

Pasternak once wrote: "All life long love draws away; love, the evanescent gift of wonder." Really, though, is love so momentary? You can strip a man of everything, you can throw him naked and cold onto the floor of a solitary cell, but who can tear the memory of his best moments from beneath his flesh? Moments don't shrink, they expand in time, like Balzac's wrong-sided shagreen leather.

It's not envy I feel but a kind of pity and revulsion for men who try always to be seen in the company of beautiful women. There is a certain spiritual inferiority in that, a hunger for self-affirmation: "Look at me! I've got a beautiful new woman by my side. I'm worth something!"

A tall woman with dazzling white skin passed by. She looked like the Venus de Milo with severed arms restored. It hurt to look at her, that's how beautiful she was. She sat down and started to eat. Suddenly, in the way she held her fork, in her small, predatory movements, in her tittering, there was an expression of such homeliness she couldn't have looked worse if her arms had fallen off again, taking her head with them. The woman sitting next to her who, but a moment before, had seemed so unattractive in comparison, smiled so softly you'd have thought all the lost beauty of the world had been resurrected in her. Wasn't that the reason Zabolotsky asked:

> And if that's true, then what is beauty,
> And why is it idolized?
> Is it a vessel, void and empty,
> Or is it the fire that burns inside?

Once, long ago, I was walking alone down Gorky Street through the falling snow at three in the morning. Suddenly, I stopped. From out of the snowstorm, Pasternak came toward me. He had his arm around a blue-eyed woman in a downy white shawl, her cheeks flushed with happiness and the wind. Apparently, she had just returned from someplace far away and he ran beside and a little ahead of her to see her better and to kiss away the snowflakes from her face. He was laughing like a child. He was then, if I'm not mistaken, 65 years old.

If ever you find people looking at you with arrogance or with something base and obscene in their eyes, stop and consider: Have they ever loved? And, while you're at it, ask yourself: "Have I?"

A husband who worshipped his wife once whispered conspiratorially in my ear, "Do you know when she and I get the greatest pleasure?" "No, when?" I asked, expecting at long last some insight into what had always been the mysterious marvel of their love. "When we're completely alone and we take the phone off the hook, lock the door and eat garlic!" Lucky man!

I have nothing but contempt for couples who use their own happiness to fence out the unhappiness of the rest of the world. It's little more than a conspiracy of two against mankind. The only people who can be absolutely happy are absolute idiots.

He was 43, she was 49. They had known each other for quite a while but now they were together for the first time.

"I've always had men who were older than you," she said. "You're my youngest lover."

Youngest lover! When she was 18, her first man had been 20, and yet Hartman now seemed older to her than the 43-year-old man who lay beside her, and thought that his life was done.—YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO; Moscow, 1976

Translated by Anthony Kahn

Coming Next Month!

NIGHTMARE AT CHOWCHILLA

The inside story of the bizarre California kidnapping—told by the school bus driver who saved 26 children's lives (and his own) when they were abducted and buried alive for 15 hours. A Journal exclusive.

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With Clairol's Frost & Tip, you can do terrific things for your hair. And you. And that's why it's the number one frosting kit.



Frost & Tip.
It's more than a look. It's a feeling.

Introducing Energy Cour

WHAT ARE THE ISSUES OF ENERGY? HOW WILL THEY AFFECT YOUR LIFE? THIS IS THE FIRST OF SEVERAL DISCUSSIONS DESIGNED TO HELP EVERY WOMAN FIND OUT. FAST.

Topic #1: COAL

Your grandmother could probably tell you what it was like to run a house on coal. Back then, she had a ton or so delivered down a chute into the basement. Each morning, she'd stoke up the furnace, then carry some more upstairs for the old black stove in the corner.

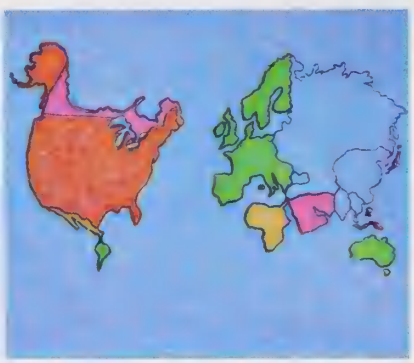
Over the years, though, oil and natural gas gradually replaced coal as the major fuels for homes and industry. Gas and oil were cheaper. And they were more convenient.

But today, America is faced with an energy dilemma. Our supplies of oil and gas are limited, and dwindling. The oil embargo of a few years ago made it clear that we've become greatly dependent on foreign suppliers of oil. Today, we import more than 40% of the oil we need, and the need for imports continues to increase.

Americans are having to take a fresh look at our energy resources, to see which ones can help develop greater self-sufficiency. Coal, the primary energy source of your grandmother's day, will become a more important fuel for the future—but in some new and improved ways.

AMERICA: A GIANT IN COAL.

Like oil and gas, coal is a "fossil fuel"—that is, decayed plant or animal matter which has been changed into coal over millions of years. There are massive deposits of coal in the United States. In fact, America has half the free world's coal reserves—over 200 billion tons right beneath our feet!



If the countries of the world were sized according to their coal reserves, the U.S. would dwarf everyone else!

Estimates indicate there is over twice the energy in U.S. coal resources as in the Middle East's oil reserves. That's enough to provide energy for generations to come.

Not only are coal resources abundant, their uses are better known, and can be expanded for industrial purposes more quickly today than other non-oil energy sources still in earlier stages of development.

America has a lot of coal waiting for development. But as we move toward its increased use, certain things must be considered.

WHAT ABOUT OUR ENVIRONMENT?

At Exxon, we anticipated the growing importance of coal years ago, so our scientists and engineers have been working on ways to burn coal more cleanly and have developed much improved ways to reclaim the mined land.

As coal makes its "comeback," these technological advances could go far toward protecting our environment and helping to keep coal as an economical fuel for large-scale use.

KEEPING AMERICA "THE BEAUTIFUL."

When, in our search for energy, we have to disturb the land temporarily, Exxon is firmly committed to reclaiming it.

In fact, land reclamation standards apply to our first surface coal mine near Gillette, Wyoming, now under construction.



Technology will help maintain the balance between efficient use of energy and a safe environment.

Under this program, we will contour, fertilize and reseed the land with hardy western grasses. When we're through with the restoration

the first se for Women

process, it will be hard to tell where the natural landscape ends and the reseeded areas begin. When we're finished mining, the land will be at least as productive as it was before we came.

OUR COAL MINES ARE GOOD NEIGHBORS.

Carlinville, Illinois, is a small, thriving town noted for its picturesque beauty.

In 1970, an affiliate of Exxon opened a new coal mine near Carlinville. Today, the town is still as clean and picturesque as ever.

It's also a lot more prosperous. The mine has already provided Carlinville area residents with hundreds



"The mine is good for us economically and socially . . . Maybe my little boy can be an engineer out there someday."
Mrs. Raymond Rhoads, Carlinville, Ill.

of new, well-paying jobs. It has stimulated business in town. Housing starts are on the rise in Carlinville as a direct result of the mine. And it offers excellent opportunities for young men and women in the area.

In fact, leaders from other prospective coal towns recently toured Carlinville to see firsthand how a big coal mine and a nice, small town can live and prosper together.

THE FUTURE OF COAL.

For a number of years, we've been investigating alternative ways to use coal in order to expand its potential as an energy source. Two areas show promise. In one, we turn coal into gas; in the other, we turn coal into oil!

Through "coal gasification," researchers are developing methods to gasify different kinds of American coal, with an eye toward increased uses in the future.

"Coal liquefaction" converts coal into a synthetic crude oil which can be refined into gasoline and other products.

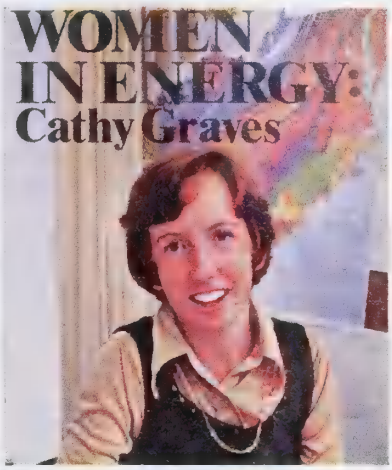
Economic and technological factors will determine whether coal liquefaction or gasification—or both—will ultimately become large-scale energy supplies. Right now it's too soon to predict the outcome,



Heat and pressure applied in the right way can convert a 4-pound piece of coal into about 1 quart of synthetic crude oil or about 32 cubic feet of synthetic gas.

but we're continuing our research to find the answers.

There's little doubt that the use of coal has been important throughout our country's history. Its continued use may well be a key to help restrict America's dependence on foreign oil.



Ever since a camping trip in the eleventh grade, Cathy Graves has been dedicated to geology. She earned her Bachelor's and Master's degrees in this science from Occidental College and the University of Massachusetts, respectively, and is now a geologist at Exxon, working to find more coal deposits. This involves selecting test sites where coal may be, then analyzing earth from the test drilling to see if coal does lie below. If coal is found, she can determine whether it is sufficient in quantity and quality to be successfully mined. An important part of her job is making sure the rock surrounding the coal will permit safe mining.



Energy for a strong America.

Beauty Journal

Come October and we've surveyed some new views on soaps, polishes and things to fill your fall life

IN PRAISE OF POLISH

Recently a friend who usually flashes ten perfectly polished ovals was bare-fingered. She explained that she was giving her nails "a chance to breathe." Our curiosity piqued, we did some research on the subject and found that nails don't need a pause from polish because they don't need to breathe. Anything they need for growth they get from the body. For maximum help and understanding, here are a few basic facts:

- When it's time to do your nails, take off the old polish with a *minimum* amount of remover. Saturate cotton or tissue, hold against the nail for a few countdown seconds, then swoop clean. Be on the lookout for removers with added oils or emollients. Or, investigate and try the newer acetone-free removers.
- Always rinse your hands thoroughly after using nail polish remover—to clean off your nails and the fragile skin around the nails.
- Avoid putting cream on your hands before you re-polish. A thin film from the cream will prevent the polish from adhering to the nail.
- A base coat not only adds strength by providing an extra coat but it also helps "grab" the polish—keeping the color intact for a longer time.
- For terrific protection, use one of the new top coats. Look at labels for the words "acrylic" or "with nylon."
- If your manicure is fading, patch or tip rather than stripping all the color off with nail polish remover. The complete job of denuding can be harsh and drying on your nails if done too frequently.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH



Q. *Is there any exercise I can do to add a few inches to my bustline? S.P., San Antonio, Tex.*

A. Actual bust size is mostly a matter of genetics, but there's a good exercise that firms and tones the pectoral muscles (the breasts' network of support). Stand in front of a mirror. Press palms together at bust height to a count of 3. Release. See those muscles tensing? Do 10 times twice a day.

SOAP SUDS

Not so very long ago, soap making was just one more household chore. Kitchen scraps and fireplace ashes were collected for tallow. Soaps were plain and simple then (a necessity of life) as opposed to the abundance of store-bought bars now, crammed with oils, perfumes, colorings, herbs and spices. To thread through the confusion, here are some common-sense terms for bar-hopping: • Superfatted—Plumped up with extra fats or oils (cold cream, cocoa butter, coconut oil, lanolin, etc.) to lubricate dry skin. Leaves a thin film on the skin's surface; mild. • French-milled, Hard-milled—Low moisture content makes this soap harder, more finely textured and highly perfumed for the long life of the bar. Reported to lather best. More expensive. • Floating—This unique soap is whipped in the manufacturing process so that air bubbles are trapped inside the bar. • Transparent—Is laced with glycerine, an emollient to make the skin feel softer. Best on normal skin. • Deodorant—Good body soap, attacks the bacteria normally hovering on the skin, keeping you smelling fresh. • Medicated—In order to work against acne, two or more chemicals need to be present. Usually, sulphur to dry up the oil, alcohol to disinfect and some acids or grains to act as a peeling agent, taking away dead cells that clog pores. • Herbal, Fruit or Vegetable—Appealing, fragrant and popular but the skin-care value depends on the other ingredients.

Border by Julia Noonan. Drawings by Thea Kliros

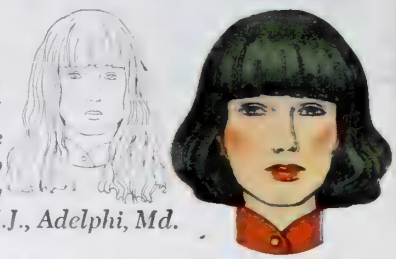
NEW ON THE HORIZON

For all Rapunzels who've said, "Goodbye, long hair; hello, short," a conditioner to add bounce to the ounce: Short & Sassy protein-enriched, by Clairol, regular or extra body, 7 oz., $1.59. • Who could resist a liquid blusher named Chocolate Mousse? Not us. And it lived up to rosey expectations—deliciously rich and creamy (one dab will do). By Lancôme, ½ oz., $6. • For skin that's seen more than 25 winters, moisture is something that can't be taken for granted. That's why we like the concept of the Moisturewear group of makeups, all abrim with special moisturizers and color. By Cover Girl. Liquid makeup, for example, 1 oz., $2.25.

FRAGRANCE MEMO

The allure of fragrance probably goes back to the lush garden of Eden. Very basic and primitive. Perhaps as a tantalizing reminder of those paradise days, an extra component, the fig leaf, has been blended into a flowery new scent, Essence Rare. Plus, ER has Bulgarian roses, heady jasmine, green tones for crispness and Javanese patchouli, among others. Even the bottle differs—looking quite like a crystal clear waterfall. By Houbigant, non-aerosol spray, 3.5 oz., $8.50.

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER



Q. *My hair is thick, curly, oily—plus split ends. I dread washing it because it snarls and takes hours to dry. How can I keep my hair its best all the time?—J.J., Adelphi, Md.*

A. You're constantly working against the nature of your hair by trying to tame that much volume. You'll look and feel better with the overpowering bulk lopped off, split ends and all, to chin length. Extra benefits: you'll be able to wash it more often, yet halve the drying time. Also, the neater, fresher look will free your face, showing off those high cheekbones.

Cover Girl Cheryl Tiegs.

Clean is sexy.

Clean is fresh. Clean is natural. Clean is the way to look today. Clean is Cover Girl® Clean Make-up. The look-natural make-up that makes the most of what you have, without looking fake or phony.

COVER GIRL



Cover Girl covers clean, without streaking. Stays clean, without changing color. Is clean, because it's made with clean Noxzema® ingredients.

You feel good about your skin. You look beautiful. Clean.

And what could be sexier?

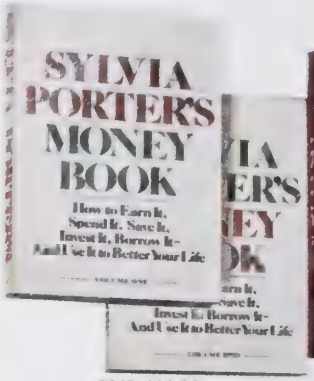


Cover Girl Clean Make-up

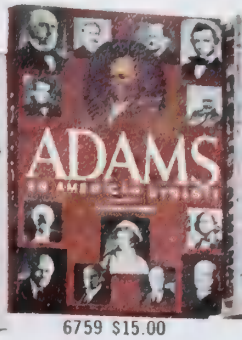
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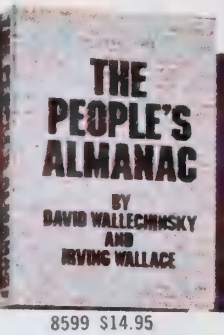
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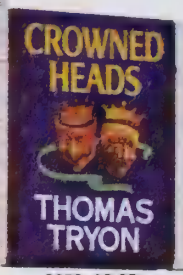
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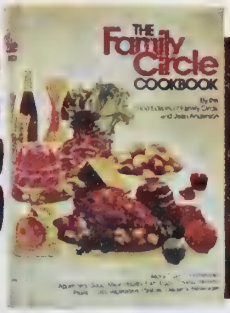
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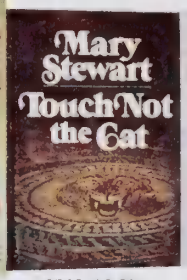
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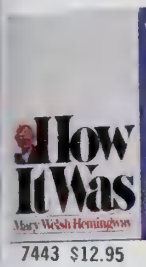
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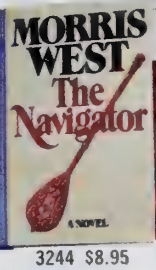
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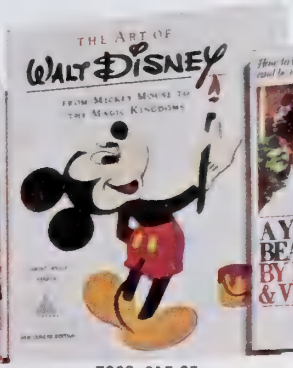
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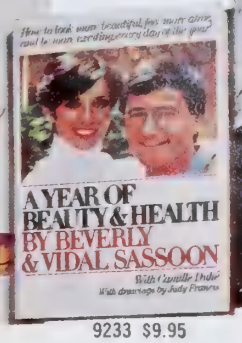
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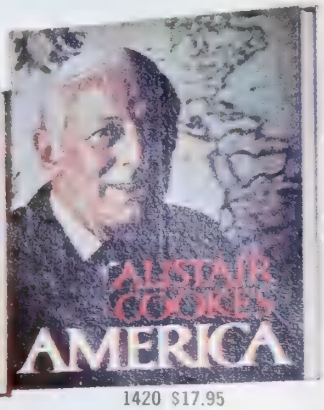
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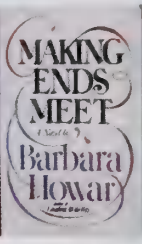
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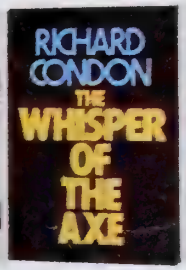
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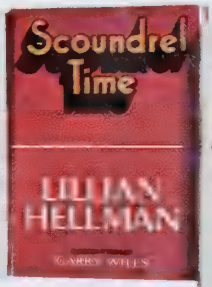
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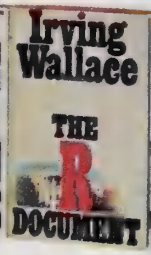
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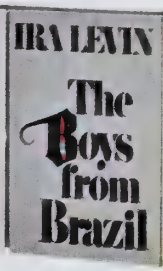
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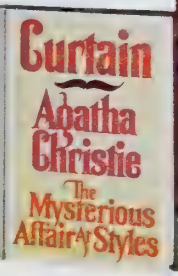
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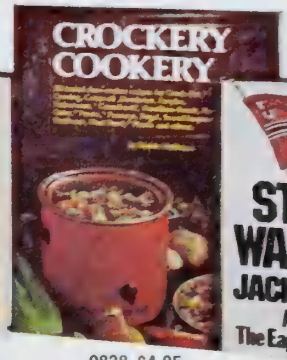
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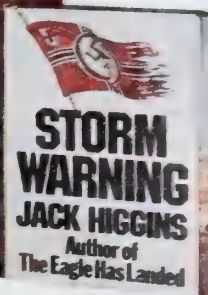
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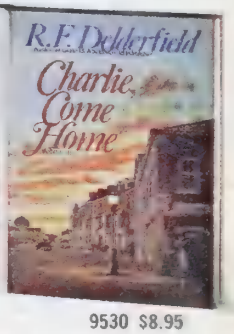
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MARRIAGE IS TO LIVE IN

How Noah discovered that next-door marriages—like next-door neighbors—are seldom what they seem.
By Morton Fineman

Noah has a hero named Fred Oosterban and Sam can't be objective about it, which makes the whole thing funny and sad and sweet and touching by turn. Sometimes it is all those at once.

I laugh and I laugh because Sam is so woebegone about Noah and full of such gratitude to Penelope, who has not yet upset his shiny applecart of fatherhood.

I say, "Wait. Sam. Just wait. She is only ten."

"Be on my side." Sam says.

"I am."

I was. I will be. Sam is a darling man with whom it is possible to have lots of day to day happy endings. Little happy endings are just as important as big happy endings.

This early, early Saturday morning I am his only audience.

"I'm losing Noah at the most significant time of his life." Sam says.

He is in his pajamas by the bedroom window. The green numeral on the digital clock drops: now it is exactly 6:15 A.M. Saturday. How many other men fret and philosophize about fatherhood and sons at this hour of the morning?

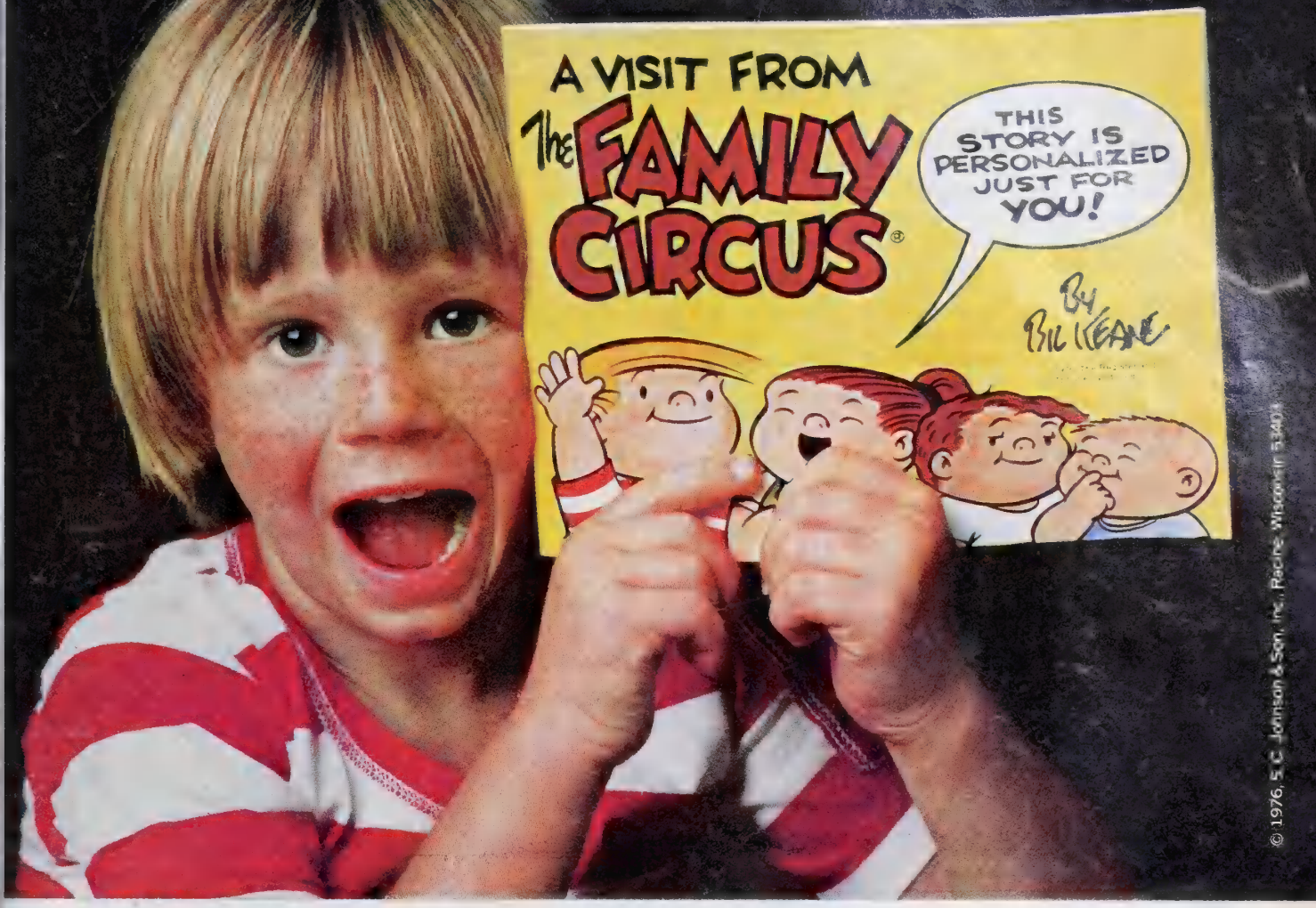
Sam peers out the window. "There he goes."

Full translation: Noah is beginning his morning jogging session with Fred Oosterban.

"Fred Oosterban is an exercise nut. Noah is in a phase. Sam. All growing boys have heroes. *(continued)*

Illustration by Dennis Luczak

"Hey, this book is about me!"



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MARRIAGE IS TO LIVE IN

continued

"Fred is everything else, too," Sam says gloomily. "Sagacious, wifely observations will get you nowhere in this case."

A complete failure of logic. But a darling man.

The childless Oosterbans are from Texas. Arizona, where I grew up, isn't at all like Texas, but the geographical proximity is sufficient for Lila Oosterban to treat me as another down-home girl. Lila is a beautiful marzipan of a woman, who always talks as if she is being interviewed on one of those studiedly informal daytime talk shows. She flatters Sam inordinately; adores his dry martinis; promises to read all the books he mentions just because he mentioned them. Lila is no problem for Sam.

One afternoon when we are all guests at a lavish Oosterban barbecue, Fred shows Sam a pair of matched Colt .45 single action revolvers that belonged to his great grandfather. The cowboy movies of Sam's youth in the city are coming true before his very eyes.

"A bad, bad man, old Wesley," Fred says. "He did it all. Robbing banks, trains, rustling cattle."

"Did he ever call out Whip McCord?" Sam asks, looking covertly at Noah who is visibly entranced by the big, heavy Colt .45s. I realize that Sam is just trying desperately to hold his own. After all, it is nothing if not unnerving to be face to face with the flamboyant exploits of a hero's forebearer. Until this moment, all Sam had to deal with was Fred the ex-rodeo rider, ex-wrangler, ex-Navy combat pilot; the wizard for whom all machinery instantly hums and purrs sweetly; the skier, the hunter, the golfer, the fisherman; the skeet shooter who loads his own shotgun shells; the commercial airline pilot who flies jets across oceans. Now Sam has bad, bad Wesley too, and the old cowboy movies are real.

Sam's great grandfather was a cellist.

Now, I think, maybe it *is* a little one-sided. Maybe it was simpler for Sam when the periodontist and his family lived next door.

"Whip McCord?" Fred says. "Never heard of him."

Lila's eyes twinkle bluely. "Sam is just fooling."

"Sam," I ask, "Who is Whip McCord?"

"A vicious, backshooting killer who spent every waking minute driving poor, honest homesteaders off their land."

Lila joins me in laughter. Fred looks at both of us a little blankly.

"A cowboy movie, Fred," Lila says. "Humphrey Bogart in *The Oklahoma Kid*. Cagney was the Kid. He wore a big white hat," Sam says.

Lila saunters over to Sam, kisses him. "Where did you ever get this precious man, Myra?"

Later, Fred insists that we all go skeetshooting. He has enough shotguns. Sam stares in disbelief at the arsenal. I manage to hit my share of clay plates. My father taught me to shoot. Sam can't hit a thing. And Noah, of course, is entranced, standing there alongside Fred, discovering the *chunking* sensation of the shotgun butt against his shoulder.

"I'm taking this kid duck hunting," Fred says approvingly.

Noah beams with pleasure. Sam grimaces.

On Friday, Sam has to fly to Cincinnati to see a client. In the public relations business, unexpected trips defined as urgent by clients are an occupational hazard. Both Sam and I are resigned to them. The subject this Friday, however, is not the Cincinnati trip. It is bathroom faucets.

Sam asks me whether the plumber came today.

"No."

"Who fixed the bathroom faucets?"

"Noah. He told me not to bother with the plumber. He said it was easy to replace the washers."

"Fred Oosterban probably told him how to do it. Every day there are more and more things I can't explain to that boy."

"Sam, don't make a crisis out of bathroom faucets."

"It rankles," Sam says.

The back door slams, then the refrigerator door, and Noah, home from school, slouches into the living room, eating an Anjou pear. Noah is gangly, black-haired, like his father; but he is devoted to worlds where Sam needs roadmaps in another language.

"You did a nice job on the faucets," Sam says.

"It was simple." Noah begins to eat another pear. "Mr. Oosterban got his new router. I just stopped over there to see it."

Prudently, I ask Noah what a router is before Sam does.

"For woodworking," Noah explains. "It makes all kinds of special cuts in wood. When he gets back from his Paris flight he's taking a couple of days off, and he's going to show me how to use it."

"I'm flying to Cincinnati," Sam says. He is really saying it to me to emphasize a few differences: Cincinnati, Paris; passenger, flight captain. Nobody tells Fred Oosterban to buckle his seat belt.

"It's time I got you to the airport, Sam," I say.

I don't drive Sam to the airport. Fred Oosterban does. As we come out of the house, Fred is inspecting the tires of his silver gray Jag two seater before he leaves for the airport, too. I have to confess that he looks dashing in his navy blue captain's uniform with all that gold braid, black shoes glossy with a spit shine. Sam, my darling man, is not a clotheshorse; he always looks a mite dowdy; his tie is invariably slightly askew seconds after he's adjusted it. Sam doesn't want to go with Fred; but there is no way to refuse. Sam gets into the Jag looking, I think, a little bit like a captive.

Sam telephones after dinner. The client in Cincinnati wants to be a movie star, the Robert Redford of American valve and fitting manufacturers. "He wants to star in a company film," Sam says. "You're back in harness, kid. Check on camera rentals."

"Does he have a good side, Sam?"

"Do they ever?"

We laugh.

Then Sam says "I love you" as if the words succor him, temporarily at least, from difficult, egomaniacal clients. The old iteration doesn't hurt one bit. Who scorns professed love?

The house is quiet. No, muted. Only untenanted houses are totally quiet. Penelope is spending the weekend with Sam's mother in the city. Noah is upstairs with his best friend watching a hockey game on TV. In the living room, where I am alone, the FM station plays Beethoven. Outside, it is chrysanthemum weather. During the closing rondo of the Beethoven, Lila Oosterban comes to visit because she is alone. She often comes over when Fred is in Paris or London or Rome. I offer her sherry, realizing as she accepts the glass I've filled that another drink is what she does not need.

"Nice," Lila murmurs, settling back.

I think she means Beethoven; but it's the sherry. I wonder how long she's been drinking, and why she is so troubled.

"I like this room," Lila says. She pauses as if that isn't what she intended to say. "I just feel like telling the truth tonight. Isn't that terrible? Telling you something like that flat out."

I smile. I nod. I humor her because I like her; because I sense that she is alone in a way that I am never alone.

"It's *disruptive*, honey." Lila swings her arms out. Sherry splashes from the glass, but she doesn't notice. "This room now, I always thought it was painfully cluttered." She pauses as if resolve for truth telling has dribbled away.

"One of these days, Lila, I'll get around to redoing it."

I don't really mean that. I like this room, the clutter, full of my years with Sam and the children. This room is another kind of professed love. "The truth is," I say, opting for truth myself, "I like this room cluttered."

I fold my legs up on the couch, glancing out the window. Lila has *(continued)*

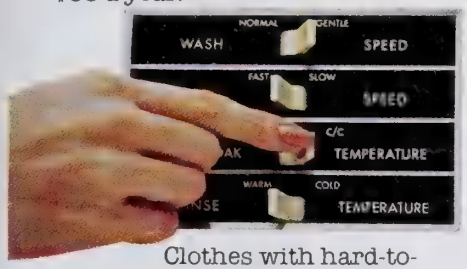
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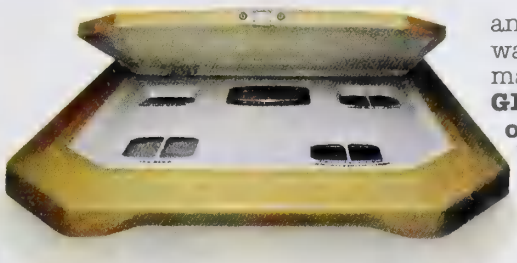
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MARRIAGE IS TO LIVE IN

continued

left all the lights on in her house. I see her house as if the wall facing me has been cut away to exhibit the interior, like a doll house. Everything looks as if it has just been unpacked, polished and shined and set in place. Our house bears all the small wounds and disorder of children and the endless used and unused belongings of marriage.

"Don't," Lila says intensely, "don't ever change it. Don't wipe out your history."

Her mouth is slack as she gazes at me. She sets down the glass of sherry.

"Lila . . . ?" I ask.

She doesn't let me finish. Her head wavers like a flower too heavy for its stem. "You ought to know what's wrong, honey. You probably do. You sit there looking at me with those wise, happy eyes. Are you happy because you're wise or vice versa? You don't ever feel that marriage is an uninhabitable place."

"Lila," I say against the clatter of her words. I am not heard.

"I'm going to tell you something *extremely* personal, honey." Lila's Texas accent re-emerges strongly. "I asked that darling Fred, that super flyboy of mine, I asked him what *right* he had to enjoy acting like a father to Noah ever since we moved into that house. Try one of your own, darling Fred. It's cheating, I said, considering that *he* decided we didn't need the responsibility of children. I quote the flyboy's most *immortal* words: 'Lila, honeysweet, we've got us all the toys of the world to play with and there are more toys than you can imagine.' End of immortal quote."

I feel as if I have stepped into a cold that lies far beyond a fierce, honest, physical cold: a cold of the spirit, a secret cold, a cold of great loss, of great foolishness; a cold that must sweep around the very edges of dying.

Lila says, "You are the happiest woman I have ever met. I mean that sweet day-in, day-out happy."

A smile hangs on her mouth like a crystal tear about to fall. I don't know what to say to that or how to deal with her hungering approval.

Lila's eyes become an arena of anguish. Her words gather as pain she must counter with something as commonplace as sleep and her head slips forward. *Honey* . . . is the last word I hear.

I remove her shoes, cover her with a stadium blanket and leave her to dream of all the toys of the world and whatever happiness she longs for. Then I go across the lawn and turn off the lights in her house as if I sense that somehow her unhappiness must not be advertised as a passing curiosity.

Noah and his friend are in the kitchen building monster-sized sandwiches appropriate to boys their age.

"What's Mrs. Oosterban doing here?" Noah asks.

"Sleeping," I say. "Be quiet down here."

"Okay," Noah says. His friend nods gravely, as if someone is seriously ill in the house.

A few moments later Noah comes upstairs to talk to me.

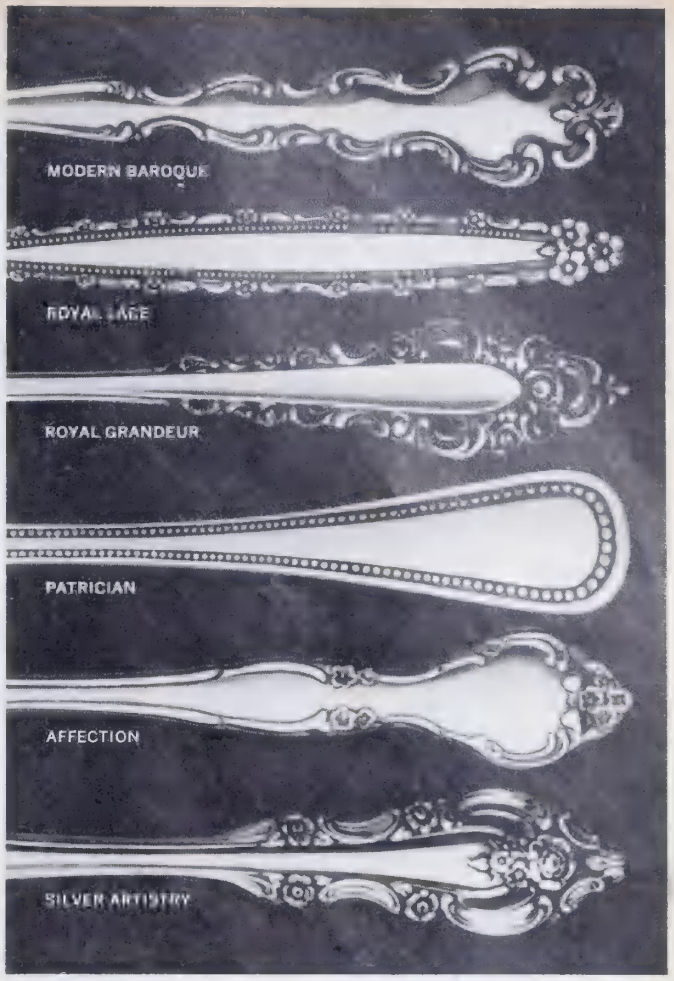
"Is everything alright?" he asks.

"Certainly."

"With Mrs. Oosterban." Uttering her name makes him a little shy. "She was drunk."

I nod. Denying it would insult his intelligence.

As if drawing courage from my admission, he tells me, "Mr. Oosterban always gets sore at her about that. We'll be out in the garage—that's where he keeps his woodworking tools—and all of a sudden she'll be standing there until one of us notices her and then she'll say something to him. It won't be nasty or anything. The words, I mean. And Mr. Oosterban'll slam down whatever he's holding *(continued)*



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MARRIAGE IS TO LIVE IN

continued

on the workbench. Last week, he cracked a ⅜-inch variable speed drill." Noah stopped, looking even more gangly and youthful as he tried to cope with things only partially understood. "See . . . I thought maybe she didn't like me to be there so much. I was a bother or something. So I asked her one time."

"What did she say?"

"She hugged me and said I was welcome twenty-four hours a day. But she still went on saying those things to Mr. Oosterban."

"Those two, Noah, are a magical mystery show."

He shakes his head at the obliqueness of parents and returns to his best friend and their monster-sized sandwiches. I open the bedroom window to share late autumn with the night. I want to touch the curled parchment of leaves, feel cold bark of trees, spiny, brittle grass, hold a vivid, resilient chrysanthemum in my hands. I want to make love to Sam. I wonder how it will all be when Sam and I are alone, as we were in the beginning—before the children—and we visit or entertain the adults who were once those children to come. I muse on the private mystery of our love story, this one, and the one we have yet to reach.

In the morning, I find the stadium blanket neatly folded on the couch where Lila slept. Noah and his friend are eating breakfast.

"Mrs. Oosterban made breakfast for us," Noah explains.

"Did she say anything special?"

"Just conversation. What were we doing today and things."

Noah's friend says, "She started to cry."

Sunday is cold and clear. Noah and his friend go ice skating. Penelope and her friends arrive and congregate in her room.

I call Lila to invite her over for lunch, but there is no answer. Feeling very spartan, I make a grilled cheese sandwich for myself.

The door chimes sound. It's Fred Oosterban.

He doesn't want a grilled sandwich. He wants to know if I happen to know where Lila is.

"I haven't seen her since last night, Fred."

His blue eyes have difficulty obscuring a petulant rage; but he is polite, even charming. "We have a date for three and it'll take us at least an hour to get there," he says, smiling as if now I can certainly understand how her absence has created an irritating problem.

When he leaves, I sit in the kitchen, thinking of Lila, angry at Fred. I see him with the toys of his world indexed according to the Oosterban decimal system, his very own tyrannical system. We are items on the index.

Sam and I are the friendly neighbors to greet, to position around a barbecue, to be admirers, audience. Noah is the neighbors' son vouchsafed a peek at Fred's bag of skills, allowed to be the surrogate apprentice-son. Lila is the ornament.

Sam is right. Heroes must be examined with the greatest care for hidden defects.

I hear the telephone. Penelope yells down, "It's Daddy."

His flight arrives at 5:20. I promise to be at the airport.

"Why does that sound sexy?"

"Because you're a darling man. More than you have ever been," I say.

"Don't bother with dinner. We'll eat out."

"We'll eat here."

"Incidentally, that film I mentioned is definite for the Cincinnati Flash. We've got lots to talk about."

"Afterward," I say.

Sam laughs.

I meet Sam without the children. He hurries up the gate ramp, carrying two briefcases.

I smile at the man who makes marriage a habitable place without even thinking about it. I smile because his tie is off center, his coat and hair are rumpled; because he can't fix bathroom faucets or aim a shotgun at clay plates, or pilot passenger-filled jets across oceans.

On Monday, I find out about Lila.

Fred Oosterban tells me. Lila is at her brother's house in Fort Worth and she is going to divorce Fred. The things she wanted from the house are with her in Fort Worth. Fred is welcome to do as he wishes with everything else, including the house.

"When that girl breaks camp, you know it," Fred says.

He is breaking camp, too. He is loading a bright orange rental van with his toys. Solicitously, he puts the walnut display case with bad, bad Wesley's Colt .45s on the seat of the cab.

"Fred, you're stupid."

He's not offended. His eyes sharpen and he laughs. "No real hard feelings between us. She just didn't want to go down my road."

"I don't blame her."

"Now that's two of you. There's bound to be a few that do."

"I don't know how she ever *endured* you."

"Come on in the house and I'll get you her address and telephone number because I know you two are practically down-home buddies."

Clearly, Fred wants to get on, finish loading the van, strike out for a new place to set up an exhibit of himself. We are behind him now, replaceable neighbors, replaceable wife. He tells us he is going to auction off the furniture and put the house up for sale.

"Listen," he says, "I'd dearly love to give Noah one of my shotguns as a little present."

"I don't want Noah to have a shotgun, Fred. I'm sure Sam wouldn't either."

Fred nods, very understanding. "You tell old Sam I said goodbye."

I go back into the house. I resist the impulse to call Lila. Whatever I might say, I think, would trespass on her privacy right now. The purpose that forced her to leave, I decide, is beyond solicitous, well-wishing assertions by me. Later, I'll write her a long letter; after she has had time at least to begin her march to dignity. I wonder what beginning she will find in this ending; what history she will begin.

My letter goes unanswered. Perhaps it is necessary for her beginning, I think. I can only remind her of Fred and the house where she was alone.

Early in the spring, we hear that the Oosterban house has been sold. Noah tells us the name of the new owner. The name dazzles Noah.

"Who is Nick Heppler?" Sam asks.

"You don't know *anything*, Dad."

I have a premonition that Sam, sitting there placidly, is on the verge of another problem in the capricious realm of fatherhood.

"They got him from the Los Angeles Rams," Noah says.

"A football player," Sam says still innocent of what awaits him.

"Dad, a *great* quarterback. He throws the long bomb. He scrambles. He does *everything*. Everybody knows he'll be as good as Terry Bradshaw or Roger Staubach. I can't believe it."

Sam finally looks at me with a slow, stricken expression. Noah calls his best friend, Howie, to tell him about Nick Heppler.

Sam shakes his head, broods over his coffee.

"That Nick Heppler is pretty big," he says ruefully.

"You know how it is with pro quarterbacks, Sam."

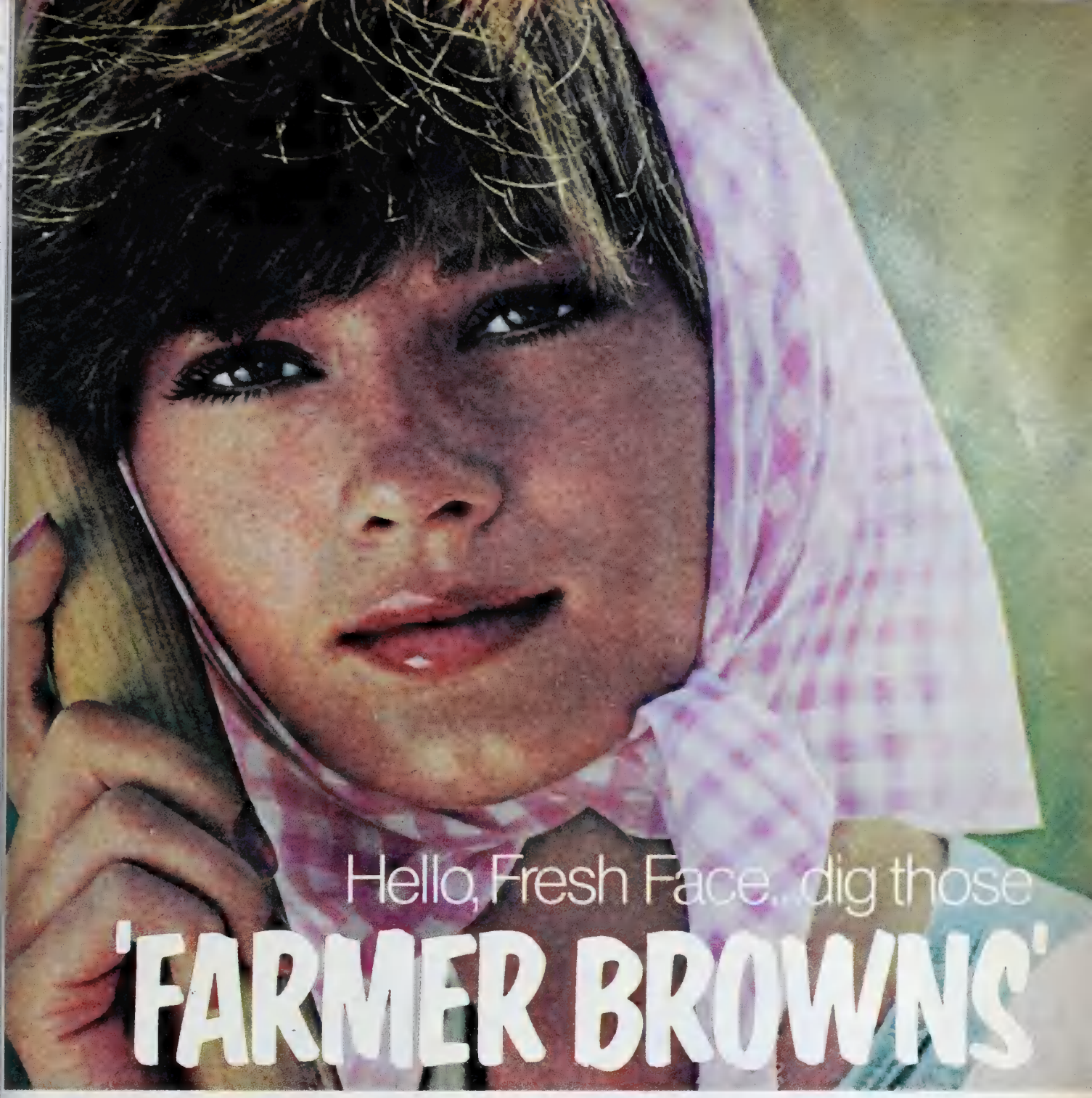
"Don't start to laugh," Sam says.

"I can't help it." I look at the clock. "We better get started." Sam and I have concert tickets. The great French flutist, Jean-Pierre Rampal, is playing Bach. Sam would go even if both legs were sheathed in casts.

It isn't finished. There are still other things to encounter, a final circle to be drawn. But that does not happen until a second summer arrives.

On that particular summer day,

(continued on page 199)





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WHY PATTY HEARST'S TRIAL WAS UNFAIR



BY F. LEE BAILEY
WITH JOHN GREENYA

"She deserved to be convicted about as much as she deserved to be kidnapped."

One of the few pleasant surprises in the days immediately following the verdict [convicting Patty Hearst of bank robbery] was the amount of sympathetic mail that we all received. My colleague Al Johnson and I heard from many attorneys around the country. I was rather surprised that so few played Monday morning quarterback. In all highly-publicized cases, a criminal lawyer comes to expect that if the verdict is unfavorable, so will be the comments of many of his peers. But, with only a few exceptions, that did not happen. I think the good attorneys could see, even from reading the accounts in the press, that the case became progressively more difficult to win as pieces of after-conduct evidence were allowed in. Although I had not expected it, I appreciated their silence.

One of the notable exceptions to this silence, however, was Mr. Vincent Hallinan, the San Francisco attorney. Apparently, Vince had never gotten over the fact that the Hearsts had dispensed with his services and those of his lawyer son, Terry.

On March 26, 1976, six days after the verdict, Vince Hallinan was one of the panelists at a Press Club dinner in San Francisco. Traditionally, when asked a question at these meetings, the respondent has the option of "turning the cat around." This refers to a small black figurine of a cat that sits on the head table. If it remains facing the audience while you speak, everything you say can be quoted. If you turn the cat around, your remarks are considered to be "off the record."

Vincent Hallinan left the cat facing the audience when he began to speak, meaning everything he said was "on the record"—and his remarks were scathing. He accused me and Al Johnson of having totally messed up the case, turning an easy victory into a defeat. Not too surprisingly, he was unspecific as to how that easy victory could have been attained, but the main thrust of his remarks was that we should have been able to stop the evidence of after-conduct from coming in. Again, he never explained how. ["After-conduct" means anything done by a defendant subsequent to the events for which he or she is being tried.]

In all my years as a lawyer, I have never heard one attorney use in public the kind of language he did in criticizing another attorney. Hallinan went so far as to say that he and the other San Francisco lawyers seated at the head table with him would "have gotten an acquittal for Patty Hearst."

One of his main objections was that we had told Patty to cooperate with the psychiatrists. His theory, like his son's before him, was to refuse all cooperation, to stop Patty from talking to anyone, court-appointed or otherwise. He did not explain how that would help her when the case got to trial. He also claimed that we didn't know all the facts in the case.

He concluded his remarks with: ". . . I've told you what I know about the case and I know that one of the attorneys is in the place. I forget the fat fellow's name . . . I think Barnum . . . Barnum and Bailey put on a real circus out here and they are entitled to hear what we really feel and not some sugared-up story of what would please Mr. Bailey or Mr. Barnum and what would be seen by people of San Francisco as to what really happened in that case."

Fortunately, "Mr. Barnum"—Al Johnson—was in the audience. And he was mad. He explained that he had no intention of speaking when he had come for what he thought would be an enjoyable meeting and a good meal, but:

". . . I feel, however, that I must respond to some of the remarks Mr. Hallinan made. I consider those remarks to be intemperate. I consider them to be unprofessional and not worthy of any lawyer on this podium or any other lawyer in San Francisco or anywhere else in this country. Mr. Hallinan told you he knew all the facts in this case.

". . . I suggest that the only knowledge Mr. Hallinan had about this case was the knowledge that you and I had during the time she was captive. I suggest that the only time that Mr. Hallinan had an opportunity to speak with Miss Hearst, he . . . and his son declared to the court that she was incompetent. Nonetheless, Mr. Hallinan and his son produced an affidavit and filed it with the court, which in fact was the cause of psychiatric examination—which affidavit they knew in fact was false at the time they asked her to sign it, and which affidavit was later used to impeach her credibility at trial.

"Now I suggest to you that if that is professional conduct the type of which Mr. Hallinan would ask you to believe was not the type that was exercised by Mr. Bailey and myself, then he ought to re-examine it. I suggest also that he failed to tell you . . . the reason why his son withdrew . . . as counsel to Miss Hearst. I would ask you, however, that at some time either he or his son come forward and tell you the real reason why he withdrew. *(continued)*

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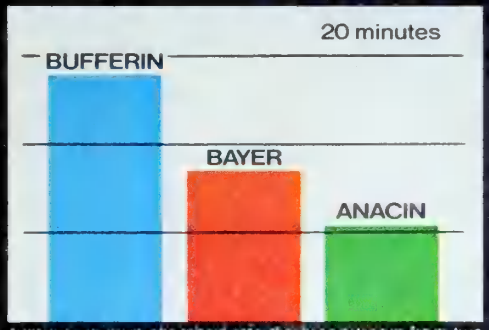




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Olay Vitalizing Night Cream was created to be massaged on faithfully, thoroughly, carefully every single night of your life. Use firm but gentle upward strokes of your fingertips, beginning at the very base of your throat and working upward to your forehead. Pay particular attention to the skin around your mouth and eyes, areas where little signs of age can show themselves far too soon.

Be sure, too, to leave a light film of Olay Vitalizing Night Cream on your skin. This acts as a protective barrier that helps keep your skin's own vital moisture from escaping into the night. These silent hours of sleep are a most propitious time for skin enrichment.

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PATTY HEARST

continued

. . . I think . . . the people of San Francisco have a right to know that, and people involved in the legal profession in this city have a right to know that.

"In addition, I want to tell you that . . . the defense team was completely familiar with all the evidence; that Miss Hearst never told Mr. Hallinan or his son the whole story about what occurred. She never told us about it until she had told the psychiatrists about it. And . . . not one shred of what was told to them was ever used in evidence against her.

"I suggest that Mr. Hallinan speaks from a very minute knowledge of either Patricia Hearst or the case which confronted us when we came to San Francisco. All I can tell you . . . is that we did our best. We did our best with what we had, and I have no regret for any action that was taken by any member of the defense team. I felt that we always lived up to the highest professional standards of a profession of which I am very proud to be a member."

Then Terry Hallinan stepped to the mike to defend himself. I would *love* to quote some of the things he said in that "defense." But I can't, because Terry Hallinan turned the cat around.

As of this writing, we are still waiting for the period of Patty's psychiatric examinations to end so that we can file the appeal in her case.

The main points of appeal will focus on the late Judge Oliver Carter's evidentiary rulings. It is an established principle of law that when the prejudicial value of certain evidence or testimony outweighs its probative value, then it must not be allowed in because of the harm it can do to the defendant. That will be the heart of the appeal. But there will be other matters included, going all the way back to jury selection.

The appeal may well be Patty's last chance in the case of the Hibernia Bank robbery, for we have no way of guessing if our new trial motions will be granted. There is, however, another large question that I think is well worth discussing, and that is: "How *should* Patty Hearst have been tried?"

New in legal history

There has never been another case like this one in American legal history. Ostensibly, it was handled, to borrow the judge's phrase, "just like any other case." But it was not just like any other case, and no amount of words would make it so. We have never had a case in which a kidnap victim took part in a crime, after the kidnapping, along with a *band* of *revolutionary* abductors. Records show that there have been one or two cases in which a kidnap victim

apparently helped a lone kidnapper in ome small crime, but nothing remotely approaching the facts that existed in this ase.

Interestingly, according to both Canon Law and Hebraic principles, a kidnap victim is assumed to be innocent of any crimes that are committed while he or she is still under control of he kidnappers. In such instances, the burden of proving guilt is squarely on he accusers. Now, in Patty's case, what really happened was quite the reverse of what should have taken place.

On the surface, the prosecution had he burden of proving her specific intent o rob the Hibernia Bank of her own ree will. But what really happened, in ny opinion, is that when the whole evidentiary landslide was over, Patty was o completely buried that we had the burden of proof, not the government! The evidence of after-conduct (the robbery and shots fired at Mel's Sporting Goods store in Los Angeles, the year on he road, etc.) made it an entirely different case. We were forced to the wall, and what we ended up trying to say was, "No, she is not a 'bad girl.'"

Must be guilty of something

"But look at all that evidence!" the ury must have said or at least thought. 'She shot up a store when she could have run away. She rode cross-country with one person and didn't escape. AND SHE NEVER ONCE CALLED HER PARENTS! What kind of girl is that? Obviously she is guilty of *something*, and what we have before us is the bank robbery. Let's vote!"

Perhaps that's unfair. But I cannot see it any other way. It was the worst of situations for Patty. She had prosecutors waiting to try her if she was acquitted on the bank robbery charge. But the jury heard about a lot more than just that single alleged crime. Was that the way o handle this unique case?

I think not. Should there not be some special procedure for trying hyper-publicized and unusual cases, those that come along only once a decade, if that frequently? I'm not suggesting a different standard of justice—or, more to the point, a special right for special people o have a "fairer" trial. What I *am* suggesting is that in certain trials, where the public interest is intense and misinformation is widely disseminated by an eager press, can we not devise a method for insuring the fairest trial possible under hose circumstances of highly adverse pretrial publicity?

What was needed was some way of making certain that the rules of evidence were strictly adhered to, so that a proper balance between what came in for and against was maintained. Because, certainly, no such balance existed in U. S. vs. Hearst.

Although I find it a bit *(continued)*

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PATTY HEARST

continued

strange to be in agreement with [prosecution psychiatrist] Dr. Joel Fort, he did have the right idea when he said it would be preferable to avoid a public trial for Patty. But the public would not have stood for it—or, at least, that's the way the government read the public mood. Prosecutor James Browning might have been open to such a suggestion at one time, but once the die was cast, a trial was inevitable—and I think Browning must have had some misgivings about the honesty of trying the robbery of the Hibernia Bank by relying on the events in Los Angeles.

There is no doubt in my mind that there was a decided imbalance in the way the rules of evidence were applied in this case. Judge Carter relaxed the rules of evidence tremendously for the government, letting in everything but the kitchen sink; but then, when it came to the defense, he wouldn't let in things that are called for by the Federal Rules (such as psychologist Margaret Thaler Singer's proposed testimony). We lost almost every major battle over evidence so that one side outweighed the other.

Specifically, what I am talking about is this: Although the jury heard all the SLA tapes and apparently paid great attention to the Tania tape, it could not hear Dr. Singer's expert testimony that in her opinion Patty was reading a script that someone else had written for her; although the jury heard the prosecution say that Patty's credibility was the central issue in the case, it did not hear the results of the polygraph examinations; and, although it heard the damaging Trish Tobin tape, it did not hear Patty's conversation with psychiatrist Louis Jolyon West almost two weeks later, in which she sounded anything but "normal," or "revolutionary" or "sarcastic."

I don't want to be accused of protesting too much, but I don't think Patty Hearst truly got a fair trial. Any criminal trial is an attempt to strike a balance between the rights of the public and the defendant. The way the evidence came in—and did *not* come in—was far more favorable to the public. And that's not the way the system is supposed to work.

Shocking discovery made

In the months since the verdict, I have made a number of speeches. I expected that my audiences would be well-informed about the Hearst case. Yet I discovered something that shocked me, doubly so when Al Johnson reported he had run into the same thing.

The questions that followed these talks indicated that a substantial number of people had already forgotten (if they had ever known it) one central fact: that Patty Hearst had been *kidnapped!* I have a large capacity for cynicism, but if anyone had told me that Americans would forget so soon that this defendant was originally a kidnap victim, I would not have believed it. When I recovered sufficiently to remind them of this salient fact, the looks that I got in return had an "Oh, yeah, that's right," quality. It was scary.

All of us who worked for Patty's cause had more than enough time to anguish over the result in the case. And in this instance it is not as much of a guessing game as it usually is, for by now almost half the jurors who convicted Patty have made some kind of explanation as to why they reached that verdict. They agree on one central point: It was the "non-Hibernia Bank" evidence that convicted her. They also agree that during her testimony they thought she was credible, and that it was only after they heard all the subsequent evidence about her being a "bad person" that they began to change their minds.

John McNally, who investigated so many of the witnesses (only to hear some of those same stories come out rather differently on the stand for the government), has an intriguing theory. He feels that once people begin to realize that Patty was not going to turn up of her own free will, they felt cheated. What followed was in his opinion, "a contagious disease, people all over the

(continued on page 177)



"I am."

by Geraldine Chaplin



Geraldine Chaplin is working on a new movie in Los Angeles.

What kind of woman are you?

"I like to make my own decisions, not depend on anyone and be financially independent.

"When I was a child, I hated to ask my parents for money to go to the movies.

"I've been with one man for ten years. We have three children, two that were his and a one-year-old boy that I helped to make myself.

"I believe in fidelity. When you love someone, you just can't conceive of being with anyone else."

Are you happy with yourself?

"I can't really answer that. Happiness is just so relative. You can't be happy unless you've been unhappy."

Was having a famous father a hindrance or a help in becoming an actress?

"It was a big help. All those things people say about a famous parent being a burden to a child are simply not true in my case. Frankly, I don't know if I would have been strong enough to become an actress on my own.

"Even now, I find that most people on the set want me to be good, they root for me, because they have a special feeling for my father."

If there was a man you wanted to meet at a party, how would you go about it?

"I'd go up to him and try to be noticed."

How would you try to be noticed?

"Well, I'd pretend I had no one around me. And then I'd do whatever came to mind."

What kind of men are you attracted to?

"All sorts.

"All the men I've liked have been different.

"Some were intelligent, some were dumb. Some were very good-looking, some weren't.

"I don't like men who compete with women, though. I don't want to be dominated."

Do you wear fragrance?

"Yes. I love it. And I like it strong.

"Many people have told me they remember me every time they smell a particular fragrance.

"Fragrance is a good memory device. It's part of your identity."

How often do you change your fragrance?

"I stay with one until I find another that suits me better. I guess I change fragrances when I change."



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Je Suis means more than "I am." It means, "I know who I am.

"And I want everyone to know who I am."

Je Suis by Lenthéric.

Lenthéric just put into a fragrance something that can't be ignored.

THINGS THAT GO ZZZZZZ IN THE NIGHT

Love means never having to say, "Roll over." A special report on snoring. By Marcia Cohen

To many wives, love is never having to say, "Roll over." Or never being assaulted, in the dead of night, by hoarse denials: "I certainly did not! I'm not even asleep yet" or, "Why have you been sleeping on the couch all night?" or, "Wha? Wha? Who hit me?"

To many wives, enter snoring, exit romance. Robert Redford, parting gently from Barbra Streisand after a sweet interlude of love, does not flop over on his back and commence pumping a bellows through his adenoids. Cary Grant couldn't possibly snore. Neither could Sam Waterston, Keith Carradine or Maximilian Schell. Dustin Hoffman may hum Pooh Bearishly when he feels like it, but that's a soothing, playful little sound—an affectionate buzz.

Authentic snoring is a battle-cry. It blasts the silence of the night like an open-throttled Mack truck warming into an uphill climb. It crashes through the central nervous system like a jackhammer; it whines like a chainsaw wasting a forest. It is punctuated by uneven, arrhythmic snorts—the triumphant blurt of water buffalo. It appears, in the paranoia of early-morning darkness, as an aggressive act: "The king sleeps! All you lesser mortals, stay awake, alert, ever watchful. If you should dare to doze—Snort! Off with your head!"

In the reasoned light of day, the sufferers usually feel foolish for having attributed psychological motives to this purely physiological condition. Snoring is the vibration of the tongue and a flaccid soft palate. It is usually caused by a relaxation of muscles in the pharyngeal area, i.e. the throat. Relaxation is not an aggressive act. The snorer is not snoring *at* you.

Still, a resonant, martial snore does seem something of a show of power. High-decibel thunder requires an instrument of some strength. According to speech pathologist Marcus H. Boulware, who has written a book on the subject, aptly titled *Snoring*, Winston Churchill was an eminently successful snorer. Dr. Boulware, currently director of the Speech and Hearing Program at Florida A&M University, lists a goodly number of big-time snorers, such as Mussolini and at least 20 presidents of the United States, including, naturally, Theodore Roosevelt. Henry Kissinger, if he sleeps at all, probably has an accomplished, guttural snore, which he can displace, like a ventriloquist, so that the sound seems to originate somewhere else—say, in the Middle East. The nocturnal croons of certain Washington legislators are probably taped and reported to the *Washington Post*, though the politicians undoubtedly deny it, and, like all snorers, blame the female. This is no doubt a false accusation since, as everyone knows, ladies do not snore, ladies in love snore even less than ladies who do not snore, and models breathe mere zephyrs into the night.

Dr. Charles P. Pollak, co-director of the Sleep Disorders Clinic at Montefiore Hospital in New York City, says that a certain type of snoring is a danger signal. Most snorers, he explains, snore with every breath, thus maintaining an even, more or less continuous pattern. (Some sleepers add a whistle to the snore, but researchers who are heavily into snoring consider this wheeze an irrelevant cadenza.) Every-breath snoring is normal and nothing to worry about. Some loving spouses even contend that the repetition of sound actually lulls them to sleep.

Dangerous snoring, according to Dr. Pollak, is a sudden, explosive noise which does not occur with each breath. Anyone observing such a snorer, as physicians do in sleep clinics, will notice that the snorer actually stops breathing. The breath stoppage, called apnea, can last from a few seconds to slightly over a minute. It may occur occasionally or hundreds of times during the night, so that the snorer is spending almost as much time not breathing as he is breathing. This puts a strain on the body and can lead to high blood pressure and heart disease. Some researchers believe that normal snoring is a forerunner of sleep apnea, but the evidence is not conclusive.

Children with enlarged adenoids that obstruct their nasal passages may show signs of sleep apnea and should be checked by a physician. A severe case may require removal of the adenoids.

Usually, true apnea sufferers suffer from hypersomnia, which is extreme sleepiness during the day. To date, a tracheotomy, a surgical procedure in which a permanent air hole is created in the windpipe, is the only complete cure.

But before you bundle your raucous sleeper off to the surgeon, bear in mind that only a very small percentage of snorers suffer from sleep apnea, although, interestingly, 90 percent of them are male. Which brings up the question of just how many people make all that racket.

Nobody really knows, of course, but estimates of snorers range from 15 percent of the total population to 50 percent of the elderly. As many women snore as men, according to Marcus Boulware, but there is no scientific data to prove it. Old age, allergies, swollen tonsils, nasal deformities, poorly fitted dentures and excessive smoking, drinking or eating, aggravate the malady. Not all snorers are overweight, but enough are to suggest some connection. But the most important thing about snoring is how to stifle your snoring spouse short of smothering him.

First of all, if it is *your* snoring that is causing the children to dash from their rooms at night screaming, "Wake up! Wake up! I've got a test tomorrow!", hypnosis might be the answer. According to Dr. Boulware, "stertorous breathing," as he calls it, can be cured by autosuggestion, a form of self-hypnosis.

The snorer must say to himself, "'I *(continued)*



Football Star Phil Villapiano says: "Help the 4-H Clubs."



Baseball Great Willie Mays says: "Help the Boys' Clubs."



Golf Champion Judy Rankin says: "Help the Girls Clubs."



Track Star Wyomia Tyus says: "Help the Camp Fire Girls."



Tennis Champion Billie Jean King says: "Help the Girl Scouts."



Golf Great Arnold Palmer says: "Help the Boy Scouts."

Colgate says: Be a Sport Help Young America!

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Colgate will give away a minimum of $360,000 to the youth groups: $120,000 ($20,000 each) to the six national groups; $120,000 in sweepstakes donations, and a minimum guarantee of $120,000 to local units from consumer refunds.

OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. To enter, complete an official entry blank or on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper hand print in block letters your name, address, zip code and the name of one of these groups: Boy Scouts of America, Girl Scouts of the U.S.A., National 4-H Club Foundation, Boys' Clubs of America, Girls Clubs of America, Camp Fire Girls. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately to: Colgate "Help Young America" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 20, New York, N.Y. 10046.
2. Each entry must include specified proofs of purchase from any 2 of the following products: Cold Power—box top; Insh Spring—both end flaps; Dynamo—front label; Baggies—both end flaps; Colgate Dental Cream—both end flaps; Curad Adhesive Bandages—5 wrappers from any size Curad bandages; Wilkinson Bonded Razor or Blades—word "Wilkinson" from any razor or blade package. The names of these products hand-printed in block letters on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper may be used in place of proofs of purchase. To be eligible, entries must be mailed in a separate envelope postmarked by December 31, 1976 and received by January 14, 1977.
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings under the supervision of Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. All 240 dual prizes worth $172,000 ($52,000 winning entrants, $120,000 youth groups) will be awarded. Winners will be notified by mail. Only one prize per family will be awarded. All applicable taxes are the sole responsibility of the prize winners. Odds of winning are dependent upon the number of entries received. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: "Help Young America" Winners List, P.O. Box 145, New York, N.Y. 10046.
4. Sweepstakes open to residents of the Continental U.S.A. and Hawaii, except employees and their families of Colgate-Palmolive Co., its subsidiaries and affiliated companies, its advertising agencies, and Marden-Kane, Inc. Void in Missouri and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. Participation of the national youth groups does not imply endorsement of products. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

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By sending proofs-of-purchase from specified Colgate products, you can get a $3.00 "Help Young America" Refund. Or *be a sport*... give all or half to your favorite local youth group. For details, get an Official Refund Form at your store or write: Colgate "Help Young America" Refund, P.O. Box 2088, Hillside, N.J. 07205. Refund offer ends December 31, 1976.

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Complete and mail to:
Colgate "Help Young America" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 20, New York, N.Y. 10046



Please enter me in the "Help Young America" Sweepstakes. I enclose proofs-of-purchase or alternate (see Official Rule #2). My favorite local youth group is (check one):

- ☐ Boy Scouts of America
- ☐ Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.
- ☐ National 4-H Club Foundation
- ☐ Boys' Clubs of America
- ☐ Girls Clubs of America
- ☐ Camp Fire Girls

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ (Required)

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- ☐ Boys' Clubs of America
- ☐ Girls Clubs of America
- ☐ Camp Fire Girls

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ (Required)



THINGS THAT GO ZZZZZZ

continued

will not snore tonight nor any night.' Also, says Dr. Boulware, "In carrying out 'snore riddance instruction,' the snorer should engage another person to awaken him whenever he begins to snore." When the snorer is awake, he must concentrate on controlling his snoring mechanism, presumably the muscle in the back of the throat, before he goes to sleep again. Persistence and repetition are apparently the keys here.

Dr. Boulware himself spent "hundreds of hours" practicing what he describes as "threshold sleeping"; that is, remaining on the borderline of sleep and wakefulness during each cycle of sleep. During this time he kept his mouth closed and consequently did not snore. Then, says Dr. Boulware, "I turned the task over to the subconscious mind."

Threshold sleeping is not quite as relaxed as normal sleep, Dr. Boulware admits, "but it did minimize the habit of stertorous breathing sufficiently to permit others in the household to sleep for longer periods."

If, however, you are the "snoree," the person who is snored *at*, and if the snorer does not cotton to the idea of "hundreds of hours" of subconscious mind control, try one of the following:

- **The Snore Ball:** Patterned after a quaint Revolutionary War tradition, in which metal balls were sewn into the backs of nightshirts to keep soldiers from sleeping on their backs. The reason for this, of course, is that nearly everyone's best snoring position is on his or her back. Instead of metal weights, you might prefer tucking a tennis ball into a sock and pinning it to the pajamas. But there is one drawback. Since truly dedicated snorers will sleep on anything, they soon learn that sacking out on a tennis ball can be bliss.
- **Ear plugs:** Cotton, rubber, plastic or beeswax. At best, they deaden the din, although they won't be sufficient to block out high-level snoring, which, according to a Colgate University study, can reach 69 decibels, thus comparing favorably with the 70- to 90-decibel drills that are used to break up concrete.
- **Snore suppressor:** An electronic collar that magnifies the sound, thus impressing the snorer with the magnitude of his crime. The Norman Dine Sleep Center in East Orange, N.J., copied this one from the Russians, which gives you some idea of our debt to *detente*.
- **Chin straps:** Designed to keep the mouth shut. Most physicians advise against devices of this sort. When the nasal passages are clogged, the sleeper needs his mouth to breathe. "Keep your mouth shut," shouted at the top of your lungs, is safer. *(continued on page 164)*

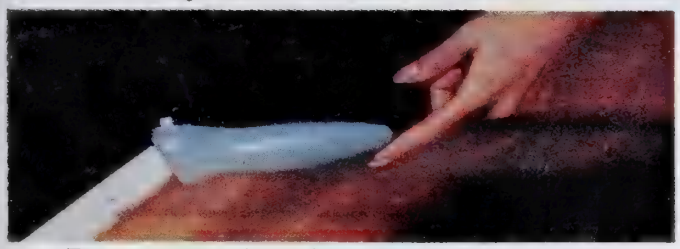
"It's self-propelled and it's a Hoover. How could I go wrong?"





Carol Pfander is a full-time wife, part-time model, and devoted daughter.

As a gift, she bought her mother a special kind of Hoover. A Dial-A-Matic with Power Drive. You work it like any other vacuum. But without the work.



Because you don't have to push it or pull it. It's self-propelled. You just touch the handle and it goes forward. Slide your hand back, and it comes right along. It's unbelievably easy to use even on shag.

Going from one type of carpet to another is no problem. This Hoover automatically adjusts to any carpet height. Plus it has our famous beats-as-it-sweeps cleaning.



And here's another convenience. Attach the hose with tools, dial the desired suction level, and you've got yourself a canister-type cleaner for all your above-the-floor cleaning jobs. We've even made changing the bag easy.

As Carol Pfander says, "Cleaning carpets wasn't my mother's favorite pastime. But Hoover makes it a lot easier."

Right, Carol, work-saving products are what make Hoover the number one name in vacuum cleaners.

Try this self-propelled vacuum cleaner at your Hoover dealer, and you'll see what we're driving at.

INSIST ON HOOVER.

The Number One name in vacuum cleaners.

Beauty Secrets

of the world's most glamorous women

By Francesco Scavullo, with Kathy Erskine

From his many years photographing the world's most glamorous women, Francesco Scavullo has just written a book that is far more than a picture collection. It is a stimulating book of knowledge about both the philosophy of beauty and the practical steps you can take to achieve it. The words are a fascinating amalgam of Scavullo's own perception as an artist and his famous subjects' perception of self and the world around them. The pictures, of course, speak for themselves. Here are four examples, another *Journal* beauty bonus.



Barbra Streisand

"The single most difficult thing to do is to diet."

Scavullo: What do you do to keep your skin so glowy and healthy?

Ms. Streisand: I keep it clean with unscented dermatological soap, and then I put on the same type of moisturizer. If I have time, I try to steam my face once a week over a tea kettle. And then, if I *really* have the time, I use a very pure, grainy cleanser.

Q. What about your diet?

A. What about it! I think the single most difficult thing to do is to diet. There is nothing I like better than chocolate soufflés, yogurt with honey and crushed almonds, tempura and chinese dumplings.

Copyright © 1976 by Francesco Scavullo.
From SCAVULLO ON BEAUTY, by Francesco Scavullo, to be published by Random House, Inc.

I don't like gray. Or peroxide. Somebody, please come up with another idea.

I've got a sinking feeling. It just dawned on me that the grays are coming in faster than I can pluck them out.

Another day. Another gray.

The grays keep coming while I consider the alternatives. Becoming the first girl in my class to make it as a gray haired lady. Or using a haircolor and having people say, "What a pretty color your hair is now," as if it were a new dress or a new lipstick—instead of something that is part of me. The thing is, I *like* my natural color and don't want it changed.

Another day. Another gray.

I'd better do something. Quick. But I'm scared. I think all haircolors have peroxide.

Just in time, my friend, Samantha, tells me about Clairol's Loving Care® lotion. It has absolutely no peroxide. So it works differently from most other haircolors. It covers only the gray without changing your natural color. And Loving Care comes in 15 shades to make it easy to find yours.

I like the idea.

Better still, now that I use Loving Care, I like what I see. And feel. Crazy as it sounds, Loving Care is actually good for my hair. It makes it softer, yet gives it more body than it had before.

Now, let the grays come. I won't see them. Neither will anybody else.

Thank you.





It's good for your hair.

© 1968-76 Clairol Inc.



Diahann Carroll

"I use a mayonnaise and avocado compact on my hair."

Scavullo: What is your most important beauty accessory?
Ms. Carroll: My skin is extremely dry and I would never sleep without a little moisturizer. And for me a humidifier is crucial.
Q. How do you take care of your hair?
A. It's cleanliness first with hair. But shape is very important. I like to tuck it back to show my ears. At one time I used to use wigs quite a lot, but now I use a mayonnaise and avocado compact on my hair, and it keeps it in great condition. I wrap my hair in plastic wrap so that the heat is captured and works with the avocado and mayonnaise.



Barbara Walters

"People do respond to someone who is more attractive."

Scavullo: In general, what do you feel beauty is?
Ms. Walters: When you feel you look so good that you don't have to worry about it. And people do respond to someone who is more attractive. I mean, if you can make a little effort and do it, why not? Well, I think it's the same way that women, for a long time, thought about beauty. If you used some makeup on your face and you had your hair done, it meant that you were superficial. Even making any effort to look prettier meant that people wouldn't love you for your soul. I think you can believe in the true, really important things in life and look attractive, too.



Diana Vreeland

"Every woman can look marvelous."

Scavullo: How do you think a woman should evaluate her looks?
Ms. Vreeland: I think you ought to have a rounded idea of beauty and a sense of selection. You can't just be hungry for yourself: you have to understand the beautiful things in the world. . . . The great thing today is that every woman has the opportunity to look marvelous, no matter what her features are. If it comes to the absolute limit, she can have surgery. You can't get too involved with yourself, though, or it becomes tedious to other people. The light dies out of their eyes as you approach them.

Photograph of Diahann Carroll, Copyright © 1975 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. Reprinted courtesy of "Vogue" magazine.

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Each kit an extraordinary value! Most kits are worth $20 or more—yet you pay only $5.98 per kit plus shipping and handling for those you choose to keep. No obligation to continue. If you don't find your Introductory Kit or any other Beauty Kit completely irresistible, you may cancel your membership at any time. Yet your $35 Beauty Kit and $5 Bonus Gift are yours to keep for just $1 regardless. World of Beauty Club, 623 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60605.

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$5 Bonus Gift!

These 3 professional makeup brushes!
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☐ 20-25	☐ Brunette	☐ Medium	☐ Oily
☐ 26-32	☐ Redhead	☐ Dark	☐ Normal
☐ 33-39	☐ Silver		
☐ 40+	☐ Black		

G445

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Ralph Nader reports

How much time have you wasted trying to get your vacuum or your car fixed? Here's a new warranty law that can save you time and money.

At the end of her first summer job, Cathy Jones had saved enough money to buy a new 10-speed bike. On her first bike trip with friends from school, one of the spokes popped out of the back wheel. She consulted her warranty and learned that a local repair shop was authorized to fix her bike. She brought it there to be fixed. The shop's proprietor, however, refused to fix the spoke because he said it had been damaged through her mishandling. Cathy ended up paying for the repair herself, but followed suit with angry letters to the manufacturer and to her representatives in Congress about the worthless warranty.

An article in this space in October, 1972, mentioned that Senator Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.) and Rep. John Moss (D., Calif.) had proposed Federal legislation to improve warranties—and at last their proposals have become law.

Congress passed the Magnuson-Moss Warranty Act on January 4, 1975. It took effect on July 4, 1975, and in January 1976, the Federal Trade Commission (FTC) issued regulations implementing it.

The law gives you new rights, such as the right to see the warranty before you take the vacuum cleaner from its box or before you have the washing machine installed. It requires the seller to give consumers the opportunity to read and compare warranties *at the time of sale*. Thus, the warranty text must be displayed either on or near the product. (If the warranty is not in plain view, ask for it.)

Although warranties are not mandatory under the new law, written warranties must say what they mean (in clear, simple language) and mean what they say. As of January 9, 1977, the warranty must contain:

1) A clear description of products, parts or components covered and not covered by the warranty—with no evasive statements, misleading promises or withholding of relevant information; 2) What the warrantor (store or manufacturer) will do if the product is defective, and what services or items the warrantor will or will not pay for or provide; 3) The identity of the person or persons to whom the warranty is extended. The warrantor must state whether in case of resale the subsequent owners of the product are covered; 4) The exact period of time covered by the warranty. (If the repair takes too long, the FTC can extend the time of coverage.); 5) A detailed explanation of what the consumer should do to get repair or replacement of the product. This should include the name and address of the warrantor, the title and address of the department responsible for warranty obligations and a telephone number that the customer can use, free of charge, to get warranty information; 6) Information about any settlement procedure the warrantor may have for handling warranty disputes. Congress encourages warranty issuers to set up some form of informal dispute settlement procedure, such as industry-consumer panels, where disputes may be settled out of court. If the warrantor does provide such a settlement procedure he is allowed to require that the consumer use it. If the consumer is still not satisfied, she can then take the matter to court, and if she wins can collect attorneys' fees; 7) A statement as to whether the return of the owner registration card is also a requirement.

The Magnuson-Moss Warranty Act has also affected the used car business. The FTC has understatedly determined "that a substantial number of used motor vehicles . . . are offered for sale or sold to the general public with mechanical defects . . ." A trade regulation rule has been proposed by the FTC under which used car dealers would have to affix on cars offered for sale the following information: 1) Name, address, and chief executive officer of the auto dealership; 2) Make, model and year of manufacture; 3) Prior commercial or government use of the vehicle (such as rental cars or police cars); 4) Description of work done on the car by the dealer that may affect the performance or that exceeds $100 in dealer costs; 5) Extent of any warranty or service contract; 6) If the dealer refuses a warranty, he must state that the vehicle is sold "as is" and that he assumes no warranty obligation."

Under the new law, warranties must be labeled "full" or "limited." If you buy a product with a "full" warranty, you are entitled to have your product repaired within a reasonable period of time without charge, or if it cannot be repaired, you may ask for a replacement or full refund. If unreasonable delays cause you extra expense, you must be compensated for it. And you will not have to pay for returning the product to the factory for repair.

This law is a most welcome consumer aid. However, as with any law, much of its effectiveness will depend on you, the buyer. When you become bored with reading lengthy, detailed warranties, remember the hours you have spent trying to get the washing machine repaired and the money you have spent on parts not guaranteed. This bill will save you both time and money if you know and exercise your new rights.

Ultimately, the new law will help consumers only if they vigorously follow through to protect their rights and enforce warranties in court when companies fail to live up to their end of the deal. The law authorizes individual consumers to sue in state or federal court for breach of warranty. Consumers who win in court can recover attorneys' fees and the costs of the lawsuit.

The FTC's authority under the act assures that the required disclosures are made correctly. The law doesn't authorize the FTC to take individual cases. For more information on this law, write to the Federal Trade Commission, Washington, D.C. 20580. **End**

"Dear General Foods, People are what they eat. So why should I eat ›ropylene glycol monostearate?"



›is meal brought to you by six General Foods products.

Propylene glycol monostearate is a ›d additive that enables certain foods mix together.

That's all well and good, but is it ›lly necessary? Are *additives* really cessary?

A fair question. And we'd like to gin answering it by pointing out that ery additive we use has a purpose.

Some foods would spoil without ditives; some foods would discolor thout them; some foods would lose their flavor without them; some foods—but there are about as many purposes for additives as there are additives.

Probably the best way to explain why there are additives in your food is to show what would happen to your food without them.

Your favorite flavor might become obsolete.

There is not enough vanilla in the world to meet the demand for vanilla-flavored foods. There's not enough strawberry or grape flavor either.

If it weren't for flavor additives, you might have to do without your favorite flavors—in foods ranging from staples such as breakfast cereals to treats such as desserts.

Besides making some foods possible, flavor additives make others taste better. Orange-flavored Jell-O® brand gelatin, for example, simply wouldn't taste sufficiently orange-y if it relied solely on natural orange flavor. It takes flavor enhancers to bring the flavor out.

Salad mixes that don't mix (and other sad tales).

Oil and vinegar go together great in salads, but not in reality. The truth is, oil and vinegar don't mix—or wouldn't if it weren't for a group of additives called emulsifiers.

Frozen desserts wouldn't hold together very well without emulsifiers. Breads wouldn't have their fineness of grain, and doughs and batters wouldn't blend as well. And our famous "propylene glycol monostearate," unappetizing as it sounds, is merely one of the emulsifying ingredients we use to accomplish these ends.

Some foods would become less nutritious and less fluffy.

Many additives we use are there to help provide nutrients you might not otherwise get in sufficient amounts. That's why all our Post® cereals are fortified with essential vitamins.

Besides helping foods nutritionally, additives also help their appearance. A group of them called antioxidants prevents the browning of some vegetables and fruits.

Additives called leavening agents help keep light and fluffy foods light and fluffy.

In short, all the additives we use have some positive effect on food—or else we wouldn't use them. But what about the additives themselves?

Approved by GF and the FDA.

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has established complex and thorough regulations for the safe use of additives. Briefly, it determines the "no-effect" level of an additive in test animals and then prescribes an appropriate fraction of that amount (usually 1/100th) as the maximum allowed in a food for human use.

It isn't just Government policy that prevents us from using additives in excess; it's our own policy as well. At General Foods, we use the smallest amount of any additive that will still do the job for which it's intended.

In short, our additives meet both Government standards and General Foods standards. And those are very exacting standards indeed.

For more information.

Propylene glycol monostearate still may not sound absolutely mouth-watering, but we hope you do understand it a bit more.

To help you understand it and other additives even better, we'd like to send you our booklet, *Focus on Food Additives.* Just write to Miss Peggy Kohl, Vice President, Consumer Affairs, General Foods Consumer Center, White Plains, New York 10625. (One to a family, please.)

Our reasons for telling you all this are a mixture of helpfulness and pride in our products. The more you understand about food, the better off you'll be. And the more you understand about our foods, the better off we'll be.

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Helping Your Child Get the Best out of School

Schools and parents should join together to produce healthy, happy children. Here are some tips on how to do it. From a new book by Mary Susan Miller and Samm Sinclair Baker.

The best schooling for your child involves purposeful preparation for living, as well as gaining specific knowledge in various fundamental subjects, and you can take positive steps to check that both these objectives are carried through in your school. The involvement of both academic learning and character building is far more valuable than the concentrated drive for academic achievement that most schools and parents emphasize. The development of a student as a person is the job of both school and home, and positive parent-school cooperation is essential. There are certain areas in which parent support seems to be the most successful. Remember, however, this "success" is not only measured in school grades, but also in attitude, participation, integrity, sense of community and sheer joy. These are signs of true success—in a child, in a parent, in a school.

The following five points might be helpful to check yourself against as your son or daughter progresses through school:

1. Help your child accept himself for what he or she is.
2. Help your child be accountable for his or her own decisions.
3. Help your child express herself or himself personally and honestly.
4. Help your child be part of a community.
5. Help your child by keeping lines of communication open always. Note in the following case histories and analyses some of the fundamental ways your child will benefit when you and the school focus on the development of these five points.

Help your child accept himself for what he is. The harmful stress and strain that seems to afflict more and more people these days are built in from the earliest years. Your child must learn to like himself while knowing and accepting his limitations. Then, from that base, he will build the security that comes through the realization that although he is imperfect and vulnerable, although he may not be everything others want and expect him to be, nevertheless he is the most that he can be, and most important of all, he is unique.

This does not mean that you should raise a nonachiever conditioned to give in without effort. It does mean that you should not raise a child to struggle to achieve beyond his or her basic capacities—no matter how disappointed you may be in their accomplishments. Your youngster should not be obsessed by the fear of failure, but rather encouraged to gain the joy of trying.

There is nothing that will not crack or break or disintegrate if put under enough pressure. That is particularly true for a child pressured to achieve by blindly demanding parents.

Hank, 16, was the son of a highly respected surgeon, Dr. Joseph B. Hank was tall, well-built, but extremely quiet and withdrawn. His teacher liked the young man very much, and decided to confer with the principal about Hank's mediocre scholastic showing.

"He's an intelligent youngster, I'm sure," the teacher stated, "but I can't get him to achieve anything but barely passing grades. He's advancing at a rate far below his capability. But that doesn't bother me as much as the fact that Hank is depressed about feeling that he is a failure."

"Do you think that his football practice is interfering?"

"Not at all. I talked with Hank about that. He convinced me that he puts in enough study time. I tried to loosen him up by talking about football and how good he must feel about making the squad. He mumbled, 'I'm a lousy player, almost didn't make the team. I'm no good at anything—sports, studies, nothing.' " The teacher concluded, "I'm afraid that this kid feels he's doomed to fail at anything he tries."

"Let's call in his parents."

An appointment was arranged. Dr. B. came alone. "I can only spare a few minutes," he snapped. "What's the problem with Hank? He hasn't been making any trouble, has he?"

"We called because we're worried about Hank—for him . . ." His teacher explained his concern.

Dr. B. waved a hand impatiently. "Good God, don't worry about that—Hank's got his stuff. He's a little down because he's not a hotshot at football yet. You might not know it, but I was the captain of my high school and college football teams. Just missed making All-American in my senior year. Look, I keep telling Hank that he can make All-American for both of us, but that he has to get started early. I appreciate your concern, but I know my boy much better than you do. He's just a slow starter. You watch, Hank is going to be a big star and a credit to us all."

The teacher asserted, "I talked to the football coach. He says that Hank really hasn't much interest in the game."

Dr. B. stood up abruptly. "What does he know, a second-rate high school coach? I'll have a talk with him, and with Hank, too." He pointed his finger at the teacher. "With all due respect, you stick to your classroom, right? Leave the rest to me." Glancing at his watch, "I've got to run."

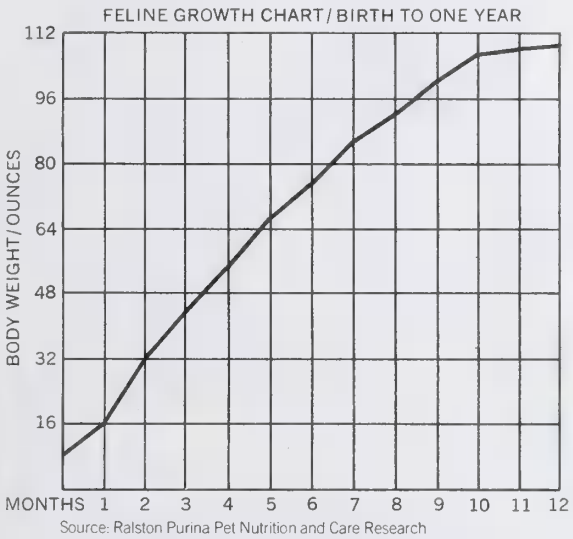
(continued on page 188)

Photograph by Harvey Lloyd/The Image Bank

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Just look at how much growing a kitten has to do in his first year! As this growth chart shows you, starting from about 16 ounces when they first start on solid food, the average kitten increases about seven times in body weight during its first 12 months. This kind of rapid growth requires a lot of extra nutrition!



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Purina Kitten Chow. Because a tiny kitten has a long way to grow. In one short year.



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STORE COUPON

The working woman

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

Does holding a job outside the home improve a woman's sex life? Letty Cottin Pogrebin discussed the subject last spring, but now Journal readers have their say in a flood of letters.

*In the more than five years since "The Working Woman" column began, no topic has inspired such intimate and detailed letters as those written in response to the question I posed here last March: "Does a job affect a woman's sexuality?" The overwhelming answer was, yes, outside employment can improve a woman's sex life—*if *the job enhances her self-image,* if *her man is supportive, and* if *exhaustion and economic stress don't squelch erotic feelings. (There were some negative letters, too—and some from women who do not work outside the home.) Here, readers share some intense personal experiences —behind the privacy of just their initials. First, some pro-work letters from married women:*

"I feel like a new woman!"

"Perhaps other women went through the phases I did: by 25 I had five children, was a farm wife and already felt dowdy and middle-aged. By 31 I had three more children, and by 35 I really felt 'over the hill.' I'm married 27 years, but now, at 45, I feel sexier than I did at 35! I have so much increased desire and interest in sexual subjects that I sometimes feel guilty. I realize much of these renewed feelings are stirred by the job I got six months ago and the fact that management appreciated me enough to give me a raise and a promotion. I feel like a new woman!"—*J.R., Wisconsin.*

"Our sex life has improved 100 percent"

"When I was a full-time housewife for three years, I waited impatiently for my husband to come home from work. I wanted him to talk to me and entertain me. But his job left him very tired and tense, and he couldn't give me the attention I craved. So then I rejected his advances by saying I was tired.

"For the last two years I've been working at a job I love. Our sex life has improved 100 percent. I never suffer from insomnia and boredom as I did when I stayed home. I don't pounce on my husband the minute he walks in the door. I have so much more energy now and I don't require all my ego satisfaction from him. He's more attentive, but the most important thing is that my job has helped me like myself more."—*B.P., Indiana.*

"More time and energy"

"When you're always tired sex is a duty, not a pleasure. With both my husband and I working *and* sharing household responsibilities, we have more time and energy for sex."—*J.H., 20, Washington, D.C.*

"I had to succeed at one thing"

"I've always worked but I used to spend all my time trying to please everyone else; I had no idea of what I wanted. By the time our first child was born, I was terribly unhappy and had made only minimal progress in my career. Then I decided to become a person in my own right, not just a reflection or an office drudge. So I set out to improve myself. For the last three years, I've taken college classes and forced myself to learn about dealing with people. For me this has been a struggle because I've had to overcome a severe inferiority complex. As long as I felt like a 'nothing person' I *was* a 'nothing person.' I had to succeed at one thing, which happened to be my job, in order to get enough good feelings about myself to be sexually confident and responsive."—*E.G., 24, computer technician, Washington, two children.*

"I took the option of affairs"

"I began working again after ten years. It hasn't helped my sex relationship with my husband. He rarely makes love at night when I prefer it; and since I get up at 6:30 A.M., that leaves Saturday mornings. Is my libido that low? Answer: no. I took the option of extra-marital affairs long before I started working, and I've continued since. In a large company, there are plenty of available men—married or not."
—*R.H., 33, secretary, California, two children.*

"Sexual signals"

"My husband and I work the same hours on the same assembly line only ten feet away from each other. We love being together 24 hours a day and our sex life shows it. We can make sexual signals to each other on the line and no one knows what they mean but us. Then, when we get home, our son is at the babysitter's—so we have the house to ourselves. We make love almost every night without having to be on guard. Some couples couldn't stand so much togetherness but it works for us. I wouldn't trade places with anyone."—*V.J., Arkansas, one child.*

"I have my job to thank"

"For five years I've been a teacher in a school for pregnant high school students. Because of my work with over 125 young women and their babies, I decided that motherhood was not for me. I had a laparoscopy [sterilization operation] last year. That decision would have been difficult had I not spent so much time around babies and their needs and discovered I have no real maternal instinct. So I guess you could say I have my job *(continued)*


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Dollar's Worth from Mary Willis



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As the weather turns cooler, many people stop worrying about fleas infesting their pets. But they shouldn't. Because if your pet brings in fleas now, they may set up housekeeping in the warmth and comfort of your home. How can you stop **Fleafestation**™ before it starts? With a **Sentry**®**IV Collar** from Sergeant's®. The Sentry IV Collar with Sengard® protects dogs and cats from fleas for four full months. And you know it's a quality product because it's from Sergeant's, the pet care people.

The working woman

continued

to thank for the certainty I feel about that aspect of my sexuality."—*S.P. 28, California.*

"I need his love to relax me"

"My work is stimulating and demanding, but I really need it to feel like a complete woman. My day usually begins at 5:30 A.M. and ends about 10 P.M., after household chores. I still eagerly await going to bed with my husband. I find that after a busy day I need his love to relax me. My husband and I enjoy sex at any time of the day or evening, from taking showers together to warmly embracing in front of the children. I've never said no to my husband except at those times when I've been very sick."—*B.I., 35, California, two children.*

"Bedroom gymnastics"

"True sex did not even enter my life until I was 37. As a young woman raising a family, I didn't have too much time for bedroom gymnastics. As the children got older, worry about finances decreased, and I had more time to concentrate on my looks, body and intelligence. It's a great feeling to know you've done your best at home—and now it's time for you, your job and your pleasure."—*B.F., 57, court reporter, Michigan, four children.*

"Our sex is more meaningful"

"During the brief period I spent at home, I tended to gear my entire day for sex. I had nothing else to think about. At first, my spouse couldn't have been happier. However, after a few days of my constant preoccupation with sex, he felt pressured and chased. When I'm working, I'm stimulated mentally and sexually. Our sex is not as frequent but is much more meaningful. We sometimes go through the workweek with just necking and old-fashioned affection. But our weekends surpass those of any honeymoon couple."—*S.R., 26, secretary, Ohio, one child.*

"The rewards in the bedroom are something else"

"I've been working for two years now. My husband is working a normal 40-hour week. We have developed common interests and we split the household chores, but the bottom line is sexuality. My working has meant my husband no longer overworks. This equals one wide-awake man in the evenings—and maybe he'll live longer, too. My working has enabled us to worry less about finances. It has exposed me to other adult males, and I've discovered I'm still an attractive female. My battered ego is healing and the rewards in the bedroom are something else!"—*M.G., 35, two children.*

"Sex becomes part of our atmosphere"

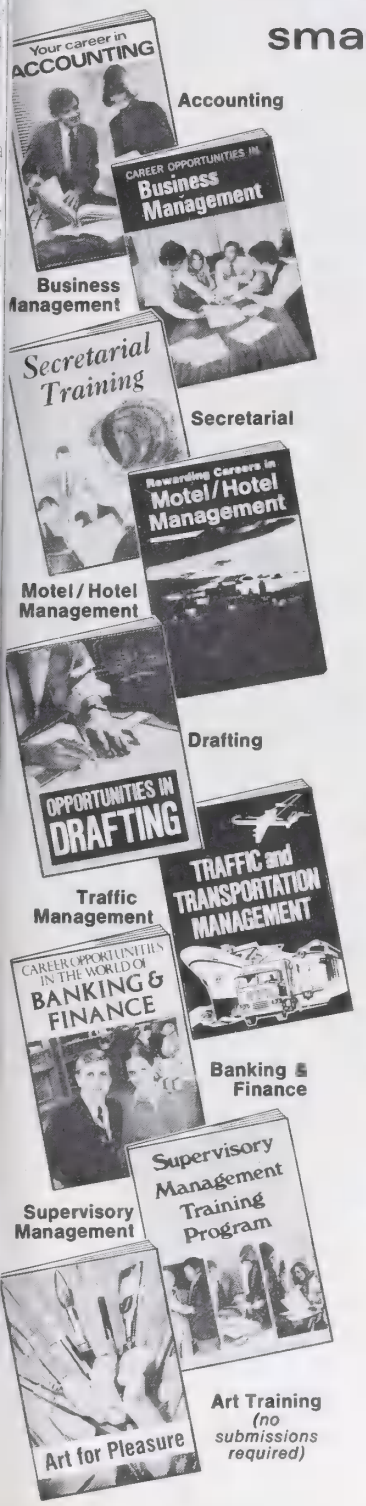
"With both of us working full-time, we had such a hectic schedule that we decided to set aside a special time for each other. Every Thursday night, the kids pursue their activities without us. My husband and I dine out, or at home by the fireplace with our favorite music and wine. No TV, no meetings, no phone calls. Just us. We relax, talk about ourselves and sex becomes part of our beautiful, created atmosphere. We make love with no inhibitions and interruptions. We're free. The rest of the week moves on its high-keyed momentum. But we've found serenity because we have our Thursdays."—*G.S., Maine, three children.*

"I feel much more sexy"

"When I first got pregnant, I stopped working and got quite depressed about being *(continued on page 158)*

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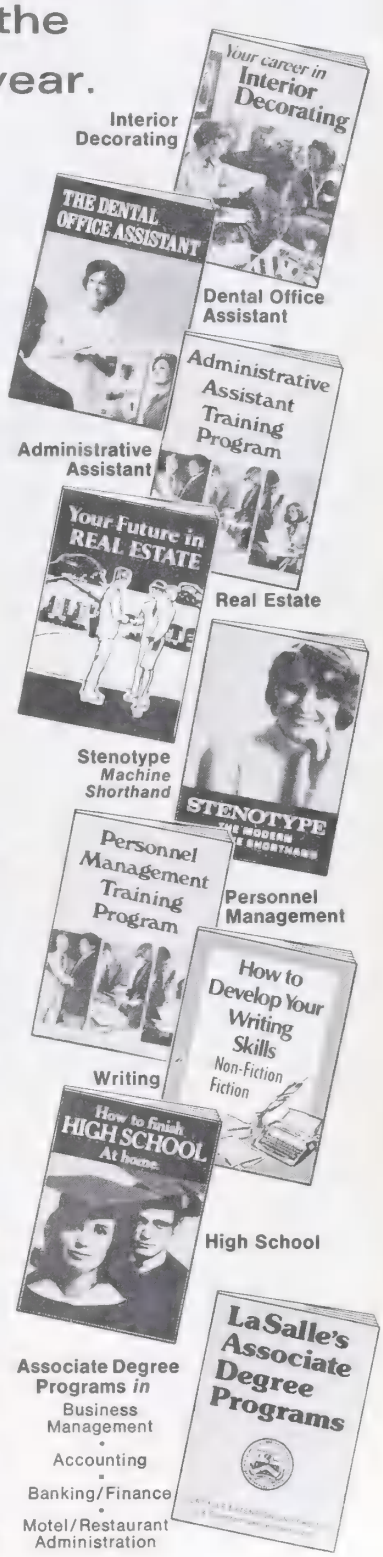
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D92

Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

How to cope with a fear of medical treatment. . . . What causes a teenager's insomnia? . . . Fear of change and its effect on politics.

I'm terrified of getting dental work done—or of going to a doctor for any treatment, however minor. I recently had to get a small mole removed, and I thought I'd die of anxiety.
Psychoanalytic treatment often helps people face medical treatment with greater equanimity, especially when they have uncovered traumatic childhood incidents. Some individuals do much better after they gain insight into their fear of helplessness.

However, doctors may be able to help you on an immediate practical level by prescribing a mild light sedative or tranquilizer. This helps both the patient and the doctor, but unless you clearly convey your sense of dread and fear, the doctor may not think to do this. Unfortunately, some doctors are unaware of the havoc suffered by the patient who develops anxiety in treatment situations.

I have a 14-year-old son who finds it very difficult to fall asleep. Some nights he doesn't go to sleep until 2 a.m. Of course he's very tired the next day. Why does this happen?
Fourteen is a difficult, transitional age and is often marked by increasing emergence of strong sexual feelings. As a child encounters his emergence into adulthood, he has many mixed feelings: the desire to comply with, but also to rebel against, parental authority, and the desire to retain childhood dependence while at the same time wishing to become independent. This confusion of feelings makes for heightened irritability, anger and restlessness. He may also have guilt feelings over his confusion as to what is "right and wrong" to feel sexually—towards himself, his siblings, peers and parents. Children who feel particularly anxious sometimes cannot relax enough to sleep, largely because, at night, they are full of feelings that have not been adequately discharged and experienced during the day. Some children are afraid to go to sleep because sleep represents loss of control, and they fear this may bring on unwanted, untrusted and embarrassing feelings and urges. If his insomnia continues, I feel that qualified psychotherapy would hasten a clarification of information and ideas, and help him learn how to properly discharge his feelings.

I keep hearing that a politician who is an incumbent, one who is already in office, has an advantage over opponents in an election. Why should this be, especially in the U.S., where we seem to like change so much?
Most of us prefer the familiar to the unfamiliar; we often find it difficult and frightening to adapt to new people, new situations, new moods and feelings. Over the years, I have seen any number of people suffering from very long-standing depression who desperately wanted to be relieved of their pain, but who at the same time clung to their depression and to situations which promoted it—just because they were familiar.

In order to grow and to change (and this applies to all areas of life), we must evaluate the relative value of change in each case, but we must do more than that. We must struggle against inertia and the false belief that clinging to the status quo is best. We must have faith in our ability to adapt successfully when necessary. This is, after all, what our country is all about. So many of us are here because our ancestors resisted inertia, risked change and refused to cling to status quo situations, where they risked physical or psychological enslavement.

Sometimes I have terrible fantasies. I think of my children dying—and my husband, too. These fantasies arise suddenly and I find myself in tears; quite a while passes before I can stop them. Can you tell me what causes this?
Recurrent fantasies sometimes indicate the presence of underlying, unresolved problems and feelings. They are also a way of getting rid of feelings we don't want to experience or acknowledge. Fantasies involving the death of loved ones are exceedingly common and may express repressed anger at loved ones. The more we repress such hostility, the stronger the fantasy.

These fantasies may also be used to torture and punish ourselves and, as such, are expressions of self-hate. These are often the result of some supposed transgression that turns out to be quite human. For example, some people feel they deserve punishment for sometimes feeling that they would like to be free of their children altogether —even though this is a normal feeling. Another function of this kind of fantasy is to enact a drama that allows us to test how we would feel without our loved ones—and also, at times, to compensate for feeling bored. If painful fantasies become chronic, professional psychoanalytic therapy can be very helpful. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Love Me, Love My Fool" (David McKay). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered



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Photographs by J. W. Martin Canty, III

A "Mourning Letter:"

The Final Days of Martha Mitchell

Alone and dying, she retreated from public view. Now, a seminarian who befriended her tells how Martha Mitchell spent her last months. By J.W. Martin Canty, III

On September 5, 1975, Martha Mitchell fell to the kitchen floor at a friend's home in Washington, D.C. She entered Northern Virginia Doctor's Hospital and was diagnosed as having multiple myeloma, a rare type of malignancy that attacks bone marrow. She would spend 200 of her last 269 days hospitalized. She was at times in great pain, semiconscious, heavily drugged and underwent several operations.

These were some of the best and most content days of her life.

I met Martha in September of 1974. I was 28 and had just returned to New York after spending the summer in training as a hospital chaplain with patients at a cancer center in California. I was a seminarian at Union Theological Seminary and a candidate for Holy Orders in the Episcopal Diocese of New York.

One morning about 9:30 the telephone rang and a Southern voice said, "Hi, J.W. This is an admirer calling. How are you this morning?" I asked who was calling, and the voice answered, "Martha Mitchell." I laughed and said, "I don't believe you." She handed the phone to her cousin, Ray West, Jr., an old friend of mine from Pine Bluff, Ark. Ray said they were calling to invite me to a party Martha was giving on the occasion of Ray's visit to New York.

I had not been an admirer of Martha Mitchell during the first four years of the Nixon White House, but had acquired great respect for her since Watergate. My mother and I attended her party—the only one she was to give while living alone in her Fifth Avenue apartment.

We took a taxi, whose driver was a recently widowed black woman. When we gave her the address, she said, "Isn't that the building Martha Mitchell lives in?" We told her that's where we were going. She said, "Martha Mitchell is one of the few Americans I really believe in, and a woman I really like. We owe her so much. Please give her my regards."

Later we shared that story with Martha, and told her the woman's name. The following week, Martha tracked her down by calling the cab company and asking them to send her regards to the taxi driver. In time, I learned that this warm extension of appreciation for affection typified Martha's childlike love for people.

We liked Martha so much that we invited her to spend the weekend with us at my parents' house in Fire Island. Martha relaxed at the beach. She loved the sun and sea and she loved people, things we had plenty of that weekend. She was still the old Martha then, with little outbursts of the outgoing Southern belle. As a surprise, we flew an Arkansas flag over the house, which delighted her. She loved to laugh and to make others laugh. Her own laughter had a contagious quality, and her jokes were always accompanied by clowning facial expressions.

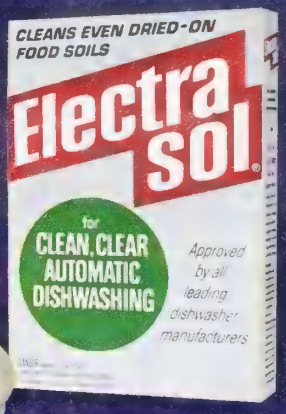
During the weeks that followed her visit to the beach, we *(continued)*

For a special report on Martha Mitchell by her favorite reporter, Helen Thomas, see page 153.



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BARBARA BRITTON TALKS FRANKLY ABOUT COLORING HER GRAY HAIR

We remembered Barbara Britton as the lovely star of "Mr. & Mrs. North" in the 50's, so we were curious about her attitudes toward gray hair and what persuaded her to color hers.



Barbara, psychologists say women feel that going gray is a milestone.

Getting gray does make you feel older. In show business I'd colored my hair for years, so I know the ordeal...endless touch-ups ...ugly gray roots...possible hair damage ...that's not for me.

What finally convinced you to color?

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You mean someone who's been coloring her hair can switch to Lady Grecian?

It's even easier than if you're gray. Just Lady Grecian the root area as you need it—combing it through occasionally. It blends right in. The over-all color gets prettier—more believable looking. And, no ugly roots!

What about younger women just beginning to find those gray hairs?

They love it because it's quicker and easier than anything else and it doesn't mess up natural color. If you're only gray around the temples just do that part. Or make the gray into beautiful highlights.

Speaking of highlights, your hair certainly has a healthy looking shine.

Thank you. Most haircolors saturate each hair with color so they tend to have the same flat look. That isn't how natural hair looks. But Lady Grecian works with the chemistry of the hair so it retains natural shades and highlights.

How long did it take to get your hair that lovely medium brown?

About 12 or 14 days. But lots of women love the color after only 4 or 5 days. And if you're switching or just going gray, it takes only a few applications.

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It only takes a couple of minutes and it's fascinating to watch your hair getting more beautiful and less gray. Soon you have the color you want and then you're never bothered with touch-ups.

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Combe Inc.

The Final Days of Martha Mitchell

continued

became close friends. We talked each day on the phone and I often spent time with her at her apartment. She looked on me as both a friend and something of another son.

She was an extremely intelligent person and a concerned person. Many weeks she would read a book as well as five or six newspapers every day, always emphasizing the importance of reading papers from other cities in addition to the three New York dailies. She would compare the same story as it was presented by different publishers. As we became better friends, I would tease her about how much mileage she got out of playing the "dumb blonde," and told her I knew better. She would just flash that knowing smile at me.

Being around Martha, I soon became aware of the special problems connected with being a public person and the limits on one's mobility and privacy. We spent most of our time together at her apartment or at mutual friends' apartments. Her marital problems were very complicated and we spent a lot of time trying to find solutions. She said the bulk of the money the courts had ordered her estranged husband John Mitchell to pay Martha went for the maintenance of their mutually owned co-op. In the two years I knew Martha, I don't remember her buying one new dress—and she always did her own hair, except when she was doing a TV show; then the station provided her with a hairdresser.

She hoped that someday she would be free of financial and legal worries and be able to pursue a career. She liked the idea of hosting a TV news or interview program or writing a syndicated newspaper column. Martha knew what interviewing was all about, and often helped others who were interviewing her. She thought her fondness for people, her desire for truth and determination to "always do your homework in advance" might help her succeed.

"I think it would be fun to get up every morning at 4 A.M. to do a show, J.W.," she told me once. "I want to do something with myself and what I've learned. I need to do something meaningful again." She had many offers, but her first priority was to settle the court cases pending between her and "Mitchell," as she now called him. Although there was much bitterness toward him, I never heard her curse him.

I first learned of her hospitalization over the radio in September, 1975, and



immediately called Northern Virginia Doctors' Hospital. But I was unable to reach Martha. Three days later, however, she asked a friend to call and tell me not to worry, that she would be released in a week or so and would phone me on her return to New York.

Early in November, again on the radio, I found out that Martha had been admitted to Memorial Hospital in New York. I got in touch with her son in Washington and her cousin in Arkansas, but they knew nothing. Apparently she had completely withdrawn from everyone. The following Sunday, determined to see her, I went to the hospital. Walking the corridors of her floor, I spotted a policeman seated outside one of the rooms. I walked to the door. Looking in, I said, "Hi, Martha, may I come in?" She responded in a soft, shaky voice, so unlike her: "Certainly, darling. I'm so glad to see you, J.W." The officer didn't try to stop me.

I spent over an hour with her, although I tried to leave several times, finally promising to return the following morning. She was very weak and dozed continually during that first visit. There

(continued on page 147)

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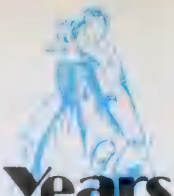


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75 Years Ago in the Journal

James Abbott McNeill Whistler, one of America's greatest artists, had a reputation for being quite an eccentric. Here's a good example.

While the artist was trying on a hat in a London shop one day, a customer rushed in and mistaking Mr. Whistler for a clerk, exclaimed: "I say, this 'at does not fit."

The artist eyed him for a minute, and then replied scornfully: "Neither does your coat, and I'll be hanged if I like the color of your trousers."

The E.R.A. is in full swing now, in the 1970's. But Ladies' Home Journal has always been a supporter of equal rights.

A husband and wife are equal: the one not inferior to the other: the wife not a slave; not a housekeeper—but an equal: a companion. And just so far as a young man starts out with that idea fixed firmly in his mind—to make a companion, a comrade, a chum of his wife—just so far does he start out right.

Here's some inspiring news for anyone who is considering a nose job:

A large nose is always preferable in that it is an unfailing sign of a decided character. It belongs to the man of action, quick to see and to seize opportunity, and frequently a trifle opinionated and aggressive. A small nose indicates a passive nature, one less apt to act, although he may feel as deeply. The talents of such a person will lie in hearing, understanding, learning, appreciating. He will have many theories, while the possessor of a large nose will have deeds to show. Persons with small noses are most loving and sympathizing, but their friendship is not the active kind.

The 1901 Journal's *attitude toward children's education was as progressive as some of the most forward-thinking schools of the 60's and 70's.*

At about the age of seven or eight, children frequently stop their rapid learning rate and, much to the dismay of teachers and parents, they begin to seem slow and stupid. But suppose that this period of quiet incubation is Nature's provision for gathering slowly together the energies of life for the great forward leap in the period of transition from childhood to youth: what have we done? How many over-nervous and morbid children drifting in a sickly way through the period of transition, unable to respond to the appeal of that epoch of life and come forth into bounding manhood and womanhood, are sad memorials to the successful gratification and the vanity of parent and teacher? Suppose that the child should even drop out of school for a time, and revert to mud pies and sand houses, forgetting his arithmetic and letting his soul sleep in a calm physical life like an unawakened seed in the soil—what then? This: that a month of such a child's time later may be worth a year of the overstrained child's: that acquirements in arithmetic, and grammar, and geography are poor tests of the worth of life.

Too often when the child who has been allowed to sleep his two years, if necessary, strides ahead of his neighbor who has never missed a school day—nor even an evening's study at home—we regard it as unusual talent. We never stop to think how much of genius is simply health! And how genius might be multipled if we let Nature take us into her confidence and follow the open secret that broods over the spring flowers.—DEBORAH PINES



I am quietly uncompromising.

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My first inclination was: buy the best. I have, after all, never been disappointed with anything named L'Oréal.

I went with my second thought: do a bit of sleuthing. Look at the L'Oréal® Frosting Kit. And the other one. And see.

What I found were little differences that made a difference. L'Oréal's kit had a metal hair hook; the other, a plastic one. (What if it broke in the middle of everything?)

L'Oréal's cap seemed to have more frosting holes to pick from. To give me a more even frosting. And even a small detail I noticed—the L'Oréal instructions are bolder, easier to follow.

My best suspicions were confirmed. And reconfirmed when I saw my hair. Subtle streaks of color light it up. And I wish you could feel how soft it is. How alive it feels. Because those famous conditioners are in every step of the way.

Now how I feel shows. You see, in my own quiet way, I want to be noticed.

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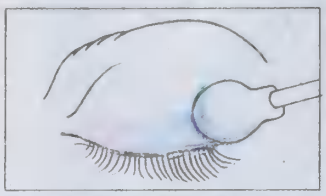
AZIZA DEMONSTRATES THE FIRST SHADOW TO COLOR AND HIGHLIGHT IN JUST ONE STROKE.

New Two-Tone Lustre Shadow gives you a totally new way to highlight your eyes. Up until now, the only known way to highlight your eyes has been to put deep color on your lid and to set if off with a lighter shade on your browbone.

But Aziza's new Two-Tone Lustre Shadow is actually two colors in one shadow. A soft, non-frosted background color plus a frosty highlight shade in a complementary hue.

One sweep of the soft sponge wand puts glorious color where color should be, and lustrous highlights where highlights should be for your eye shape. And it does both automatically.

Even more amazing, the highlight shade only shows where light hits the natural

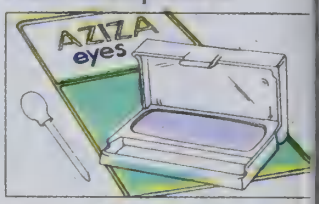


curves of your lid and browbone. That means as you turn and tilt your head, the highlight actually travels across your shadow, always falling where it belongs (on your lid or under your brow) to accent the natural shape of your eyes in the most flattering way possible.

Could it be any easier to be an expert with makeup?

These new Two-Tone Lustre Shadows come in many delicious combinations, including Light Blue with Pink Lustre (the one you see here), Light Blue with Green Lustre, Pink with Peach Lustre, and Ivory with Pink Lustre.

Each is so unusual and exciting to use that we've set up a special tester so you can try them wherever Aziza makeup is sold.



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While you're at it, ask for our free book, "Aziza Demonstrates All About Eyes." Or, you can send 25¢ to cover postage and handling to Aziza, Dept. 517, 33 Benedict Place, Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

Because Aziza knows all about eyes.

Aziza by Prince Matchabelli.



Spending your money

continued from page 26

photographer demands full payment for what he insists was a competent job.

Take your case to arbitration under the auspices of the Better Business Bureau. It won't restore your precious memories on film, but the chances are that if the circumstances are as you describe them, the BBB arbitrator will award the photographer only a fraction of what he demands. Only a few Americans are aware that successful, on-going arbitration programs exist and are available to them in Better Business Bureaus from coast to coast—and that the programs are quick, fair and flexible.

I bought two tickets to the Bicentennial celebration put on by our town's local committee, and gave them to my best customer and his wife. Do I have any legitimate tax deduction here?

You can deduct the entire cost of the tickets you gave to your customer as a business expense. (But remember that the tax laws place the limit on business gifts at $25 per customer per year.)

Professional fund-raisers have approached our church to put on a Christmas charity ball, and I've been given the job of working out the details. Any good rules to follow?

Don't make any blind agreements with any fund-raising organization, no matter how impressive the organization's literature. Insist that the return to your church be at least in the area of two-thirds or more of collections—depending on the type of solicitation, the difficulties involved in raising the money, your geographic region, the availability of funds for the campaign. Require the fund-raisers to outline in writing what their "pitch" for your charity ball will be. Demand that they stick to an appeal based on an honest presentation of your church's need. During your campaign, make spot checks with contributors to be sure this procedure is being followed.

Ask your state agency, which registers or licenses professional fund-raisers, whether the individuals who have approached you are reputable and have adequate experience. Don't downgrade the fact that if there is fraud or deception in your campaign (no matter how innocent *you* are), *YOU* could be named as a defendant in a legal action brought to stop the solicitation and to seek to have the contributions returned to the public.

I read with special attention your advice to the young widow in last month's column because I was in precisely her position about a year ago. I went back to secretarial school (I hadn't worked since our marriage), brushed up on my old skills and learned some new ones. Now I'm making a good salary working in an insurance company, have stopped feeling sorry for myself and am starting to date again.

Good for you! And in addition to that solution of going back to work, I suggest that all women who are or will be in the tragic position of widowhood take the time to examine with the most critical eye possible their figures as well as their minds. If you have gained too much weight, lose it. If you need a face lift for your morale as well as for your good looks, work to earn the money to afford the plastic surgery. In short, prepare yourself in body and mind to live again as happily as you can. **End**

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"OUR PRIVATE LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE"

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT FORD

The President reveals how normal White House life can be—complete with dinner table debates, criticism of his neckties and balancing checkbooks. By Trude B. Feldman

"Daddy, I'm a little short of cash." The blue-jeaned, blue-eyed 19-year-old waited patiently as "Daddy" reached into his pocket, pulled out a $10 bill, and handed it over.

"Thanks a lot," she said. "You can take it out of my next week's allowance." Then she bounced out of the office, barely nodding to the two men meeting with her father.

A common enough scenario these days—except that the two men were Secretary of State Kissinger and Secretary of the Treasury Simon. The teenager was a tall, slim blonde named Susan, and "Daddy" was Gerald Ford, President of the United States.

President Ford told the story in a recent interview in his White House Oval Office. "I'm a soft touch with Susan," he told me. "She knows I can't say 'no' to her, especially when there are Cabinet members present." Grinning, he added, "That's her gimmick. She knows she can get away with murder when she walks in while I'm in conference."

Not long ago, the president bought Susan her first car, a yellow Ford Mustang. He had also purchased cars for her three older brothers when they turned 19. However, Susan was more excited, he recalled. "She let me drive it around the South Lawn circle [of the White House]—but just once. That's how afraid she was that I'd scratch it or dent a fender."

But if Gerald Ford finds it difficult to refuse a few personal requests from his youngest child and only daughter, there is nothing permissive about his attitude toward Susan's social life. Mrs. Ford said she "wouldn't be surprised" if she discovered Susan was having an "affair." In answer to the same question, the President told me, "I'd protest in a most vigorous way, and I'd counsel her. But I don't think that would happen . . . not the way Susan was brought up."

The Fords have not tried to disguise the fact that they have differing opinions on some issues. But they handle this by talking things over face to face—child and parent, or husband and wife—no punches pulled. "Our family has always had the kind of rapport that lets us discuss the pros and cons of all problems and situations," President Ford explained. "This is better than slamming the door and saying, 'You're on the wrong track' . . . or 'Don't speak to me about that' . . . or 'You did something wrong, get out of the house.'

"Handling problems this way has not only helped us solve some of our problems, but has also brought us closer together," he observed.

Differences of opinion obviously have not stood in the way of an exceptionally harmonious husband and wife relationship—a fact that is apparent to anyone who spends time with Betty and Gerald Ford.



President and Mrs. Ford with (from left) daughter Susan, sons Steve, Jack and Mike, and Mike's wife, Gayle. In foreground, the Fords' golden retriever, Liberty.

"Betty and I were lucky we weren't kids when we married," the president remarked. "When I look around and see what happened to the marriages of some people we know, I'm glad we married at a more mature age." (He was 35 and Betty was 30 when they married on October 15, 1948.)

"Under the best of circumstances, marriage requires a special kind of commitment," he added. "Many youngsters, who are just discovering themselves as persons, aren't really ready for it. I won't say everyone should wait as long as we did, but getting married 'late' worked out well for Betty and me."

The president's abiding affection for his wife is still obvious.

Betty Ford has won a reputation for speaking out on thorny issues, touching off the kind of controversy that some observers say has hurt her husband. But Ford wants his wife to tell it like it is, and says confidently, "She seems to be doing all right. Her polls are even better than mine. As a political partner, she is a prime asset."

One reason for this is, he believes, that Mrs. Ford "truly enjoys campaigning—because she likes people." He conceded that she had wanted him to retire from politics in 1976, "but that was before I became president. Now she is as enthusiastic as I am about my presidency and about another term in the White House."

Betty Ford is not the only member of the family who gives political advice to the president. During the primaries, when their son Jack told his dad that his speeches were "boring," the president made changes in his speech-writing staff. Jack, 24, takes part in campaign strategy meetings, is kept informed of major political developments and, as his dad put it, "keeps me posted on what his generation is thinking and feeling—something that is helpful not only in running for office but also in running the country."

The president also appreciates the fact that when Betty and Jack are campaigning on the road, he is free to work in the Oval Office. "Remember the Lebanon crisis last June?" he asked. "I had to stay in Washington to plan and supervise the evacuation of Americans from Lebanon. Betty went to Iowa in my place and the result was that we won the majority of that state's delegates."

The Fords' son Steve, 20, has also pleased his dad on the campaign trail. "He is great—not just among young people, but with all age groups."

The "toughest part" about being president, according to *(continued)*


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LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

continued

Gerald Ford, is to "convince the people around me to say what they actually believe—not only what they think I want to hear. In this respect, Betty sets an example for everyone in the White House."

Mrs. Ford, an early supporter of the Equal Rights Amendment, convinced her husband to vote for ERA when he was a Michigan congressman. "I give Betty credit for educating me on that one," the president said. "She convinced me that women's rights have to be protected and guaranteed by law, just as the rights of racial and religious minorities do, if there is to be genuine equality. She had to work on me in her loving, persuasive way, but I'm glad she did."

The First Lady was also among those who helped devise the strategy that resulted in what many believe is her husband's major achievement—the upturn in the nation's economy.

"Betty kept saying we had to work to get prices down, that we had to think about the millions of American women shopping each day for their families, buying groceries and clothing," he said. "We had the family in mind when we developed our economic program."

While the president takes political advice from his wife and children, he also keeps a close paternal eye on the family's finances. He and Betty started out "heavily in debt" when they were first married, he recalled, and acquired the habit of carefully examining each month's expenditures—a habit he has tried to instill in his children.

Even today, the president questions his family about how they spend their money, and he keeps track of their checkbook balances. "It may sound old-fashioned," he told me, "but every now and then I like to remind them that money doesn't grow on trees."

President Ford, who likes to balance his own checkbook, encountered something of a problem shortly after he was sworn in as president. "I noticed that some of my checks weren't being cashed, checks I wrote for Christmas gifts or for things we bought, or even charitable contributions," he said. "After a while, I learned that some people—including a couple of my nieces and nephews—had framed the checks that bore my signature and intended never to cash them. So now I send presents, instead of checks, to members of my family. And my secretary signs all my other checks."

As we sat in the sun-filled Oval Office, with pictures of Betty and the Ford children surrounding the president, the phone rang. Gerald Ford picked it up, chatted a moment, then said, "Thanks, Betty, I'll walk over in a little while."

Turning to me he remarked, "One of the nicest things about being president is the convenience of living and working near one another. I actually see more of the family than I did when I was a congressman or vice president. We have become even closer than ever before, if that's possible. And we try to live our lives in such a way that even though I'm the President and Betty is the First Lady, we're still husband and wife—and still the parents of our children."

The Ford family togetherness extends—as it does in millions of other families—to buying clothes. While the president doesn't accompany his wife on her shopping expeditions, she likes to help him select swatches of fabric, from which he orders his suits. He purchases three or four suits every other year from Lloyd Livensie in Grand Rapids, Mich., where he has bought clothes for about 30 years. He also selects clothing from a local tailor in Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Ford has veto power over most of the clothes he selects—and she is not afraid to exercise it. Her interest in his appearance has sometimes led her to tease him about his choice of necktie or socks or shoes. Susan does the same—one indication that the Ford family is not in awe of the president or of his office. When he doesn't look quite right, "I get suggestions," he notes wryly, "though they do it in a loving way. But I know something is up when Betty calls me 'Mr. President'."

Reminiscing about the days when the children were growing up, he talked about the need for parental concern with educational growth. The Fords once belonged to three PTA's at one time because their children attended schools in three different areas.

Must share child's world

"With kids in three different schools, we often had to draw lots to determine which PTA meeting to attend," he recalled. "But I believe that parent involvement is the secret to a good school—and the PTA gives parents a chance to express opinions. Betty and I both believe that providing the right atmosphere for kids—at school and at home—is what it's all about. You don't just send kids off to school. You have to go with them and share their world."

As for day care centers, the president said that program is vital, especially for the working mother. "It allows a mother to put her child in the proper facilities with good supervision." He said that Congress established some rigid guidelines—on a national scale—imposing them on states and cities, according to the number of teachers or individuals who are with the children.

"I believe the state, rather than the federal government, should make that sort of decision. I'm not in favor of rigid federal control over the number of people who work with children in day care centers. I think each state should act.

"The conflict is between Congress which wants to impose the heavy hand of the federal government on day care centers, which I oppose; or the alternative, which I believe in, that each state can do better than a bureaucrat in Washington, D.C.

"Even though Betty and I are now retired from PTA," he added, "we are still concerned about good schools. Our nation's future depends on a sound education for the kids of tomorrow."

Since Betty and Gerald Ford were both Sunday school teachers, they also believe strongly in sound religious training for all children. According to the president, each of the four Ford children has a slightly different attitude toward religion. "Michael is totally dedicated." (He is completing his last year as a divinity student at Gordon Conwell Seminary in Connecticut.) "Jack has a much more relaxed attitude—religiously speaking, he is the least 'organized' in the family. Yet he does have a conviction and a belief in God. Steven and Susan are both sincere in their religious beliefs, but show it in different ways. Steven's religion takes the form of a love of nature and what God has created. Susan likes to go to church and derives satisfaction from prayer."

The Ford children still get a thrill out of meeting and rubbing shoulders with the famous people who come to the White House. "Still," Mr. Ford reflects, "I think there are times when the kids wish they didn't have to live in this kind of 'goldfish bowl'."

Even though there were "transition problems" in the move to the White House, the children on the whole have adjusted "pretty well," he says. "A 19-year-old girl who has to have Secret Service agents protecting her when she is out on a date, or a 21-year-old boy who has a couple of older men (agents) accompanying him when he takes out a young lady—these are rather unusual circumstances," the President said. "While at college, Jack was used to going and coming as he chose—but now he and the others have struck up friendships with their agents and are doing all right. It just took some time.

"On the other hand, they realize that with the restrictions of a public life come benefits as well."

Thus, son Jack has met stage and screen stars, and has dated tennis champ Chris Evert; daughter Susan, a photo bug, learned to shoot pictures from several top photographers, including Ansel Adams, then landed a job with the Associated Press, The Topeka *State Journal* and the Topeka *Capital Journal*.

The president told me that Susan will return to these publications for on-the-job training while studying photo-

(continued on page 185)

"Every time you style your hair you do a little more damage. 30 minutes with condition* will help undo it."

David Daines.
DAVIAN SALON



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Of course, the new lengths and silhouettes mean women are spending more time on their hair. Shampooing it more often. And, naturally, more frequent shampooing means more frequent styling. More brushing and combing. More hair damage.

That's why, if my customers do any home styling, I recommend condition* at least once a month.



Do your hair 30 minutes worth of good.

condition* is the 30-minute treatment, so it has plenty of time to do its good work. First, to help repair the damage that frequent shampooing and styling already may have done. And then, to help protect hair against any further damage.

Thick, creamy condition* is specially formulated to help recondition damaged hair. It actually penetrates deep into the hair shaft, seeking out trouble spots. Then the protein-rich formula goes to work restoring body. Helping to repair splits and breaks.

After one condition* treatment even overheated, overtreated hair looks healthy and shiny again. Becomes bouncy and well-behaved.



Don't stop using blowers. **Just start using condition.**

Naturally, you want your hair to look good and healthy. No matter how much shampooing and styling your new hairdo calls for. That's why today – more than ever before – your hair needs condition.*"

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The 30-minute treatment for mistreated hair.





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A party with a Spanish flair at the home of Muriel Hebert, standing foreground pouring Sangria for Pat Winther. Other members of Oakland's Junior Alliance in the background. Food, from left: Spanish potato omelet, colorful paella seafood-chicken casserole, an unusual artichoke-cauliflower-shrimp medley; rear: ham and melon; flan, salad.

THE BEST PARTIES EVER

A California cookbook that's full of marvelous entertainment ideas

We were drawn to this month's community cookbook first by its succinct title—*The Best Parties Ever!!* (nothing equivocal about that) and second by the unusually imaginative menus and supporting recipes. Now, after spending two days with the book's sponsors, the Junior Alliance of Lincoln Child Center in Oakland, California, we're delighted our paths crossed. *Best Parties* is principally a collection of 30 party menus—some exotic and elaborate, others quick and simple. We chose two menus typifying the California heritage—one Indian, based on foods of the state's earliest residents, and the second Spanish, including foods the state's first colonists may have eaten. And then for good measure we sampled foods indigenous to the bottomless cornucopia that is California—avocado, crab, sourdough bread and wine.

Our first morning in Oakland was spent, *(continued)*

Photographs by Ken Regan/Camera 5



"Identical twin salads? No!"

Says Maurice Moore-Betty, noted cooking teacher.



"Part of the garden flavor's missing in this salad."

The dressing was made with one of those oils which has a noticeable taste of its own. Some oils just come on too strong in salads. And their taste can mask the delicate flavor of any salad. But, pure, mild Wesson Oil is a flavor-saver.

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THE BEST PARTIES EVER

continued

as first mornings usually are on such trips, getting acquainted with group members and selecting locations in which to photograph. There was a time during those first few hours when Oakland and the whole East Bay area seemed a maze of freeways, mountains and cantilevered decks. But we sorted out finally (with the help of our principal guide, Elaine Lind) and chose a lovely home and yard in the Piedmont area as the setting for our Spanish party. Heat over 100 degrees (unprecedented we were told) threatened to wilt both food and models (not to mention the three of us from the *Journal*). But cool thoughts from hostess Muriel Hebert and fast work on the part of Food Editor Sue Huffman and photographer Ken Regan saved the day.

Late afternoon in a bucolic setting at Ann Loar's was the scene for our American Indian feast. Game hens and blackberry cobbler seemed amazingly contemporary despite their centuries-old heritage. Hostess Loar was the height of patience as we delayed the shot an extra hour, waiting for the sun to sink to an angle suitable for photography.

Our dividend that evening was a Mexican party at the home of Ann Lambing, where we had a chance to meet most of the Junior Alliance and learn more about Lincoln Child Center. The Center serves the East Bay area and treats emotionally disturbed children in many ways—on both a resident and out-patient basis, in foster homes and through consultations. Members of the Alliance work on fund raising projects for the Center—the cookbook is but one example—and on a volunteer basis at the Center with the children themselves. Our impression was that the Center is most fortunate in having such an active group working in its behalf, that the women themselves are fortunate in having such a stimulating cause for which to work.

Next day, our wanderings took us to the north to Richmond and the stunning home of Mallory Trip, overlooking the Bay and far-off San Francisco. A classic vista and just the place to set up our foods-typical-to-California picture. Even the smog cooperated by taking the day off.

Recipes from our parties in Oakland follow, along with a coupon to order your copy of "Best Parties." —JOHN STEVENS.

PAELLA A LA VALENCIANA
pictured on page 88

A Spanish classic—and a favorite in this country as well.

1 3½-pound broiler-fryer, cut up
2 garlic cloves, minced
4 green onions, chopped
¼ cup olive or salad oil
¼ pound ground pork
2 medium tomatoes, peeled and chopped
1 package (10-oz.) frozen green peas
1 package (9-oz.) frozen artichoke hearts
2 teaspoons paprika
1½ cups raw rice
2 teaspoons salt
4 cups chicken broth (or bottled clam juice)
Pinch saffron
10-12 shrimp, cooked
10-12 clams (or mussels)
Cooked lobster tails, optional
Pimiento and green olives for garnish

In a paella pan or deep skillet, brown chicken, garlic and onions in oil. Add pork and brown quickly. Add tomatoes, peas, artichoke hearts, paprika and rice, and cook until rice is well coated with oil. Add salt, broth, saffron and cook uncovered until the rice is almost tender, about 15 minutes. Add shrimp and clams (or mussels) and continue cooking until rice is tender and clams (or mussels) have opened. Just before serving, add the lobster and garnish with pimiento and olives, if desired. Makes 6 servings, about 510 calories each.

VEGETABLES MESCLAS CON GAMBAS
(Mixed Vegetables with Shrimp)
pictured on page 88

A delightful mélange of marinated vegetables.

1 package (9-oz.) frozen artichoke hearts
1 package (10-oz.) frozen cauliflower
1½ cups olive or salad oil
¾ cup white wine vinegar
1 tablespoon sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 garlic cloves, minced
2½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 cup shelled and deveined shrimp, cooked

Cook vegetables according to package directions; drain. Combine oil and remaining ingredients except shrimp in a jar; cover and shake. Pour oil mixture over vegetables. Cover and chill overnight. Eight hours before serving, add shrimp. Stir occasionally. Drain when ready to serve. Makes 6 servings. About 450 calories per serving.

TORTILLA DE PATATA
(Spanish Potato Omelet)
pictured on page 88

A favorite "tapa" or hors d'oeuvre in Spain.

1 small potato
2 tablespoons olive or salad oil
⅓ cup chopped onion
1 garlic clove, minced
4 eggs
2 dashes bottled red pepper sauce
Salt and pepper to taste *(continued)*

Left: At the home of Ann Loar, an American Indian feast includes Cornish game hens with Wild Rice Stuffing, Conohona—a mix of corn and walnuts, wilted mustard greens and blackberry-cornbread cobbler. Right: With San Francisco Bay as a backdrop, foods typical of California—sourdough bread, an avocado-crab casserole, wine.





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THE BEST PARTIES EVER

continued

Peel and cut potato in ¼-inch slices. Over high heat, heat oil in a 7 or 8-inch skillet. Add potato and sauté until slightly browned. Add onion and garlic and sauté until glossy. Beat eggs, pepper sauce, salt and pepper; stir in onion mixture. Pour egg mixture back into skillet and cook over a low heat until the bottom appears cooked (top is not cooked). To turn, slide omelet onto a plate and invert carefully back into the pan. To serve, remove from pan and cut immediately into bite-sized pieces. These are good hot or at room temperature. Makes 4 to 6 appetizer servings. About 180 calories for each of 4 servings; 120 calories for each of 6.

SANGRÍA
pictured on page 88

Colorful and refreshing—an economical party drink.

¾ cup sugar
¾ cup water
1 seedless orange
1 lemon
1 bottle (26-oz.) dry red wine
1 bottle (28-oz.) carbonated water, chilled
Dash cognac
Ice cubes
Sliced bananas

Heat sugar and water to boiling; boil 3 to 4 minutes. Cool. Slice orange and lemon and place in bowl. Add sugar syrup to fruit and let stand 3 to 4 hours. Mix in pitcher with wine, carbonated water and cognac. Add ice and serve with bananas. Makes 6 servings. About 200 calories per serving.

GAME HENS WITH WILD RICE STUFFING
pictured on page 90

The lake country Indians, particularly the Chippewa and Winnebago, relied on wild rice as their "staff of life." Often it was used as a stuffing for quail.

12 Rock Cornish game hens, each about 1 pound
Salt and pepper
Stuffing
2 cups wild rice, washed in cold water
5 cups water
2 teaspoons salt
8 bacon slices, cut in strips
10 green onions, washed and sliced
2 cups chopped hazelnuts or filberts
1 pound mushrooms, sliced
Game hen giblets
¾ cup butter or margarine

Season hens lightly inside and out with salt and pepper. Place wild rice, water and 1 teaspoon salt in a saucepan and heat slowly to a boil. Reduce heat; cover and simmer until all water is absorbed (about 45 minutes).

Meanwhile, preheat oven to 350°F. Cook bacon in a heavy skillet. Add onions, nuts, mushrooms and game hen giblets and sauté, stirring for 10 minutes. Stir in wild rice and toss lightly. Stuff neck and body cavities; skewer and truss. Rub each hen with 1 tablespoon butter. Place hens, breast side up, on a rack in a large, open roasting pan. Wrap any remaining stuffing in aluminum foil and place in pan. Roast, basting frequently with drippings, for about 1 hour, adding more butter for basting if needed. Makes 12 servings. About 500 calories each.

CONOHONA
pictured on page 90

Claimed to be a traditional Cherokee Indian dish as well as a Mohawk favorite. Take your pick.

3 packages (10-oz. each) frozen whole kernel corn
2 cups black walnuts, chopped
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 tablespoon sherry

Cook corn as package label directs. Add walnuts, butter or margarine and sherry. Continue cooking until butter is melted. Makes 12 servings. About 120 calories per serving.

Note: Some prefer hominy, which can also be added, although we prefer plain corn.

WILTED MUSTARD GREENS SALAD
pictured on page 90

Substitute fresh spinach or leaf lettuce for mustard greens, if desired.

Salad
6 cups washed mustard greens (include blossoms, if possible)
5 green onions, thinly sliced (include tops)
Dressing
8 bacon slices, cut into strips
⅓ cup cider vinegar
1 tablespoon honey
1 teaspoon salt
⅛+ teaspoon freshly ground pepper

Place greens and green onions in a large wooden bowl; set aside.

Brown bacon; turn off heat. Quickly stir in vinegar, honey, salt and pepper. Pour dressing over greens and toss well. Let stand 10 minutes and serve. Makes 6 servings. About 200 calories per serving.

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ing. (We doubled the recipe for our party.)

BLACKBERRY CORN COBBLER DESSERT
pictured on page 90

Cornmeal makes an unusually good topping for this dessert. Try it with blueberries as well.

1½ to 2 quarts blackberries (frozen, non-sugared whole berries can be used, thawed and drained)
¾ to 1¼ cups sugar
Topping
1 cup cornmeal
½ cup chopped walnuts, optional
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup buttermilk
2 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
Sauce
¼ cup honey
1 tablespoon butter or margarine, melted
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Preheat oven to 375°F. Place berries in 2-quart baking dish; sprinkle evenly with sugar. For the topping, mix together all dry ingredients, then quickly stir in milk and melted butter. Drop batter by tablespoonful on top of berries, forming a design of rounds. Mix together sauce ingredients, and pour over batter and berries. Bake for about 1 hour. Serve at room temperature or slightly warm with vanilla ice cream or heavy cream, if desired. Makes 12 servings. About 140 calories per serving.



CARIBBEAN CRAB
pictured on page 90

Avocado adds its special flavor to this unique casserole.

3 large avocados, peeled
6 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup half and half cream
1 package (6-oz.) frozen crab meat, thawed and drained
1 teaspoon capers
Dash bottled red pepper sauce
Salt
½ cup grated, sharp Cheddar cheese

Preheat oven to 375°F. Cut each avocado in half lengthwise and remove pits; cut in cubes. Sprinkle with lemon juice; set aside.

Melt butter; blend in flour until smooth. Stir in cream and cook until thickened. Add crab meat, capers, pepper sauce and salt to taste. Fold in avocado. Spoon crab mixture into 2-quart casserole and sprinkle with cheese. Bake until heated, about 20 minutes. Makes 6 servings, about 370 calories each. **End**

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- ☐ Tuna salad, sprinkled with grated cheese.
- ☐ Tomato sauce with mozzarella cheese and a sprinkle of oregano.
- ☐ Thin slice of ham with mustard and grated cheese.
- ☐ My own favorite: _____

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THE NEW MRS. SINATRA

Who is Barbara Marx Sinatra—and why did "Ol' Blue Eyes" finally decide to marry her? Here, Barbara's former husband and closest friends tell the inside story of her four-year romance with Sinatra—a relationship that had its ups and downs. By Ron Homer

It was a wedding fit for a king—Frank Sinatra, 60, and his lovely, blond bride, Barbara Blakely Marx, 46, a mystery woman to the American public. The sensational betrothal—a poorly kept secret—bore all the trappings of a royal festival: power, great riches, elegant women and the ever-present, heavily armed security guard.

As befits the king of American popular music, the setting was high-society California luxury: the 1,000-acre Walter Annenberg estate in Palm Springs. There, where brilliant paintings by the great French Impressionists Van Gogh, Renoir, Cezanne and Degas hang sedately next to priceless Picassos, Frank took the hand of Barbara (plus the super-fast green Jaguar she gave him for a wedding present), and Barbara took the hand of Frank (plus the peacock-blue Rolls Royce he gave her).

"Do you take this man for richer or for poorer?" asked Judge James H. Walsworth. And the king wisely answered for his bride, "Richer, richer!"

It was one of the high points of a luxurious, flower-drenched wedding. White orchids, white gardenias, white chrysanthemums and white roses, all from the prolific Annenberg greenhouses, perfumed the air. The couple stood before a black marble fireplace banked with gardenia trees and two cloisonné cranes holding more white flowers delicately in their beaks. Halston designed a drifting beige chiffon dress especially for the bride, and the groom, very tan and smiling broadly, wore a beige silk and linen suit with a beige silk tie and a brown-and-beige handkerchief in his breast pocket.

Afterward, a super banquet in the Grand Hall for 150 well-known names. Then, a sumptuous dinner at Frank's house—and, still later, a communal honeymoon with six of Frank's best chums at his new mountain chalet compound, 4,000 feet above sea level.

But who is the woman who finally led "Ol' Blue Eyes" to the altar? And kept him waiting there a few minutes, leading Frank to mutter, "Hurry up, Barbara. Everyone thought I was the one who wasn't going to be here!"

Barbara Marx, now the fourth Mrs. Frank Sinatra, is an attractive former model and dancer. Her on-again, off-again four-year romance might have discouraged most women, but Barbara obviously loved the mercurial singer enough to stick by him until he was sure he wanted to marry again.

Her patience has withstood the force of Sinatra's whirlwind lifestyle. She is, in fact, a reservoir of tranquillity and poise with a keen sense of humor and, perhaps most important of all, no career aspirations of her own.

In spite of the recent glare of publicity created by her engagement and marriage to Sinatra, Barbara is virtually unknown outside her circle of friends in Palm Springs and Beverly Hills. She does not seek the limelight. Only dedicated Sinatra watchers might recognize her unaccompanied by the man himself.

Early in their courtship, Barbara was just one of many beautiful women whose names were linked with Sinatra's—women with whom he was seen and photographed. Gradually, Barbara emerged as the most frequent hostess at his parties. Often she appeared on his arm at show business functions. And it was Barbara who became his traveling companion.

Still, the singer continued to be seen in the company of other smart, sophisticated women—including Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. It was shortly after his publicized New York theater date with Mrs. Onassis earlier this year that Sinatra grudgingly announced that he and Barbara were engaged to be married, adding, "It's nobody's goddamned business."

Barbara reportedly was deeply hurt by Sinatra's occasional dates with other women. Her friends say she was humiliated by what appeared to be a lack of concern for her feelings. This spring, she decided that her relationship with Frank had reached a crisis of commitment or dissolution. Sinatra, usually an impossible man to pressure, apparently chose not to lose Barbara. Last May he confirmed reports of their engagement and gave her a 17-carat, pear-shaped diamond ring.

Frank had known Barbara for many years. Much of that time she was the wife of Zeppo Marx, youngest of the Marx Brothers. "Barbara was married to Zeppo when they first met," reports a member of Sinatra's entourage. "Zeppo's house was right across the Tamarisk Country Club fairway from Frank's Palm Springs compound. I'd say it was about a nine-iron shot from door to door.

"Frank and Zeppo had been friends for years. And, of course, Frank knew and admired Barbara. It was just one of those things that happen *(continued)*

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THE NEW MRS. SINATRA

continued

between a man and a woman. Zeppo was 29 years older than Barbara, and they were divorced four years ago."

It was a civilized divorce. Barbara and Zeppo, 75, have remained friends and Sinatra throws his arms affectionately around him whenever they meet.

"Barbara is a wonderful lady," Zeppo says. "Frank Sinatra could never find a better woman, I can guarantee that. I'm sorry I lost her, but that's the way it goes. You win some and you lose some."

Zeppo first met Barbara in 1959, when she was a dancer at the Riviera hotel in Las Vegas. Dinah Shore, perhaps Barbara's closest friend, laughs when she recalls how Barbara drew Zeppo's attention. "Barbara tells some of the funniest stories about her dancing," Dinah says. "She admits she was one of the worst dancers in Vegas's history.

"Zeppo first noticed her as the beautiful blonde who was always just slightly out of step. Zeppo decided he had to meet that girl."

Barbara's on-stage smile, however, masked her problems. Already divorced from actor Robert Oliver, she had taken a job to support herself and her young son, Bobby. (Bobby, now in his twenties, is a member of Dinah Shore's TV production crew.)

Zeppo fell in love with Barbara, who was 29 at that time, and they were married in September, 1959, at the Riviera. Although Zeppo was unable to adopt Barbara's son legally, he supported him through private schools and college, and Bobby uses the surname Marx.

Barbara Blakely was born in Kansas and later moved with her family to Long Beach, Calif., where she attended school and modeled. Eventually she opened a modeling school of her own.

"Barbara wasn't anxious to work after we were married," Zeppo says. "She never took her show business career seriously. She didn't expect to be a great dancer. Her sense of humor always delighted me. One night we had dinner at a restaurant in Beverly Hills. Barbara had a Caesar salad and four stiff drinks. The next morning she had a bit of a hangover, and when my brother Harpo called and told her she didn't sound well, she groaned and replied, 'I got hold of a bad Caesar salad last night.' The booze wasn't mentioned."

Dinah Shore and Barbara are frequent tennis and golf partners, and both trim, athletic women look like a pair of golden Californians half their ages. Barbara maintains her figure with 45 minutes of brisk exercise every morning. "Barbara always looks as if she stepped out of a bandbox," Dinah says. "She's beautifully groomed and dressed, and, like me, does her own hair and nails."

Zeppo claims that Barbara is the best dressed woman he has ever known. "She can put on a twelve-dollar dress and look like a million dollars," he says. "Better than Jackie Onassis at her best. Barbara also bought expensive gowns while we were married, and modeled for fine Hollywood designers. She even looked great in the kitchen. She makes terrific spaghetti and the best matzoh ball soup I ever tasted. I don't think Frank will let her near the kitchen, though, he likes to fix his own spaghetti."

Most of Zeppo's and Barbara's friends were sorry to see them divorce. Their parties were among the brightest in Palm Springs. "If Barbara was at the country club after a game of golf," says one friend, "she'd always make it home in time to have Zeppo's dinner ready. She really tried. I don't know what their problems were."

No bed of roses

"Barbara's life hasn't been a bed of roses," Dinah says, "but she's kept her perspective. She's a very good friend—women like her because she's straightforward. We've been through stormy times together, so I know that Barbara is one of those thick or thin people. Her son Bobby has always been the most important thing in her life—it wasn't easy raising him alone in Vegas. She was determined that life run smoothly for Bobby, and it has. He's a wonderful young man. Barbara and I became friends on the golf course more than a dozen years ago. She's a real competitor, shoots in the eighties and loves to play gin. She's also aware of politics. I don't know if she always agrees with Frank, but they do share strong convictions.

"Some time ago there was a big fund-raising affair in Palm Springs, sponsored by a very prominent charity organization. Barbara was co-chairperson of the ball, and she was asked to get one of the great black stars to appear at the event. Barbara agreed to try. Then the group told her to make sure the entertainer wouldn't mingle with the guests after he performed. Barbara was furious. She resigned immediately and never forgave that organization. She can't bear injustice or to see anyone slighted."

Barbara's friends agree unanimously that she is deeply in love with Sinatra and that he's a lucky man. "Frank is getting a lovely woman," says Barbara's former brother-in-law, Groucho Marx. "It's about time they got married."

"He's getting a wonderful wife," says another friend. "When Frank was in Beverly Hills on business, Barbara found places to go, friends to visit—things that kept her busy and productive. But she was always near when Frank needed her. When they're together, though, she never hangs on him or asserts herself in any way that would embarrass him. She's a perfect lady."

Sinatra's own loyalty to his first wife, Nancy, and their three children is legendary. He spends as many holidays as possible with them—and Barbara never interfered with this tradition.

"Frank's ties to his family are strong," Dinah says. "And Barbara is very close to her parents, too. Frank is terribly kind and considerate of them. And while Barbara hasn't been included in all the Sinatra family gatherings, she is very close to Nancy, Jr. and Tina, Frank's daughters.

"Sure, Frank and Barbara have had some painful times together. It's been difficult for both of them. Frank had all sorts of problems deciding whether he really wanted to be married again—whether he *should* be married again. But I think their marriage is a wonderful thing for both of them."

Even a skeptical former Sinatra associate believes the marriage is a good idea, although not necessarily one long honeymoon. "Barbara is a super lady and cheerfully puts up with Frank's eccentricities," he says. "Any woman who falls in love with Frank has to learn to adjust to his nocturnal way of life and to accustom herself to his pals, who are around a lot of the time. When the boys are in a playful mood, Barbara will need all her patience. You never know what's going to happen. I hope Barbara has the stamina to keep those hours. It's a glamorous life, but not an easy one."

Barbara has traveled with Sinatra and played hostess for him. She has been at his side in retirement, at the heights of popularity and during his battles with the press. She has been exposed to the famed Sinatra temper as well as the quiet, warm, generous man who is adored by his friends and family.

"Everybody likes Barbara," says Phyllis Wagner, a long-time friend who helped to entertain the Sinatras on their recent post-wedding trip to New York. Interestingly, Mrs. Wagner's husband, former New York mayor Robert F. Wagner, is a Democratic power, and is supporting Jimmy Carter. Since Ronald Reagan was a guest at the Sinatra wedding, there is room for conjecture on which party Frank Sinatra, a White House *aficionado,* will land.

"Barbara Marx Sinatra is a Renaissance woman," says Bill Fine, another long-time pal who joined the Wagner party at their Westchester estate. "She does a lot of reading, surprises you with her brightness, is prettier than her pictures and plays a man's game of tennis."

Fine also says that when he yelled, "Good shot, Sinatra!" Barbara turned on the court and said, "My God, that's *me*!"

Later, she explained that she still doesn't feel comfortable being called Sinatra. "It sounds like name-dropping," she said. **End**

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A MEMORY BOOK...YOURS, OURS AND THE NATION'S

Introducing Journal of the Century, a keepsake volume full of rich remembering—and hours of timeless reading.

It's a special Bicentennial treat, not just for *Journal* readers, but for all Americans. In one large volume, published this month by Viking Press, *Journal of the Century* is a beguiling tour of the years since 1883, exploring domains of literature and lifestyle, recalling great names and works, and adding up to an impressive record of the development of magazine journalism for women. In the beginning, there was a woman. Her name was Louisa Knapp Curtis, and in 1876 her young husband, Cyrus, had gone into the publishing business in Philadelphia. When one day he brought home his idea for putting a women's section into his newspaper, Mrs. Curtis smiled (some say laughed) and took over. Soon this became an independent publication, with Louisa Knapp Curtis as editor. "It's a sort of ladies' journal," explained Mr. Curtis, and the printer designed the logotype shown above and dropped in the word "home" to identify what an artist had conceived as a domestic scene. The *Ladies' Home Journal* it became. The women of America reacted immediately to Louisa's warm, charming innovativeness, and from then on, the *Journal* continued its habit of making history. Did you know, for example, that the Rose O'Neill kewpie doll made its debut in the *Journal*? That Rudyard Kipling was a *Journal* discovery in America, as was the British artist Kate Greenaway? *Journal* crusades are a part of its tradition, too. At the start of the century, Edward Bok fought for a pure food law and against the common public drinking cup, urged athletics for young girls at a time when this was horrifying, and even took on the taboo subject of VD. Through the *Journal's* issues marched the greats of ten decades—"name" writers such as T.R. Roosevelt, A.A. Milne, J.P. Marquand, Zane Grey, Dorothy Thompson. Artists and illustrators added their luster to the graphic leadership of the *Journal:* N.C. Wyeth, Arthur Rackham, Maxfield Parrish, Norman Rockwell and others.



Those constants of women's interests—food, fashion, beauty, decorating and needlecraft—were all handled in the manner of their day. The *Journal* introduced plans for small houses and borrowed the term "bungalow" from Bengal. The magazine test kitchen was invented (and still persists). Circulation climbed and climbed. Wars came and went. Women's skirts went up and down, according to fashion's dictates. Editors and publishers changed. But the *Journal,* and its deep relationship with American women, continued.

Journal of the Century captures many facets of the world it mirrored. Why is LHJ such an ideal glass in which to gain a good perspective on the century? Because it seemed always to be talking to reasonable women with a desire to know and to participate. On the next page, a taste of *Journal of the Century.* —L.H.

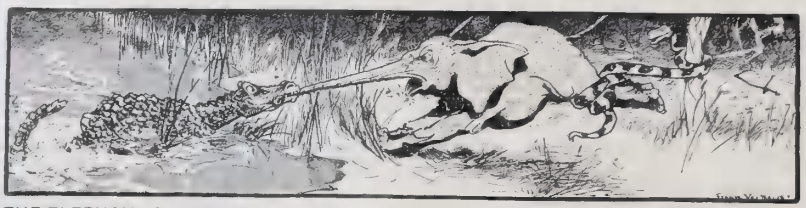
The Journal OF THE CENTURY

It's a book (to be published this month by Viking Press), brilliantly fashioned from the best articles, stories, illustrations and photographs in Ladies' Home Journal since 1883. Decade by decade, events and personalities are recalled, with original texts by everyone from Theodore Roosevelt to Truman Capote. To order, see page 183.

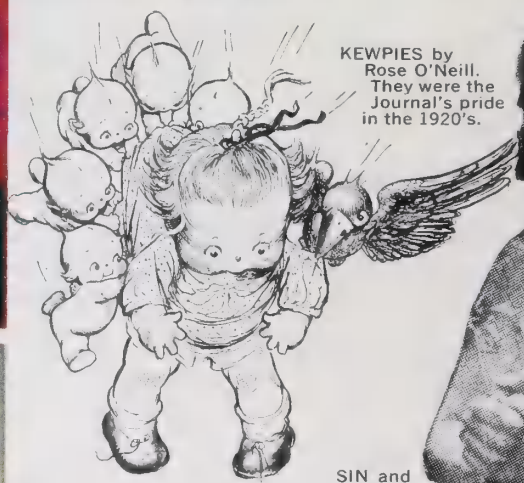


THE GIBSON GIRL: She set the style for an age, 1900. Charles Dana Gibson, Howard Chandler Christy, all the other early illustrators, were part of the Journal.





THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD
by Rudyard Kipling.
The first of the Just So Stories that were launched in the Journal.



KEWPIES by Rose O'Neill. They were the Journal's pride in the 1920's.



SIN and SYNCOPATION
An early warning on what jazz could do.





$5,000 bought this handsome house back in 1890.



THE WATCHBIRD helped guide the manners of children in the 1930's. (An earlier Journal feature was the Lettie Lane paper doll.)

KATE GREENAWAY drawings became Journal classics.



FASHIONS tell their own story about their times. Here, the new Dior look (1947) revives a 1912 look.

A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER, late 19th century, foretells the day of the active woman. (The Journal pioneered for women in athletics.)

COVERS: Journal covers have always been legend, since the magazine became the first to change its cover design each month.







THE SECRET CLUB

Carol knew the boys almost thought as one. But just how deep was the strange bond between these twins, and why was it beginning to scare her so?

BY BARBARA HOLLAND "Mom," said Danny, "can some people really know what's going to happen, like in future times?"

"No," said Carol. "Eat your lima beans."

"We saw about it on TV," Mike objected. "There was this lady, and she said what was going to happen next year and everything."

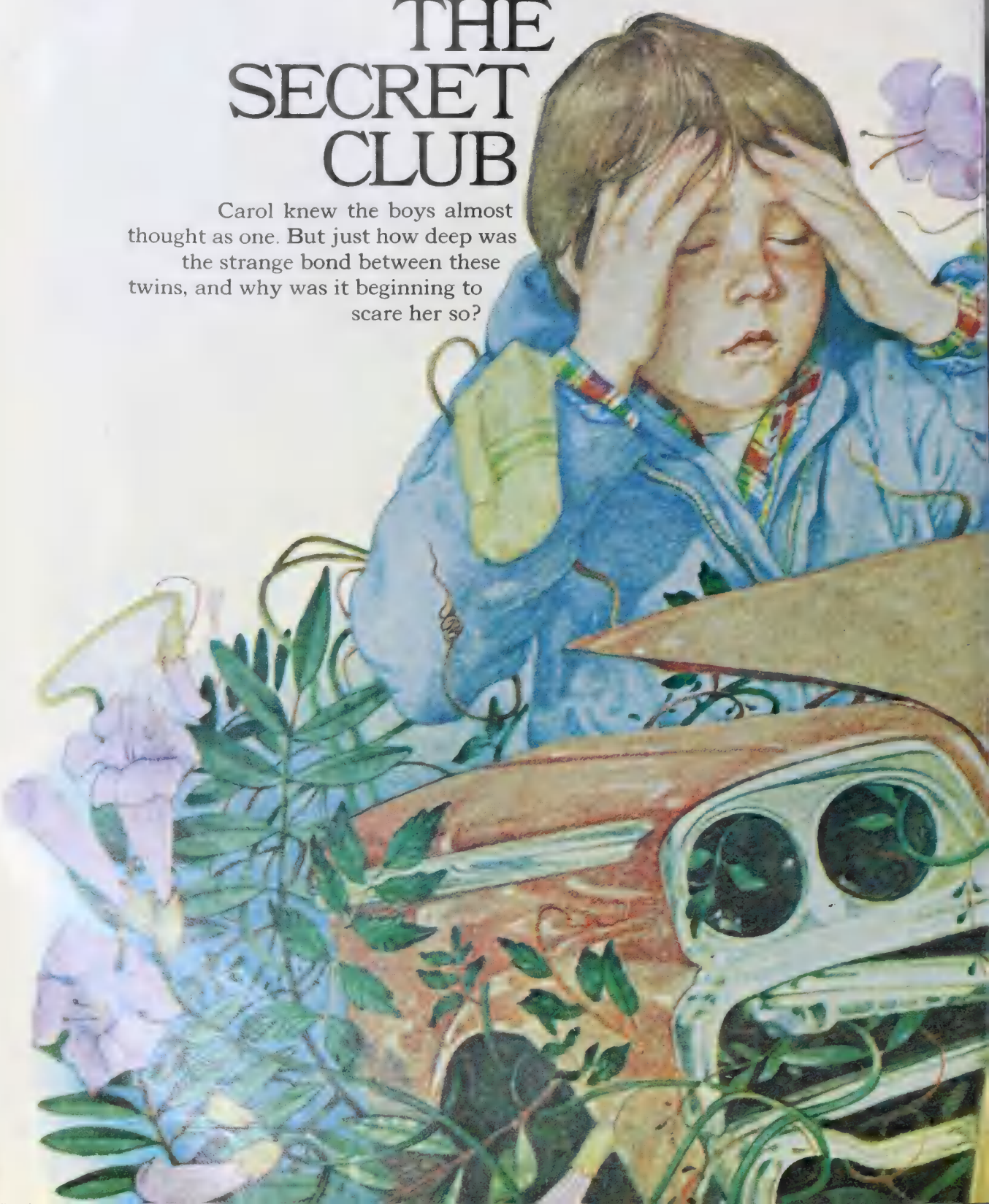
"Move your milk away from the edge before you spill it."

"This lady said she could tell," said Danny. "How do you know she can't?" Eight years old, they no longer believed that mother knew all. "Dad? Do you think there's people that can tell about future times?"

"Well, a lot of people think they can," said Paul. "I guess some of the things they say come true, Mike. Danny, I mean. Pass the pepper."

"It's scientifically impossible," said Carol firmly. "They're frauds. Silly, ignorant people believe in them, the way they believe in black cats and lucky charms. None of those things are true."

"They *could* be," muttered Danny rebelliously. "Ghosts, too."



"No, they couldn't. Just remember, nothing's real unless you can see it or touch it or prove it with science. Now finish your dinner."

"Oh, I don't know," said Paul mildly. "Funny things happen, Carol. Look at the Loch Ness monster."

"That's just a trick to bring tourists. Don't *you* start."

"We don't like lima beans," said Mike. "They're gooshy."

"Eat them anyway." Carol began to stack dishes, and rescued Mike's milk from the perilous edge. The two brown heads turned to each other and made identical faces over the horror of cold lima beans.

Passing, Carol rumpled Mike's hair and tweaked Danny's neck. Since they had to look exactly alike, she thought, it was a blessing they were so normal looking. To have selected out of the genetic grab-bag some really peculiar combination of features, and then have it come out twice, identically, would have made them a joke. But with her short nose and round blue eyes, and Paul's straight brown hair, they looked like a child who might be picked in a *(continued on page 178)*

Illustration by Julia Noonan



Photographs by Peter Gert. Hair and makeup by Harie Von Wijnberge. Leotard suit by Ben Sayres for Gamut. Ivory choker, Richard Glassen.

Impact Color: A Four-point Plan

Sudden color—it's the charge that refreshes. Dramatize your looks with our new four-point plan, focusing high impact on the eyes, mouth, nails and hair. Especially with this season's soft-color clothes, let beauty be your attention-getter.
By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.



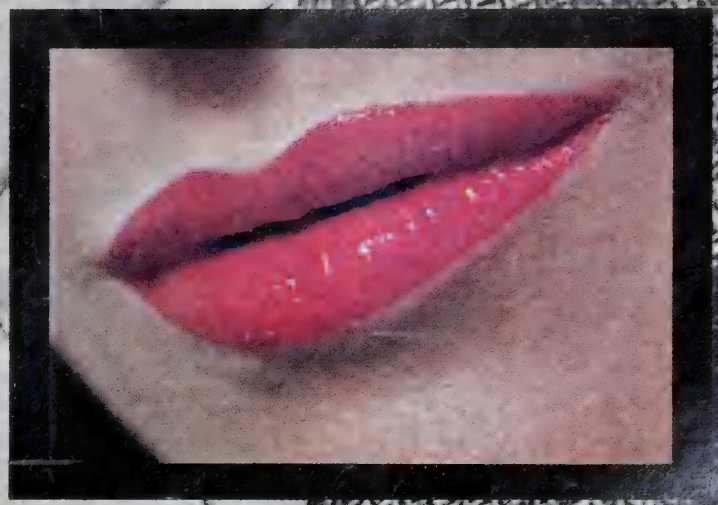
Close-Up on the Eyes

Let your own natural-born eye color stand out with riveting attention. Do this by surrounding your eyes in defining color—setting, deepening, sharpening them into brighter focus. Here we've ringed the eye with liquid liner, applied smoky shadow under the eyebone and only on the outer half of lid, extending to a small wing. Right under the brow goes a cool stroke of lighter shadow. Amethyst and Iced Champagne One-Stroke Eye Colors by Cover Girl.

Brown tweed blazer by Alice Blaine Corp.
Taupe silk shirt by Regina Porter for Porterhouse.

Dazzling New Mouth

No two-ways about this lip color. It has bite. Your whole face gets a lift and an assured attitude from it. With such high voltage intensity, make sure you run your foundation first around the edges of your lips to give the lipstick outline a strong definition. Here making the point strongly, the very moist Ultima II Status Red Super Luscious Lipstick by Charles Revson.



Cream crepe blouse by Helene Sidel, ivory earrings by Richard Glassen



Ten Spots of Color

Remember: It's the unpredictable that delights. What fun to suddenly wave 10 little flags of color. Banish the beige fingernail and choose to startle instead. Think fire engine reds, corals with gusto, glow-in-the-dark oranges. And don't think you have to always match your brights. If you're broadcasting a red-orange for your lips, aim for really red-red nails. Or vice versa. Here you can catch a glimpse of what impact color has against pale fabric. Shown, Warm Crimson Crème Nail Accents by L'Oréal.

Ivory satin dress by Richard Assatly for Gino-Snow Ltd.



Hair Highlights

Perhaps this is the year for you to head for a fresh but discreet change. Either go the route of adding a few rich highlights to uplift whatever-your-hair-color is into something decidedly special. Newer and brighter. Or, if you have deep-down brown or gray that looks washed away in a sea of quietude, make waves by turning to a richer color—glossy chestnut, polished mahogany, tawny brown or honey blonde. Clairol has designed Nice 'n Easy in Natural Tawny Auburn to get the ginger and spice you see here.

The Dark Side

What every woman should know about sexual

They were a young, recently married couple—the attractive, college-educated products of a pleasant Baltimore suburb. If you had seen them a few days earlier, loading a shopping cart in their neighborhood supermarket, you would have smiled at their obvious pleasure in being together. But this day they were in the emergency room of a hospital—Amy flushed with fever, weakened from pain and vomiting; Brian standing by in helpless agony. Later, the admitting nurse recalled the hectic scene: "They thought it was appendicitis," she said, "or maybe food poisoning."

But it was another kind of poison. Hospital tests confirmed that Amy had pelvic inflammatory disease ("P.I.D.")—the most common severe complication of gonorrhea.

The two young people were stunned. Amy was a virgin when she met Brian; Brian's sexual contacts before Amy had been few and, he thought, careful. *Nice* people didn't get or give VD—did they? Yet, though neither had any symptoms until Amy became violently ill, both were infected.

Penicillin injections cured Brian. But the gonococci bacteria had invaded Amy's reproductive organs and caused permanent damage. Her gynecologist told

The most common sexually transmitted diseas

DISEASE	INCUBATION	USUAL SYMPTOMS	INFECTIOUS
GONORRHEA (also called dose, clap, drip) Cause: bacterial	1–30 days	Local, genital discharge, pain; often no symptoms in men; usually no symptoms in women	All stages
SYPHILIS (also called syph, pox, bad blood) Cause: spirochete	10–90 days	First stage: painless pimple on genitals, fingers, lips, breast; second stage: rash, sores, swollen joints, flu-like illness; latent stage: none	Up to a year or more after exposure; always for fetus or newborn
HERPES PROGENITALIS (also called herpes, virus) Cause: viral	30 hours–6 days	Swollen, tender, painful sores on genitals	During active infection flare-up
NON-GONOCOCCAL URETHRITIS (also called non-specific urethritis, NGU, gleet) Cause: bacterial	5–28 days	Local discharge, frequent urination; often no symptoms	The level, degree and duration of the infectious period is uncertain at this time.
TRICHOMONAS VAGINALIS (also called trich, TV, vaginitis) Cause: protozoan	4–28 days	Copious discharge, intense itching, burning and redness of genitals and thighs; painful intercourse; often no symptoms in men	Same as above
MONILIAL VAGINITIS (also called moniliasis, vaginal thrush, yeast, candidiasis) Cause: fungal	Unknown	Thick, cheesy, offensive discharge; intolerable itching, skin irritation	Same as above
VENEREAL WARTS (also called genital warts, condylomata acuminata) Cause: viral	30 or more days	Local irritation, itching	Same as above
PEDICULOSIS PUBIS (also called crabs, cooties, lice) Cause: 6-legged louse	4 weeks	Intense itching, pin-head blood spots on underwear; small eggs or nits on pubic hair	Same as above
SCABIES (also called the itch) Cause: itch mite	4–6 weeks	Severe nighttime itching, raised gray lines in skin where mite burrows	Same as above

of Intimacy

transmitted diseases. By Joann Rodgers

21-year-old Amy that there is little chance she will ever be able to bear children. She only narrowly missed having her ovaries and womb removed.

Amy's story is, unfortunately, common in the United States today. She is one of 275,000 young women threatened with sterility and major surgery by P.I.D. each year. And gonorrhea is only one of more than 20 diseases that medical scientists now know are transmitted sexually or "venereally" (the word is derived from "Venus," the goddess of love).

These diseases are hitting with a new impact across the nation, touching the "best" families, infecting children and teenagers as well as mature married couples, worrying parents and giving pause to all who experiment with new sexual lifestyles. And VD is a particular threat to women, partly because of the frequent lack of symptoms in females. In addition, according to the experts, most women are woefully uninformed about VD's many forms and the steps that can be taken to prevent, recognize or treat it.

This lack of information can be dangerous, for these diseases, according to the U.S. Public Health Service's Center for Disease Control, have reached epidemic proportions, striking *(continued on page 200)*

Though some can develop without any sexual contact, *all* can be passed on in this way.)

DIAGNOSIS	TREATMENT	COMPLICATIONS
Gram stain smear for men; culture in Thayer-Martin medium for women	Penicillin, other antibiotics for patient and all sex contacts; follow-up "cure" tests	Pelvic inflammatory disease, sterility, arthritis, blindness, eye infection in newborns
Blood test (VDRL, FTA, Wasserman)	Antibiotics for patient, all sex contacts and possibly infected offspring	Brain damage, insanity, paralysis, heart disease, death; damage to skin, bones, eyes, liver, teeth of fetus and newborns
Pap smear, examination, culture	None considered safe or completely effective	Strong evidence linking infection to cervical cancer; severe central nervous system damage or death in infants infected during birth
Smear, culture	Antibiotics for patient and regular sexual partners	No medical complications
Pap smear, examination, microscopic identification	Flagyl tablets for patient and regular sexual partners	Evidence in animals suggests Flagyl may cause cancer or birth defects; causes nausea in alcohol users
Examination, microscopic identification	Nystatin vaginal tablets and/or creams for patient and sexual partners; also antifungal creams or suppositories	Secondary infections by bacteria; mouth and throat infections of newborn
Examination	Podophylin tincture or surgical removal	Highly contagious; can spread enough to block vaginal opening
Examination	Kwell cream, lotion or shampoo; cleansing of bed linen and clothing	No medical complications
Examination	Same as for pediculosis pubis	May infest elbows, hands, breasts and buttocks as well as genitals

WHAT'S YOUR BAG?

Crafted by hand to carry by hand. Here, a special collection of make-them-yourself portables with a boutique look. Keep them or give away lovingly. Some are easy kits; others allow you freedom of choice. Details, on page 162. By Ann B. Bradley

1. Flower Basket Tote, a happy carryall cut from denim with a calico appliqué. Total bag kit includes iron-on pieces to charm up with simple stitches.

2. Double-faced Shoulder Bag comes with two front flaps to needlepoint by chart. Quick switch via Velcro strips.

3. Pullstring Pouch, a hoot of a bag in Crompton velveteen with wise owls simply embroidered in D.M.C. floss.

4. Classic Envelope, an elegant Chinoiserie motif in bargello stitches to hold neatly in hand. Complete kit.

5. Mini-bags, carefree and light as a breeze can be whipped up following Vogue Pattern #1427. Easy to cut and sew in Ultrasuede.® Paint, stitch or glue decorations.

6. Enchanted Evening Bag, for dress-up, in black faille with needlepoint flowers a-glitter with golden threads.

Photographs by Roy Coggin. Pictures 2, 3, 6: Needlepoint and embroidery designs by Ellen Highsmith Silver; 5: Bags decorated by Millie Hines.











5



6

Snug-as-a-bug in a blanket. Hale and hearty looks for the chilly weather days ahead.

SEW BOLD WITH A BLANKET

Four terrific new patterns you can make from actual blankets or blanket-like fabrics. Modeled here by four Journal staffers. By Trudy Owett, Fashion and Home Sewing Editor

The Wrapped Coat

A find from the great out-of-doors—Karen Larson wears a real deep-country plaid blanket cut into a midcalf wrap coat with warming hood that reverses into solid black. Simplicity #7700; Faribo wool blanket; Amana wool reverse side. Giovanelli ribbed turtleneck sweater. Anne Klein ghillies.

The Coachman Cape

Worn with flair and a jaunty air—Ellen Miller shows off a dashing terra-cotta wool short coat that swoops down to three-quarter length. This thick blanket sports full cape sleeves, buttons up front and needs no lining. Vogue #9599, of Faribo twin size blanket. Underneath, wools pants by Liz Carlson.



Fringe Shawl & Skirt

Straight from the tall trees—Helen Newton stands out in bold lumberjack check; the skirt cut on the bias, the shawl deep with fringe. Simplicity #7679; wool blend fabric by Avila. Giovanelli belt; Anne Klein boots.

The Ethnic Poncho

From the kind of blanket the Indians used—Deborah Pines models one cut into an unlined poncho, bound at the edges and side-tied high under the arms. McCall's #5302, Pendleton Beaver State wool blanket. Both sweaters on page, DeLoux.

Photographs by Paccione. Hair by Bob and Edward, makeup by Wendy, all of Cinandre. Pattern and fabric information page 199


THE
FRIENDLY
TUREEN



How America Entertains

The best of parties can be the easiest: All it takes is one great dish, simple bread and wine—spread across the most inviting table.
By Nathan Mandelbaum and Sue B. Huffman

This month, our entertainment pages stretch beyond the single-theme menu into more complete party plans for fall—casual, yet inventive do-ahead foods, plus imaginatively rich set-ahead tables. For the utmost freedom and ease for hostess and guests alike, turn to the friendly tureen.

This one dish offers peasanty fare lending a warming air to the country buffet settings. Here, a ticking-stripe tureen holds a hearty cassoulet, thick with navy beans, sausage slices. Homemade corn sticks are shucked with mini-napkins. Recipes, page 131.

Photographs by Lynn St. John. Franciscan Independence ironstone tureen.



Set the mood of your gathering by the way you set your table. Here, shades of mauves and heady wines exude a vibrant warmth. The Gothic inspired wallpaper, table fabric and banded napkins work together in a subtle blending of prints. The mellow glow of burnished pewter reflects off the handsome octagonal tureen, candlesticks and coffee set. Build an opulent display with masses of flowers surprisingly grouped with leafy heads of red cabbage, tumbles of plums and grapes. The rest is a mixed package: field flower plates, chilled glasses of white wine, a country basket for the bread, the butter spreaders held upright in a lacquered box and the butter in an antique crock.

Insert, right: The classic French fish soup, bouillabaise, adaptable to any combination of fresh or frozen seafood. Served with crusty bread for dunking. Recipes, page 132.

Raintree Designs wallpaper and fabrics; Lenox Temperware, crystal and candles; Oneida flatware and pewter holloware. More shopping information on page 146.

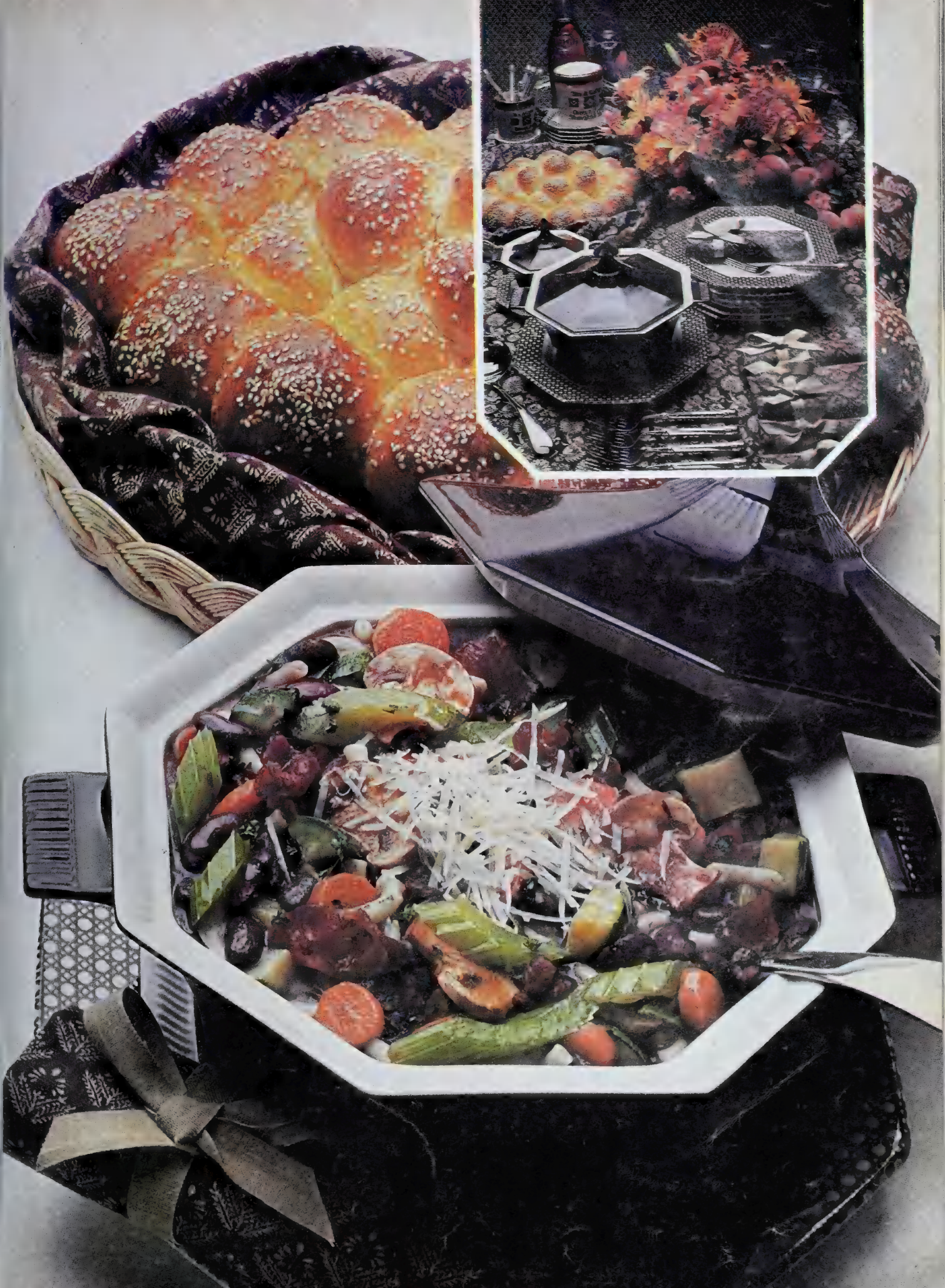




Two glorious stews, born of good peasant stock, and bread to sop up the gravies. Very lusty, warm-up meals. *This page:* Darkly rich Hungarian goulash with chunks of beef, tomatoes, caraway and a peak of sour cream; aromatic rye in the round; and spaetzle, a cross between noodles and dumplings. *Opposite:* A thicker than soup Minestrone: vegetables, kidney beans, bacon and parmesan. Beyond, cheese bubble bread, hopping with sesame seeds. Recipes, page 132.

Go-togethers in earth browns—a dramatic way to present a buffet. The one color seems more intense by being set against white. One touch: napkins are bowed with bias tape. To add fire, the centerpiece, spiced with a spill of fresh peaches.

Raintree Designs wallpapers and fabrics; Franciscan independence ironstone; Libbey glass; Wallace flatware.







A tablescape designed with good party ideas. The look is clearly patterned, yet somehow uncluttered. Smart geometrics and small prints appear coolly serene in putty and midnight blues. The center of attention is a bouquet of bachelor buttons, Queen Anne's lace, daisies and lilies, footed with a harvest of fresh lemons, squash, cauliflower, even beribboned scallions. The secret of a successful buffet? Follow a logical sequence. Place down what you'd pick up first, so that no guest has to backtrack in confusion. Starting at upper left, you'd have in hand a good-sized dinner plate, then comfortably ladle out a robust portion of goulash from the pewter tureen. Hand-bordered napkins and pewter forks are spread out, fan-shape, for easy grasping. Butter and spreaders stand side-by-side in crockery mugs, close by the round rye. Overall, there's the flicker of stocky candles set on upsidedown goblets.

Raintree Designs wallpaper and fabrics; Spode earthenware; Fostoria crystal ;International pewter flatware and craftmetal holloware; Lenox candles.
More shopping information on page 146.





The Extraordinary Apple

Apples rank as one of Mother Nature's sweet miracles, offering crunchy great taste in every bite. Their versatility is boundless—for munching out-of-hand, aromatic and juicy whether tart or sweet, red, yellow or green; great pleasure for a mere 85 calories. In cooking, apples can switch into every form with ease, from glossy candy bobs on a stick to pungent cider, from pork roast stuffing to apple butter. There are thousands of varieties of apples, but the top three that all America knows and loves are: Red Delicious, the most popular choice; McIntosh, affectionately known as Macs, great for tarting up a sauce; and Rome Beauty, the classic for baking. Opposite page, insert. *Top:* Apple-Herring Salad, for appetizer or salad course: a toss of apples, herring, beets, onions and dill with sesame seeds. *Center:* Apple Cheese Loaf, a quick bread with sharp Cheddar and walnuts. *Bottom:* Creamy Apple Mold, a smooth blend of apples, grapes and coconut with cream cheese. Recipes for these and others (including a new twist on the #1 dessert, apple pie), on page 138.

By Sue B. Huffman, Food and Equipment Editor.

Photographs by Lynn St. John

Give me



covered-dish casserole hat'll cover me with glory.



It's amazing how simple homespun dishes turn into glorious guest fare when Campbell's Soup gets into them. For flavor, for velvety smoothness in sauces, there's nothing quite like Campbell's for cooking.

SPEEDY TETRAZZINI

1 cup thinly sliced celery
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 cans Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup
1 can (16 ounces) tomatoes, chopped
5 cups cooked spaghetti
3 cans (about 7 ounces each) tuna, drained and flaked

In large heavy pan, cook celery in butter until tender. Stir in soup. Add remaining ingredients. Heat; stir occasionally. Makes about 9 cups.

Oven Directions: Bake in two 2-quart shallow baking dishes (12x8x2"). Bake at 400°F. for 30 minutes or until hot; stir.

PARMESAN CHICKEN

½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
½ teaspoon oregano leaves, crushed
Generous dash garlic powder
Generous dash pepper
4 pounds chicken parts
2 cans (10¾ ounces each) Campbell's Cream of Chicken or Mushroom Soup
1 cup milk
Paprika

Combine crumbs, ¼ cup Parmesan, oregano, garlic powder, and pepper; roll chicken in mixture. Arrange skin-side down in shallow baking pan (15½x10½x2½") or divide between two 2-quart shallow baking dishes (12x8x2"). Bake at 400°F. for 20 minutes. Turn chicken; bake 20 minutes more. Meanwhile, blend soup and milk; pour over chicken. Sprinkle with paprika and remaining Parmesan. Bake 20 minutes more or until done. Makes 8 servings.

CHEESY SCALLOPED POTATOES

2 cans Campbell's Cream of Celery or Mushroom Soup
½ cup milk
¼ teaspoon pepper
8 cups thinly sliced potatoes
1 cup thinly sliced onions
2 cups shredded sharp Cheddar cheese
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Paprika

Combine soup, milk, and pepper. In 2½-quart shallow baking dish (13x9x2"), arrange alternate layers of potatoes, onions, cheese, and soup mixture. Dot top with butter; sprinkle with paprika. Cover; bake at 375°F. for 1 hour. Uncover; bake 15 minutes more or until done. Makes about 8 cups.

BAKED ZITI

2 pounds ground beef
½ pound hot Italian sausage, sliced
1½ cups chopped onion
2 large cloves garlic, minced
1 tablespoon Italian seasoning, crushed
4 cans (10¾ ounces each) Campbell's Tomato Soup
3 soup cans water
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 teaspoons salt
1 pound ziti (long hollow) macaroni or spaghetti, cooked and drained
Grated Parmesan cheese

In large heavy pan, brown beef and cook sausage and onion with garlic and Italian seasoning until done. Stir to separate meat. Stir in soup, water, vinegar, and salt. Simmer 15 minutes; stir occasionally. Add macaroni. Transfer to two 2½-quart shallow baking dishes (13x9x2"). Bake at 400°F. for 30 minutes or until hot; stir. Top with cheese. Makes about 15 cups.

COOKBOOK OFFER: Get more than 600 exciting recipes in Campbell's "Cooking with Soup" Cookbook. Send $1.50 and any two Campbell's Soup labels with your name, address and zip code to: COOKBOOK, BOX 494, Maple Plain, Minn. 55348. Offer good only in U.S.A. May be withdrawn at any time. Void where prohibited or restricted. Allow six weeks for delivery.

Give me the Campbell Life.



JOURNAL ABOUT HOME

THE UNFINISHED TOMATO: GREEN IS GOOD

A green tomato is simply one that hasn't turned red yet. Unlike other fruits (yes, tomatoes are a fruit), green is good, absolutely enjoyable and delicious in their own right. Following the JOURNAL food philosophy of expanding on all things edible, we've tracked down new and useful information about what to do with greenies when your garden is a late bloomer.

JACK FROST NIPPING—As the frost creeps in, pick your endangered crop, carefully, with the stems left on. Store in a cool dry place. The life span is about 1–1½ months under top conditions. If your hiding place is in the cellar, take care it's not damp.

If you're caught by surprise with a heavy early snap of frost, pick the tomatoes as fast as you can. Otherwise, forget this harvest. Irreversible damage will be done to the fragile spheres as they start to lose moisture and turn mushy.

REDDENING: Take some of your pickings, ones unbruised and unfrozen, to ripen off the vine. Some people set them on a sunny windowsill, but there they're apt to rot rather than ripen. Better to do it in the dark. In fact, the old wives' tale of wrapping them individually in newspaper really works. The end result is not quite the bright, vine-succulent taste—it's closer to store-bought, packaged-pink blandness. (Reason enough to make use of them green.) However, if you want the tomatoes red, store them in a warmish place (best temperature 65-70)—in the attic, under your bed, wherever. Or put an apple in a brown paper bag with green tomatoes.

GREENERY: We think the very best way to handle green tomatoes is to relish them green . . . or fry them green. There's a whole new range of recipe adventures for a food rarely, if ever, sold. You can grind up a batch of green tomatoes (will keep in refrigerator for a few days) and cook away. Try making an unusual mincemeat with apples, raisins and spices to can or freeze—for the holidays ahead. Similarly, green tomatoes excel in marmalades, chutneys, jams, relishes and chili sauces. Searching for these recipes makes an adventuresome cookbook project.

Other great ways to enjoy the crop: in quick breads, fruitcakes, farmer's omelets, meat loaves and curries. Or you can dip into headier spirits—by home-brewing green tomato wine.

One of our favorites, bordering on the exotic, is green tomato pie. Perfect for brunch or appetizer: eye-pleasing, too:

GREEN TOMATO PIE

1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
3 tablespoons salad oil
2 medium onions, sliced
2 garlic cloves, sliced
8 cups sliced green tomatoes (about 4 large or 3 lbs.)
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
2 tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese (about 4-oz.)

Preheat oven to 400°F. Bake pie shell for 5 minutes; set aside. In large skillet, heat oil. Add onions and garlic and sauté until tender, about 3 to 5 minutes. Add tomatoes and cook over medium-high heat until soft, about 15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Sprinkle on parsley, flour, salt and pepper and stir until well mixed. Spoon into pie shell. Sprinkle on cheese. Bake for 15 minutes or until browned. Cool 5 minutes before slicing. Makes 8 servings. About 200 calories per serving.

Illustration by Rainbow Grinder



OUT OF THE SHOPPING BAG: NEW TRENDS TO NOTE

Tumbling out of the jumble of new products, there is sometimes a trend to spot, an order formed from all that chaos. In a recent rummage-through, we spotted a leaning toward: **Singlesdom**—With at least 18% of the population leading bachelor lives and families eating in shifts, more people are dining solo and liking it. • Here to help, Soup For One, a baby can for a bowlful, in seven flavors. Our choices: Clam Chowder and Beef 'n Bean, by Campbell's. • Or, person-sized dinner portion of green peppers stuffed with beef and rice, to bake, by Stouffers.

Sweet Drinking—The newest trend in imbibing is toward sense-pleasing spirits. • For real smoothies, the naturally-flavored Hereford Cows (30 proof). Our tasters thought the pastels, strawberry and banana were tops. • Also packing a sweet punch—DeKuyper's Mandarinette, a new tangerine liqueur with bite. • For those chilly nights ahead, a sweetly rich hot cocoa mix. Also in a low-calorie version. By Ovaltine.

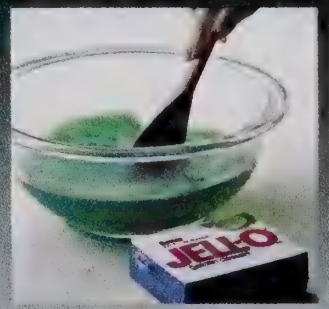
Ease in Baking—No time, no fuss goodies. • The all-in-one box of cake mix, a 5x7 pan and frosting. Couldn't be simpler for chocolate cake. Stir 'n Frost by Betty Crocker. • Home-baked bread the easy way. Fresh dough takes 30 minutes to become fragrant and crusty. Hotloaf by Pillsbury. • For calorie-counters cooking their own things, a new artificially sweetened brown sugar to sprinkle into cakes, cookies, applesauce and the like. One teaspoon equals 18 calories. Sweet 'n Low Brown.

Nutritious Snacks—Good things for munchers. • Harking back to an old favorite, Americana rice pudding is a creamy delight. By General Foods. • Crunchy cookies with natural grains and fruits, Kitchen Hearth by Pepperidge Farm. Winner: Date-Nut Granola.

How to cube a Grasshopper.



Make this minty Jell-O® Brand Gelatin dessert and make your family smile.



1. Dissolve gelatin and sugar in boiling water. Add cold water and extract; measure 1 cup and chill until slightly thickened. Pour remaining gelatin into an 8-inch square pan; chill until firm.



2. Prepare whipped topping mix as directed on package. Blend into thickened gelatin and pour into a 4-cup bowl. Chill until firm.



3. Cut firm gelatin in pan into 1/2 inch cubes, using a knife or spatula dipped in warm water. Quickly dip pan in warm water to loosen cubes.



4. Pile gelatin cubes on creamy gelatin in bowl. Garnish with additional prepared whipped topping and chocolate curls. Makes about 5 cups or 8 to 10 servings.

Start with Jell-O®



Grasshopper Dessert
Ingredients:

2 packages (3 oz. each) or
1 package (6 oz.) Jell-O® Gelatin, lime flavor
¼ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1½ cups cold water
*½ teaspoon peppermint extract**
1 envelope Dream Whip® Whipped Topping Mix

**or use 2 tablespoons green crème de menthe*

GF
GENERAL FOODS

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How to eat well



Enjoy KRAFT Macaroni and Cheese Deluxe Dinner with breaded fish sticks, tartar sauce, and a crunchy radish rose. Hearty. Thrifty, too.



KRAFT Spaghetti with Meat Sauce Dinner is always a family favorite. Crisp, toasted herb bread and an olive garnish make it special.



For pennies a plate, KRAFT Macaroni and Cheese Dinner serves up rich cheddary flavor. Add still more zest with a dill pickle spear rolled in a sautéed ham slice.

without going broke.



Go Italian.
Add cooked sausage pieces to KRAFT Tangy Italian Style Spaghetti Dinner. Pass around a dish of fresh vegetables marinated in our Italian Dressing.



Kraft Dinners make ends meet.

KRAFT

Division of **Kraftco Corporation**

When my husband used to save the wishbone, I knew what he was wishing for.



Some nights when my husband came home from work, he was so hungry he could eat a horse. Unfortunately, he just couldn't eat my chicken. In fact, to tell you the truth, no one really could.

My husband pecked. My daughter ate like a bird. Even my mother-in-law wouldn't fight for the neck.

Not that I ever did anything to make it taste bad, mind you. Personally, I always felt I could be another Julia Child, if I ever really learned to cook. It's just that I never did much of anything special, to make my chicken taste good. And with the price of meat and everything else, we seemed to have a flock of chicken around the house all the time. Especially leftovers.

That is, until I discovered McCormick/Schilling. You know McCormick/Schilling are the spice and flavor people. So when it comes to making sauces, gravies or anything at all, they put a lot of good flavor into everything they make. And that goes double for their Bag'n Season.

You see, Bag'n Season is a lot more than just a cooking bag. So it does a lot more when you use it to cook. For meat loaf, pork chops, spare ribs, or stews. Or, even for one of my chickens.

And the results are everything you could wish for. Meats come out succulent, juicy and tender. With a delicious flavor of spices and herbs. And, the natural juices make a perfect base for gravy.

Which made a big difference in the chicken I make. And a noticeable difference in my life.

Suddenly my family started showing up for dinner. On time. My husband started coming home for lunch. Even our relatives started dropping by again. You know, just to sit around and chew the fat.

And with McCormick/Schilling Bag'n Season, even my leftovers could taste terrific. That is, if we ever had any chicken left over.



McCormick/Schilling flavor makes all the difference in the world.



McCormick/Schilling

THE FRIENDLY TUREEN

continued from page 121

DOWN HOME CASSOULET
pictured on page 114

By no means a legitimate French cassoulet, this recipe was influenced equally by a traditional Southern navy beans and ham dish—which is why we suggest corn bread sticks as an accompaniment.

Cooked ham bone with meat (about 2 pounds)
14 cups water
2 medium carrots, sliced
3 stalks celery, sliced
3 bay leaves
3 teaspoons thyme, crushed
1 pound navy (pea) beans, rinsed and drained
1½ pounds kielbasa or Polish sausage, cut in 1-inch slices
2 cups chopped onions
2 garlic cloves, minced
2 tablespoons flour
1 can (3-oz.) green chilies (optional)
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup dry white wine

In Dutch oven or large saucepot, heat ham bone, water, carrots, celery, bay leaves and 1½ teaspoons thyme to boiling. Reduce heat and simmer for 1½ hours.

Strain broth reserving ham bone and vegetables. Spoon off fat from broth and discard (it is easier to remove if broth is chilled). Cut ham off bone, yielding about 1½ cups of meat. Add ham and beans to broth. Slowly heat to boiling. Simmer 5 minutes. Remove from heat; cover and let stand 45 minutes.

Again heat bean mixture to boiling over high heat. Reduce heat and simmer uncovered for 1 hour or until beans are tender, stirring occasionally.

Meanwhile, cook sausage in large, heavy skillet over low heat until golden brown, turning occasionally. Add onions and garlic; cook until tender, stirring occasionally, about 3 to 5 minutes. Stir in flour until smooth. Add green chilies, salt, wine and remaining 1½ teaspoons thyme. Simmer for 20 minutes, uncovered. Add sausage mixture and reserved vegetables to bean mixture. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate overnight. Reheat over medium heat, stirring occasionally.)* Carefully season to taste with salt and pepper. Makes 8 servings. About 625 calories per serving. NOTE: Add additional water or wine if thinner cassoulet is desired.



CORN BREAD STICKS
pictured on page 114

If you don't have corn stick pans, bake the bread in a rectangular pan and slice into sticks.

1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
1 cup yellow cornmeal
1 tablespoon double-acting baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup sugar
1 cup buttermilk
¼ cup salad oil
2 eggs

Preheat oven to 425°F. Grease 2 corn stick pans.*

In medium bowl, combine dry ingredients. In a 2-cup measure, combine remaining ingredients and beat until well combined. Pour liquid into dry ingredients and mix just until moistened. Evenly spoon batter into *(continued)*



What Hidden Valley Ranch® did, to make a fresher, livelier Italian salad dressing, would shock an Italian.

Incredible as it sounds, Hidden Valley Ranch® has a Creamy Italian salad dressing you make without oil and vinegar. And it tastes just incredible.

Just mix the Hidden Valley Ranch fixin's with mayonnaise and buttermilk and you get a dressing that is thick and creamy with the freshest, liveliest Italian flavor imaginable.

The great taste will put any doubts to rest.
And wake up any salad.



prepared pans, filling each ⅔ full. Bake for 12 to 15 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Remove from pans and serve immediately. Makes 14 corn sticks. About 135 calories each.

*Or, bake as above in 13 x 9 inch baking pan for 15 minutes. Cut into 14 or 16 pieces. Serve as above.

BOUILLAIBAISSE
pictured on page 117

This French classic may be made with frozen fish and shellfish, but it's, oh, so much better if you can get your hands on part or all fresh fish.

2 large leeks, chopped or 3 cups sliced green onions
¼ cup olive or salad oil
6 garlic cloves, minced
5 tablespoons flour
4 cups clam juice or fish stock (recipe follows)
2 cups tomatoes, peeled, seeded and chopped or 1 can (16 oz.) whole tomatoes, drained
½ cup chopped parsley
2½ teaspoons salt
1½ teaspoons thyme
⅛ teaspoon powdered saffron
¾ cup dry vermouth
8 pounds fish and shellfish (we used the following, which is available both fresh and frozen; but any combination of fish and shellfish may be used):
- **1 dozen clams, scrubbed**
- **1 pound crab or lobster tail, split, or one 12 ounce package frozen Alaska King Crab legs, cut into chunks**
- **1 pound sea bass fillets, cut in chunks (firm)**
- **1 pound halibut steaks, cut in chunks (firm)**
- **½ pound red snapper fillets, cut in chunks (firm)**
- **1 pound flounder fillets, cut in chunks**
- **1 pound haddock fillets, cut in chunks**
- **1 pound shelled and deveined shrimp**
- **1 pound scallops, rinsed and drained**

Rinse leeks well; drain and chop. In large kettle, heat olive oil. Add leeks and garlic, sauté for 3 minutes. Stir in flour until smooth. Add clam juice or fish broth, tomatoes, parsley, salt, thyme, saffron and vermouth. Heat to boiling. Boil 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Taste carefully for seasoning. *(May be prepared in advance to this point; cover and refrigerate overnight. Reheat over medium heat and continue cooking as directed.)*

Twenty minutes before serving: (If using frozen fish, add frozen to saucepot except for crab or lobster. Frozen crab or lobster should be added during last 2 minutes of cooking time.) Heat clam juice or fish stock to boiling. Add lobster or crab, clams, sea bass, halibut and snapper (firm flesh fish). Return to boil; cook 5 minutes. Add remaining fish and shellfish. Continue cooking until fish flakes easily when tested with fork and clams have opened. Serve immediately. Makes 12 servings. About 600 calories per serving.

NOTE: If fresh fish is available, making your own fish stock is a must. Store fish heads and tails in freezer, wrapped well, until you have accumulated enough for the stock.

For fish stock: Simmer 12 cups water, 5 fish heads, 5 fish tails and 5 parsley sprigs, uncovered, until liquid is reduced to 4 cups, about 3 hours. Strain broth through fine sieve or cheesecloth; discard fish. Or, use 4 cups clam juice.

FRENCH BREAD
pictured on page 116

Always a favorite.

1¼ cups milk
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 teaspoons sugar
1 tablespoon salt
3 packages active dry yeast
1¼ cups warm water
7 to 8 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 tablespoons cornmeal
1 egg
2 tablespoons water

Heat milk, butter or margarine, 2 teaspoons sugar and salt in medium saucepan until tiny bubbles form around the edge; butter or margarine does not need to melt. Cool to lukewarm.

In large mixing bowl, dissolve yeast and 1 teaspoon sugar in warm water. Add cooled milk mixture. Stir in 2 to 3 cups flour and mix at medium speed, about 2 minutes. With wooden spoon, stir in enough flour to form a stiff dough. Turn onto a lightly floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic, about 8 to 10 minutes, adding more flour if needed. Shape dough into a ball and place in large greased bowl, turning to grease top. Cover and set in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours.

Punch dough down. Knead lightly about 1 to 2 minutes. Divide dough in quarters. Shape each into oblong loaves about 12-inches long. Grease 2 French bread or baguette pans (each pan makes 2 loaves) or 2 large cookie sheets and sprinkle with cornmeal; set aside. Place dough in pans or mold on sheet (2 loaves per sheet) about 3-inches apart. Cover and let rise in warm place free from draft until double in bulk, about 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 425°F. Brush with egg and water mixture. Make slashes with razor blade or sharp knife on top. Bake for 20 to 25 minutes until loaves sound hollow when tapped with fingers. Cool completely on wire racks. Makes 4 loaves; about 16 1-inch slices per loaf. About 100 calories per slice.

Tureen Collection

Throughout the ages, tureens have been among the most attractive—even luxurious—containers for serving food. Master chefs and fine artisans have, over the centuries, raised them into works of art. A unique collection of tureens from all over the world is on permanent display at the Campbell Museum in Camden, N. J. Open weekdays 9:30 to 4:45; admission is free.

HUNGARIAN GOULASH
pictured on page 118

The ultimate hearty dish for a chilly fall evening—add our dark rye bread, a green salad and Burgundy wine.

2 tablespoons olive or salad oil
4 pounds beef stew meat, cut in ½-inch pieces
2 cups chopped onions
¼ cup flour
4 cups beef broth
2 cups peeled, seeded, chopped tomatoes or 1 can (16 oz.) tomatoes, drained
½ cup dry red wine
¼ cup chopped parsley
2 tablespoons paprika
1½ teaspoons marjoram, crushed
1½ teaspoons thyme, crushed
1½ teaspoons salt
¾ to 1 teaspoon caraway seed
Grated peel of 1 lemon
Dash pepper
¾ cup sour cream

In Dutch oven, heat oil. Add meat and brown on all sides. Add onions; sauté until tender. Stir in flour until smooth. Add beef broth, tomatoes and remaining ingredients except sour cream. Simmer 2 to 3 hours, uncovered, or until meat is fork-tender. Stir occasionally. *(May be prepared in advance to this point; cover and refrigerate overnight. Reheat over medium heat, stirring occasionally.)*

Serve with sour cream and Spaetzle (recipe follows). Makes 8 servings. About 750 calories per serving.

NOTE: Add more beef broth, water or wine if thinner goulash is desired.

SPAETZLE
pictured on page 118

German dumplings—more like noodles actually—which complement beautifully our Hungarian goulash.

3¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
4 eggs, slightly beaten
½ cup milk
2 quarts boiling salted water (2 teaspoons salt)
¼ cup butter or margarine

Combine flour, salt and nutmeg in a medium bowl. Stir in eggs and milk. Beat for 2 minutes, until smooth. (Makes a very soft dough.)

Pour batter into a large-hole sieve or colander, food mill or potato ricer. Hold sieve directly over pot of rapidly boiling water and press batter through with a wooden spoon. Cook 6 to 8 minutes, stirring occasionally. Drain well. Melt butter in a heavy skillet. Add spaetzle to hot butter and sauté quickly until light brown, about 2 to 3 minutes. Serve hot with Hungarian Goulash. Makes 8 servings. About 310 calories per serving.

(continued on page 136)

If you are a smoker:

There are many reasons to smoke Now.

If you're a smoker who has been thinking about 'tar' and nicotine, these are the reasons to smoke Now.

Reason: Now has the lowest 'tar' and nicotine levels available to you in a cigarette, king-size or longer. 2 mg. 'tar,' .2 mg. nicotine.

Reason: Now also gives you real smoking satisfaction. Mild and pleasant flavor. It comes in both filter and menthol.

Reason: Now draws free and easy for a cigarette so low in 'tar' and nicotine.

Reason: Only Now has the specially designed filter which makes all this possible.

Compare 'tar' numbers. You'll see that 2 mg. is the lowest of all king-size cigarettes.

You couldn't ask for better reasons to smoke Now.



Now. 2mg 'tar' is lowest.

(King-size or longer.)

1976—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", .2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

No Shelling, Slicing, Dicing,
THE READY-TO-GO NUT

The Almond People® invite you to try these seven almond forms. Each distinctly different. Each ready to use from the package.



Whole Natural

Shelled almonds still wearing their brown skins and unroasted.

Toss them in main dishes like stir-fry Almond Beef Hawaiian, made with pineapple chunks, beef, almonds, vegetables.





Whole Blanched

Shelled almonds with their brown skins removed.

Crisp and crunchy in Almond Chicken Salad made with sliced radish, green onion and minced parsley. Toss with favorite dressing and fill avocado halves.





Sliced Natural

Brown-skinned almonds which have been thinly-sliced

Dip chicken in seasoned flour, then egg, then almonds. Drizzle with melted butter. Bake tightly-covered in moderate oven 30-45 min. Uncover; bake 10-15 min. longer.





Blanched Slivered

Almonds cut in half, then sliced lengthwise in "slivers."

Mix with brown sugar, butter, orange rind, salt. Simmer carrots in this almond sauce the last five minutes of cooking time.



Chopping, When You Use BLUE DIAMOND ALMONDS

A helping handful of almonds adds crisp texture, wonderful flavor and eye appeal. Try one of these easy almond ideas today.



Roasted Salted Diced

Finely-chopped natural almonds which have been lightly-roasted, salted.

Wonderful sprinkled by the handful over chocolate sundaes, any flavor of ice cream, or almost any dessert.





Chopped

Natural almonds in chunky pieces

Add a cupful to your favorite brownie recipe, reserving some to sprinkle on top before baking.

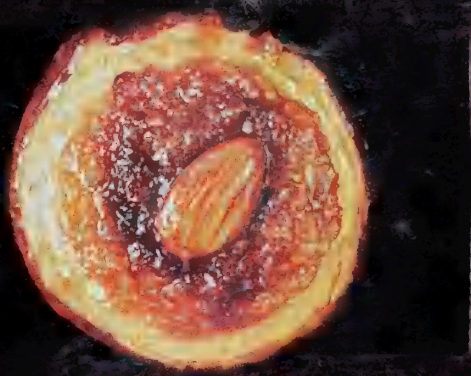




Paste

A paste made from ground blanched almonds and sugar.

Elegant filling in many different kinds of desserts. Stuff into apples, top with brown sugar, ground ginger, or cinnamon, and butter; bake.





Treasury of the World's Best Almond Recipes

Over 100 great almond recipes. Send 50¢ to

The Almond People®
California Almond Growers Exchange
P.O. Box 651 — LHJ
San Francisco, Ca 94101





THE FRIENDLY TUREEN

continued from page 132

DARK RYE BREAD

pictured on pages 118 and 121

A boon for lovers of hearty bread. Try it with sweet (unsalted) butter for a superb taste treat.

4½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1½ cups unsifted rye flour
1¼ tablespoons salt
1½ teaspoons sugar
½ cup whole bran cereal
½ cup yellow corn meal
1 package active dry yeast
1¾ cups water
3 tablespoons dark molasses
1 square (1-oz.) unsweetened chocolate
1½ teaspoons butter or margarine
1 cup mashed potatoes (at room temperature)
1½ teaspoons caraway seed
1 egg, beaten for glaze

Combine white and rye flours. In a large bowl, mix 2 cups flour mixture, salt, sugar, cereal, 6 tablespoons corn meal and yeast.

In medium saucepan, combine water, molasses, chocolate, butter or margarine and heat over medium heat until liquids are warm. Butter or margarine and chocolate do not need to melt. Gradually add liquid to dry ingredients and beat 2 minutes at medium speed, scraping bowl occasionally. Add potatoes and 1½ cups flour mixture. Beat at high speed 2 minutes, scraping bowl occasionally.

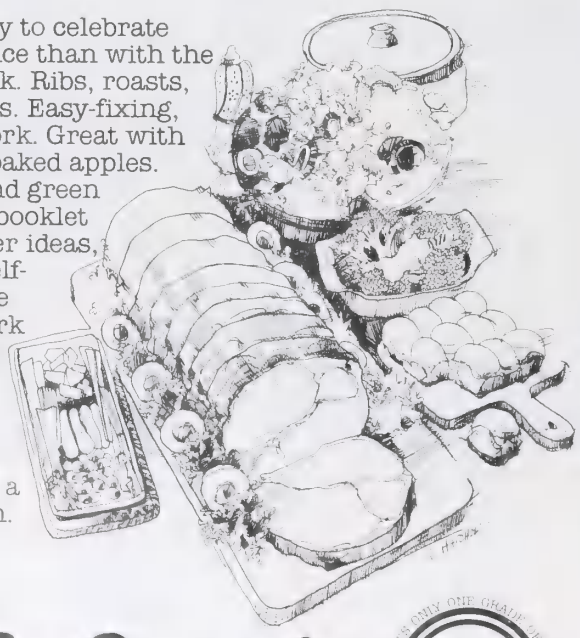
Stir in caraway seed and enough additional flour mixture (2 to 2½ cups) to make a soft dough. Turn out onto a lightly floured surface. Cover and let rest for 15 minutes. Then knead until smooth and elastic, about 15 minutes (adding more flour if needed). Place in greased bowl, turning to grease top. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk, about 1½ hours. Punch down; cover and let rise for 30 minutes.

Grease 2 cookie sheets and sprinkle with remaining corn meal. Punch dough down; turn out onto lightly floured surface. Divide into 2 equal pieces. Shape into round balls. Place on cookie sheets. Cover and let rise until double in bulk, about 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Brush each loaf with beaten egg and bake for 50 minutes or until bread sounds hollow when lightly tapped with fingers. Transfer loaves to wire racks to cool completely. Makes 2 loaves, 20 slices per loaf. About 145 calories per slice.

It's a feast, and a festival.

What better way to celebrate autumn's abundance than with the festive taste of pork. Ribs, roasts, steaks, loins, chops. Easy-fixing, lean and tender pork. Great with cranberries. And baked apples. Sweet potatoes. And green peas. For a whole booklet full of joyous dinner ideas, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the National Pork Producers Council, Dept. A, 4715 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa 50312. And remember. Pork is a feast in any season.



Pork Cuts of Porkfest

Porkfest!

THERE'S ONLY ONE GRADE OF PORK TENDER

MINESTRONE

pictured on page 119

One of the most delicious budget entrées imaginable—a meal in itself when served with our Cheese Bubble Bread.

½ pound sliced bacon
3 tablespoons flour
1 pound red kidney beans, rinsed and drained
10 cups beef broth
3 to 4 cups water
2 teaspoons basil, crushed
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups peeled, seeded, chopped tomatoes or 1 can (16-oz.) tomatoes, drained
1 cup sliced carrots
1 cup coarsely chopped onion
1 cup sliced celery
½ cup uncooked macaroni
1½ cups cubed zucchini
½ pound sliced mushrooms
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ cup chopped parsley
Extra parsley and Parmesan cheese, for garnish

Fry bacon in a large saucepot or Dutch oven. Drain bacon on paper towel; crumble. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons bacon drippings. Into drippings, stir in flour until smooth. Cook over medium heat until flour is light brown. Add beans, broth, water and seasonings. Slowly heat this mixture to a boil. Boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat; cover and let stand 45 minutes.

Over high heat, return bean mixture to boiling, stirring occasionally. Reduce heat and simmer uncovered 1 hour or until beans are tender. *(May be prepared in advance to this point; cover and refrigerate overnight. Reheat over medium heat, stirring occasionally. Continue cooking as directed.)*

Add tomatoes, carrots and onion and continue cooking for 10 minutes. Add celery and macaroni and simmer 10 more minutes, stirring occasionally, until macaroni is tender. *(continued)*

Make an ordinary cake mix extraordinarily moist and lemon-y. Make it a JELL-O Pudding Cake.

The easiest thing about a Jell-O® lemon pudding cake is making it: Just try the recipe below.

The hardest thing is trying to tell that it started with a mix: It's so moist, and so rich in flavor.

The best thing about a Jell-O® lemon pudding cake is this: Besides putting in more moistness and flavor, you're putting in more of yourself.

JELL-O® Lemon Pudding Cake

1 package (4-serving size) Jell-O® Lemon Instant Pudding and Pie Filling
1 package (2-layer size) lemon or yellow cake mix
4 eggs 1 cup water ¼ cup oil

Blend all ingredients in large mixer bowl; then beat 2 minutes at medium speed. Bake in greased and floured 10-inch tube pan at 350° for 55 to 60 minutes, or until cake springs back when lightly pressed. Cool in pan 15 minutes; remove from pan. Sprinkle with confectioners sugar, if desired.*

*At high altitudes, use large eggs, 1½ cups water, and add ¼ cup flour.



Bake in moistness. Bake a JELL-O® Pudding Cake.
BRAND

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GF
GENERAL FOODS

Back then, on election day, men chose the leaders, women



16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

chose the meals.



Fashions: Calvin Klein

The Extraordinary Apple

continued from page 138

Bake on middle rack in oven for 70 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Place on wire rack and cool 10 minutes; remove from pan and cool completely before slicing. Makes 1 loaf or 16 slices. About 215 calories per slice.

APPLE-AND-PRUNE-STUFFED PORK ROAST
pictured below

An elegant entrée for your grandest dinner party of the season.

Stuffed Roast
- 4½ to 5 pound pork loin roast, center cut
- 1 large tart cooking apple (such as Rome Beauty)
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 8 pitted prunes
- Salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 1 cup dry white wine

For gravy
- 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ⅔ cup heavy cream
- 3 tablespoons cream de cassis liqueur or sweet vermouth
- Prune and apple slices, for garnish

Preheat oven to 325°F. Using a butcher steel (long round knife sharpener) or long, narrow, sharp knife, pierce through the center of the pork loin from one end to the other, twisting slightly to form a slit. Peel, core and coarsely chop apple; sprinkle with lemon juice. Stuff chopped apple and prunes into slit with fingers or rounded handle of a wooden spoon. Sprinkle meat with salt and pepper.

In a large Dutch oven, heat butter and oil until butter is melted. Add pork and brown evenly on all sides. This will take about 15 minutes. Remove pork and discard fat. Insert meat thermometer into center of roast being careful not to touch bone or stuffing. Return meat to casserole; fat-side up. Pour in wine, cover. Roast for 1½ to 2 hours or until meat thermometer reaches 170°F. *For gravy:* Remove meat to platter and keep warm. Pour pan drippings into a 2 cup measure. Discard fat that rises to the top, reserving brown bits and drippings. If necessary, add enough water to drippings to equal 1 cup; set aside.

In same Dutch oven, melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour until smooth. Gradually pour in pan drippings and stir until smooth. Add cream and creme de cassis or vermouth and taste for seasoning. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened; cook 1 minute more. Makes 8 servings. About 400 calories per serving.

SPIKED APPLE PIE
pictured below

Mother's apple pie was never like this—apples nestled in a brandy-flavored crust, topped with a sour cream custard.

Pastry
- 1¾ cups plus 1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ⅓ cup shortening
- ¼ cup butter or margarine
- 5 to 6 tablespoons apple brandy (Calvados), chilled (or use water)

1 egg, beaten (see Editor's Note)

Filling
- 6 tart cooking apples, peeled, cored and thinly sliced (such as Rhode Island Greening)
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup flour
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Topping
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 egg
- ¼ cup sugar
- Dash cinnamon

For pastry: In medium bowl, combine 1¾ cups flour and salt. Cut in shortening and butter or margarine until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Sprinkle on apple brandy and stir lightly with a fork until mixture is moist enough to form a ball. Flatten slightly; wrap and refrigerate for 1 hour.

To roll out pastry: On lightly floured pastry cloth, roll out pastry into a 12 inch circle. Line bottom and sides of a 9 inch pie plate. Flute edge and trim. Sprinkle remaining 1 tablespoon flour on bottom of pastry and rub in. (Can be made ahead to this point. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)

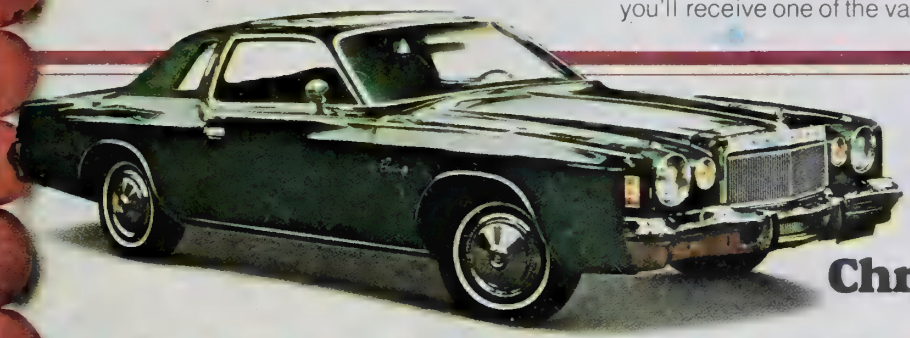
Filling: Preheat oven to *(continued)*



Left: Apple and Prune Stuffed Pork Roast with Gravy. Right: Spiked Apple Pie

How an Ocean Spray recipe can satisfy your hunger for wealth.

The attached card is your Cranberry Sweepstakes Certificate.*
If it contains one of the winning cranberry recipes, you'll receive one of the valuable prizes below.



Grand prize:
$10,000 cash plus a 1977 Chrysler Cordoba
(1 winner)

2nd prize:
1977 Dodge Charger
(2 winners)





3rd prize:
Deluxe 10-Speed AMF Bicycles
(100 winners)

Anyone can win. Nothing to buy.

- Take your Sweepstakes Certificate to your supermarket. Compare the recipe scene on your Certificate to the recipes on the Cranberry Sweepstakes display. If it matches any of the winning scenes, you win one of the prizes, above.



- Even if your scene doesn't match a winning scene on the display, you still have a second chance to win any of the unclaimed prizes. (See Official Rules on the back of your Sweepstakes Certificate for details.)
- All prizes are guaranteed to be awarded.



CRANBERRY SWEEPSTAKES

Ocean spray

*IF THE CERTIFICATE HAS ALREADY BEEN TAKEN FROM THIS MAGAZINE, YOU CAN STILL WIN BY GETTING AN ENTRY BLANK AT THE OCEAN SPRAY DISPLAY IN YOUR LOCAL STORE.



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½ cup WISH-BONE ITALIAN DRESSING
2½ to 3-pound chicken cut into serving pieces
1¼ cups KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKE CRUMBS

In shallow dish, pour Wish-Bone Italian Dressing over chicken; cover and marinate at least 1 hour, turning occasionally. Preheat oven to 350°F. Coat marinated chicken with Kellogg's Corn Flake Crumbs. In foil-lined shallow baking pan, place coated chicken skin-side up in a single layer. Bake uncovered without turning for 1 hour or until tender. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

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The Extraordinary Apple

continued

450°F. Combine apples and lemo juice in large bowl. Add remaining in gredients for filling and toss lightly t coat evenly. Drain any liquid from ap ples and discard. Spoon into pastry-line pie plate. Bake for 10 minutes. Reduc temperature to 350°F. and continu baking for 30 minutes. Apples will stil be a bit crisp. Pour on Topping (se below).

Topping: While pie bakes, combine sou cream, egg and sugar, stir until smooth After pouring topping on and sprinklin on cinnamon, continue baking 13 to 1 minutes more. Remove from oven an cool at least an hour before serving Makes 8 servings. About 450 calorie per serving.

EDITOR'S NOTE: To prepare pie as i photo: Reserve ¼ of pastry, roll out re maining; line 9-inch pie plate. Trim pastry overhang even with pie plate Roll out reserved pastry to ¼-inch thick Using leaf-shaped canape cutter or smal round cookie cutter, cut out leaves o rounds. Moisten pastry cut-outs wit beaten egg and place on moistened rim overlapping slightly. Press into place For filling, arrange apple slices, overlapping slightly to form a petal formation Start at edge and work toward the center. Bake and add topping as above.

HOT AND SPICY BAKED APPLES

pictured on page 138

A terrific brunch dish.

6 Red Delicious apples
1 teaspoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons brown sugar
¼ lb. bulk pork sausage
½ cup coarsely chopped onion
¼ teaspoon thyme, crushed
½ teaspoon salt

Preheat oven to 375°F. Cut a slice from the stem end of the apples and peel ⅓ of the way down. Remove core and enough apple leaving ½ inch thick shell. (Do not pierce bottom.) Chop pulp fine and reserve in bowl. Sprinkle shells with lemon juice. Spoon about 1 teaspoon

LOVE RETURNS

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

There comes a season when for no measured reason
Forgotten love returns . . . . the flame like a sweet sword
From earth's deep scabbard rises and shapes
The perfect word. The brook remembers now
Its path beneath the feathered bough.
Above us curves the flawless arc of cerulean blue.
You turn to me. I turn to you.

brown sugar into each cavity; set aside.

Cook sausage in medium skillet (do not add oil) until brown, stirring occasionally. Remove sausage with slotted spoon and add to apple pulp. Discard all but 1 tablespoon drippings from skillet. Add onion, thyme and salt to drippings in skillet and sauté until tender about 3 to 5 minutes. Stir into sausage-apple mixture. Spoon sausage mixture into apple cavities, mounding slightly. Place in shallow baking pan and bake 40 minutes or until apple shells are fork-tender. Makes 6 servings. About 180 calories per serving.

APPLE-VEGETABLE MEDLEY
pictured on page 138

Colorful accompaniment to any meat dish.

4 medium carrots, peeled
2 ribs celery
2 cooking apples (we used McIntosh)
Lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground coriander
⅛ teaspoon dry mustard

Slice carrots in rounds. Cook in boiling water until tender crisp, about 15 minutes; drain and reserve. Slice celery diagonally in 3-inch chunks; reserve. Core apples, cut into slices with skins on. Sprinkle cut sides with lemon juice.

In medium skillet, melt butter or margerine. Add carrots, celery, apples and remaining ingredients and stir until mixed. Cover and cook 10 to 15 minutes or until vegetables are tender, stirring occasionally. Remove lid and continue cooking 5 minutes more until apples and vegetables are glazed and lightly browned. Makes four 1-cup servings. About 145 calories per serving.

SPICY PINK APPLESAUCE
pictured on page 138

Cinnamon candies—we used to call them red hots—combine with spices and cider to make this zesty applesauce.

⅔ cup apple cider
10 whole cloves
2 tablespoons red cinnamon candies
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cinnamon stick
1 strip lemon peel, 3 inches
1 teaspoon ascorbic acid mixture
8 tart apples, peeled and cored (such as McIntosh)

In small saucepan, combine cider, cloves, cinnamon candies, sugar, cinnamon stick and lemon peel. Heat to boiling; reduce heat and simmer for 10 minutes. Strain and reserve; cool slightly. Stir in ascorbic acid mixture.

Peel apples; core and quarter. Place half the apples in a blender container; pour in half the syrup. Purée until smooth. Pour into a bowl. Repeat with remaining syrup and apples. Cover and chill. Makes about 2½ quarts. About 85 calories per cup. **End**

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Banquet

Thursday's chicken
is Thursday's chicken.
But a blend of two rices
and twenty-three different
herbs and seasonings
is not a potato.



What a success.



OCTOBER RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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Journal Shopping Center

THE FRIENDLY TUREEN

PAGE 114: "Pillow Talk" casserole tureen with lid, in Independence ironstone by Franciscan.

PAGE 116: "Tintagel" vinyl wallpaper, $14.95 roll; "Fair Ellen" made into tablecloth, "Cathy" made into napkins and "Heathcliffe" banding napkins and lining bread basket; are 54" wide cotton, $12.90 yd., all Laura Ashley patterns by Raintree Designs, Inc.* "Summer Wind" dinner and salad plates in Temperware by Lenox China. "The Great Wine" glasses and 39 oz. decanter from The Chateau Wine Crystal Collection by Lenox Crystal. Ivory tapers, 12" long, by Lenox Candles. Heirloom pewter coffee service (coffee pot, sugar, creamer and tray), from the Hudson Valley Collection; Cambridge Colonial pewter tureen/casserole, $12\frac{7}{8}$" diameter charger (beneath tureen), 18" oval platter and $8\frac{1}{4}$" candlesticks, from the Queen Anne Collection, and "First Colony" flatware in 1881 Rogers silverplate; all by Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths.

PAGE 118: "Heathcliffe" vinyl wallcovering, $14.95 roll; "Monan's Rill" made into a tablecloth, "Glen Artney" made into napkins and lining the bread basket, are 54" wide cotton, $12.90 yd., all Laura Ashley patterns by Raintree Designs, Inc.* "Cane" tureen/casserole, individual casserole, dinner and salad plates in Independence ironstone by Franciscan. "Olympia" flatware from the Sterling II collection has stainless blades, tines and bowls and sterling silver handles, by Wallace Silversmiths. "Vino Grande" 20 oz. wine glasses and $40\frac{1}{2}$ oz. litre decanters by Libbey Glass.
*Write to Raintree Designs, Inc., 6 N. E. 39th St., Miami, Fla. 33137 for the name of a store in your area, if you are unable to find these wallcovering and fabrics.

PAGE 120: "Merlin" vinyl wallcovering, $14.95 roll; "Bonny Dundee" made into a tablecloth, "Fair Ellen" lining bread basket and banding the ready-made linen napkins, are 54" wide cotton, $12.90 yd., all Laura Ashley patterns by Raintree Designs, Inc.* "Bluebird" earthenware dinner and salad plates by Spode, Inc. Soup tureen, $11\frac{1}{2}$" ladle, $10\frac{1}{2}$" diameter dinner plate, 14" diameter tray, salt and pepper shakers and goblets (which we inverted to hold candles), in International Craftmetal (can be used atop the stove, in the oven and under the broiler), and "Northford" pewter flatware, all by International Silver Co. "Silhouette" crystal wine glasses and "Stratford" decanter by Fostoria Glass Co.

The Final Days of Martha Mitchell

continued from page 82

was no resemblance to the Fire Island Martha or the Martha I had come to know during the last year—except for her warmth and soft appreciation that I was there. She made me promise to help her "get out of this mess. I can depend on you to tell me the truth, can't I, J.W.?" She also asked me not to contact anyone, including her son and her cousin.

The next day began a pattern of daily visits for me and consultations with her doctor and nurses. I soon realized her medical condition was touch and go. After days of building up a rapport, I asked if I could call her son and her cousin. She said I could, but to tell them she didn't want to see them now. But a week later I suggested to them that they come to see her soon because I wasn't sure how long she might last.

Thanksgiving was approaching. That month until mid-December 1975 was probably the most difficult time for Martha. Then one morning I arrived at the hospital and saw a change. Martha looked better: she was even starting to complain. She was unhappy over the medicine and uncomfortable with her bed and the pillows and this and that. There were glimpses of her old self and an alertness that we hadn't seen. I went to see her at least once a day and she continuously asked me to find out if the doctors and nurses were telling her the truth. Martha was very suspicious, which I found somewhat understandable after what she had experienced during the Watergate affair. The doctors wanted her to start on chemotherapy and, after asking me and her cousin Ray for advice, she agreed. She said they had told her that her hair might fall out as a result of the treatments. "What do I care, J.W., I've got lots of wigs." But when they started chemotherapy she had second thoughts and decided against it. Then, after a few days, she agreed to try it again.

I treasured each visit more and more. She looked beautiful to me, even in that rather unpleasant setting. Her hair was pulled back, but always with a ribbon bow, and she looked like a young girl. When I first complimented her on her appearance she said, "Do you really think so?" I said it again, for I really did.

Spirituality grows

The progress we saw that month of December was good. In some ways she was a new Martha and in other ways her old self. One brings to one's deathbed all the resources gained from life. Despite everything, Martha remained inquisitive, interested and stimulating. She was concerned with why so much had happened to "poor Martha," and all I could say was, "I don't know. I do believe that from great suffering, Martha, can come great richness if we just trust in God." I was to hear this back from her in February. Her level of spirituality grew during this period, particularly as she became more physically alert and comfortable. Our shared prayer life consisted mostly of silent prayers, informal prayers and prayers from the Book of Common Prayer.

She always could locate her old and tattered Bible, even in a room where it seemed everything was misplaced. The room was filled with bags and bags of mail from friends and strangers. Some days she would let me open some of them and tell her what was in them. She didn't have the strength to go through the thousands of cards and letters that arrived from all over the country. The percentage of "hate mail" was small, and the nurses and I tried to screen it from her. This hate mail consisted of letters saying that cancer was her just reward for the troubles she had caused poor Mr. Nixon. But the letters filled with love and prayers were in the overwhelming majority.

Pre-Christmas, on one of Martha's good days, I brought up the subject of her daughter, Marty. Their *(continued)*



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The Final Days of Martha Mitchell

continued

separation had caused constant emotional pain for Martha when she was well. Particularly on her low days she would talk about her daughter, and many times I would find her sitting alone in the large pale yellow drawing room, looking at the beautiful portrait of Marty that hung over the fireplace. She often talked about the day Marty would come home.

I knew that Martha seldom liked to talk about unpleasant subjects unless she raised them. But one day I said, "Martha, if you would like to see Marty I promise you I will reach her some way and personally bring her up to the hospital, if that would please you." When Martha wanted to say something important her voice and facial expression grew very serious, as they did now. "J.W., a few years ago when Marty was taken from me, I prayed to God. I told Him I knew I had made mistakes like every other mother, and I asked His forgiveness for those that I had made. I gave Him thanks for letting me have Marty for the years I did. I told Him I had done the best job I could have done. Today, I feel at peace with God about this and I don't want to see her unless that is important to her . . . and it must be her decision. I am finally at peace with myself and with God."

To my knowledge, Marty, who is 15 years old and lives with her father, who was awarded custody, never visited, though she sent a card on Mother's Day.

I was concerned with how Martha would spend that last Christmas, while I was with my parents in Illinois. Up until this time, she had refused most visitors, but now she agreed with me that a few other close friends should be allowed to visit. I asked her if she would meet a friend of mine—a young Episcopal priest, Rev. Michael Koonsman, and told her he would visit her while I was away. She went along with the idea. Two days before Christmas, I met Michael at Mass and we then went up to the hospital together.

Martha was in a very good mood and suggested that I go down to the hospital cafeteria and get hamburgers, French fries and soft drinks so we could have a party—and it was just that. Martha found Michael easy to talk with. But toward the end of our visit he mentioned something about cancer, and Martha erupted: "I do not have cancer! I don't know what you're talking about!" He tried to soften the atmosphere, but all three of us realized that her ability to deal with the situation at that point didn't include using that word.



On Christmas Eve I took Martha her gift—100 photographs of the beach. I set up the slide projector and we spent several hours, as the snow fell on the gray Manhattan skyline, laughing and recalling a place she had grown to love. Christmas day, her son Jay and a few friends visited her.

On January 20, 1976, Martha was transferred from Memorial Hospital to the Hospital for Special Surgery for an operation on her broken hip. The days she would spend in Room 816 South during that stay and one to follow were her best—physically, emotionally and spiritually. She liked her new hospital family. Martha was able to strike up immediate friendships, and there were two nurses from Jamaica whom she particularly liked. Each time I visited she would entertain and the nurses saw to it that there would be soda in her bedside cabinet, and cake and cookies for her to use in her role as "a very good hostess." She developed a special rapport with another patient, a spirited woman from Westchester County, and when either of them got flowers one *(continued)*

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The Final Days of Martha Mitchell

continued

flower was removed and sent to the other's room.

The hip operation was a great success, and her continued improvement was obvious to all of us. She was now well enough to go home—and this presented her greatest problem.

The hospital had become Martha's home. She was physically protected for the first time in many years. She had privacy, a great luxury for a public person. She was free from social responsibilities. The alternative to this environment was a depressing aloneness in an apartment filled with unhappy memories.

As the date for her discharge approached, she became more and more concerned about the move. The doctors asked me to help find someone to take care of her when she went home. This was a difficult task for many reasons, but mainly financial. Two nursing companions were eventually found, one for days and one for the evenings. Martha needed someone to help her in and out of bed, to prepare simple meals and to give her medications.

I went to the apartment to visit her the night after she returned home. The change was shocking. She was depressed and looked unkempt and unhealthy. Her sense of humor was gone. The apartment, closed since September, was dirty, disorganized and depressing. The many tree-sized plants in each room were dead. The carefully decorated apartment, the last happy project of her marriage, had an atmosphere of complete defeat. Martha was lying on a pull-out sofa in a sitting room connected to her daughter's old room, which was filled with unused toys.

Those two weeks at home were a nightmare for her. She called me several times late at night, saying she couldn't adjust, that she was up all night and sleeping all day. She was concerned over the medications prescribed and the amounts she was taking; her fear of depending on the drugs increased greatly. "J.W., please don't let them make me a drug addict," she begged me one night. I went to visit her several times and found her despondent, more often than not asleep or very groggy. She missed a scheduled out-patient visit. The doctor saw her the following day, and that night she fell again, this time breaking her arm, so she was once again hospitalized at the Hospital for Special Surgery.

There, her spirits rose quickly. "I'm so happy to be home again," she said. The days that preceded the second surgery were very happy ones for her. There were all-day and evening parties, with Martha telling jokes and carrying on in an entertaining way as only she could do.

The surgery, an experimental type, was a great success. Again, her time in the hospital was content and happy.

She would recall people she had forgotten, like an elderly rabbi and his wife who lived in Pine Bluff when she was a girl. She would use old Southern expressions and clichés I never heard her use, and then she would say, "J.W., I don't think I've used that expression in thirty years." Before Martha got sick, we had spent a lot of time talking about the first four years of the Nixon administration and Watergate.

But now, seriously ill, she told me all about her life in Pine Bluff and other, happier times in her life. She continued to feel sad that she had never written "her book," in which she had wanted to tell Americans many things. She commented many times on this disappointment but would predict, "Sometime they will know Martha told the truth and they will find out the whole story."

She drew consolation from the fact that many people did trust her—that they believed there had indeed been a



campaign of lies to discredit her. "J.W., I can go about this country and hold my head very high. I'm greeted by smiles and hellos. The people of America haven't deserted me." One constant unpleasant reminder of the Watergate days were the scars on her hands. "J.W., I've always had beautiful hands, but look at them now. These are from when they kept me a political prisoner in Newport Beach, Calif., and up at the Westchester Country Club in Rye."

Martha was released from the hospital on May 14, 1976 and remained at her apartment until she was rushed back to the hospital on May 30. Two weeks before her death, it was reported in the press that a judge ordered John Mitchell to pay $36,000 in back maintenance. After each article would appear about Martha, the mail would increase. This news brought in about 1,200 cards and letters, including small gifts of money that totaled $158. This was used to buy food and medication for her the last week of her life, since both the grocery and the pharmacy had cut off Martha's credit. Her greatest financial concern at this point was to be able to pay for her day and night nursing companions. Their paychecks for the week before had bounced. But though she might have been penniless, her spirits were far from down and out.

I went to the beach with my family after graduation, but spoke with Martha on the phone a few days before she died. She was in excellent spirits. She asked lots of detailed questions about what was going on in my life. She was very happy and alert, joking and full of optimism. I don't think she knew the end was so close, but I believe she had accepted the idea of death.

That Saturday afternoon Clifford Kunz, or "Rocky" as we called him, was with her. He was a friend of Martha's from 30 years before at the University of Arkansas, and a loving and daily visitor to her bedside. She had him call the doctor, and when Rocky told her the doctor would visit her on Sunday, she was ecstatic. But at 7:30 Sunday morning, the nurse called Rocky and said that Martha wasn't well. Martha was taken by ambulance to Memorial Hospital, but her heart stopped on the way. Though they revived her and she spent the next 19 hours in intensive care, she never regained consciousness.

I again heard the news of Martha's setback on the radio. The last ferry had left Fire Island that night, so I couldn't go into New York. I walked the beach most of the night, thinking back over the past nine months. The prayer "For Those We Love," occupied a lot of my thoughts. It was a favorite of hers and mine. I asked that if it were God's will, He take her quickly. I gave special thanksgiving to God for her life, and that she had been part of mine. I felt anxious, frightened, but also happy. For I knew Martha was at peace with herself and with God. She didn't fear final judgment. She'd never been afraid to share her pain or the rough times. At the same time, she never held back a laugh or a totally ridiculous comment because she was "supposed to be sick." She had unusual strength.

I went to bed about 5 A.M. and the phone rang at 6. I was told that Martha Mitchell had died at 4:30. I remember when the phone rang, I knew what the message would be. So my only remark was, "I know, thank you."

Flying to Arkansas for the funeral, I read in a newspaper that Martha's body had been shipped from New York unescorted. The article carried a photo of a casket arriving in Little Rock and said that two drivers for the funeral home eventually came to take it the 70 miles to Pine Bluff. I could have easily escorted the casket, but I assumed that these details had been arranged by John Mitchell.

The funeral service was held at the First Presbyterian Church. (*continued*)



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The Final Days of Martha Mitchell

continued

"We give thanks to you for Martha Mitchell, recalling all the goodness that has passed from her life into the lives of others. We give thanks for her zest for life, for the breadth of her sympathies, the strength of her convictions." These words of the Rev. Richard A. Dooley were indeed about the Martha I had known. As they rolled the gray casket covered with pink carnations, out of the church, a black woman sitting a few rows behind me screamed out, "Praise the Lord." This jar to the solemnity seemed utterly right somehow. In the car to the cemetery, I learned that the woman had been Martha's childhood "Mammy."

The town of Pine Bluff paid a great and dignified tribute to a famous resident who had never forgotten it. The mile-long funeral cortege moved through a variety of residential areas.

Friends came from all over

The 12-minute interment ceremony under great oak trees at the cemetery was backdropped by the constant, unceasing sound of hundreds of camera shutters. Their clicking formed a sort of funeral chant. John Mitchell hurried back into his limousine after the minister's remarks. Her friends stayed and talked quietly about their own friendships with Martha and waited for the casket to be lowered into the ground. Friends of Martha's had come from all over the country, and many of them had never met before. The roles that they had played in Martha's life were varied: her first press secretary; a student at Sweetbriar who had been a volunteer in her Washington office; the wife of the governor of Alabama. The presence of approximately 300 members of the press and their obvious sadness, also seemed appropriate. Martha had loved the press. She often talked about the difficulty of their jobs. Her respect for them was also based on gratitude. "You know, I might not be alive today if it hadn't been for the press," she told me once. "Like that day at the Westchester Country Club. Even after that incident, they would have tried to kill me if they hadn't feared that the press would have investigated the circumstances."

I have seen many people die. Martha endured the dying portion of the life cycle with dignity and thanksgiving. I believe that out of all her suffering great richness did indeed come to Martha Mitchell—and to many around her.

EPILOGUE

"For Those We Love":

"Almighty God, we entrust all who are dear to us to thy never-failing care and

love, for this life and the life to come; knowing that thou art doing for them better things than we can desire or pray for; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."
—The Episcopal Book of Common Prayer

MARTHA REMEMBERED

"She never gave up the lingering idea that 'those guys' had induced her illness." By Helen Thomas

Helen Thomas of United Press International was Martha Mitchell's favorite reporter—the one to whom Mrs. Mitchell frequently made her famous telephone calls. Ms. Thomas is president of the White House Correspondents Association.

Martha Mitchell fell in a friend's kitchen while opening the refrigerator door on the Labor Day weekend, 1975. It was one in a series of many suspicious accidents, and was followed by bone pain. When she was admitted to Northern Virginia Doctors Hospital, X-rays showed extensive damage: two broken ribs and a broken neck vertebrae. Other tests revealed the reason: She had multiple myeloma, an excruciatingly painful bone marrow cancer that leaves the victim's bones brittle and full of holes, like Swiss cheese.

She called me from the hospital, and I sat by her bedside that day while the doctors explained her illness to her, drawing diagrams and using words like "malignancy" instead of "cancer." Martha listened quietly, her brown eyes wide as saucers. She almost seemed *interested*, as if the doctors were describing someone else. I went back to my office sadly, to write the first news story of her illness. The next morning, Martha watched the news on the *Today* show. Then it all hit her. "They say I have cancer," she said, shocked and tearful, to her friend Diane Beury. As far as anyone can remember, Martha never used the word "cancer" again. But she knew.

"Am I going to die very soon?" she eventually asked Dr. Klaus Mayer, the stocky, graying hematologist who treated her at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, where she was admitted at the end of 1975. Dr. Mayer, also chief of hematology at the Hospital for Special Surgery, had been referred to her by Dr. P.D. Wilson, Jr., Surgeon-in-chief at the Hospital for Special Surgery.

"You're doing very well," Dr. Mayer replied.

"Are you kidding? I'll be dead in a month," she predicted. *(continued)*



Make any meatloaf taste even better.

Here's how adding one special ingredient can give any meatloaf recipe a tangy flavor your whole family will love.

Here's a simple recipe that can add a zesty flavor to any meatloaf you make.

Just add 4 tablespoons of A.1.® Steak Sauce whenever you make a meatloaf. Prepare your recipe as usual, mix in the A.1., shape and bake!

A.1. brings out all the flavor of the good things you put in your meatloaf, especially the ground beef. It adds spicy, tangy taste everyone in your family will notice, and love.

Next time you make a meatloaf, make it with A.1. Steak Sauce. Because A.1. has the taste that makes every bite count.



A.1.® Recipe Secret For Meatloaf.

JUST ADD 4 TABLESPOONS OF A.1. STEAK SAUCE TO MAKE ANY MEATLOAF RECIPE TASTE EVEN BETTER.

Here's one of our favorites:

MEATLOAF:
2 lbs. ground beef
2 tablespoons A.1. Steak Sauce
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup dry bread crumbs
2 eggs
¾ cup milk
3 tablespoons parsley flakes
1 small onion, minced
¼ cup shredded carrot

SAUCE:
Mix 2 tablespoons A.1. Steak Sauce
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce

Mix all meatloaf ingredients together with one-half sauce mixture. Blend well. Pat meatloaf into 9 x 5 x 3" loaf pan, or shape into loaf in shallow baking pan. Spread remaining sauce mixture over top of meatloaf. Bake in 400° oven for one hour.

MARTHA REMEMBERED

continued

But she never gave up hope. Martha Mitchell did not want to die.

So she fought. "When I first saw her," Dr. Mayer recalls, "she was so ill I thought she wouldn't last a week. But she responded beautifully, despite the fact that she had a very aggressive myeloma, and her bones were eroding rapidly. I began a program of chemotherapy. At first she was difficult to handle. She was paranoid: she accused me of working for Nixon. She also suspected her disease was brought on by the 'tranquilizer' injections she had forcibly received in California—a highly inaccurate supposition. But then her attitude changed rapidly and we became very good friends. I think it was mainly that she learned to trust me. But she never gave up the lingering idea that 'those guys' had induced her illness." By "those guys," Martha obviously meant the Nixon administration people she said had abducted and drugged her.

"She was a decent person," Dr. Mayer remembers. "Flamboyant, and a little manic in a way. But pleasant and nice to other people. She wept for other patients; she always asked about my children. When you found her alone, she sometimes seemed depressed. She'd say, 'I wish I could live. There are so many interesting things to do.' She was a very patriotic person. She really believed that country did come first, and that she had sacrificed her family to tell the truth to the country."

Throughout Martha's illness, Dr. Mayer stayed in close contact with her estranged husband, John Mitchell. According to the doctor, Mitchell "gave considerable thought as to whether or not to visit her, but ultimately decided it would serve no useful purpose. I don't think it was hostility, or that he didn't care. But the last thing he wanted was another blowup with her, for her sake." At first, Martha made it clear that she didn't want to see Mitchell; later, she indicated a willingness to see him. But it was the absence of her teenage daughter Marty that most upset her.

Friends say that Marty, who is as reserved and apparently unemotional as her father, feared a repetition of an unpleasant, high-voltage scene like the one when Martha tried to take her out of the Sacred Heart Convent Academy in Greenwich, Conn. Martha's son by her first marriage, 28-year-old Jay Jennings, visited her at the hospital and called weekly. "He was the only one [in the immediate family] who was nice to her," Dr. Mayer said. "He was very concerned."

Dr. Mayer, called by Martha's nurses, drove to Martha's apartment the Sunday before she died. She had hemorrhaged badly the night before, from stress ulcers. He considered driving her to the hospital himself in his station wagon, but Martha requested an ambulance instead. "She knew even better than I how sick she was at that point," he says. As Dr. Mayer was leaving for the hospital, he got one last glimpse of Martha conscious. She was putting on lipstick.

Just before the ambulance arrived, she suffered a cardiac arrest. Though they got her heart to start beating again, her kidneys had stopped functioning, and Dr. Mayer knew "it was pretty hopeless." He called John Mitchell. "He was fully informed. God knows there wasn't anything he could have done. She was unconscious. He would have been in the way. Also, he didn't express any desire to see her at that point."

Martha Mitchell died at 4:25 A.M. on Monday, Memorial Day, 1976. Dr. Mayer went to see John Mitchell where he was staying in New York. "He was very upset," Dr. Mayer recalls. "It appeared to me that he was sincerely moved and saddened by her death. He was (or seemed to be) alone."

Mitchell asked Martha's cousin, Ray West, to make all the funeral arrangements. Martha was to be buried in the family plot in Pine Bluff, Ark., at the foot of her mother's grave.

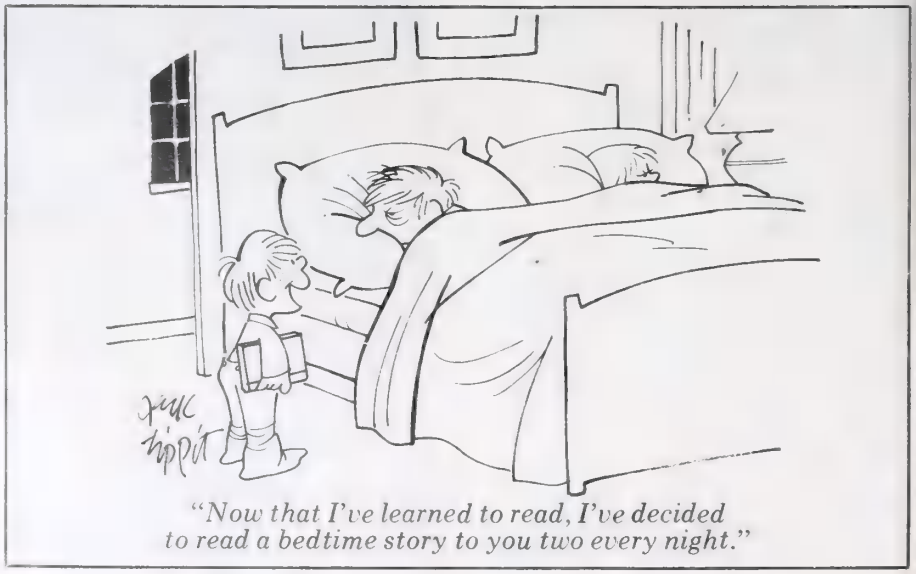
A few friends viewed the body before the silver casket was closed. Martha's hair was done in the familiar, upswept style. She was robed in a pink peignoir. Jay declined to visit the open casket; he could not bear to see his "mom" that way.

Though Mitchell did his best to discourage press coverage of the funeral, many reporters attended. A white wreath, sent by two unidentified gentlemen from Pasadena, Calif., intrigued everybody: it bore a ribbon inscribed with the words "Martha Was Right." President and Mrs. Ford sent flowers.

Mitchell rode in the back seat of a limousine, seated between Martha's two children, Marty and Jay. To observers, Jay seemed the most outwardly bereaved. Unlike John and Marty, who maintained their stony composure, Jay had difficulty controlling his tears. In church, Marty hissed to her half-brother, "Don't talk to the press." Mitchell barely spoke to anybody.

After the funeral, Mitchell clapped Jay on the back and told him to "buck up." But he also indicated his concern about the 36 lawsuits he faced. A few days later Mitchell was in San Clemente, Calif., visiting another man who once knew Martha—a man who was, like Mitchell, writing his memoirs: Richard Nixon. It was Martha Mitchell who first publicly called for Nixon's resignation—more than a year before he finally left office.

At one point, Martha had given a handwritten will to a Washington friend, June Dankworth. A few days after the funeral, Mrs. Dankworth sent copies of that will to Jay, to Martha's attorney and to John Mitchell. Martha had been befriended by 25-year-old William Kilbride, assistant manager of the 84th Street and Madison Avenue branch of the Security National Bank (now merged with Chemical Bank)—a "society" bank that also boasted Jacqueline Onassis among its clients. The bank was notified that Martha had chosen it to be executor of her estate. Her holographic will, dated May 1974, said simply that anyone who contested the will should be left one dollar. Her entire estate was to be divided between Marty and Jay. But the will's validity was questioned because it was not signed by two witnesses. Mitchell and others claimed that Martha made a later, handwritten will. Mitchell informed the bank that under New York's "tenancy survival" law, the huge Fifth *(continued)*



"Now that I've learned to read, I've decided to read a bedtime story to you two every night."

Much More?

Just how much more is More, the 120mm cigarette? Let's take a look.

More is longer. And burns slower. That means there's more time to enjoy those extra puffs of its smooth, mild taste.

More is styled leaner. And it's burnished brown. That means it looks as good as it tastes.

More. It's like any really good cigarette. And much more.



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FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Norway's sardine takes on America's sacred cow.

Americans practically worship ground beef.
But what you may not realize is that, nutritionally, the tiny sardine from Norway can match ground beef anytime.

	3 oz. Norway Sardines	3 oz. cooked ground beef
Calories	220	240
Protein	45%	45%
Riboflavin	10%	10%
Niacin	25%	20%
Iron	15%	15%

Percent of U.S. Recommended Daily Allowances.

Norway Sardines have just as much Riboflavin and Iron. Plus more Niacin and fewer calories. And they have just as much Protein, one of the key nutrients of ground beef.

To add insult to injury, our sardines also have more Calcium, Phosphorus and Vitamin D than even fresh, whole milk.

So try the sweet sea flavor of Norway Sardines in a sandwich. On crackers. In a tossed salad. Or right out of the can. They may never replace ground beef. But now you know they're just as nutritious.



Sardines from Norway
One of the world's most nutritious foods.

MARTHA REMEMBERED

continued

Avenue co-operative apartment would revert to him. But he indicated he would not contest the will.

Mitchell returned to the apartment. It was his first visit there since he walked out, with Marty, in September, 1973. (Martha had been so angry then that she threw some of his clothes out in the hall and, according to reports, a few other things down an elevator shaft.) Mitchell invited banker Kilbride to accompany him, and Kilbride brought along an official from the bank's trust division. Marty Mitchell and John Mitchell's daughter by a previous marriage, Jill Reed, also came to the apartment with him.

Marty made a beeline for her old bedroom, and stayed there—silently and behind a closed door—during the entire visit. Friends say that after Martha died, Marty took her mother's picture out of hiding and put it on her bureau. "She wanted to remember the good old days," said a friend. Another recalled that Marty beamed when told: "You'll be as pretty as your mother someday."

Mitchell, strolling through the apartment, seemed nostalgic. When he walked into the dining room, he saw Martha's portrait—and then spotted the blank space where his own portrait once had hung. "What'd she do with it?" he wondered aloud. Then he paused and said, "Wait a minute, didn't that go down the elevator shaft, too?" Later, he found the empty frame. Also missing, when he went to the vault where it had always been kept, was the family silver.

In his meanderings through the 14-room apartment, Mitchell noted that its elegant furnishings had been appraised in six figures. "The wife buys and the husband pays for it," he said. He was looking for "certain papers she released to writers." He told Kilbride that the bank should "reclaim them" if found. "They're certainly salable." Then he quipped, "Woodward and Bernstein would've had a ball in here."

While Mitchell walked through the apartment, Jay found solace in prayer and long walks in the woods. Someone asked him how he felt about his mother. "How do you describe the Pieta?" was his answer. "She's happy now, and at peace. And she's still alive—in the hearts of many."

Now Martha Mitchell's tree-shaded grave is visited almost daily by anonymous friends and strangers—each paying silent tribute to the woman many Americans regard as "the heroine of Watergate." **End**



If your wine wasn't made for cooking, it could easily go up in smoke.

The heat of your stove could cook the flavor away. And instead of the aroma and taste you planned on, you could have a blah meal on your hands. Especially if you're using an everyday table wine, or a fragile import.

Holland House Cooking Wines Can Stand the Heat.

Now, thanks to Holland House, you can cook with wine and enjoy flavor that won't cook out. And you'll find Holland House Cooking Wine better for cooking than any wines you've ever used before. Unlike some cooking wines you've heard about, Holland House takes great care in selecting only those fine wines with enough character for cooking, yet delicate enough to be savoured in the eating. Imported wines with the kind of rich, robust flavor to enhance any dish you choose, from soup to crepes.

Stays Fresh Longer.

Whether you use Holland House Red, White, Sherry, or Marsala, you're sure to get consistent results recipe after recipe. And you can use them right from your spice shelf. Because even after you open them, Holland House Cooking Wines keep longer than ordinary table wines. And since they're specifically for cooking, they're available in food stores everywhere. And you'll find their price as pleasing as their taste.

Splash, Baste, or Pour.

So next time you're cooking a hamburger, lobster thermidor, or almost anything else, splash, baste, or pour Holland House Cooking Wines. And instead of the flavor of your dish going up in smoke, it might just go down as one of the most talked about meals you've ever served.

GOURMET GOULASH

3 Tablespoons butter or margarine
2 pounds lean beef, round steak or shinbone
6 medium onions, thinly sliced
Salt & pepper to taste
1 Tablespoon flour
1 Tablespoon paprika
1½ cups Holland House Red Cooking Wine
1½ cups sour cream
½ cup tomato sauce
Boiled broad noodles

Cut beef into 1-inch cubes. Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan and brown meat. Add onions; lightly sauté. Stir in salt and pepper, flour and paprika. Add wine, sour cream and tomato sauce, stirring to blend smoothly. Turn the mixture into a casserole, cover and bake in 375° oven for 1½ hours. Serve over boiled noodles. Serves 4



COOKBOOK OFFER: Write for "Cooking With Wine," a colorful, 136-page cookbook with hundreds of recipes from appetizers to desserts. $1.50 cover price, yours for only 50¢. Send 50¢ with your name, address, and zip to: Holland House Cooking Wines, P.O. Box 2008-K, Pittsburgh, Pa., 15230.



A LIMITED WARRANTY TO CONSUMERS
Good Housekeeping
PROMISES
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND IF DEFECTIVE

Imported
Holland House® Cooking Wines
The wines that were made to be eaten.

The working woman

continued from page 72

completely dependent on my husband. I actually made it worse by turning into a baby myself. Our sex life was almost non-existent. Then I started a typing business at home, and it's doing so well I'm expanding it. Being a successful businesswoman has changed my attitude in sex, too. I always used to worry about satisfying my husband, forcing myself to act in a way I thought would please him, trying too hard for my orgasm so I wouldn't take too long and he wouldn't get bored. But now I refuse to be rushed. I want to relax and enjoy sex, to let my husband make me feel nice. I tell him exactly what lovemaking I like and don't like. I feel much more sexy and he enjoys me more. It's all part of my new feeling about myself —that I'm an individual, that I live with my husband, but I'm not an extension of him."—*M.G., Maryland.*

What about divorced, widowed and unmarried women whose sex drives also require attention and who have their own special views on work and sexuality? Here's what some of them wrote:

"My children come first"

"The divorced working mother can either remain celibate—which isn't hard when the kids are young—or sow her oats as I do. There are many women like me, happy to share an hour or two of male companionship and then return home to their children, free from male dominance. For me, job satisfaction and an occasional male is a much happier situation than the hassle of an errant husband or a stepfather who would take control of my children's destinies. My children's needs come first; my work is absorbing; my sex life is important but not time- and life-consuming."—*G.P. California, six children.*

"I had to liberate myself"

"Being single and childless, I have to be careful not to let my job dominate my life. But I was conditioned that sex and marriage go together, not sex and singleness. I had to liberate myself to feel good about going to bed with a man. Every life needs a balance of love and work."—*S.B., 25, Rhode Island.*

"I'm in a squirrel cage"

"I'm in my sixties, was divorced at 19, have no children but have supported my mother and disabled sister for decades. During my forties, I had a wonderful romantic life with a man 14 years my junior. Having been married and knowing the erotic arts, I was able to maintain my *(continued)*

Pet journal



Dogs today can be as troubled as people are. A dog psychologist tells how to retrain a neurotic pet. By Mordecai Siegal

Dogs are as neurotic as people. Some suffer psychosomatic asthma attacks; they hack, wheeze and honk when they cannot have their own way. Others overeat to feel loved or because they fear they'll never be fed again. Still others cannot sleep nights and pace in circles.

A neurotic dog, like a neurotic person, has irrational fears and develops defenses that offer relief and security from those fears. These defensive tactics ultimately interfere with a full and happy existence for human beings. But in the case of dogs, neurosis usually is harmful only if the animal's behavior threatens the loss of his home.

For example, if a dog becomes aggressive or destructive, his owners may be reluctant to keep him. A case of a typical canine neurotic: the "fear biter." This is a dog that is extremely frightened because of an early trauma such as a severe beating. A fear biter will bark ferociously at people as long as he is attached to a leash or behind a fence. But release the dog and he will cower. Turn your back on him and he will bite.

According to Dr. Mark W. Allam, former Dean of the University of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine, "Most neurotic dogs are restless and nervous. They are not responsive to commands. In an advanced neurotic picture, they may have a glassy look in their eyes, like they're looking through you rather than at you."

Canine neuroses stem from genetic defects, lack of early association with humans and/or other dogs, trauma, or, most commonly, from the human families who literally coach them. Says Dr. Allam, "When I examine a neurotic animal, I usually find a person behind it." Dr. Allam cites the case of a very nervous woman who, without realizing it, turned a normal three-month-old Doberman Pinscher into an uncontrollable neurotic by the time it was eight months old. The dog had taken on all its master's nervous tensions, and even followed her as she paced back and forth.

However, some dog behavior that seems neurotic may actually be quite normal when examined in the proper context. For example, a dog left alone in a motel room defecates on the bed. In his state of anxiety, the dog did the only thing he could to alleviate his fear—he "scent posted" the bed; that is, he left a message communicating to the owner that he was in trouble and in the vicinity. Scent posting is a natural behavior for dogs separated from their pack in the wild and in this case the dog was separated from his "pack"—his master. Similarly, a dog's so-called jealousy of a new baby has more to do with violation of his sense of "pack structure" than sibling rivalry; any stranger is a potential enemy.

But if you believe your dog is truly neurotic and his behavior is unpleasant, it is possible to retrain him, especially if the animal is young. Says Dr. Allam, "You must put the dog into a different environment, take your time and be very patient. The retraining can take as long as a year." (Dr. Allam and his wife took the uncontrollable Doberman mentioned earlier and retrained it so completely that it is now a Seeing Eye dog for a blind woman.)

Finally, if you feel your dog is neurotic, you might ask yourself, "Is there anything in my behavior contributing to this dog's neurosis?" Perhaps if you indulge in a little self-help, psychotherapy, counseling, meditation or yoga, you'll find your dog's behavior growing more acceptable as your own anxieties disappear. **End**

Mordecai Siegal is author of the forthcoming book, "THE GOOD DOG BOOK: Loving Care," to be published by Macmillan, Inc.

Photograph by Walter Chandoha

How we converted two generations of skeptics with one bowl of Gaines-burgers®

DOG FOOD



"Pardon me," we asked. "What kind of dog food does your dog eat?"

"Canned," replied the older skeptic.

"Gramps says Barney eats canned dog food because it's moist and meaty. And Barney loves meat," the younger skeptic explained.

"But Gaines-burgers are moist and meaty. And they taste terrific," we said.

"Nope," replied the old skeptic.

"Gramps says that doesn't matter, because Barney is a canned food dog, and he definitely won't eat those," the younger skeptic explained.

"Well, let's see," we said. At which point the dog demolished the Gaines-burgers.

"Told you he'd eat 'em," said the older skeptic.

"Gramps says....you said *that?*" the younger skeptic asked the older.



Gaines®

The canned dog food without the can.®

A nutritious combination of meat by-products and meat, vegetables, vitamins and minerals.

The working woman

continued

attachment with him until he became impotent in his fifties. Now I'm lonely and tired of my dull routine. I feel as if I'm in a squirrel cage. I shall have to retire in two years, then I'll have nothing and I hate to think of it."—*C.E., research assistant, Ohio.*

"My sex life is far from boring"

"I am the divorced mother of seven children, five still at home. I have two jobs and work 14 hours a day—mornings from 7 to 1 cooking in a school cafeteria, and from 3 to 11 P.M., I'm a dispatcher for the fire department. Obviously, I have little time to myself, but I have been having an affair with a wonderful man for five years and we have a very satisfying sex life. We manage to spend at least one night a week together and occasionally, a weekend. Often I think married women pity women like me, but I think I have all the options of choosing what I really want out of life. My two jobs keep me from being a boring person and my sex life is far from boring. I only wish I was more financially secure so I could spend more time with the children."—*J.V., 42, Kansas.*

The unhappiest letters reveal the wide spectrum of problems that can diminish or destroy a woman's sexuality:

"My job is . . . ruining sex"

"As my job moved forward, my sex life moved backwards. Working increased my self-esteem, assertiveness and positive attitude toward life, but the reverse happened to my husband when my job matched and surpassed his. Even though he is still very capable of making love, or better put, having *sex*—it's more an act of aggression and superiority on his part, which has turned me off completely. I will not give up my job even though it is ruining my sex life."—*A.D., marketing manager, Massachusetts, two children.*

"I don't have the stamina"

"Two years ago inflation hit us and I needed to help our income. Now I arrive home too tired to think of bubble baths and lovemaking. My lord of the manor wants the old wifely services *and* the new career woman, but I don't have the stamina to be homemaker, effective mother and wife, efficient lab assistant and the Happy Hooker all in one."—*S.C., 37, California.*

"I don't feel good about myself"

"I've been working since I was 16. I hate it! There's nothing I would like better than to quit work and be a mother and housewife, but there's no way we could meet our obligations without my $500 a month. Our sex life isn't very good at all. All day I do things to please my boss. I'm in no mood to come home and please my husband. My job doesn't give me self-esteem. I do not feel effective and creative. I do not feel good about myself—I feel worthless. Maybe that's why I don't have orgasms. As a matter of fact, the only thing in life I do get any pleasure from is eating—and I can't do that because I gain weight easily."—*P.K., 22, Kansas.*

"When is there time?"

"I keep such a tight schedule that if I hit two red lights in the morning my entire day is thrown off. What a rat race! When is there any time for lovemaking? I'm so tired I can't move a muscle at night. My mornings are always rushed. We tried to go to bed for a 'quickie' after dinner, but the baby never cooperates by going to sleep or keeping quiet. I love my work, but I can't have a sex life at the same time."—*E.S., 24, nurse, Florida, one child.*

"Mostly I go to sleep"

"We've been married for 20 years. Our sex life has never been exciting. My husband would never go to a doctor, so I've refused to be available when he wants his one-minute sex. When I was home all day watching soap operas, I used to get mad without a sex life, but now that I work, I am happy to just go to bed. Sometimes I masturbate; mostly I go to sleep. As long as he's a good man and I like my work, I don't fight it."—*L.L., Illinois, four children.*

"I've wasted 20 years"

"After 17 years of playing the role of happy homemaker, I got a job as executive secretary. Within a year, I got two promotions and was making more than my husband was after 15 years on his job. My success intensified the differences between us. When the image I had built around him cracked, my interest in him—including sexually—vanished. Working didn't kill the marriage; it only woke me up to realize the truth: that the marriage was already dead. I feel I wasted 20 precious years of my life, and I'm going to have to endure another four until our youngest finishes high school."—*S.D., Ohio*

"No sugar daddy"

"Women who say they have a beautiful sex life no doubt have maids and cooks or at least household help. Either that or a sugar daddy who will assume 50 percent of the household and child-rearing—and *that* I'd have to see. Only sugar daddy I know usually spends the night on the couch watching TV while I put in another four hours at home."—*M.D., Ohio*

There were relatively few letters from homemakers since we solicited letters from women who work outside the home, but the contented ones were adamant that an outside job would have no effect on their sexuality:

"I know I am loved"

"I have never felt I needed to work to be loved or to be me. Being me is taking care of my husband and son, enjoying my home, going to garden club, a luncheon, stitching needlepoint, re-covering a chair. We've been married 12 years, and know I am loved and this is the key."—*J.K., Kansas.*

"The homemaker has to be stronger"

"The woman who chooses homemaking as her career has to be even stronger in character than the woman who works outside the home. She has to have more imagination and energy to keep herself and her life interesting and happy. If you fail, it's not a financial or ego loss, it's the loss of a whole life! If you succeed you've made your greatest contribution to society. My husband views me as an interesting person, a good mother and a sexy wife. My sexuality is related to my total personality, not to my career alone. I let my husband and three children make me feel fulfilled as a person."—*R.H., Idaho.*

"Exercise stimulates my sex drive"

"Sex could be no greater if I worked, it would just mean less time for it. If a wife becomes weary of her man, she should try a little softball, tennis, bicycling, swimming. Exercise is what stimulates my sex drive."—*P.N., 22, Alabama, two children.*

"There is a closeness . . ."

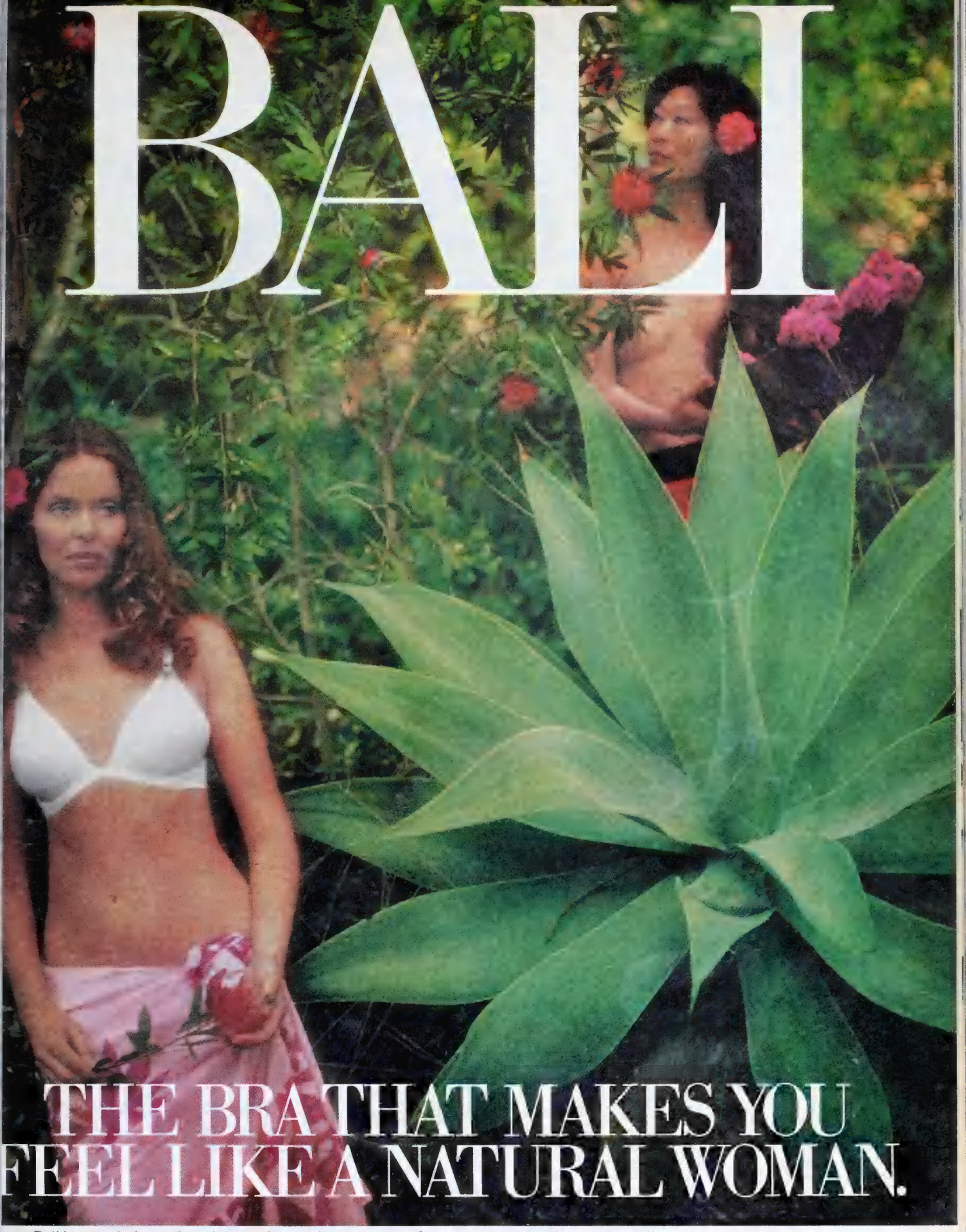
"I worked for two years and have been out of work for three years. Since I've been home, there is a closeness between my husband and me that cannot be put into words. Now I can sit down and listen to what his day was like without trying to do the washing or getting ready for the next day of work."—*T.B., North Carolina, one child.*

If there's a point of view unrepresented here, I can't imagine it—but do let me know. And to all the warm and thoughtful letter writers, thank you for sharing your lives. **End**

SCHOOL BUS

By Lenore Eversole Fisher

Every window is a portrait,
Yellow-framed, of childish glee;
An animated art exhibit
In a traveling gallery.



Bali is named after a place that was famous for barebreasted women. The island of Bali. Where women have been feeling free for centuries. And completely natural.

Right from the start, it was more than our name. It was our philosophy. Because when a bra fits perfectly, it should feel like you're wearing no bra at all.

That's a beautiful feeling. A feeling Bali wants every woman to know. That's why Bali® makes bras for just about every size and shape. Come to Bali.

It makes you feel like a natural woman.

Bali®

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WHAT'S YOUR BAG?

continued from page 110

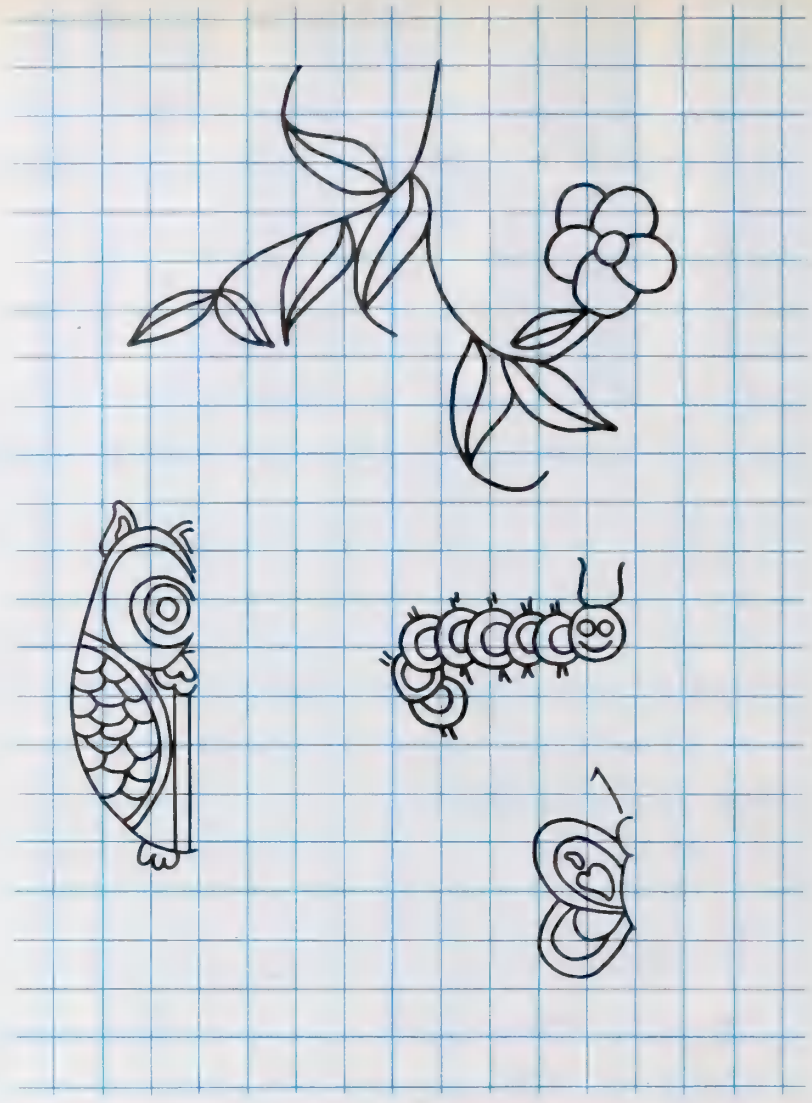
EMBROIDERED VELVETEEN DRAWSTRING BAG

Materials:
One piece cotton velveteen at least 19"x13". (We used Crompton in a fawn shade)
One piece print lining material at least 19"x 13"
2 yards cording for drawstring
D.M.C. 6-strand cotton embroidery floss, article #117

Colors and amounts used:

Browns:	#780	4 skeins
	781	1
	783	1
	801	3
Greens	470	1
	937	3
Yellows	740	1
	946	1
	972	1
Reds	304	1
	350	1
	815	1
	817	1
Black		1
White		1

Embroidery Stitches used: Outline, Satin, French knot, Lazy daisy, Fishbone
Motifs used: The four basic embroidery motifs used are given here at right. On a scale of each grid square representing one-half inch.
We show half the owl and the butterfly. These motifs can be varied by size, color, stitches used and the addition of extra embellishments such as outlining or French knots and lazy daisy accents.
The completed bag measures 9"x12"
Construction:
1. Trace the design you have created onto a piece of paper at least 19"x13".
2. Transfer this design onto the right side of the bag fabric, allowing for ½" seam allowance on all sides. This can be done with dressmaker's carbon, typing carbon or design transfer paper available at most art supply stores.
3. Spray the fabric with a clear fixative so that the design will not smear or discolor the background fabric. This is also available at art supply stores.
4. Execute the embroidered design.
5. Fold right sides together to make a piece approximately 10"x13". Sew a ½" side seam.
6. Embroider any remaining details over this side seam.
7. Press under ½" along top edge of bag.
8. Sew bottom of bag using a ½" seam; trim corners.
9. Repeat steps 5, 7 and 8 for the bag lining. Leave 4" open in the lining side seam 1" from the top of the lining's pressed fold. This opening accommodates the drawstring.
10. Turn lining right side out, insert into outer bag, wrong sides together, aligning side seams. Top stitch through both thicknesses ¼" from the top edge.
11. Stitch through both thicknesses 1" from top edge and ½" below this to create casing for drawstring.
12. Insert cording for drawstring through the ½" opening in lining's side seam.



How to order Handbags shown on pages 110 and 111. Handbags available in kit form with full instructions are described below: **#101 Flower Basket Patch Tote kit (1)** contains *precut* blue denim cotton polyester blend outer fabric, lining, iron-on die cut appliqués, bonded polyester filling for quilted effect, wood dowels and embroidery floss. Finished size 16x17 inches.
#102 Matching Denim Kerchief (not shown). Fabric triangle cut from a 20-inch square, four appliques and embroidery floss.
#103 Bargello Needlepoint Clutch kit (4) contains 12-mesh mono canvas, cotton bag lining, Persian yarn, snap fastener, chart and instructions. Size 12x7 inches.
#104 Evening Purse (6) is ready-made in black tissue faille, has zipper pocket und flap, full back pocket. 14-mesh canvas flap is easy to needlepoint from our charte design. Bonus: alphabet monogram cha Yarns *not* included. Size 8x5½ inches.
#105 Shoulder Bag (2) is made of leathe look durable polyurethane in several color Size 12½x8½ inches. Adjustable should strap, turn-lock closure, triple pockets insid Flap with large canvas inset is Velcro-fa tened at back. Detaches for easy needl pointing. Charts included. Bonus: alphab monogram chart. Yarns *not* included.
#106 Extra Flap for shoulder bag, easil switched with Velcro fastening. Chart i cluded for both needlepoint designs on 1 mesh canvas. Yarns *not* included.

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___#102 Floral Patch Kerchief	@ $3.95 ea.	plus .50	$_____
___#103 Bargello Clutch	@ $11.95 ea.	plus 1.50	$_____
___#104 Needlepoint Evening Purse	@ $7.95 ea.	plus 1.00	$_____
___#105 Ndlpt. Shoulder Bag with Large Canvas Inset	@ $27.95 ea.	plus 2.00	$_____
Specify color: ___A Teak. ___B Black. ___C Navy. ___D Red. ___E Bone.			
___#106 Extra Flap for above with Small Canvas Inset	@ $5.95 ea.	plus .50	$_____
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reports that one happy couple moved into separate quarters, then communicated by phone before going to sleep.

• **Divorce:** Snoring is not grounds for it, although perhaps it should be. Certainly snoring has figured in many marital disputes—and some therapists believe that arguments over snoring hide underlying difficulties in the relationship. They suggest that the "snoree" may harbor hidden resentments against the snorer, and may actually be lying awake in anticipation of the blast.

"A positive attitude toward the snorer sleeping in the same room improves the relationship," Dr. Boulware contends, "especially between married couples. The negative 'Why-should-I-compensate?' or 'It-is-unfair-and-I-won't-do-it' attitude will only constitute one more barrier to the security of the marriage."

Which leads us to the psychology and symbolism of snoring. . . .

Research into the literature on snoring, plus a number of casual interviews, reveals that the subject flutters like a signal flag over the battlefield of the sexes.

Women, whether talking or writing about snoring, complain a lot. "There is no evidence that snoring is harmful to the snorer's health," writes one female reporter, "but it can be harmful to the sleepless bedmate's health." Another, apparently of Freudian inclination, insists that snoring is an expression of an unresolved infantile bid for attention.

Men, on the other hand, generally approach the subject by insisting that females snore as much as males do. In short, they are defensive. Sometimes, they even claim that the disturbance is not caused by the snoring at all, but l the "snoree's" insomnia. They also re ommend in lofty tones that she learn "tune out."

Dr. Boulware, for one, pleads for re toration of the snorer's damaged self-e teem. "Why," he asks plaintively, "ca the listener help the snorer to overcom feelings of rejection?" The implicatio here seems to be that the snorer m be sawing his woodpile out of a sen of inadequacy or disappointment.

Now, Dr. Boulware's idea raises a interesting possibility. Perhaps we hav the cart before the horse. Perhaps i stead of "enter snoring, exit romance we should consider "exit romance, ent snoring." Perhaps we have falsely tagge the call of the water buffalo. Perhap the great bellow is not a triumphan macho trumpet, but the forlor bleat of a troubled lamb: "I a growing old . . . ZZZZ!" "I am lonel . . . ZZZZ!" "Nobody loves me . . ZZZZ!"

If this is indeed the case, the an swer is simple. We merely lull ou agitated bedmates to sleep wit some gentle words of comfort, som minor massage of the male ego.

Not so fast, says Norman Dine o the Norman Dine Sleep Cente What makes the snorer the snore he is, Mr. Dine maintains, is "happ ness." Just as a hungry puppy love his mush, just as a soup slurpe loves his soup, so the snorer love his sleep. He is, in other word blissfully at peace with the worl —and, if all devices fail, your onl hope is to "make him discontented.

So there you are. The expert are sending us mixed messages Only one thing is certain. If yo chance upon the solution, market or write a book. It can't miss. Th world is still waiting. **En**

THINGS THAT GO ZZZZZZ

continued from page 58

Shouting is also kinder than physical abuse. One snoring bridegroom reported awakening each morning with a mysterious set of aches and bruises. It was months before his shy, secretly furious bride would admit that she had been landing a few well-placed jabs.

• **Pillows:** Favored by Dr. Boulware, who likes to sleep on his back. He places a regular pillow well up under his chin, propping his mouth shut. "The pillow can be held in place with one or both arms," he writes, or "cotton cords or elastic bands. Such a practice can help to develop the 'extending the neck' habit that enables an individual to sleep for hours without snoring."

• **Staggered bedtimes.** It sometimes helps if the snoree is zonked out before the snorer begins to tune up his percussion section. More snorees complain of not being able to get to sleep than of being wakened during the night.

• **Noise devices:** Any steady, dull sound such as the static of an off-the-air radio or TV station, or the hum of an air conditioner or electric fan. A good choice is the Sleep Mate, a small, round plastic box, which simulates the sound of the ocean. While noise masks intermittent sounds, some "snorees" believe it actually dampens the enthusiasm of the snorer.

• **Surgery:** A drastic step, to be taken only in cases of structural difficulties in the respiratory tract, such as deformities of the nose and throat. Few surgeons will operate unless the deformity is causing problems other than snoring.

• **Separate bedrooms:** We are sliding downhill here, although Dr. Boulware



Can you see any difference?

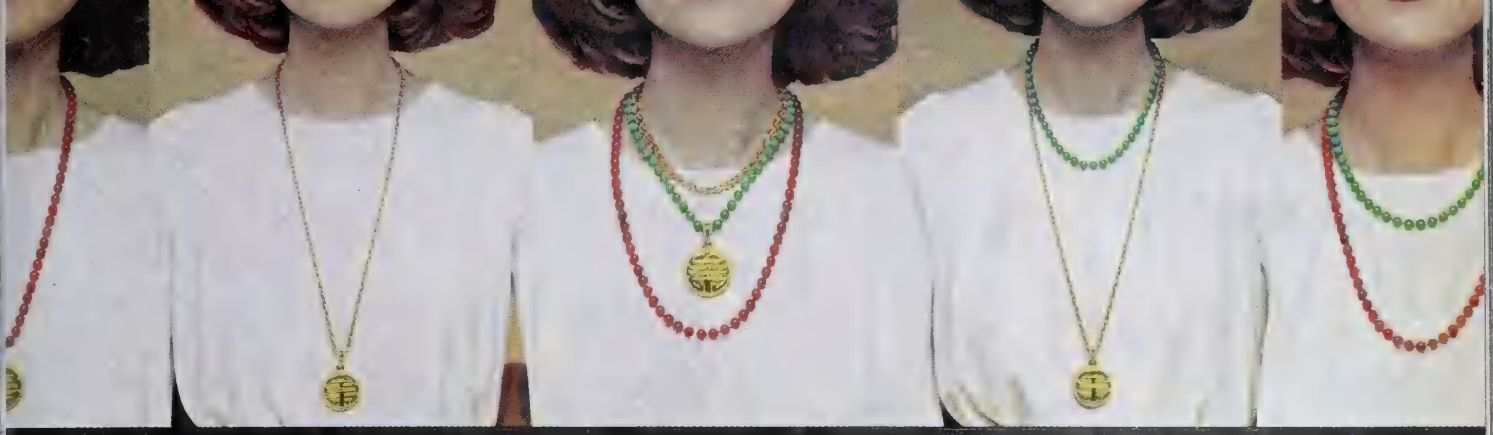
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Clark Gable & Josephine Dillon

THE FORGOTTEN WIFE WHO MADE HIM A STAR

She was his drama coach—he was her student. She was 40—he was 23. She created the legend of Clark Gable. He could never repay her—and he never did. From a new book by Lyn Tornabene.

In July, 1922, Billy Gable, aged 21, was in Portland, Oregon, and in love at last with a complete charmer who loved him in return. Unknowingly, he was holding a strand of the braid of his destiny—for his first lady love, Franz Dorfler, would eventually send him to the woman who would start the creation of a movie star named Clark Gable.

Billy was in Portland by chance. In fact, everywhere he'd been since he picked up the $300 his grandfather had left him in February, had been by chance. He was a drifter, without roots, without direction. Once he left his father and the oil rigs and gas stations of Oklahoma, Billy was like dandelion fuzz blown into the air on somebody's wish.

He was finally working in theater, his life's ambition, having gotten a job with the touring Astoria Players Stock Company. Franz and Billy shared every offstage moment, as moon-struck lovers. They earned only a few dollars a week, but their room and board were paid for, so what else mattered?

On their travels, the actors were shipped around on milk boats—the cheapest transportation available. There were no cabins; passengers slept on the open deck no matter what the weather. There was little to eat, and the nights were raw. Audiences were scarce and difficult in most of the towns. But this was show biz, and the troupe went on. Billy's health declined, and so did his limited acting talent. He was oafish, his voice was too high-pitched, his timing was terrible and he invariably drew laughs for the wrong reasons. By the time the limping tour was over, even Franz doubted that Billy would ever be an actor, and wondered where his next acting job would come from.

For about six months after they got back, Franz and Billy lived with her parents in Silverton, Oregon. But then, in early winter, Rex Jewell, the director of the Astoria Players, asked Franz to be in a new musical he was taking on tour. Billy was astonished when Franz accepted Jewell's offer and left him. He was sure that she was abandoning him and he became inconsolably forlorn. Late in January, he quit the lumber company where he'd worked for about three months and went to Portland. Franz, by this time, was settled in her show in Seattle.

During the next six months, Billy worked at odd jobs, being unable to find anything in acting. A few hundred miles away, Franz worried that Billy was drifting away from "the theater." But later in the summer, she heard that a distinguished Broadway actress and teacher named Josephine Dillon was starting a theater group in Portland. She wrote Billy the news, urging him to get in touch with Miss Dillon. He did just that, and nothing in his life was ever the same again.

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Josephine Dillon was the first person to tell Billy Gable that he could be an actor, and how it would happen. It would not be easy or quick—she made that clear. But if he made a total commitment, if he would be her disciple, his career was assured. For him her faith was better than money. He was, in essence, being born before his own eyes. Life, for the first time, had a direction. At last there was a core to him, a reason to wake up every day and attack the hours, forcing them to his will. No longer a temporary this or part-time that; he was an apprentice with much to learn. When the apprenticeship was over, he would be an actor and a man.

Billy wrote Franz excitedly about his plans to study with Miss Dillon. Then, when that study began, he wrote her less and less frequently. His usual two or three letters a day became two or three a week, two or three a month.

In September, 1960, while Clark was working with Marilyn Monroe on *The Misfits,* Monroe's acting coach, Paula Strasberg, made a statement to the press that amazed Gable detractors. She said, "Gable is a magnificent actor.... He is truly wonderful, and I want to find some way to tell him."

If only Josephine Dillon had been there, how proud she would have been. She, the great teacher of the old school of acting, winning approval from Paula Strasberg—the oracle of "method" acting. Not that Josephine didn't have a thousand moments of pride in what she made of a raw youth named Billy Gable; she watched every picture he made and would say how proud she was and how hard she had worked to make "that big lug" picture material for the world to enjoy.

Sadly for Josephine, when she tried to tell anyone else how proud she was, no one would listen. Josephine Dillon had a rough time, fully half her life, coping with the bitterness she felt at having lost her identity to something known as the first Mrs. Gable. Though she was an intractable martyr, she was a real person with real needs and real sensitivities. Like most martyrs, Josephine needed recognition but, no matter how she tried, she couldn't get through to the press, which ultimately dehumanized her.

Mr. Gable didn't help matters any. He never denied Josephine's contribution to his career; he simply ignored it, possibly out of his own bitterness at being considered Josephine's creation. People who were close to him have claimed he was grateful to Josephine, but one wonders how they knew. In the interviews he gave early in his career, and then again toward the end of it, Gable talked glibly and proudly about his early struggles, never mentioning Josephine. Indeed, he didn't talk about any of his ex-wives (perhaps out of gallantry), but Josephine was more than his wife, she was his coach. Maybe that made her less than his wife. Maybe being her pupil made him less of a man.

The clues are all in a book Josephine wrote—a "fictionalized" account of her relationship with Clark, in which she stays close to known events but disguises most names and some places. It is interesting to note that she did not try to publish the manuscript. In 1964 she gave it to Belva Hall, a distant cousin. When she left the Halls to go to a sanitarium, she handed them the manuscript. Mrs. Hall reports, "Josephine had slept with it under her pillow at night and carried it with her wherever she went." The manuscript, though crudely written and often inadvertently comic, gives the only intimate view available of the reverse-Pygmalion relationship between Clark Gable and his first wife.

Josephine never did make up her mind whether she should protect Clark Gable or damn him to hell. And she was even ambivalent about her own ego. On the one hand she was desperate to establish her own identity; on the other, she believed in the nobility of silent suffering and self-sacrifice.

Josephine, who calls herself Julia Hood in the book and gives Clark the name Mark Craven, quotes her reporter-narrator on his way to interview her.

"I remembered that some stories had spoken of her as a frustrated, love-sick, old-maidish creature, who had snatched at a late happiness and lost; some had spoken of her as a bookish person, who could not possibly understand the vigorous, sparkling gaiety of the man she had married and brought into Hollywood's limelight; some spoke of her as an entirely unfit person socially and intellectually to be the wife of this new star who was now properly married into the top social circle of the moving picture colony. And by the way what was her name? She must have some name besides Mark Craven's ex-wife."

The "reporter" finds the name "Julia Hood" on the mailbox, and soon is asking himself, "Could this woman ever have been the elderly old-maid described in various fan magazine stories? Never! Here was a vigorous, forward-looking woman, with the speech and manner of good family background."

Josephine's early life was as different from Clark Gable's as Henry Higgins' was from Eliza Doolittle's. Josephine grew up on a farm in Southern California, "...not a real farm at all. We call them estates now. Father did everything the romantic way. He bought each of us a horse and hired a riding master. He bought us musical instruments and hired teachers.... And because we were too far from any town to go to a public school, he hired an English tutor, so we were trained in Latin and the classics.

"...Our mother was a musician, a pianist. So we had a piano in the nursery, and absorbed Mozart and Bach and Beethoven instead of bedtime stories every evening before going to sleep. We did our story telling and reading earlier in the evening before the library fire, with Father and Mother taking turns with Dickens or Louisa Alcott, or sometimes shivery Poe."

Sounding more and more as if she's narrating a scene from *Gone with the Wind,* Josephine elaborates on this splendid childhood. Since it is known that Henry Dillon spent nearly every cent he had on the education of his daughters, the account may well be true. The Dillon girls were prepared as youngsters to be anything they wanted to be in life.

They were raised the normal way ladies were in those days, Josephine writes, "until we developed a career 'bug.' My sisters had announced that they were going to be great artists in opera, on the piano, and one, a painter. I had to be something, and announced that I was going to be a great actress."

She pursued an acting career for probably a dozen years before she decided she didn't have the personality for performing and would do better teaching those "who could stride out before an audience full of self and the thrill of exhibiting that self." She went to Europe to study teaching and then to New York, where she met a singing teacher who had a studio in Portland.

People have long wondered what Clark Gable ever saw in Josephine Dillon, a slight, sad-eyed, thin-lipped, didactic woman, 17 years his senior. Reading her manuscript, however, one wonders what she saw in him as well. As a husband he emerges from her pages a selfish, ambitious, unfaithful cad; as a student—a plain bumpkin. But from the first moment she saw him she was drawn to him like a cobra to a flute.

This is Josephine's account in her manuscript of her first meeting in Portland, late in 1923, with Mark Craven/Billy Gable:

"I organized a study group in my new studio, to delve into early American plays, for evening sessions. And Mark Craven

oined that group.

"I was glad to have a big, stalwart, eager young man in this ypical little theater group, the kind that always assembles vhen a new dramatic venture is offered.

"He had a wonderful smile. He was physically awkward, ›ut full of the assurance of a man who makes easy conquests in ın easy circle.

"As I talked to the group about theater, I could not help but notice that Mark Craven was entirely absorbed, drinking in :very bit of information, making no comment, no smile of 'ecognition, just intense interest. I knew he had never heard of hese things before, and that he was seizing clearly and ›oundly on the information about theater and acting he had ›een hungry for.

" 'Well, we'd better get into the reading of the play [*The Contrast* by Rogell Tyler]' I said, and Mark heaved a great ›igh, and said, like one stirring from a dream: 'That's what I've ›een looking for all these years!' And I looked at him then, 'eally looked at him, for the first time, and thought, 'I will help ıim. I will give him my book-learning, and acting knowledge, ınd speech and a voice. This is the one!'

"When the group broke up for the evening, it was quite late. Mark waited until the rest had gone, and he asked me if he :ould come by and talk to me for a few minutes the next ıfternoon on his way home from the office where he worked. And I said I would like it very much."

Josephine struggled through the next day wondering if Clark would show up. He did. And they plunged into his :areer the way some couples leap into bed:

"... the door burst open—no knock or ring—just the door flung open, and in strode Mark, coattails flying, lock across his forehead under an old pushed-back, snap-brim hat. He didn't say 'Hello,' or 'Good evening' or anything at all, just began walking up and down the studio with his hands in his pockets, talking. About acting, of course. The acting he had barely had a chance to do yet.

"Mark Craven told me nothing at all about himself that evening and he told me everything about himself. He told me no chronicles—where he was born and when, where he went to school and who he was, none of those things. But he told me the whole of his longing to be a good actor; of his dreams of success, of being a top guy on the screen; of having bigger and bigger chances to do things the way he wanted to do them, and had dreamed of doing them.

"His objective was Hollywood, and his questions were about Hollywood. 'What is it like? Who gets into the movies, and why? What's the best way to go at it? What do you have to know? How do you learn it?' And a stream of other questions, all so eager and strong. That is the word for him, strong. There was force and strength in this man."

She responded to his strength the only way she knew how: with a lecture. Such was the pattern of their relationship: he asked a question and she made a speech. Like many a teacher, Josephine settled for a listener in lieu of a lover. But Josephine had found the best listener in America. And just in case that wasn't enough, he left her smitten that very night with more than the sound of her own voice: "As I unlocked the door, Mark turned to me and said suddenly, 'Say, you know, you're a darn fine looking gal!' And off he went, with his long stride, whistling, and giving the brim of his hat a tilt.

"I went through the studio and up the stairs to my apartment, wondering. I was wondering at the amazing courage that true acting has, and the endurance; and I was wondering at the warmth round my heart, and the curiosity that the impulsive remark had brought me."

The "romance" progressed, with Clark absorbed in his work and Josephine absorbed in him. Months went by. Months in which Josephine Dillon tried to concentrate on her many classes and activities, but she was too distracted. Suddenly, it seemed to her, there was no one to teach except Clark. All she knew was that she was molding an actor who would do anything she said.

"Long talks in the studio, or in the little French restaurant. Never about the past, always about the future, and about acting—acting in its relation to Mark—Mark the actor. It never occurred to either of us that he might not be an actor. That was never even mentioned.

"We started the analysis of character, using great plays, and I was astonished at the sureness of his judgment. I would expect, of course, that he would know many of the modern types, because of his varied experiences, but I was not prepared for the directness with which he understood the fundamentals of the great classics.

"One evening Mark came in bursting with the need to spill out his thoughts; no doorbell, no knock, just the door flung open and the plunging into talk.

"He pulled the Shakespeare volume out of his coat pocket. 'Now these fellows. Take this Romeo, well, any young fellow will be about like that at his age, whether he's a Duke's son, or the kid of the garageman. He gets conscious of the girls and goes from one to another, fast, if he's a good normal sort. Not the "love 'em and leave 'em" like an older man who's got the habit of playing around with girls just to feel young, but experimenting like a kid. When he saw the girl he wanted, he knew it fast enough, and nothing could ever have shaken him—he never in the world would ever have wanted anyone else, if he and Juliet had lived. Great guy, that Romeo, don't you think so?'

" 'Yes, I think so.'

" 'I'd like to learn it. I like that chase at the end, crashing into the tomb, and finding her over there in the corner, where they tossed her cousin. Just like a Mack Sennett chase. Exciting, and young. Kiddish! Older man would have found out for sure that she was dead before he kicked himself off. What do you think?' "

What Josephine thought was that it was time for Clark to move onward and upward, to a place where his career, or at least his ego, could let out its spinnaker and go full ahead with the wind.

"I knew it was time to get Mark to Hollywood! Things in my studio were not too busy. I had not paid much attention to the opportunities that were constantly presenting themselves to spread out and increase the activities of my work. So I announced a date for closing, and for returning to Hollywood. And I arranged with Mark to let him know when to join me there. It didn't occur to either of us that he would not follow me. It was taken for granted that we would be together."

No one could have been more kinetically charged than Billy, in Portland, awaiting his next move. And that's because no one could have been more intoxicated with the idea of Hollywood than Josephine Dillon. "So here I am, back again in Hollywood, bringing grist to the picture mill," she wrote in her manuscript. Such an innocent. She had no defenses at all for the time her beloved Hollywood would laugh at her, belittle her, accept her offering and burn her for a witch.

Josephine was 40. Clark was 23.

Her first concern was to find the nest for Billy. She found a $20-a-month cottage on a street where Tom Mix lived, and there were "movie people all around."

"I had opened a studio and things started to roll without much trouble. Except the same trouble I had in Portland—the difficulty of keeping my mind on my students and their needs,

when every thought was racing with plans for getting Mark settled and started in his work.

"I raided the family storerooms and furnished the little cottage. The furnishings were sparse and rather severe. But that was good, it meant work. But it was comfortable, and there were lots of books... good books that work along with you.

"I was living in a hotel not far from the studio where I taught, and spending my spare time on the little cottage. I painted the walls, the floors and a gay front door and planted geraniums on both sides of it. Then the little house was ready.

"I turned the key in the door the night that the job was finished, and looked around me at the old garden, and up at the stars, and across the street to the great star's mansion, and I thought, 'This little cottage will house a bigger star than that great mansion. Tom Mix is mighty big, and Mark's got to top him.'

"Then it struck me. So suddenly that I sat down on the bench there beside the door, astounded and confused. Was I preparing this little home for him, or for us? Was that what had really been in my mind all the time, and I not mindful of it? Did I intend to occupy this little place with Mark? What was this going to be? If a twosome, what sort of a twosome? There was only one answer to that: marriage. I knew my Hollywood. No other relationship would be possible; everything else is tawdry and stupid. Then I laughed, and thought, 'Ridiculous!' "

In short order she sent her protégé $50 for his trip south, and in short order "there was Mark dashing across the lobby. He was dirty, almost ragged, but his personality banged through all that and struck with the same impact that has since become famous throughout the world.

"He grinned about his appearance and said that he had another suit in the suitcase, and anyhow, here he was in Hollywood. Gosh!

"I knew of a little eating place, and we went there, and talked and talked through dinner, and then late into the night in the room I had engaged for him in the hotel. Talked about acting, of course, and Hollywood, and acting and Hollywood, just as though he had become one of them already."

Mark made the key statement, " 'If I can count on being close to you, Julia, perhaps I'll get in and get away with it, but I'll never make it alone.'

"I left early next morning for my studio. I had thought of canceling that day's appointments, but they needed me and I needed their money. So I chipped away at little actors all day, and rushed home. Mark was not in the lobby, nor in his room. I didn't go out to dinner, for fear I would miss him, but stayed right there, and about ten he tapped on the door.

" 'Hey, honey, I've got a job, in a garage, only one I found so far.' He came in and flung himself in a chair, looking fierce and confused. 'Do you know, honey, I've been thinking, and if it didn't sound so crazy, the thing to do would be for us to get married. That would be the way to do it.' "

Josephine accepted immediately and then self-consciously wrote the one romantic event of the manuscript (and, perhaps, of the relationship):

" 'Listen,' I said. 'You don't love me, and I don't love you, but we like each other a lot and it looks pretty much as though we need each other. At least, we are both interested in getting you somewhere, and proving that you can go places here. I can't see love affairs—they're too messy. So if you really mean that, Mark, I'll do it.'

"He was standing leaning against the door, his hat on the back of his head, his overcoat hanging loose, his face very serious. I was standing by the chair I had been reading in when he came, and was probably looking pretty serious, too. Not a very romantic love scene. You couldn't sell that in the movie Suddenly Mark grinned. 'Well, I'll be getting along, gooc night.' He turned and reached for the doorknob, then stoo there looking at me again, seriously, his hand in back of hir was fumbling for the door knob and catching in his overcoat. stepped to him and started to reach for the door knob myself putting my hand through the bend of his elbow. And suddenl I was in his arms, held very closely.

" 'You may not be in love with me,' he said, 'or I with you, a you say. Perhaps not. But I think you are the grandest perso I've ever known, and I shall love you as long as I live. You'l see.' And he kissed me, and then opened the door and went ou quickly.

"I opened the door swiftly and called him back: 'Mark, want to show you something. Wait for me in the lobby, I'l meet you right away.' He nodded okay, I closed the door again put on my coat quickly, joined him there in the lobby an hurried him over to the little cottage a few blocks away.

"The electricity and gas had been connected, so there wa light and warmth—it was a home.

"In all of the pictures I have seen Mark in since, I hav never seen such an expression on his face as was there when h looked around the cottage that was to be his home. Deepl touched by all that it meant in work and thought, and by th realization of security and a home, and a friend in this strang Hollywood. There was peace here. We decided to be marrie right away, and face Hollywood together, barricaded snugly i our cottage."

Josephine wanted the world to believe that she an Clark Gable were married within days of his appear ance in Los Angeles. In truth, five months elapse before they wed, during which Billy lived in a hote and Josephine paid his bills. They were married quietly in church office on December 18, 1924. For the occasion, the narrowed their age difference. Clark claimed he was 24; Jose phine said she was 34. Five months was enough time fo Billy to realize how tough it was going to be to break int films, how much he had to learn, and how impossible it wa going to be to support himself. Often there were such mo scenes at casting offices he visited that they became new events; a call for 35 extras would draw three to four thousan people battling for the $3-a-day jobs. Whatever else Bill Gable may have felt for Josephine Dillon, he certainly wa aware that she could mean the difference between his swim ming or sinking in Hollywood.

What existed between them physically, we will never know Josephine told any reporter who would listen in her late years, that her marriage had been "in name only." That ma have been true, but her manuscript shows she was more tha sufficiently jealous of him to be his lover. Chances are that jus as Josephine was too embarrassed to confront the age dif ference between herself and her pupil, she was too Victoria to admit, even to herself after a while, that she went to bed with him. Furthermore, to have been Gable's real wife coul have detracted from her role of martyred-saint. In the mind o the public that considered Clark Gable one of the most desir able men in the world, a woman who'd had him in bed even fo ten minutes had had more than her share of goodies in life

Friends of Gable's shrug off the notion of that loveless firs marriage. They believe Clark married Josephine because he was ambitious, but that he paid with whatever service he could provide.

If we are to believe Josephine, she had a husband who did only two things: studied or played around. And his flirtations began within days of their wedding.

Clark and Josephine's marriage took on a tempo, the rhythm of it established by Josephine's droning lectures and

Clark's dogged efforts to learn his trade. Josephine flourished in the tempo and probably could have gone on with it forever. Her husband rejected it as soon as he sensed its aggressions. Eventually, when she criticized his acting, he would become furious, "would slam out of the tiny house and rage off—I never knew where."

Josephine committed the unforgivable sin in her marriage: she fell in love with her husband. From the start she knew the only thing that mattered to Billy Gable was becoming an actor, but the one thing she couldn't bear was that the only thing between them was his acting. "After all," she once wrote, "one must sometimes want to talk about something else than acting, or theater, or movies, or even the husband's career! What went on in Clark's mind that did not concern acting, I don't know, have never known and will never know. What did I think about when we were not talking about acting or his career? He never knew. And I have never known whether he even wondered or cared."

The manuscript shows him becoming inwardly petulant. Her repressed resentment probably became an attempt at more and more discipline for her budding star, which he could only resent because he didn't know her true feelings.

Sometime in his first year with Josephine, Billy disappeared and was permanently replaced by Clark Gable. Clark was a better specimen than Billy, he fit better into his body.

Billy's voice, when Josephine first knew it, was "nervous and hard in quality and much too high in pitch, as is true with many big men." He had to sit for hours, daily, at a piano, working his voice down, a half step at a time, until Josephine was satisfied that "the register of his speech was proper for his big man type"—proper for Clark.



Josephine Dillon

While Billy was training his voice, he was also getting rid of the tension in his face. Josephine observed: "As the muscles of his face relaxed in the assumption of correct speech habits, the forehead smoothed, the eyes opened, the lips began to be flexible and [Clark's] now famous smile was born."

Billy's clumsiness turned into Clark's muscular grace, mostly on forced marches: long walks necessitated by lack of transportation, and repeated trips up and down the cottage stairs under Josephine's supervision. Billy was so disciplined he did breathing exercises even when playing golf.

Clark Gable went looking for work like a starving lion stalking prey. He was lucky immediately, getting a $15-a-day bit part in a silent film called *White Man*. There couldn't have been more excitement in "the little cottage" had he been asked to do a remake of *The Sheik:*

"A job in the movies for Mark! A good bit in a picture for Mark!"

Work on the film lasted ten frantically busy, supremely happy, 14-hour days. Then there were none; just weeks of looking and hoping, Josephine forever optimistic, Clark in deep, silent despair. He could get work, when there was a call for tall men as an extra, but he hated the thought. Extras weren't actors, they weren't even human, they were props.

But Josephine believed in working, not waiting, so Clark worked, and fairly steadily, too, appearing as an extra in at least five films released in 1925, the most famous of which was MGM's *The Merry Widow,* directed by Eric von Stroheim, starring Mae Murray and John Gilbert.

The occasional excitement, fun and games were not enough to keep Clark phoning all over town for $3-a-day extra jobs that led nowhere. Silents, it seemed, weren't for him, nor he for them. Josephine's coaching, particularly in speech, prepared him in no way for the exaggerated performance required of a voiceless actor, and, in any case, he was too big to fit into the mold of five-foot-six heroes. Clark gave up waving his arms at casting directors and looked once again to the theater, which, in the mid-twenties, was burgeoning in Los Angeles. Every major road company made a stop there; there were as many as 13 plays running simultaneously in some weeks.

In the spring of 1925, a husband-wife producing-directing team, Louis MacLoon and Lillian Albertson, announced they would present Jane Cowl in *Romeo and Juliet*—fresh from a triumphant tour. Clark and Josephine rejoiced. If there was one thing Clark was ready for it was Shakespeare; could he not recite all of *Hamlet, Macbeth* and *Romeo and Juliet?*

He was the first on line at the first call for the ensemble, and one of the first chosen—for spear-carrier. He didn't care. He was so eager to get on the stage he would have volunteered to be a turret. The job paid $30 a week, it offered status and had infinite possibilities. What he didn't know, for about a day, was that Jane Cowl, the female Don Juan of the legitimate theater, had hand-picked him. His principal job at the start of the production turned out to be in Miss Cowl's dressing room. Within one week after the play opened, he replaced a departing Mercutio and was asked to complete Miss Cowl's tour of Portland, Seattle and Vancouver. On tour, his pay went to $40 a week.

Miss Albertson, who directed the Los Angeles production, was not nearly as impressed with him as was Jane Cowl. She found him clumsy, thought his voice too high-pitched and his acting amateurish. Mrs. Gable thought that if there was anything wrong with Clark's acting, it was the direction he was getting, and she worried that her protégé was being ruined forever. Clark didn't care what any of them thought; all that mattered was that he was playing Shakespeare in a fine Los Angeles theater.

He was so happy he was irresistible. His ebullience brightened the lives of his troupe. He clowned and teased and he was thoughtful and kind. Enthusiasm often makes up for a lack of talent among jaded professionals, and Clark couldn't have been brighter-eyed or bushier-tailed. And with it all, he was appealingly vulnerable and self-mocking. He couldn't help being courtly; if Miss Cowl dropped something on the floor, he instinctively went to pick it up, but he'd drop to one knee and swoop it up, like a gallant knight, and teasingly return it. He really loved to have fun, and—dammit—life with Josephine was so deadly serious.

He did the tour as though he'd never seen the Northwest before, full of a tourist's excitement. But he wrote Josephine only about his work and the weather.

When he returned from his tour, and his leading lady, he went into the MacLoons' production of *What Price Glory,* staying in it nearly four months and working himself up to one of the major roles. Lillian Albertson had begun to be impressed with him. She was not, however, impressed with his wife, who came once too often to the theater to coach Clark, and was banned from rehearsals while Clark worked in at least four more MacLoon productions.

He wasn't showing up much at home those days. Nor was he sending any money to his wife. In her manuscript, Josephine just drops Clark out of it for many pages, in which she writes only about her experiences with other pupils, all female. When Clark reappears, it is in a letter from somewhere, in which he ominously says of an actress, "She is really wonderful. Gives a fellow a build up, makes you feel impor-

tant, sort of, instead of like a little boy trying to learn something too big for him."

On the heels of this letter, Josephine received a bag of laundry Clark sent ahead of his return so he'd have a clean shirt to wear to the theater.

"Lying in bed that night, waiting for sleep, I thought, 'Thank God I'm not in love with him.... You have taken on a job, Julia, finish it.' "

Josephine tried to finish it. She sent Clark to a dentist who plucked the two widely-spaced front teeth from his mouth and replaced them with closely fitting gold ones.

She followed Clark on some tours, even after they had separated, showing up at rehearsals to coach her actor and give him strength.

She hung on for at least two more years after that laundry bag arrived, believing every day that Clark needed her and would return; that she could go on washing his dirty laundry and all would be well.

Even if the first Gable marriage had been what the world considered an ordinary one, it probably would have had slim chance for survival. Clark's single priority was his career and his career put him on the road and out of reach, unpredictably, for long stretches of time. Other wives in other years would travel with him. Josephine could not because there was no money for such luxury. Other wives would at least have a chance to fend off carnivorous ladies who found Clark Gable appetizing. Josephine was too far away to fight, didn't have the weapons and was more possessive of his talent than his body, anyway. For Clark, fidelity was never a critical issue. If there was a woman around the right place at the right time, and she was overtly interested, fine. In the early years, if he could profit by the relationship, all the better.

His fourth play for the MacLoons, *Madam X,* brought him his first really big league affair. The star of the show was a fabled film and stage actress (and courtesan-class beauty) named Pauline Frederick, who lived in a mansion on Sunset Boulevard. When Clark encountered Pauline in 1926, she was 44 and still active on all fronts. She had had three husbands, a lover who hanged himself when she rejected him and a great number of divorcées who blamed her for their wrecked homes. She drew vast audiences wherever she appeared.

Clark's part in her play was minor; his part in her backstage soap operetta, major. Like Jane Cowl, Pauline took an immediate fancy to the curiously attractive, gaunt young man. Also like Miss Cowl, she was in the best possible position to have Clark respond: top of the cast. Since 1960, writers have described Pauline as sexually insatiable, her romance with Clark exhausting for the reluctant lover. "That woman acts as though she's never going to see another man," Clark supposedly sighed into history.

Clark returned to Los Angeles with a gold cigarette case inscribed from Pauline and got a small part in a Lionel Barrymore play, *The Copperhead,* also a MacLoon production.

The most significant play he did for the MacLoons in this time period (1926-1928) was *Chicago,* in which he played a reporter. Clark Gable would play a journalist in nine films in his career. The prototype for all of them was his characterization of "Jake" in *Chicago.* Gable's Jake wore his hat on the back of his head and his coat collar up. He walked with shoulders and arms forward a bit apelike. When he stood still, he had at least one arm akimbo and an impudent wiseacre grin on his face. All of these tricks isolated him on stage and drew the audience's attention, particularly when they shouldn't have. They were successful bits of upstaging that he used regularly in his career.

Chicago got him his first notices and widened the field open to him. When the show closed, its star Nancy Carroll signed a contract with Paramount Pictures. MGM scouts came sniffing around Clark, but he would have nothing to do with them. In mid-1927, movie attendance was at such an ebb that studios were cutting salaries and running into their first labor crisis. The public was bored with silents. Radio was the new diversion, and you didn't have to leave home to enjoy it. If people were going to go out to be entertained they didn't want to read subtitles anymore; they had gotten used to the sound of voices making drama. Legitimate theater was booming all over the country and actors with any kind of experience could count on having fairly steady work. Gable felt that, if nothing else, the momentum would carry him right where he wanted to go. He might have felt differently had he been aware of the tidal wave about to overtake the motion picture industry.

On October 6, 1927, the first major talking picture premiered at the Warner Theatre in Manhattan. It was called *The Jazz Singer,* and it starred Al Jolson *singing* (not mouthing) two gut-tearing numbers: "My Mammy," and the lament, "Kol Nidre." It was a smash, not in the trade, but in the movie houses. Audiences loved it and begged for more.

When *Chicago* completed its run, Clark had a number of options open to him. One, to join the Houston stock company of a man named Gene Lewis, did not interest him. Another, to make personal appearances with a film actress named Dorothy Davenport, did. However, he wound up in Houston, and the way that happened spelled the end of his marriage to Josephine. Josephine wrote in the early 1930s, "I thought he needed some stock experience, and I must confess that I forced him to accept an offer to go to Houston, Texas, with a stock company, instead of working in an act with Dorothy Davenport by lying to Miss Davenport over the phone, saying he had signed with someone else. I don't think Clark ever forgave me for that."

Worse yet, she turned out to be right again.

Clark became a huge success in Houston, a local celebrity who was stopped for autographs on the street, lionized in the best social circles and recognized in shops and restaurants. The stock company put on a different play every week in the Palace Theatre. For three months Clark was the second lead, earning $75 a week. Then the leading man left, and for the next 25 weeks Clark took over his roles and upped his salary to $200 a week. In the first of his leads, playing Matt Burke in O'Neill's *Anna Christie,* he did so impressively he could do no wrong for Houston audiences ever after. He became the city's personal matinee idol and had a steady following of teen-aged girls who adored him, as well as grown ladies who hung out in his dressing room or sent him mash notes.

In that Houston audience sat the wealthy socialite, Ria Franklin Prentiss Lucas Langham—later to become the second Mrs. Gable.

Josephine, who pursued her husband to Houston (thereby infuriating him), often implied that he and Ria were involved there, although Ria's daughter is certain they didn't meet until later in New York. In a 1936 letter, Josephine wrote: "I went down to Houston to see how Gable's acting was developing. I had made him a promise to get him through to New York—and although we were not particularly happy together by then, I made keeping my promises a religion. In Houston he had met people who are now his life—I was asked to step out—and I went to New York to fulfill my promise, saying I would give him his divorce when he had accomplished what we had set out to do—make a good actor of him."

In New York, Josephine made the rounds of producers she knew, beating the drum for Clark. One of the producers was Arthur Hopkins, who had a property called *Machinal* he wanted to open in the fall. He had signed his leading lady, Zita

Johann, an enchanting, much respected actress, who chose to do his play rather than sign a five-year contract with Universal. "I was worried over the part," Miss Johann remembers. "It was a heavy part and I needed men to support me—big names. I told Arthur and he said, 'Don't worry. I'll get you the proper men.' Then he came and told me, 'I've got you a Woolworth Romeo.' "

The Woolworth Romeo was Clark Gable, whom Miss Johann, along with everyone else in New York theater, had never heard of. It was the best of all possible Clark Gables, the happiest, most self-assured, most optimistic so far. He had gone to New York not only with the path trimmed for him by Josephine, but also with the recommendations of the MacLoons and the blessings of theater-goers in Houston. He looked good, he felt well. He told the late Elza Schallert of the Los Angeles *Times* in 1932:

"All my life I had been waiting for the chance just to plant my feet on the sidewalks that all actors have walked at some time. I entered New York with money in my pockets and some good clothes. I didn't feel like a beggar. My Houston engagement had given me a barrel of confidence. And a little money and a wardrobe had done the rest."

Even the idea of facing "The Critics" challenged him:

"I had heard a lot and read a lot about the New York critics and how they could make or break an actor. I sure wanted to meet them, from the other side of the footlights—scared to death, you understand, but anxious just the same. I wanted to see exactly what they would do to me."



Gable with second wife, Ria Langham.

Within two weeks of his arrival in New York he was signed with a major agent, Chamberlain Brown, and in rehearsal for *Machinal.* Josephine was also in New York, standing by to assist her protégé. She would never see Clark in his Broadway debut. As soon as he signed with Hopkins, Josephine claimed, "Clark phoned me to keep out of his life, said he was through with me. I said I was going back to California and that he had better become the best actor he could, as he could never be a man." Josephine went home. Clark started four weeks of rehearsals.

He strolled up Fifth Avenue those crisp, early-autumn days when New York is its most seductive, Ria Langham's leather-gloved hand delicately holding his arm, the fur collar of her wool-crêpe suit brushing his sleeve. They would lunch at the right French restaurant, where Ria taught him to order the right food with the right accent. Clark would try not to smile too openly, try to look as though he'd been doing this all his life.

They'd stop in some of the shops and Ria would choose for Clark the stylish clothes she thought he should wear. It was his choice, though, to add a derby and a gold-headed cane as finishing touches. It was the only time in his life that he chose to look like a dandy, and he took the costume all the way. With just a slight change in the cut of his pin-striped suits, he would have been ready for a walk-on as Diamond Jim.

Lounging on the brocades in Ria's apartment, to which she had moved soon after Clark had arrived in New York, he wore a smoking jacket and found that a perfect accessory for his jacket and his cigarette was gin, chilled and poured over ice, with a twist of lemon. For a day off in the country—Ria had good friends with estates in Connecticut—he had leisure clothes; for conversations with bankers and stockbrokers Ria knew, he had a little money he wanted to invest. And for the occasional suspicion he had that people might think him a gigolo, he had the assurance that he and Ria would marry as soon as he could get a divorce. He didn't know when he could go to the Coast to talk to Josephine, but when the time was right, he would take care of it.

The security Clark felt when he first came to New York vanished when *Machinal* ended because he couldn't get another job. That fact sent him reeling. Publicly, he maintained his high-spirited, affable personality. But with Ria he indulged in depression. She didn't care. Ria adored this moody, beautiful young man with whom, as she envisioned it, life could never be dull, because it could never be easy. She knew that one day the difference in their ages would be a problem (Ria was 45—like Josephine, 17 years older than Clark). Friends told her he was nothing but a fortune-hunter. She didn't care. She wanted to marry him.

But Clark couldn't get rid of the wife he already had. In spite of her promise, Josephine wouldn't make a move. So Clark went to a Park Avenue lawyer, who promised he could get him a Mexican divorce for $100.

In February, Clark headed west in a drawing room on the Twentieth-Century Limited. When he arrived in Los Angeles, he went directly to Josephine. She later wrote: "He had one of those Mexican divorce papers that he wanted me to sign before a notary. I refused to enter into any such affair, knowing that the next woman he married would find herself in a legal mess if she trusted herself to Mexican marriages and divorces." Josephine did her own investigating, getting advice from a judge who had known her father. On March 30, 1929, she filed for divorce on the grounds of desertion. ("I could have added all the other things, but I was protecting Clark.") Typically, she asked for nothing: no settlement, no alimony. It would take a year for the divorce to be finalized.

Clark went back to New York and to Ria and managed to find some small parts in a few plays. While working on *Love, Honor and Betray,* a play that ran on Broadway for eight weeks, Clark heard from his friends the MacLoons. They wanted to bring the Broadway hit, *The Last Mile,* to the West Coast and they wanted Clark to play the Spencer Tracy role.

The play was barely noticed in San Francisco, but on June 7, 1930, *The Last Mile* opened at the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles, and Clark Gable became the epicenter of the city which, a year and a half before, seemed to make a business of ignoring him. Everyone wanted to see the show the critics termed stark and stunning, and everyone went away talking about the stark, stunning actor who, as Killer Mears, was equal parts man and animal. His stage cell seemed to be a cage, with his huge hands around the bars. The glaring top light on him cast shadows under every bone in his skull and trapped his eyes deep in his head. He looked primeval, according to one observer; and his voice fairly snarled with the aggression he felt toward this audience, which had once too often rejected him.

Not that the events that followed were the classic overnight success story; Clark Gable as Killer Mears was still not Marlon Brando as Stanley Kowalski. But for Clark, compared to what he had known, and with no way to compare with what he would know, all the signs pointed to his arrival.

Once his theater career was underway, it was only a matter of time before the film companies would come sniffing around. And by the end of 1930, Clark Gable had signed a contract with Irving Thalberg of MGM.

Of course, as the public fell in love with Gable, he became fair game for the press. Because he rarely talked to them they filled their pages with hokey stories of his early "loves." When that phase passed, there was a rash of stories comparing Gable to Valentino, "CLARK GABLE, Don Juan by Popular Demand." Then came "What a man, Gable!", stories declaring him to be a lover like no other. Soon the Hollywood reporters got angry at Gable's silence and their stories were laced with rumors of his having had three or four wives, at least one son, and, most certainly, a speckled past.

The press then found just what it wanted: a local drama coach who billed herself "Josephine Dillon (Gable)"—"a woman alone and poor and therefore easily dealt with," as one reporter noted. According to Josephine, she was "threatened and bullied, terrified and insulted." For a short time, she saw all reporters who called her, only to find that her "mild little reminiscences" were not wanted. They wanted "dirt," she claimed. She wouldn't give. She said "they" threatened to ruin her and to find ways to take away her students.

The Josephine matter attached itself to everyone concerned like a tick.The press used her to bludgeon Clark, printing items like this one from a fan magazine that described the Gables' luxurious lifestyle and then said, "The first Mrs. Gable lives in actual want. She has a tiny voice culture studio, none too well patronized in these days of depression. Often she is not sure where the next few dollars are coming from."

It finally dawned on Josephine where she might get her next few dollars. On August 2, 1931, she wrote a letter to Louis B. Mayer:

My dear Mr. Mayer:

I have received a number of offers for a story of my experiences as the wife and coach of Clark Gable. I have prepared such a story and have it ready for mailing to a publication which has made me an offer for it. It gives the intimate details of our life and the way I made it possible for him to arrive at his present prominence, and it tells of his treatment of me.

My reason for being willing to sell such a story of the sorrow and disappointment Clark Gable caused me is that he has made no attempt to repay me in any way for the years of careful instruction and coaching that he received from me and the money he cost me, nor has he shown the slightest concern for the heartaches and humiliations he brought into my life. Even so, I would not have considered the publication of my intimate life, were it not for the fact that his attitude has made it extremely difficult for me to earn even a modest living as a coach. The paragraph recently printed in the *Hollywood Reporter*, in which it commented on his rise to prosperity while the wife who made it possible is living in poverty in a backyard in Hollywood is only too true.

Mr. Gable has given me no cause to be concerned for his welfare, but your company has never done me any harm and this story will probably damage one of your properties. If you would rather buy this story from me than have me sell it for publication, I am willing to agree not to give out any information concerning Gable while he is in your employ except through your office.

I have constant calls from local newspapers and magazine people asking for gossip for their chatter columns, but have refrained from that sort of vulgarity. But my present position forces me to sell this story as I am in desperate need.

—Yours very truly,
Mrs. Josephine Dillon Gable

For the next year, MGM arranged that Clark should pay Josephine $200 per month, with the stipulation that she give no interviews to the press. In July of the following year, Clark saw an interview that she is supposed to have given out, and he immediately stopped sending her money. She was very upset, claiming that she'd never given any interviews, but Clark would hear none of it. So Josephine began opening up to the press, writing stories about her Hollywood days with Clark. The stories were meant to be kind and loving, she insisted, but the space between the lines read, "I made him what he is today." Writers picked up on the inference, declaring Josephine the woman who had created Clark Gable. But Clark Gable defenders attacked Josephine: "If anyone made Clark a good actor, it wasn't Josephine Dillion," wrote Adela Rogers St. Johns, the noted newspaper woman who was a friend of Clark's. Josephine hurt from that line, but not nearly as much as she did from Mrs. St. Johns' ambiguous description of her: "You remember your elocution teacher in high school." That made her bleed. Josephine counterattacked, telling yet another writer that Adela had written what she did because Josephine had refused to see her, referring her, instead, to the studio. According to Josephine, Adela said, "I am a well-known writer. You are making a mistake not talking to me."

On and on it all went until MGM decided the best thing to do was to turn Clark over to the press. Reporters would discover what a regular guy he was and lay off. Unfortunately, he turned out to be so regular that the studio couldn't stand it. He was too candid, too open, and to shut him up, the studio began sending him on hunting and fishing trips to get him out of the way between movie work. But his openness took the wind out of all of Josephine's sails: her exclusive interviews were of interest to the public, but not as interesting as the star himself.

Josephine Dillon slowly sank into oblivion. She remained a struggling drama coach until she became too old to teach. She was suffering from malnutrition in the early 1960s when her niece, Belva Hall, took her in. When Gable died in 1960, he left Josephine a $2,700 piece of property in his will. She died in a California sanitarium in 1971—having outlived Clark Gable by 11 years. **End**

Coming Next Month!

GABLE AFTER LOMBARD

In the concluding excerpt from her new biography of Hollywood's greatest male star, Lyn Tornabene reveals never-before-told details of Clark Gable at war, Gable's last two marriages—and his tragic death.

Q. Does JCPenney pack a coupon for Tide in every new automatic washer?

A. Do fishermen dig for bait?



When a kid goes fishing, even digging for bait can be fun. But getting his clothes clean afterwards can be a problem. That's one reason JCPenney packs a coupon for Tide in their new automatic washers.

We think that coupon's a pretty good reason to try Tide. And once you see how well Tide works on the dirt your kids get into, well, we think you'll want to stick with it for all your wash.



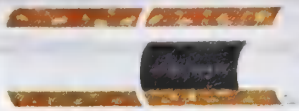
This JCPenney Programmed Cycle Washer gives you the right washing conditions for most of today's fabrics automatically. It has a hand-wash cycle for delicate articles and a soak setting for heavily soiled articles. And it will handle up to an 18-pound wash load.

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The makers of 17 washers pack Tide coupons in every top-loading automatic.

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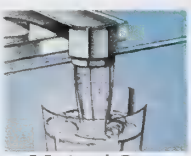


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PATTY HEARST

continued from page 54

ountry thinking—and reporting—that hey had seen Patty Hearst. The amount f false leads and information was inredible. By the time she was brought to rial, this same kind of feeling had inected many of the witnesses. Some were enuinely mistaken. Others came to like he limelight. But the result was an atnosphere that prevented her from geting a fair trial. There's no way that you ould say Patty Hearst got a fair trial."

Another theory that could well be rue was advanced by another member f our defense team, Sue Maddox—and hat was that once the need arose for sychiatric testimony, it changed the icture considerably, perhaps even enirely. It was no longer just Patty's word gainst that of the government. The jury *ad* to believe the experts' explanation f why she didn't run away, why she ired a machine gun to help the Harrises t Mel's Sporting Goods and why she ept that damned monkey [the little tone figurine, given to her by slain SLA nember Willie Wolfe, which Patty kept ecause she liked *it*—not *him*]. This neant that if they voted to acquit her, he jurors would have to go home and ell their friends and neighbors that they ad *relied* on psychiatric evidence—and, for one reason or another, in America in the 1970s, they weren't ready to do that. For the first time in years, there was a case that could not be settled in the court of common sense.

To some extent I agree with these theories. But there is more to it.

While psychiatrist Harry Kozol was on the stand, reciting what he felt was Patty's litany of sins, she watched and listened intently. I think Dr. Kozol's testimony caused her more distress than anyone else's. At one point he told the jury that she was "embarrassed by the name Hearst." I noticed that Patty had taken a sheet of yellow legal paper and was writing quickly. She passed the sheet to me.

She had written: "Was not *politically* embarrassed by name H.—was embar. because people would always ask me about H. castle instead of talking to me like a *person*."

An unfortunate symbol

I think she had put her finger on exactly why she was found guilty. Neither the country nor the jury, as far as I am concerned, thought about Patricia Hearst, *the person*. She had become an unfortunate symbol for what too many people still feared and in some cases even hated. It was bad enough that she was young, but she was also thought to be rich. She had lived with a man to whom she was not married. On one hand, many parents could see their own children in Patty Hearst—and their hearts went out to her and to her family; but on the other hand, an enormous number of people saw her as a perfect symbol of so many things that bothered them deeply.

In regard to the jury, if they started the trial as impartial jurors—and that will always be a question—at some point during the trial they picked up a symbolic resentment to Patty. I don't think they resented her as an individual, but she became a symbol of youth and money and even the so-called sexual revolution. There are still a lot of people today, many of them in their middle and later years, who deeply resent the excesses of the 1960s, who feel that the young generation, with its pot smoking and its apparent disdain for the values they hold dear, are going to ruin traditional American life. There is still a lot of anger left in such people because of the excesses of a decade ago. And I believe that anger and resentment convicted Patty.

As a person, Patricia Hearst would never have been convicted. As a symbol, she never had a chance. From everything I have learned about this young woman, I can say one thing with absolute certainty: She deserved to be convicted about as much as she deserved to be kidnapped. **End**

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THE SECRET CLUB

continued from page 103

contest to play Tom Sawyer, or advertise cereal or baseballs or blue-jeans, and to see this ordinary, very American-looking boy twice over never seemed to startle people.

In the beginning, Carol had been uncomfortable with the idea of twins. She understood about the split egg, but the results seemed somehow improbable. Like science fiction, she thought disapprovingly. No, more like an ancient superstition, some primitive Indian legend: "Once upon a time two people were born on the same day and they were exactly alike in every detail."

She was used to them now, though, and they seemed no stranger than any two boys. She had changed their diapers and picked up their toys and patched their pants, and they could hold no possible mystery for her.

For days at a time she forgot they were twins, and when she remembered it seemed unimportant. They were two normal, healthy little boys, that was all. Plain as bread, clear as water.

"Finish your milk," she said. "How much homework do you have?"

They groaned.

Paul settled into his chair with the evening paper. Carol wiped the table, and the boys covered it with school books and laid out papers that had that curiously *used* look a young man's papers get being carried home from school.

Carol scraped plates and arranged them in the dishwasher.

"How do you spell 'museum'?" asked Danny.

"M-u-s-e-u-m. What are you writing?"

"We're doing about questions and not-questions."

"I finished it in school," said Mike.

"*I* know," snapped Danny. "Big deal for you. Big whoop."

"Don't talk like that," said Carol automatically. "Besides, you're in different classes, you can't possibly know if Mike finished."

"I don't *get* this," said Mike. "What's—"

"Twenty-seven," said Danny, from the other end of the table, not looking.

"Twenty-seven?" Mike wrote it down.

"Mike, don't be so silly," said Carol. "Danny's doing something else, how could he know which problem you're on? Let me see."

Seven plus eight plus nine minus three plus six. She counted it over twice in her head, surreptitiously using her fingers. Twenty-seven. Danny was scratching messily at his sentences, but she stared at the top of his head until he looked up. His eyes slid guiltily away from hers. He looked stubborn, and scowled. Mike was digging into the glossy finish of the table with his pencil. "Stop that," she said. "Danny, I don't know what's going on here, but I want it to stop. You know how Daddy and I feel about any kind of cheating."

They looked at each other from under their spikey bangs, a dark and complicated stare of warning. Carol felt closed out, as if a door had banged shut.

Mike ducked his chin in a brief nod at his brother, and they bent over their work again. Their hair covered their faces in a scrubby brown curtain.

Obviously, there had been some hanky-panky with the homework, Carol thought, but since she had caught them it wasn't likely to happen again. They were good boys. You had to expect a certain amount of mischief.

After homework, baths. After baths they came down pajamaed.

"Give me a kiss and scoot off to bed," Carol said.

"Aren't you going to read us a story?"

"Not tonight, it's late." She kissed their damp, imperfectly washed faces and sent them off, and began to straighten out the litter of homework.

Danny's sentences started out neatly, and deteriorated into staggering illegibility. "We went to the museum. Did you go to the museum? There is one of us. Is there one of you? We road in the car. Did he ride in the car? We went swimming. Can" and the rest was a smudge. Poor teachers, Carol thought. Imagine having to read all that multiplied by 23.

She looked back at the second group. "There is one of us. Is there one of you?" It didn't make sense. It didn't even seem to be grammar, although she couldn't figure out why not.

In bed, waiting for sleep, it came back to her and floated in her mind like a strange fish. "There is one of us." What in heaven's name was the child trying to say? Surely a third grader ought to be able to write better sense?

After breakfast, gathering their school books, she remembered it again. "What does this mean, Danny? Look, this one. What's that supposed to mean?"

"Did I spell it wrong?"

"No, I just don't understand it."

Mike crowded in beside them and read over her arm. He turned to Danny. "*Dummy*," he hissed furiously. He grabbed the paper and wrenched at it, tearing it into twisted bits.

"Mike! Danny's *homework!*"

"I'll get a zero!" howled Danny.

Mike whirled on him and punched his shoulder. "You idiot! That's the *secret!*"

"What's a secret?" cried Carol, but Mike had his books and lunch and raced out the door toward the school bus. Danny went tearing after him, yelling, "What am I gonna tell the teacher?"

Carol stood for a moment gazing at the door. Now what, she wondered, could that possibly have been about? "There is one of us." It was a secret. Carol disliked small mysteries, and her mind persisted in worrying at them. There was a logical explanation for all things, a rational reason for every seemingly strange event, if only one poked it long enough to bring it to earth.

"There is one of us." Then she smiled suddenly with relief. A club, of course. Eight was a great age for clubs and secret organizations and codes and passwords. They must have gotten up a club with some of the other kids, and "There is one of us" must be the secret motto. It was a good motto, too, like "*E pluribus unum*."

Smiling, she went to mop the spilled milk under the breakfast table.

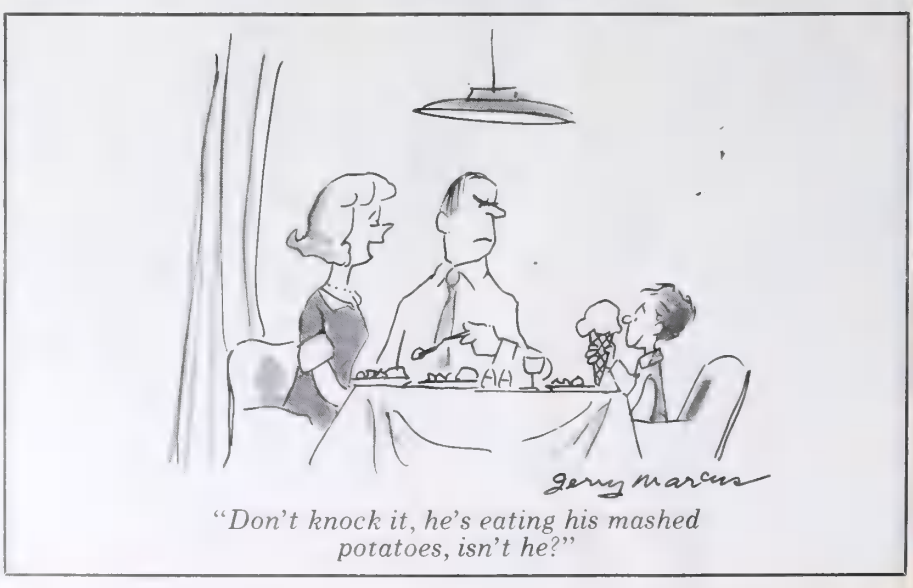
Mike came home from school with a red bruise under his eye and two buttons missing. "I hit Scott Mason," he explained, "and he hit me back."

"You know we don't like fighting. Why did you hit him?"

"He called me a twin."

"We hit people who call us twin," said Danny.

"But you *are*." *(continued)*



"Don't knock it, he's eating his mashed potatoes, isn't he?"

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THE SECRET CLUB

continued

"Not any more," said Mike darkly.

"It's so people won't start guessing," explained Danny.

"Guessing *what*?"

They retreated mutely behind their bangs, the all-American blue eyes as blank as stones. "Can we have a cookie?" asked Mike.

The club again, thought Carol, and got out cookies.

"I don't want one," said Danny.

"You don't want a cookie?" She laid the expert mother's hand across his forehead in the quick, graceful gesture of one who has long ago mislaid the thermometer. Hot. Not fiery, but hot. She reached for Mike, but he ducked away.

"I'm okay," he said. "Danny's sick, not me. Watch, I'll eat some more cookies."

She squinted critically at him. The two looked equally flushed. "You always do both get sick at once."

"There's no law says I have to, is there? We told you we weren't being twins any more. I don't have to get sick just because Danny's sick, do I?"

"No, of course not, I just want to feel your–"

"But I'm fine. I feel great. Can I go play in your car?"

"No. You left the headlights on the last time. Why not stay and watch TV with Danny? Keep him company?"

"That's okay," said Danny stoutly. "We don't have to *always* hang around together." He turned the TV on and lay down on the couch. His flushed face and shaggy hair gave him a fragile, refugee look, and he seemed very alone.

I'm so used to seeing them together, Carol thought, that one alone looks abandoned. Like an orphan. It's ridiculous, they're right; it's time they started doing things separately.

Whistling ostentatiously, Mike stuck a cap pistol in his belt and swaggered out, alone.

Carol gave Danny half an aspirin. Then she went to scrape carrots and peel potatoes for the stew.

In the other room the TV chattered away. It began to get dark, and Danny lay on the couch with the bluish light flickering over his face.

She went in to feel his forehead, which was cooler. "I wonder where Mike is," she said. "It's getting dark."

"I don't know where he is," said Danny. "How should I know? What's for dinner?"

"Stew. Salad. Biscuits. I wonder if he went over to Fergusons'."

He sat up. "Can I help make biscuits?"

"Well . . . okay. Wash your hands." They always wanted to help in the kitchen, but the two of them got under each other's feet, and spilled things, and said "Look what you made me do." Since she had only one at the moment, he could help. Where was Mike?

She rolled out the dough, and Danny cut circles with a teacup.

"I think I will call Fergusons'. He must be there."

Danny glanced up at her, and back down at the biscuits. "Yeah," he said, and ate some raw dough.

The Fergusons hadn't seen Mike. From the kitchen window a long slate-gray cloud was blotting out the yellow sunset. "Where can he be?" she fretted. "How could I know?" said Danny again, defensively. "Is it going to rain?"

"Looks like it."

Danny turned his head away so the curtain of hair hid his face, and said, "Maybe we ought to go look for him. We could just drive around looking, maybe. If it's going to rain."

"Oh, we'll wait a while longer."

"We ought to go now," he said urgently. "I mean, maybe he could be in trouble or something. Like stuck somewhere so he can't come home."

"Stuck?"

Danny pushed out his lip and kicked at the table leg. "We ought to go now," he repeated, scowling.

She hated to take him outside, with his fever, but since it was Paul's late night she had to. Aimlessly, *(continued)*



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THE SECRET CLUB

continued

she drove up and down streets, squinting into driveways and yards while Danny fiddled with the dashboard knobs. Spatters of rain began to freckle the windshield. "I don't know where to try next," she said. "Maybe the playground?"

Danny turned off the defroster and said, "We could try over at the place with the cars. The wrecked cars."

"That awful place? You boys don't play there, do you?"

"No. But maybe he went to climb in the cars, pretend he was driving them, and the police were chasing him. We used to in this car, but couldn't because we left the headlights on."

She studied his profile. "I guess it's worth a try."

The car dump was a hideous blot on an otherwise pleasant neighborhood, five acres of hillside covered with the mangled, menacing wreckage of a wheeled society. The wrecks lay lurched and tipped and stacked against each other, smashed safety glass dangling in mosaic webs, hoods gaping and gutted, wheels wrenched sideways, tops crushed like eggshells, trunks caved in or twisted open, headlights gouged from their sockets, piles of tires, piles of doors. Everything usable or salable had been pulled off or out of them, and the remains lay and rusted very slowly, and did not vanish. No vines grew over them. Even in midsummer, only the thinnest weeds straggled to cover them. In plain sight of the highway they lay, year after year, saying, Look well, driver, for I am death.

Carol slowed down and peered through the rainy dusk. "I don't see him," she said. "Besides, who'd want to play here?"

"We could go look," said Danny. "He might be inside of one."

She sighed and pulled over. "Mike!" she called. "Miiii-ike!" The rainy wind blew her voice away. "I don't know where to start. It'll take all night."

She picked her way over to the first car. Its door was pushed into the driver's seat. She tried the handle, but of course it was jammed. She looked inside. The upholstery was stained brown in great blotchy continents, spattered with glass. She shuddered and backed away, stumbling over a wheel. "Mike!" she shouted again. "Danny, I'm sure he's not here. Let's try the playground."

Danny opened his mouth and closed it again. From under his bangs he gave her a look of desperate hopelessness, like a creature in a trap, and turned, and started up the hillside of wrecks, climbing doggedly over fragments of cars, tripping, dodging, scrambling uphill as steadily as a bird dog. "Danny!" she yelled. "You'll get lost too. Come back!"

He shook his head without turning and kept on. The rain was coming down harder. She started after him, picking her way around lakes of shattered glass. "Danny! Where are you going?"

He didn't answer. True as radar he kept climbing, and Carol followed, and cut her shin on a car door. Almost at the top of the field, where the sumac and creeper came down to meet the wreckage and you could see out over the highway, Danny stopped. "Mike," he said.

Gasping and limping, Carol caught up to him. "Where?"

"Mom? Mom! Hey, I'm in here. I can't get out!"

It was, or had been, a dark-green sports car of foreign make, tilted over at an angle against a rock. The front end was crumpled. Carol balanced on the rock and tried to see inside. "Mike! What happened? Why are you in there anyway? Haven't you got any sense?"

His face at the cracked window was wild with relief. "The door banged shut. I thought I had it stuck open, but it fell down shut and I can't push it. Can you get me out?"

She yanked at the door, and then took off her slippery loafers and climbed onto the twisted hood, and crouched and pulled again. The hinges were jammed. She clenched her teeth and pulled as hard as she could, and this time it creaked slowly open. Mike scrambled out, dropped to the

(continued)

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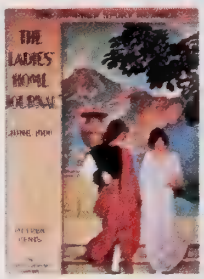
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THE SECRET CLUB

continued

ground and she let the door crash shut.

She jumped down and hugged him and shook him. "Don't you ever, ever come here again! It could have taken us days to find you. Weeks!"

Mike's grin vanished as if he had swallowed it. He looked over at Danny, sitting glumly on a rusted engine block. "How *did* you find me?" he asked suspiciously. "How'd you know where I was?"

Danny examined his sneakers, and all three of them were silent.

Carol looked back down the hill, tumbled like a rockslide with the confusion of wrecks. There were hundreds of cars. Hundreds and hundreds. Through them, and around them and over them, Danny had come climbing as steadily as a bloodhound, his small shoulders bent, without hesitation, straight to his brother in one of hundreds and hundreds of cars.

"I thought maybe you were here," he offered now, miserably.

"Now she knows!" cried Mike. "dumb moron."

"I had to!" said poor Danny. "Supp you stayed there forever? Suppose starved to death? And it was raini too."

A shiver began behind Carol's n and flickered down her back and ar and the small hairs stood on end.

"It was the secret," said Mike in gust. "And after we swore, too. Dumm He turned his back and kicked at a ru tailpipe.

That was the secret. Not a club, a motto or password at all, but sim what Danny had written: There is of us. It was their secret, since no wants to seem strange to the world, not a strange thing to them becaus had always been with them. To Caro was so terrifying that she gasped breath as if the earth had shudder and sat down on a fender. Her kn were limp.

There is one of us. On the murky fl of Loch Ness the monster uncoiled its from sleep, and stretched, and all o the world there were fish in dark wat that no man had seen, and their passa shook the sun on the sea. Strange thi left burning footprints in the snow, a were never seen. It was not possible, a yet strange things joined her little b in a silent, invisible embrace. The sp between them, the space that ought separate one person from another, w blurry and quivered with unnatural c nections. Their voices spoke inside ea other's heads.

She looked at them with somethi like horror, still breathing unstead through her mouth.

Mike turned around. "I'm hungry," said. "I'm starving. What's for suppe

"Stew," said Danny. "And biscui I helped make the biscuits."

"Ugh," said Mike. "Poison. Race y back to the car."

"Don't run," called Carol to th backs. "Be careful." She pulled her sh on with shaking hands and stumbl after them. Ahead of her their identi heads bobbed among the wreckage.

She drew a long, quivering breath. was nothing, really. Normal little bo absolutely normal blue-eyed all-Ame can kids, in need of a bath and a ha brush. It wasn't like her to get so ups Perhaps she'd imagined it all.

"Don't run out on the highway." s called, scrambling over the bumper a pickup truck. "Wait for me!"

Paul was probably home by now, a wondering where they were. It was p six. She tried to remember whether s had turned the stew down low, and wh there was for a salad, but in the back her mind she could still see, and kne she would never stop seeing, the b figure of Danny drawn so surely up t hill toward Mike. **E**

LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

continued from page 86

ournalism at the University of Kansas his year. Even Great Britain's Queen lizabeth specifically asked the Fords to ring their children to the several State inners given during the queen's Bicenennial visit to the United States. "We'd ke to meet your children," the presilent quoted the queen as saying.

Gerald Ford recognizes that his children's popularity could mean they are ought out not for themselves but beause their father is president. When sked how they distinguish real friends rom social or political climbers, he aid: "They're over 18 now, and they now the score, so I leave it to their udgment. They have managed pretty vell so far in that department."

The president shows considerable interest in the boys Susan dates or brings ome to the White House. "If there is nyone she seems to be showing the lightest sign of being serious about, I vant to know all about him and his amily," he told me, adding that Susan lidn't have a steady boyfriend and that he has "no intention of marrying until he is much older."

A White House wedding with all its omp and ceremony does not entice either Susan or her family, the president said, adding: "She has plenty of time o get married. I kid her and she kids me about her boyfriends, but I know she is in no hurry; a White House wedding doesn't mean anything to her. Anyway, it will be some time before she finds the right fellow."

Fords like each other

The Fords so closely resemble the Christmas-card type of family group that in some circles their very togetherness arouses suspicion. But they're not the product of anyone's image-making. They love each other, of course. Even more important, perhaps, they *like* each other—and stand up for one another. The president has refused to criticize Betty's outspoken remarks, even when many people thought they could prove politically embarrassing. And Betty has unflinchingly campaigned for her husband, despite her frail physical condition and a basic shyness only her closest friends know about.

It's a long haul from coffee and cake after the PTA to state dinners at the White House. The Fords have managed the transition because they have succeeded in being and remaining themselves—to the point where the president of the United States still does a bed check every once in a while, to make sure that daughter Susan is home safely by the time he is ready to retire. **End**

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Mothering

The latest news, information and ideas for parents and children.
By Geraldine Carro



THREE: CELEBRATING THE TRANSITION

My daughter Catherine is turning three, and it seemed an appropriate time to replace the photograph of us that has headed this column for over a year with the updated one above. After all, a three-year-old no longer likes to be represented as a baby (or only on occasional lapses—the understandable retreats from the strains of growing up).

Three, in any case deserves to be accorded special consideration. It is at least as important as, say, the ages of seven, 13 or 21.

According to the 70's school of child development, three is the age by which children have acquired the basic personality structures they will carry with them throughout the rest of their lives.

I can't quite agree with the hardliners of this school who suggest that by three it's all over. But as a parent it's clear to me that my energetic, cheerful child is now a well-defined person. (In fact, to her mother's eye, she seemed to be that person at three months. At three years she is unmistakable.)

But then most parents don't need experts in child development to help them recognize three as a landmark. The evidence is everywhere—most visibly, perhaps, in the roller skates, bicycles and doll carriages that have replaced the diapers, bottles and potty seats.

Three is a time of other changes, too. This year, for example, Catherine is old enough to help me make her own birthday cake. What a pleasure to have a child one can do things *with*, not just *for*.

Three is as much a watershed for parents as it is for children. It's a time when one suddenly begins assuring friends with newborns that things will get better.

And they do. Not only are the diapers and bottles gone, so are many of the inevitable uncertainties we face as first-time parents.

It takes three years for a child to outgrow infancy. Perhaps it takes as long for adults to grow into parenthood.—G.C.

THE PUZZLE CHILDREN: BRIGHT, BUT NOT LEARNING

Bright children who don't do well in school are usually branded as lazy. For some, the label is unfair. There are perhaps as many as eight million children who despite normal intelligence can't perform up to par in school. They suffer from learning disabilities that can interfere with basic skills such as reading, writing, handling abstract concepts and physical co-ordination. While the causes of learning disabilities remain elusive, those afflicted can be helped, say Julie Andrews and Bill Bixby on *The Puzzle Children*, PBS-TV special on Monday, October 19 at 8 PM EST. (Check TV listings for local PBS air time.) After the show, many stations will have experts available to answer questions.

TOILET TRAINING: REDUCING THE ANXIETIES



To parents anxious about toilet training, one noted pediatrician likes to say, "Don't worry, your daughter won't wear diapers to her high school graduation."

Parents worry more about training than doctors do. They are also in more of a hurry to begin.

Parents, naturally, are the ones who have to change the diapers—one reason for the difference.

Another is that parents attach more significance to toilet training, says Dr. Murray Feingold, professor of pediatrics at Tufts-New England Medical Center. They view early success in toilet training as a sign that their child is developing well and that they are doing a good job as parents, he says.

"Toilet training should not be considered a test," Feingold points out. "A good test of how well your child is doing is whether he or she is happy."

Like most pediatricians today, Feingold advises parents against rushing into toilet training too soon. Theoretically, some children can be trained as early as a year old. However, infants at that age don't have full control over their sphincter muscles. Nor do they fully understand what is being expected of them. Forcing a child to control himself too early, says Feingold, may even do psychological damage.

The current school of pediatric thought says that two is a better age for toilet training than one. At about age two, with parental guidance and encouragement, children are often ready to train themselves.

In fact, Richard M. Foxx and Nathan Azrin, in their book *Toilet Training in Less Than a Day* (Simon and Schuster, Inc., $1.95) assert that most children, when they are ready, can be trained in an average of five hours.

In the Azrin-Foxx method, based on techniques of behavioral psychology, children are given a doll that wets. Parents ask children to teach the doll to use the potty. Then the children are asked to imitate the doll, as well as to empty the potty after use—and even to change into clean training pants unaided, in the event of an "accident." Initially the children sit on the potty every 15 minutes. These intervals are gradually lengthened. Words of encouragement and candy are given as rewards for good performance.

While Azrin and Foxx offer convincing evidence that their jiffy method often works, speed is obviously not the only way to approach toilet training.

Feingold likes the conventional slower method, which allows children to set their own pace. He recommends gradually letting children get used to sitting on the potty. Then he suggests regularly scheduled potty sessions, some timed to coincide with when the child normally moves his or her bowels.

Feingold stresses the importance of gentle explanation and support from the parents. Parents who insist too strongly may encounter rebelliousness, he warns.

If a child does show strong objections to the toilet training process, Feingold advises parents to call a halt and try again a couple of months later. "In raising children," he says, "love and common sense go a long way."

MAILBOX

Do you have ideas to share with other parents? What topics would you like us to cover in this column? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

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Helping Your Child

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Hank eventually graduated near the bottom of his class, and remained a lesser member of the football team. He wasn't even qualified to get into the college his father preferred. Because of the pressure to become an all-star, Hank hadn't been able to accept and honor himself for what he was—a decent human being with the potential for being able and happy.

You help your child accept himself when you don't exert pressure on him to achieve beyond his abilities. Be alert at school discussions and examine your thinking and actions. It's bound to help your child develop in his own image.

A fruit tree can grow and branch out freely, uneven and unique in shape, or it can be espaliered rigidly against a wall, branches fixed to a pattern, bound by wire. Like trees, free-form children are stronger and healthier.

If the tables turn and you learn that the school is applying excess pressure to try to force your child to overachieve, it is incumbent on you to act. You should follow through by investigating thoroughly. Discuss the details with teachers and school authorities, and put a stop to this damaging duress if it exists.

Invariably, the child who succeeds to the fullest in school, and later in adult life, is one who not only exerts her abilities to the best but who is helped to develop those abilities in *her* way, toward *her* goals.

As it is with adults, so it is with children. If you cannot be yourself, if you can't learn to live with pride in what you are, without regret for what you are not —then you are likely to seem of little account to yourself or to others.

2. Help your child be accountable for his or her decisions. Your child is making decisions every day, just as you are. Yet many parents often permit their children to *evade* making constructive decisions and, in effect, to lie about them. The parent may not realize that she has assisted her youngster in avoiding necessary decision-making.

For example: Jenny is given a homework assignment that will take a half hour to complete. She would rather spend that time watching TV. She makes the decision to skip her homework, and instead to look at a favorite program. However, she whines to her mother, "My teacher is mean. She gave us so much homework that I couldn't even finish it."

How would you react? Would you ask how long it would have taken to do the homework? And why she watched a TV program instead? That would fix the responsibility, and show Jenny that she had made her own decision, and must suffer the consequences. Jenny would realize that she couldn't rationalize her way out of this one. She couldn't place the blame on her teacher as she had intended. She couldn't manipulate you by getting you to back her faulty decision.

But suppose you reacted as some parents do: "That awful teacher does overload you, doesn't she? I know you do your best, so don't worry. I'll send in a note with you tomorrow, and explain."

Every day, every student faces decisions in school and in daily life: Do the homework or watch TV? Work in study hall or fool around with others? Take the responsibility for causing trouble, or try to shift the blame elsewhere?

If teachers and parents are aware and fair, students come to realize that they must make their own decisions, and accept the consequences—good or bad. It may be easier to pretend that they weren't at fault, and blame others, but parents especially must make their children face up to their own decisions as they must all through life.

The pain of facing consequences hurts a lot less than the pain that results from growing up in self-delusion. A parent's all-accepting attitude, disregarding the need to seek all the facts and all viewpoints, does a grave disservice to the student at any age. She will suffer more later if she thinks that she can get away with evasive, rationalized decisions now.

3. Help your child express himself honestly. Helping your child express himself honestly means making forthright statements and responses, without game-playing. It means being truthful and aboveboard in relationships, not trying to manipulate others. It means having the integrity to live by sound values, not by expediency.

It follows that the parent who expects and encourages honesty in her child must be honest herself in her daily living. If a youngster is exposed to duplicity at home, he may well follow that example in his own conduct.

Numerous times in child-parent-teacher conferences, we have seen a youngster become terrified as he admits he is wrong. In one instance, a stern father commanded his seven-year-old son, "For God's sake, don't cry—you're supposed to be a *man!*" Here, a father, falling into the socially acceptable stereotype, urges his son to hide an honest, age-old emotion, and the equally honest, age-old expression of it—tears.

A mother wouldn't let her 15-year-old son display any interest whatsoever in girls, often chiding him, "You'll have plenty of time ahead for that stuff!" He suppressed his honest, natural feelings —and was caught scribbling "dirty" words on the walls of the boys' room.

Your child must also learn to face the facts of living. One third-grade art teacher suggested to her students during the Vietnam War that they express their feelings about the war in a drawing. Shooting was obviously on their minds; she had heard the kids talking about it every day. She felt that the purge through drawing would be good for them, would provide a safety valve to relieve the pressure of their fears.

Eight-year-old Perry K. was praised for his expressive and somewhat bloody drawing. He was delighted by his teacher's admiration, and was granted permission to take the picture home.

The teacher had created a coordinating assignment asking the students to answer a few thought-provoking questions. It was suggested that they discuss the war with their parents to help in their understanding.

Each child was also asked to bring in a picture or a news story about the war. Response to the assignment was varied, probing, impressive. The drawings had shown that the youngsters were indeed very disturbed about the war. Their answers proved that they welcomed the chance to express their feelings. The class discussion, when papers were read aloud, was lively and gave the kids a welcome opportunity to voice their opinions openly. *(continued)*



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the school, home and neighborhood community. Later it applies to the individual's satisfaction in being part of the village or city, nation and world communities. Feeling useful helps a person to like himself and others.

Mickey, 9, brought in some worn, outgrown clothes and dumped the lot into the collection basket for the needy. He asked his teacher, "When we give this stuff to the poor kids, aren't they really helping us by taking the stuff off our hands? Why don't we cook them dinner or something?" He was learning to think as a member of the community, caring about others instead of just salving his conscience.

Karen A., 14, arrived home from school enthusiastic about joining a new project. She told her mother, "I'm going with eight other kids to the Old Age Home after school on Fridays. We'll help the old ladies. Our teacher is taking us. Won't that be fun!"

Mrs. A. frowned. "Fun? Hardly! All those drooling, shaking old people! No!"

"But, Mother, all the other kids are doing it. . . ." Karen ran from the room in tears.

Mrs. A. told her husband later, "She'll get over it."

Would Karen get over it? Her mother had deprived her of a triple character-building opportunity:

1. To grow more strongly as an individual.

2. To act in community with other students.

3. To become part of the give-and-take of a wider community.

Karen would have felt useful in filling a need in others, and would have grown in personal strength. Get over it? Yes, to a greater or lesser extent. The real question is: for better or worse

Think of the school as a model o *interdependence*. What a priceless gai for your youngster when he experience pride in himself as a partner in commu nity accomplishment. Surely this is on of the most important areas in whic school and home affect the future of th young person and of the world.

5. Keep lines of communication ope always. Communication is a great dea more than talk. It is the exchange o thoughts, opinions, information, fee ings, desires, needs, emotions.

If your child frequently meets a home an indifferent or self-involved pa ent, lines of communication begin t falter. Over a period of time, the chil feels that the parent-world lacks inte est in her world, experiences a sense o rejection and hurt. And soon she stop trying to communicate.

Psychologists emphasize tha silence is a way of saying something too. A wise parent realizes that com municating does not mean *prying* Each individual, including th youngest child, is entitled to a privat world at times. The sensitive paren knows and honors that.

Especially in the preadolescen years, at 10, 11, 12, it often happen that classmates and friends seem t become more important to a chil than family relationships. This de velopment is difficult for many parents, but patient understanding i a must. Do not turn away because you feel hurt.

The very young child in preschoo or kindergarten usually wants to tel everything about his or her new ex periences. But in first grade, when a mother asks her youngster, "What did you do in school?" the child may say, "Nothing." Don't be upset. The

(continued on page 194)

Helping Your Child

continued

There was one exception: Perry dropped his sheet on the teacher's table, and went quietly back to his chair. The questions were unanswered. Below, in a bold scrawl: "This homework assignment will not be completed by my eight-year-old son, who has little or no knowledge of *political* affairs. (Signed) Percival J., Sr."

In addition, Mr. J. complained directly to the school principal. He said: "I assure you that my son is not concerned, frightened nor confused. I see no need for the school to allay fears which do not exist, nor for me to discuss war with my eight-year-old."

The principal replied:

> Perry's drawing showed that he is full of fear and feels threatened by the war and the killing. With all our media shouting war and violence at children from their earliest years, we strongly believe that an eight-year-old is confused about war. The school seeks to clarify the confusion by doing everything possible to teach young people to form thoughtful, unbiased opinions. . . .

The teacher said that most parents had praised the project highly, and that the children had clearly gained much from their participation. What do *you* think? Should youngsters be encouraged to express themselves openly and honestly about what is on their minds?

4. Help your child be a part of a community. One of the most important aspects in helping a youngster to build self-reliance is to help him or her become part of a "community"—to fill a personal need, and to feel needed by others. At an early age this applies to

"I do."

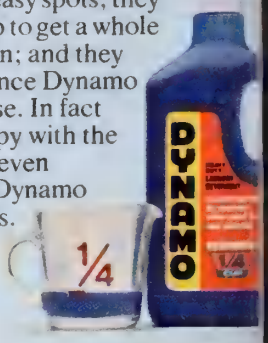


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of divorced parents, elected to attend high school in Philadelphia in order to live there with his father. However, he was enthusiastic about a university in California, where his mother lived.

Discussing this with the principal, the boy came close to tears. He explained, "My father feels that I'm rejecting him by not wanting to attend one of the universities in the Philadelphia area. Now he doesn't talk to me at all."

The principal telephoned the father at his office and explained how upset Lewis was, bewildered and hurt by his angry silence.

"I'm not angry," Mr. V. protested. "I admit that I'd like him to be in college nearby. Yes, it's difficult for me to conceal my hurt, but I'm not angry."

After the conversation, Mr. V. realized that his son was not mature, and that he, as an adult, had the primary obligation to take the first step to reconciliation. When he broke the ice, Lewis explained that he preferred the courses and atmosphere at the Western college, but that he would be in constant communication with his father.

Certainly you have a right and even a duty not only to listen to and respect your youngster's beliefs, but also to express your convictions in turn, calmly and straightforwardly, never dictatorially. Above all, never close the door to

(continued on page 198)

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Helping Your Child

continued from page 190

child may be feeling a new sense of personal posession: "It's my class, my school, my world, and I want to keep it to myself right now."

Even an older child is entitled to his private world. Talking isn't the only form of communicating. If he is silent, it doesn't have to mean that he is not communicating.

As a parent, you must read the concealed signs. With a careful approach, you can learn whether your child is angry and purposely not communicating—and why—or whether he is simply being private. It is your responsibility to prevent serious antagonism from settling in and hardening. Once it does, it is often difficult to reestablish a bond.

Every young person is besieged by the challenges and conflicts of growing up. As a result, she is bewildered and unsettled at times, though she may not show it outwardly in an effort to protect her feelings. Communicating on your part then includes listening, rather than talking. There can be explosive (even if silent) resentment against parental moralizing and preaching. Young people need your opinions to react to, but not necessarily to follow. The worst attitude a teacher or parent can adopt is: "I won't discuss it; you're wrong; *this is the way it must be!*"

A high school senior, Lewis V., son

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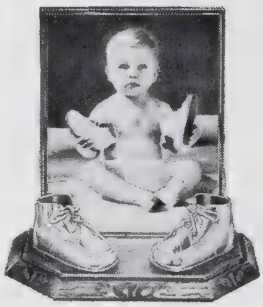
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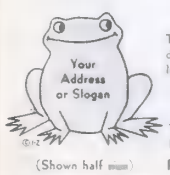


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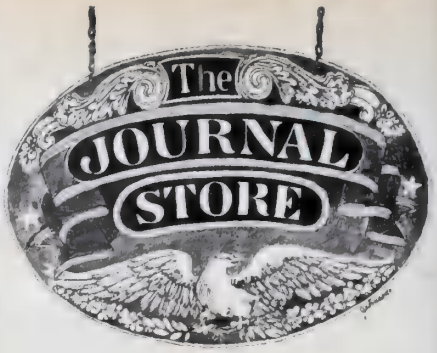


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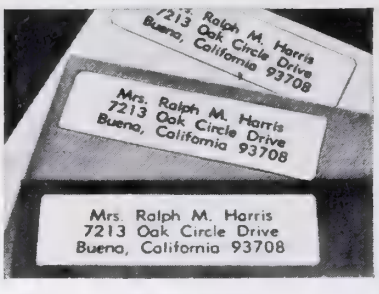
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Helping Your Child

continued from page 194

communications between you. That barricading action seldom changes what the youngster does, but it can distort and even destroy a parent-child relationship.

From our experience with students of all ages, we consider this caution of paramount importance.

Beware too of the pernicious "either-or": "*Either* you cut that ugly mop of hair, *or* I won't be seen with you." It's a must to avoid a flat and final ultimatum of any kind. No matter what, you must keep the lines of communication open. For all you know, your erring youngster might change his mind the next day, and by then it may be too late to make up. Yes, kids say ugly things, but often they are the result of an impulse to lash out because of inner confusion or anger at something else.

It takes two to quarrel, and to make a final, shattering break. You—older, wiser, more experienced and able to control your words—must refuse to be a party to fracturing the relationship. Parents, too, can be at fault: "I gave him everything, all the money he wanted, and yet . . ." Money doesn't buy an open relationship. Educator Clark Kerr has urged, "Spend time, not money." Special attention, understanding, patience—you, the parent, have more than money to spend.

Always keep the lines of communication open. Trouble at home inevitably disrupts a student's school work as described in the following history:

Always an excellent student in the past, 14-year-old Scott N. was close to failing in his freshman year in high school. "The situation is serious," his teacher told the principal. "Scott seems depressed, shows no interest in classes." In a meeting with the principal, the young man insisted that "there's nothing wrong." As the talk continued, however, he suddenly, agonizingly blurted, "My father won't talk to me. He hasn't spoken one word to me in two months. It's as if I'm not there."

The principal asked, "What happened? Why did he stop talking to you?"

"I did a terrible thing. Some of the kids had a gallon of cheap wine, and they dared me to drink with them. Well . . . when I got home, I guess I was drunk . . . I made a mess. My father said, 'I'll forgive you once, but I'm through with you if you do that again!' "

"And you did it again?"

"I didn't mean to, but you know—the other kids . . . It was my decision . . . my fault. I know I shouldn't have done it. But I've learned my lesson. I won't do it again." He hung his head. "But my father still won't talk to me."

Father comes alone

After a number of phone calls from the school, Scott's father, Colonel N., came alone. He confirmed Scott's story. "I live by my word. I told Scott that if he stepped out of line once more, I was through. And I am. If I could do it legally, I'd kick him out of the house."

The principal suggested, "Why not give him a chance? You're destroying a nice kid who made a mistake." She asked her secretary to find Scott.

Colonel N. frowned and looked away as his son entered.

The principal said, "Scott, does your father know how you've felt the past two months?"

The boy mumbled, "I feel alone, like I have no place in the world . . ."

No answer. The stiff-necked officer stared at the far wall.

"I'm sorry, Dad," Scott pleaded. "I won't do it again, I swear it." No response, not the slightest signal.

Scott returned to his classroom. The Colonel left.

The next morning, Scott looked in at the principal's office. He tried a smile: "I don't think it helped. But thanks."

Two weeks later, the principal spoke to Scott in the hall as he was heading for class. The youngster said, "Things are pretty good at home."

"You're talking again?"

He grinned, "Yeah."

When the lines of communication are opened, something good can often happen—at least the opportunity is always there. **End**



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About Dried Fruits

By Jean Anderson and Elaine Hanna

In the dim days of history, man learned that fruits dried under the sun kept well for many months. Today, the drying is done mechanically, producing plump, moist, ready-to-use fruits: prunes (dried plums), dates, apricots, raisins (dried grapes). Other commonly dried fruits are apples, currants, peaches, pears, dates and figs.

Dates, raisins and currants are not cooked except as they are used in breads, cakes, puddings and pies. Prunes, figs, apricots and peaches (especially the extra-soft "tenderized" ones) can be used straight from the package or they may be stewed. Dried apples and pears, being a good deal drier, must be cooked.

About soaking dried fruits: Read and follow label directions carefully. Soaking too long or in too much water makes fruits mushy and flavorless.

About stewing dried fruits

Apples and Pears: Soak or not as package label directs. Place in a large saucepan, add cold water to cover, set over moderate heat, cover and simmer about 40 minutes until tender. Sweeten, if you like, adding ¼–⅓ cup sugar per cup of fruit. For extra flavor: Tuck a couple of lemon slices down into fruit, or a cinnamon stick, or several mint or rose geranium sprigs.

Apricots, peaches, and nectarines: Soak or not as directed. Place in a large saucepan, cover with cold water, cover pan and simmer 40–45 minutes until tender. Sweeten, if you like, using 3–4 tablespoons sugar per cup of fruit. For extra flavor: Simmer a few slices of lemon, orange, or preserved ginger or a small piece of vanilla bean along with fruit.

Figs: Soak or not as directed. Place in a large saucepan, add cold water to cover and simmer covered 20–30 minutes until tender. Sweeten, if you like, using about 1 tablespoon sugar or honey per cup of fruit. For added flavor: Simmer with a few slices lemon or crystalized ginger.

Prunes: Soak or not as label directs. Pit if you like. (*Note:* Pitted prunes are now available.) Place in a large pan, add cold water just to cover and simmer covered about ¾ hour until tender. (*Note:* "Tenderized" prunes will take only 20 minutes. No need to add sugar.) For extra flavor: Simmer 2–3 slices lemon studded with cloves along with prunes.

To "plump" raisins and dried currants: Cover with boiling water and let stand about 5 minutes until they grow plump and soft. Drain well before using. Instead, if you like, soak 5–10 minutes in rum or brandy. **End**

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Steaks

By Jean Anderson and Elaine Hanna

Sumptuous, succulent, often whopping—these are the cuts Americans do better than anyone else. The tender steaks come from the rib and loin sections, the marginally tender from the round, rump, chuck, flank, and plate.

The tender steaks: Choicest of the choice are the T-bone, porterhouse, and pinbone sirloin because they contain large chunks of butter-smooth tenderloin. All tender steaks should be cut at least 1″ thick and will be juicier if closer to 2″; all are well enough marbled with fat that they can be cooked without additional fat. Broil or charcoal any of the following, and, except for sirloins, which are too hefty to handle easily in a skillet, pan-broil.

- Rib and boneless rib steaks
- Delmonico or rib eye steak
- Club steak
- T-bone steak
- Shell steak (T-bone minus the tenderloin)
- Porterhouse steak
- Strip steak (porterhouse minus the tenderloin)
- Sirloin steaks (pinbone, flat bone, wedge bone, and boneless)

The marginally tender steaks: If from prime or tendered beef, some of these lean "budget" steaks will be tender enough to broil; others will need all the help they can get (i.e., pounding, scoring, marinating, braising). Being leaner than the tender steaks, they are also somewhat lower in calories and cholesterol; their texture is firmer, their flavor more robust.

The broilables (If from top quality or tendered beef):

- Top and eye round steaks
- Tip or sirloin tip steak
- Rump steak
- Skirt steak fillet
- Flank and flank steak fillets
- Boneless blade and blade chuck steak

Petite steak, Minute steak, Cube steak — *Note:* Though tender enough to broil, these steaks are so thin they should be panfried as quickly as possible in butter or drippings.

The unbroilables: Blade steak (when not first cut), arm steak, and bottom round are the cuts to braise; to use for Swiss steak, to stuff and roll, to smother with onions and mushrooms and rich brown gravy. *Note:* Any of the broilables listed above become unbroilables when cut from lower grades of beef.

How to cook

Amount needed: ⅓–½ pound boneless steak per person, ½–¾ pound for bone-in steak.

General preparation for cooking: If steaks seem unusually moist, wipe with a damp cloth so they will brown nicely. Trim off all but ¼″ outer fat and slash at 1″ intervals to keep steaks from curling. Rub with pepper, if you like, also garlic, but not salt (salt draws moisture to the surface and slows browning). Let steaks stand at room temperature 1½–2 hours before cooking if convenient. *(Note:* Naturally thin cuts like flank steak, also thinly cut minute, petite, or cube steaks, should be refrigerated until just before cooking so that the quick, intense heat does not carry them beyond the point of tenderness—medium rare.)

Cooking tips: Whenever in doubt about the tenderness of a steak, sprinkle each side with unseasoned meat tenderizer, pierce deeply all over with a sharp fork, and let stand as package directs.

Always turn steaks with tongs to avoid piercing them and losing savory juices.

When broiling, panbroiling, or panfrying marginally tender steaks, never cook beyond medium rare (longer cooking will merely toughen and dry them).

When carving large, marginally tender steaks, cut across the grain in thin slices, holding the knife at a slight angle (this breaks up long, coarse fibers).

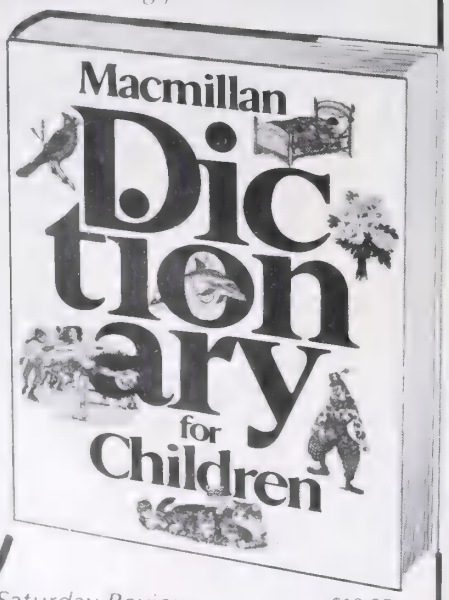
To panfry (sauté): Recommended for minute, petite, and cube steaks; skirt fillets, boneless blade steak, tip steak, top and eye round cut about 1″ thick. Warm 1–2 tablespoons butter, margarine, drippings, or cooking oil in a large, heavy skillet over moderately high heat about 1 minute, add steaks, and brown on both sides. Minute, petite, and cube steaks will take only 1–2 minutes per side; the other steaks about 3 minutes per side for very rare, 4 for rare, and 5 for medium rare. Season and serve.

To panbroil: Recommended for all tender steaks except large sirloins, for top and eye round, tip and boneless blade steaks. If steaks seem especially lean, grease or salt skillet *lightly;* heat over moderately high heat about 1 minute, add steaks, and cook, uncovered, turning occasionally and pouring off drippings as they accumulate, until browned on both sides and at desired doneness. Season and serve. *(Note:* Do not add water or other liquid to skillet.)

To broil: Recommended for all tender steaks; also for top quality or tendered skirt fillets, chuck and boneless blade steak, top and eye round, tip and rump steaks. If steaks are very thin, brush lightly with melted butter. Preheat broiler. Rub rack with drippings or oil and, to save a messy clean-up, line broiler pan with foil. Place steak on rack and set in broiler so fat edge of steak is toward back of oven (this reduces spattering). Adjust height and broil to desired doneness, turning steak only once. Season and serve.

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LHJ106

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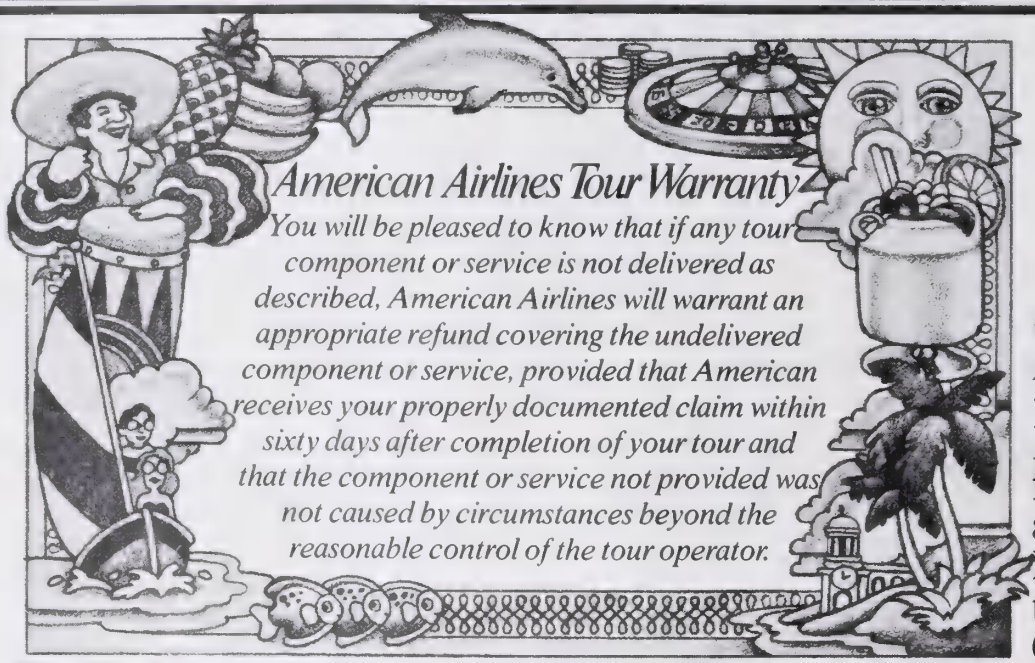
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MARRIAGE IS TO LIVE IN

continued from page 46

Sarah, Nick Heppler's wife, and I are having lunch outside. Noah and Sam are sailing on the Chesapeake with Nick Heppler. Sam's summer enchantment with sailboats is total now and he talks incessantly about buying one next year. He and Nick Heppler have a firm agreement: no talk about football. It's hard to say who is happier about that.

Sarah Heppler says that Nick is.

Sam says that Noah has finally shown a little taste in picking a hero.

A car I don't recognize turns onto the drive from the street; but I hear Lila's voice calling out to me, apologizing for appearing so suddenly, without warning. Lila's husband is being transferred from Houston to New York. They are looking at houses in New Jersey.

Sitting between Sarah and Lila, I feel like a receptionist in an obstetrician's waiting room. Both are pregnant. They look at each other with prescient smiles of welcome. Then they return to me and we have lunch and we talk.

Sarah asks Lila if she would like to see her house.

"Yes," Lila says as if she has never lived there.

Well, I think, as we cross the lawn and go inside, she never did. **End**

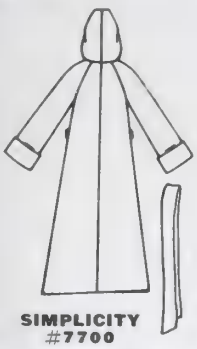
PATTERN INFORMATION AND BACKVIEWS

"Sew Bold with a Blanket"

PAGE 112: From left: reversible wrap coat with hood, SIMPLICITY JIFFY #7700, requires 6¾ yards of 60-inch fabric, or two twin-size blankets for plaid and 3½ yards of solid color fabric for reverse side. Three-quarter length cape coat, VOGUE #9599, requires 3⅛ yards of 60-inch fabric, or one twin-size blanket.

PAGE 113: From left: bias cut skirt and tasseled shawl, SIMPLICITY #7679, 3⅞ yards of 60-inch fabric. McCALL'S MAKE IT TONIGHT #5302, unlined poncho, requires 2½ yards of 60-inch fabric or one double blanket.

All yardage approximate, and based on misses' size 10.



SIMPLICITY #7700



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SIMPLICITY #7679



McCALL'S #5302

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Consider little Clemaria, 7 years old, and her brother, Jose Mario, 3, who are victims of their environment in a teeming city of Brazil. They are hungry. They live in a house made of adobe, without water or light. They use old boxes for furniture, their bedding is rags. The mother suffers from a heart condition and spends most of her time in bed. As you look into Clemaria's eyes, you can see she is tired of life.

Why is it the children suffer the most?

Perhaps because there are so many poor and hungry children, they no longer are considered important news. And yet, one-fourth of the world's children are almost always hungry and one-tenth on the brink of death because of too little food (while each day the average American eats 900 more calories than he needs and twice as much protein as his body requires). Since world population increases at a conservative estimate of 250,000 per day and food production lags, it is predictable that more than 10 million children will die of hunger within the next year.

Early this year, Clemaria and her brother were among nearly 20,000 children in the world registered by Christian Children's Fund but awaiting a sponsor to provide food, clothing, housing and medical care. Sponsors have recently been found for these two youngsters, but what about the other children?

Not only the 20,000 on CCF's waiting list, but what about the millions of others who are barely clinging to life, children old before their time, children for whom entry into our program could mean the difference?

What could be done about them? We must learn to be generous again, with our emotions and concern as well as our wealth. We must return to the grass roots to assist individuals rather than nations. We must curb our own wastefulness. We must declare war on hunger. We must make a commitment. We must do something.

The world is full of children like Clemaria who are hurting. Will you help now? Through the Christian Children's Fund, you can be a part of this grass roots way of sharing your love and relative prosperity with desperate children like Clemaria—who want only a chance to survive in a hungry world.

You can sponsor such a child for only $15 a month. Please fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check. You will receive your sponsored child's name, address and photograph, plus a description of the child's project and environment. You will be encouraged to write to the child, and your letters will be answered.

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1 tsp. vanilla
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Melt butter, stir in brown sugar, corn syrup and salt. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly; boil without stirring 5 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in baking soda and vanilla. Gradually pour over popped JOLLY TIME, mixing well. Turn into two large shallow baking or roasting pans. Bake in 250° F. oven 1 hour, stirring every 15 minutes. Remove from oven; cool completely. Break apart and store in tightly covered container. Makes about 5 quarts of Caramel Corn.

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The Dark Side of Intimacy

continued from page 109

at least 10 to 15 million Americans a year, or one in every 20 sexually active adults (and children, unfortunately). A new infection occurs every 45 seconds, menacing victims with pain, blindness, arthritis, infertility, brain damage, heart disease, paralysis and even death. The medical bill for all this disease comes to more than $1 billion a year, and despite 25 years of penicillin, a network of VD clinics and armies of full-time VD caseworkers, cases are increasing rapidly.

"Public health officials are at their wits' end," says Dr. Pepper Schwartz, a sociologist at the University of Washington in Seattle who is investigating VD control programs around the nation. "It's human nature to believe 'it won't happen to me,' but it's a sobering fact: There are a lot of diseases out there that can hurt you if you're sexually active. We had better learn how to protect ourselves and even our children."

Dr. Schwartz's warning is right on target. It would be difficult to exaggerate the scope of the VD problem.

STD's more widespread

Item: Sexually transmitted diseases, or "STD's," are now the first-ranked, serious, reportable communicable disorders in the U.S. Gonorrhea is the most prevalent—four million new cases a year. Syphilis is the most dangerous, and at least 25,000 new cases a year—and possibly triple that number—join an estimated half million untreated syphilitics. These two diseases alone are more widespread than measles, scarlet fever, strep throat, mumps, hepatitis and TB *combined*. Chancroid, lymphogranuloma venereum and granuloma inguinale, the other "historic" STD's, stubbornly persist, though in smaller numbers.

Item: Millions more have the so-called "new" VD's—infections and infestations only recently recognized to be frequently (though not always) transmitted by intimate contact. Among them: 300,000 cases a year of herpes progenitalis, a virus infection linked to cervical cancer and severe brain damage and death in babies of infected mothers. Not so dangerous but often unbearable, are trichomoniasis (three million cases), a burning infection of the vagina; non-gonococcal infections of the male genitourinary tract (2.5 million); crab lice; venereal warts and many thousands of other bacterial, fungal and viral infections of the genitals, eyes, throat and blood.

Scientists and medical workers now use the term STD, rather than VD, to refer to any disease that may be transmitted to another person through intimate sexual contact. Although some STD's develop with *no* sexual contact this is almost never true of the most serious ones such as syphilis and gonorrhea. The important thing to remember is that once a person is infected with *any* STD, he or she can transmit it to another person through sexual contact.

STD's spare no age, race, IQ or social or economic group. One 81-year-old man with primary syphilis infected four different women in three months. A six-year-old Boston boy and his two sex partners, girls 14 and 8, were all treated for gonorrhea. Woodrow Wilson, Churchill, Columbus, Napoleon, John Keats and Oscar Wilde were all victims. Most recently, a jury awarded $1.3 million in damages to a woman for complications of gonorrhea she said she got from the son of a former ambassador.

The toll from STD's is particularly grim among girls, young women and their babies. Eighty-five percent of women have no symptoms of gonorrhea until the infection is advanced, and there is no accurate blood test to detect it early. The painless sores of early syphilis and latent herpes add to the burden of detection. More than 500,000 women unaware they carry STD's, are infecting their sexual partners, who may in turn infect others. Syphilis in any stage can attack any organ of an unborn baby, crippling it for life. Gonorrhea can blind

NINE MORE SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES ON THE RISE

Recent studies also place the following diseases and disorders on the list of diseases passed on by intimate contact:

Leukorrhea, excessive vaginal mucous associated, especially in adolescents, with sexual excitement.

Hemophilus vaginitis, caused by a bacillus and recognized by its strong odor and chalk-white discharge.

Molluscum contagiosum, waxy, pea-sized pimples caused by a member of the pox virus group and requiring surgical removal.

Reiter's syndrome, or eye inflammation in connection with arthritis and inflammation of the urinary tract and weight loss.

Recurrent urinary tract infection (UTI) in women, caused by the pushing of bacteria from the vagina into the bladder during intercourse.

Hepatitis virus B, particularly among homosexual men, and **Group B beta hemolytic streptococcus infections** often associated with gonorrhea in women.

Gonorrheal proctitis, or gonorrhea infection of the rectum, and **gonorrheal pharyngitis,** a similar infection of the throat, associated often, but not exclusively, with homosexuality.



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newborn, and active herpes infection the time of delivery requires cesarean ction to protect the infant from infec- on or even death.

Female hormone changes during men- ruation, pregnancy and oral contracep- ve use also alter the chemical balance the reproductive tract, increasing sus- eptibility to gonorrhea. Menstruation self speeds spread of this disease deep side the pelvic organs. In addition, the ill is a more popular form of birth ontrol these days than the "old-fash- ned" condom or "rubber"—though the ondom offers protection against STD.

Among teens of both sexes, the STD roblem is even graver. The Communi- able Disease Center reports the VD rate the 12-to-20 age group is triple that the rest of the population and the pical high school student in Los An- eles, New York and other big cities will ave VD before a diploma. Popular teen sort areas report they can't keep crab ce preparations in stock during Spring cesses. Almost one of every two new ases of syphilis is in a teen.

To further complicate matters, gonor- hea is becoming increasingly resistant drugs. In the 1950's, 150,000 units of enicillin would cure it. Today, it takes 8 million units, a 30-fold increase. "If his continues," says Dr. Michael Spence, Johns Hopkins University gynecologist nd VD specialist, "we will soon be un- ble to treat gonorrhea without hospital- ing patients. The dose will be too big."

Moreover, about 10 percent of Ameri- ans are allergic—possibly fatally—to enicillin, and each dose taken increases he risk of serious reaction. A 20-year-old oldier recently died this way during reatment for his sixth case of gonorrhea.

There are, in fact, no 100 percent ail-safe, effective treatments for any of the STD's caused by bacteria, and no treatments at all for those caused by viruses. And there are known and suspected hazards with several existing treatments. Tetracycline, a substitute for penicillin, can be dangerous during pregnancy, and Flagyl, a drug used to treat trichomoniasis, has been found to cause cancer in some test animals. Finally, there are no totally reliable preventatives, either.

And none is on the horizon. Despite recurrent reports in the press, vaccines against gonorrhea and syphilis are only "wishful thinking," at least for the next 10 to 20 years, according to Dr. Paul Hardy, an infectious disease scientist at Johns Hopkins School of Public Health, who is working actively in the field. Unlike polio or measles, these diseases confer no immunity after an infection. For this and other reasons, they are unlikely candidates for sources of vaccines. They are also difficult to grow in the laboratory (a prime requirement for vaccine production) and come in multiple strains that could sabotage vaccine programs. Adds Dr. Douglas Kellogg, chief of research for the CDC's venereal disease branch, "Even if we get some vaccines, I doubt they will be widely accepted by the public. And from the scientific standpoint, it's unwise to spray the whole garden just to kill weeds."

What this all adds up to, says Hopkins' Dr. Spence is a situation that is "totally out of control."

"If this were a military action and STD's the enemy, Congress would declare war and call out the Army, Navy and Marines. STD's are a major threat to the public health. I'm convinced that not only is everyone doing it, but doing it with an infected person. These are equal opportunity diseases and they keep on spreading."

It's popular these days to blame the STD epidemic on women's liberation, immorality and the "Three P's"—promiscuity, penicillin and the Pill.

The wide availability of penicillin has no doubt contributed to the false conclusion that STD's are so easy to cure that they pose no threat and no urgency to submit to treatment. The Pill has extended sexual freedom and thrown the condom into disfavor. And unbridled promiscuity certainly plays a role in the problem. One Los Angeles VD specialist tells of a woman syphilitic who named 100 individual sexual partners!

But blaming STD's on the change of sexual standards is *(continued)*



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The Dark Side of Intimacy

continued

pointless. Venereal diseases are caused by germs, not sex, and the "name of the game is germ control, not preaching," says Dr. Spence.

The villains in the STD epidemic are actually apathy, misdirected shame and fear, and the Victorian conviction that if we just stop talking about this distasteful subject, the problem would go away.

This attitude of shame and fear also victimizes a lot of monogamous men and women, in and out of marriage, who develop cases of non-sexually transmitted herpes, trichomoniasis, urethritis and crabs. There are a number of genital infections that can be triggered by tension or pregnancy, for example. Having such an infection does NOT necessarily mean a sexual partner is cheating on you. Even if these diseases don't cause physical damage to such individuals, they often do cause embarrassment and confusion.

The need for education then, and public support of anti-VD projects, is clear. The National Commission of Venereal Diseases has recommended a $68 million-a-year federal budget alone.

But congressional interest has been indifferent compared to the attention given cancer and heart disease. And the record in the states is worse, with VD control given a budget priority somewhere between hangnails and water purity. As a result, VD clinics are often located in cellars and rundown buildings that discourage visits for treatment and information.

Physicians ignorant about STD

While psychiatrists tell us that sexual frankness and free expression are healthy, many physicians are ignorant about sexually transmitted disease.

(Dr. R. H. Kampmeier of Vanderbilt University, editor of the prestigious *Journal of the American Venereal Disease Association*, says the ignorance of VD in the medical community is "appalling" and longs for physicians who can talk about VD, condoms and genitals "without lowering their voices and without a preliminary nervous cough.")

Most public health experts now argue that the "why" of STD in America is l less important in the immediate prese then what to do about it. And the i mediate solution, they say, is to separa the health problem from the social o

"To limit VD control to argume against sexual freedom is hopeless fr a public health point of view," says Paul Wiesner, a top official of the CD venereal disease branch in Atlanta. "V is a disease. We must teach people h to avoid its consequences and treat i

People do have more sex partners day and that does increase the risk VD, says Seattle's Dr. Schwartz. B while studies show that about 80 p cent of people getting married tod have premarital sex, only 3 percent ha more than two sex partners. "I do call that promiscuous. But we are usi our bodies differently and we have care for them differently. Women esp cially have to think of VD check-ups they would dental check-ups, as part sensible, routine health care."

Venereologists who deal daily wi VD patients say this concept is not di cult to teach, even to children. Dr. Wi ner's own children, ages four and six, example, "already know that you c pass some germs by coughing and othe by intimate contact. It's no mystery."

Suspicion the key

"The key, dammit," says Dr. Spenc whose frustration about the VD proble occasionally erupts in controlled but o vious anger, "is to always suspect the is VD, or that there will be, not ho there isn't. Talk to each other about Pass the word. Paste the facts on t bathroom mirror if you must. You're n bad if you get VD. You're *sick*."

The first step in STD control, the e perts say, is for everyone to learn recognize the symptoms of these d eases, what causes them, how they transmitted, their consequences a what constitutes good treatment. (S the chart on pages 108 and 109.)

Next, all sexually active perso women in particular, should have reg lar VD check-ups if there is any pos bility or suspicion of exposure. The can be done by family physicians, pu lic health clinics or gynecologists.

Third, they say, join or help establi a "VD Alliance" of medical scientis businessmen, church and educatio groups in each community and lobby f money for better treatment clinics a educational programs.

Finally, learn the answers to these questions most people ask about sexual transmitted diseases, and teach them those you care about before you or th wind up in the public health statisti

Q. Can an STD be caught witho sexual intercourse?

A. Infestations with scabies or cr lice may require only sleeping in co taminated bedsheets, or a nude hug, a

ome other less common infections can rise without sexual intercourse. But the najor STD's are mostly caused by germs hat cannot live long outside the body. Occasionally, a very young girl will contract gonorrhea from contaminated linens, or a lab technician will become infected through a cut if he's working with the bugs. But for all practical purposes, it's time to retire the idea that STD can be gotten from toilet seats.

Q. Where besides the male and female genitals can STD's infect a person?

A. Almost any moist, mucous membrane or opening in the body can be the target of a venereal infection, including the throat and eyes. The skin can also become infected by some STD's.

Q. Can a person have more than one STD at a time?

A. Definitely, and treating one may not get rid of the others.

Q. If there are no symptoms, can an STD still infect others?

A. Absolutely, and particularly the developing fetus. A Massachusetts couple, for example, both in the latent, symptomless stage of syphilis, bore eight children in 10 years. One was stillborn and four had congenital syphilis.

Q. Can VD be inherited?

A. No. But it can affect an unborn child in the uterus or during delivery.

Q. Isn't venereal disease mainly a disease of blacks and urban poor?

A. Not necessarily. There is more STD reported in these groups because they tend to use public health and free clinics, where records are strictly kept. Conditions of poverty can also promote poor hygiene and ignorance of VD symptoms and treatment.

Q. Isn't it true that drug abusers and alcoholics have more STD?

A. Yes, but only because drugs may make people careless about sexual contacts and health care. Other risk factors associated with VD are youth, homosexuality, travel and tattooing. So if you're a young, traveling, tattooed, homosexual junkie who drinks, you might well have VD. Or, you might not.

Q. If a woman has a genital infection, does it prove that she or her sexual partner is "fooling around?"

A. Not necessarily. The vagina is not a sterile environment. Lots of things normally live and grow there just as they do in the mouth and nose.

Drugs, tension, other infections and injuries can trigger their sudden proliferation. For example, pregnancy can often bring on a raging infection of moniliasis, which a woman will then pass on to her mate. Even if her condition is cleared, he may re-infect her later. Venereal warts and herpes infections can also be found in celibates. Vaginitis can be produced by allergic reactions and vicarious sexual excitement. But the only way to be certain about an infection is to have it checked by a competent physician and by laboratory tests.

Q. What about a blood test for gonorrhea?

A. The CDC's research staff says the tests developed so far are highly inaccurate. The only sure way to confirm gonorrhea is by taking "smears," or specimens of the mucous or discharge from the genitals. For men, placing the specimen under a microscope is usually sufficient to identify the gonococci bacteria. But the smear taken from the female vagina must first be grown in a special "culture" medium for about two days. Smears should also be taken from all possible sites of infection to rule out gonorrhea.

Q. Do animals get VD?

A. Under a few experimental, laboratory conditions, rabbits and chimps become infected. But they cannot infect other animals or humans with STD.

Q. Do STD's ever go away by themselves, without treatment?

A. Occasionally. But no one knows in whom, when or why. To depend on spontaneous cure is to play Russian roulette with your health.

Q. Couldn't doctors just give everyone penicillin once a year and eradicate syphilis and gonorrhea?

A. Dr. David Reuben once proposed a scheme to inject 4.8 million units of penicillin into every man, woman and child capable of having sexual intercourse on a "National VD Day." This, however, is both dangerous and impractical. These drugs can kill those who are allergic. Moreover, we live in a country where free travel in and out of our borders means that the day after this mass "cure," one infected foreign tourist could start the whole process again.

Q. Is there any way that really works to protect yourself from STD's?

A. None is fail-safe, but many can help, according to Dr. John Cutler, a University of Pittsburgh VD specialist and an international authority on VD prevention research. First and best, he advises, know your sexual partners well and use a good condom during all phases of sexual contact. His recent studies suggest that contraceptive foams and jellies that are fatal to sperm and other organisms have preventive value. Soap and water cleansing and douching are "better than nothing," and antibacterial compounds, mercury preparations, silver salts and even petroleum jelly have some value when applied before intercourse. Proganasyl, an oily iodine compound designed to treat nasal infections, was tested by Nevada prostitutes and seemed to protect them from gonorrhea for 24 hours if inserted into the vagina before intercourse. But the results are still uncertain and the drug has not been approved for use by the Food and Drug Administration. *(Continued on page 206)*



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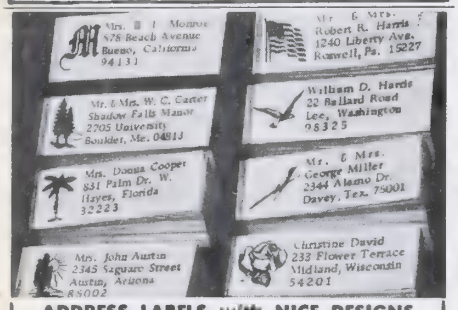
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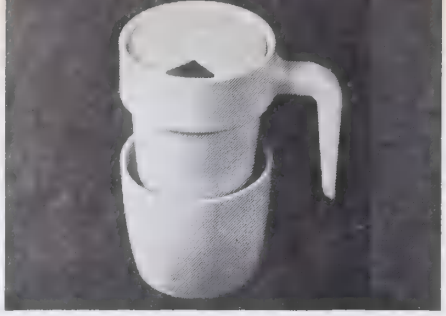
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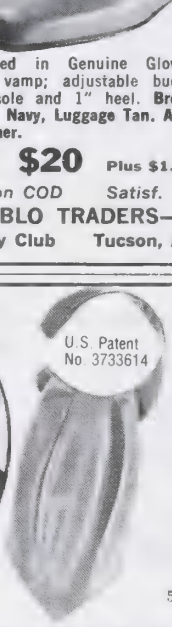
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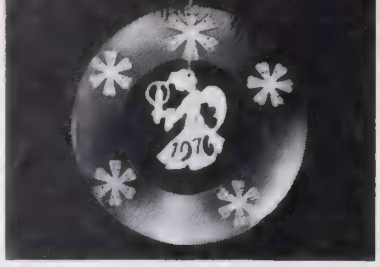
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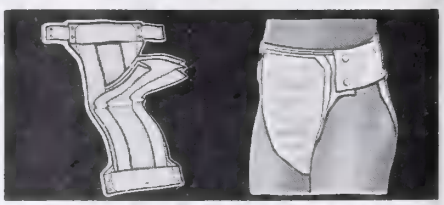
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By Sara Micheals inventor of Protein for the Bustline



What I discovered about my bustline

Believe me I had a problem with my bustline. With my husband being in the physical fitness business I became more and more ashamed of my bustline. I tried exercises that I thought could help with the moderate results of only 2 inches in a month. While I had seen other gals make fantastic bustline gains up to 6 full inches in two weeks with exercise, there seemed to be something lacking in me that made those fantastic results impossible for me to obtain. All of the women in my family had small bustlines so I just thought it was hereditary.

But when I got pregnant I developed a beautiful bustline. Then after pregnancy my bustline became even smaller than it was before. I even talked to my doctor about an implant, but the idea of surgery really frightened me and besides I knew my husband would never go for the idea. Anyway my vanity wouldn't let me give up. I had a good figure everywhere else so why not a beautiful bustline also. I started reading every book I could find on the subject of bust and muscles underneath the bust.

My studies pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionalists report that protein with the right combination of amino acids that assimilate easily is important for muscle and body tone and in fact without proper protein, muscles can actually become smaller. Further studies indicate it is practically impossible to build any part of the body without proper nutrition.

Then I started reading books regarding protein and its effects on the body and the bustline in specific. The more I read the more my hopes were reinforced that it could be possible for me to have a beautiful bustline without the undue stress on exercise. After conferring with my husband he referred me to several manufacturers of protein supplements.

From the information I had gathered in the books I had read I had some very specific ideas of the formula of protein I required for my needs. With each manufacturer I received replies varying from impossible to crazy, they were no help at all. At that point I could have given up in frustration but decided to obtain all the separate ingredients and mix them myself. I must have visited over 100 health food stores until I found the ingredients I needed. Not being one that takes too well to eating or drinking anything that tastes bad, I also had the additional problem of making my formula into a good tasting drink.

After many months of experimentation I decided on one particular formula that seemed perfect for my needs. I was ready for the big test. I asked my husband to design one easy to do exercise that could be done in one minute or less with no exercise equipment and the minimum of effort, which he did for me. I started Monday morning in the shower. I did the exercise which only took 45 seconds, by the way. Then I mixed the protein formula in a 6 oz. glass of milk and drank it. It tasted like a milkshake. Before I did any exercising I drew a chart to see if I would get any results. I measured 33 inches with a deep breath and that was pushing it. Every morning I repeated the same routine, but I didn't measure again for a full week. Then the following Monday I remeasured myself an easy 35 inches. In one week my bustline became firmer, fuller, had more lift and increased a full 2 inches. Then I quickly gained another two inches over the next few weeks. It was fantastic! To say I was excited would be putting it mildly.

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The Dark Side of Intimacy

continued from page 203

The Boston Women's Health Book Collective estimates that the use of preventive measures by only 25 percent of those exposed to gonorrhea, for one year, would reduce the incidence of this disease by 96 percent by continually reducing the number who could catch it from infected persons. Their estimate is high and assumes that preventive measures are better than they are. But the point is accurate: attention to prevention will greatly reduce the incidence of VD.

Q. What about morning-after treatment? Or taking a few antibiotic tablets right after sexual intercourse?

A. Not a good idea. For one thing, if an STD isn't caused by bacteria, antibiotics won't help. Worse, they may kill off helpful flora that live in the body and help protect against other infections—including other STD's. Second, if the STD is gonorrhea or syphilis, this kind of treatment may work just well enough to cover up symptoms for a longer period of time until damage done can't be treated. Finally, continual antibiotic therapy can produce very antibiotic-resistant germs that cannot be destroyed without some risk to the patient.

Q. Can a person be legally forced to reveal sexual contacts?

A. No. But those who don't cooperate may not only be harming their contacts, but contributing to the spread of the epidemic. They are being thoughtless and dangerous.

Q. Can a homosexual have STD?

A. Yes, and physicians report an increase in homosexual VD among both men and women.

Q. What is the first thing a person should do if VD exposure is suspected?

A. Go immediately to the nearest public health VD clinic or physician. (Your local health department can tell you where.) Insist on a complete set of diagnostic tests and examinations. Give the names of all sexual contacts to case workers so they can help them get treatment. Get at least one, and better yet, two, "cure" tests after treatment. Avoid all sexual contact until treatment is completed. If you are pregnant, or might be, have a blood test for syphilis and thorough pre-natal care for the baby.

Q. Does VD cause insanity?

A. In some of the late stages of syphilis, the invading infection will damage the brain and produce bizarre behavior. And psychiatrists are familiar with many cases where unpleasant experiences with VD contribute to a fear of sex, sexual fantasies and mental illness.

Q. Must minors tell their parents if they have VD and want treatment?

A. No. All 50 states now permit children of any age to be treated for venereal disease in public health clinics without the consent or knowledge of parent or guardian. In addition, all states permit the sale of non-prescription contraceptives useful in VD prevention to those under 16. Only Nebraska and Utah restrict the sale of condoms.

Someday, perhaps, STD's may be eliminated by good blood tests, new drugs and vaccines. In the meantime, however, millions are destined to become victims of the on-going epidemic.

"Science is doing all it can," says the CDC's Dr. Kellogg. "But for now, VD control remains the responsibility of the individual. The burden is on each of us."

For more information about VD, check your local library for these books, or order a copy from the publishers.

1. Report of the National Commission on Venereal Disease, U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, Public Health Service, 1972. DHEW publication HSM 72-8125. Free.
2. *The Venus Dilemma,* by Robert Helmer, M.D., Nash Publishing Company, Los Angeles, Calif. $5.95. Excellent historical perspective and frank explanations for teens and young adults.
3. *Ten Heavy Facts About Sex* and *VD Claptrap,* comic book style, produced by Syracuse University Institute for Family Research and Education. Syracuse, N.Y. Free.
4. *The Straight Story on VD,* by Hans H. Neumann, M.D., with Sylvia Simmons; Warner Paperbacks. $1.25. Handy reference for information on gonorrhea, syphilis and treatment clinics. Sections on herpes progenitalis and other genital disorders a little dated.
5. "More Kinds and Cases of VD," published in *Medical World News,* July 28, 1975. Good review of STD's other than gonorrhea and syphilis.
6. General VD publications from the U.S. Public Health Service Center for Disease Control, Atlanta, Ga. (VD branch) and the Massachusetts Public Health Department, VD Division, Boston, Mass. Free.

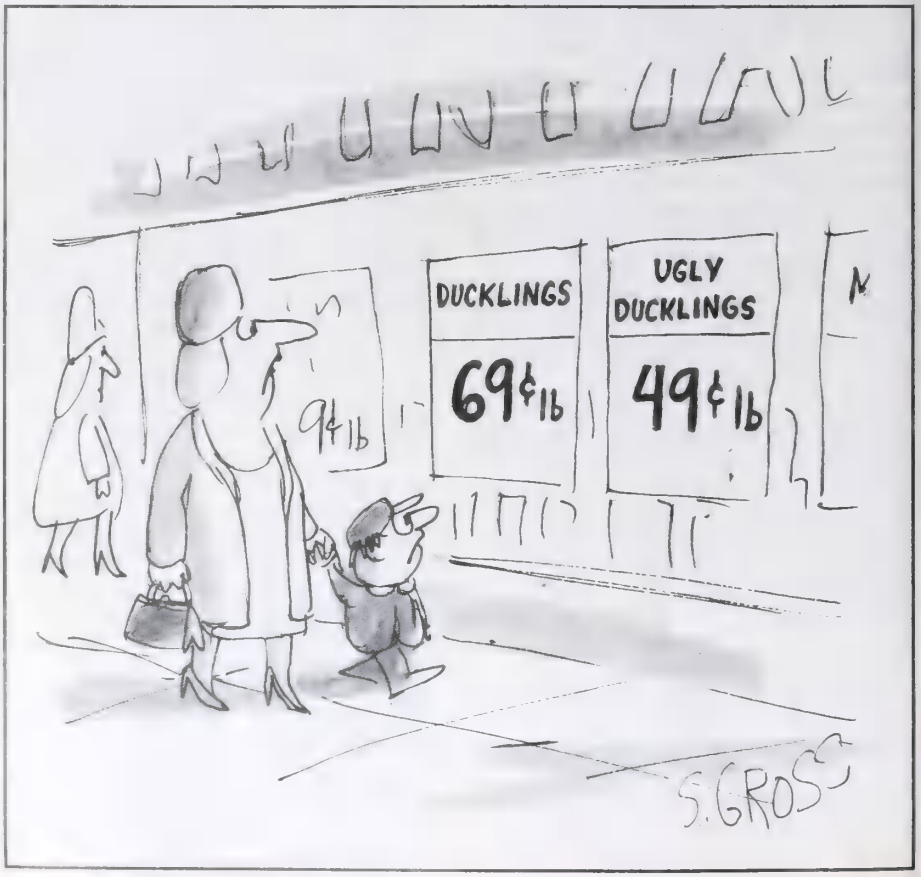
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FREE NATIONAL VD HOTLINE

Operation Venus, a VD counseling and referral service, maintains a free, national VD hotline. If you call 800-523-1885, volunteers will provide, in complete confidence, the name and location of the nearest public VD clinic or private physician who treats patients free or for minimal fees. This is a toll-free number, which means that the caller is not charged and the call will not appear on any phone bill.

The five-year-old program also provides specific information over the telephone on all sexually transmitted diseases and will send printed materials to individuals and schools.

Operation Venus is financed and serviced by the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare's Center for Disease Control (CDC) in Atlanta, Ga.



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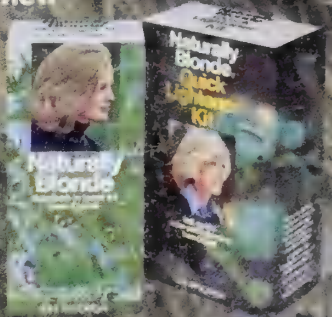
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What keeps Solarian shining so bright? The Mirabond® wear surface. It keeps that sunny shine without waxing or buffing, far longer than an ordinary vinyl floor. And the cleaner you keep it, the brighter it shines. Just sponge-mop with detergent and rinse thoroughly. Black heel marks come up easier, too.

What gives Designer Solarian such richness of color and depth of design? Inlaid Color. Beneath the Mirabond wear surface is a unique dimension we call Inlaid Color. You see, Armstrong makes Designer Solarian the same way we've always made our finest-quality floors: with a buildup of thousands of varicolored granules . . . in much the same way beautiful materials are created in nature.

Compare the depth and realism of Inlaid Color in Designer Solarian side by side with all the other no-wax sheet floors, with their "printed-on" designs. You can't miss the difference.

Armstrong

CREATORS OF THE INDOOR WORLD®

Even our best no-wax floors may eventually show some reduction in gloss where foot traffic is heaviest. So, if you ever need it, your retailer can supply a special Solarian Floor Finish, which can be applied occasionally to maintain the shine.

For complete color brochures and maintenance instructions, write Armstrong, 7611 King St., Lancaster, Pa. 17604. We'll also list your nearest Armstrong retailers. Or, find them in the Yellow Pages under "Floor Materials." Many are authorized "Floor Fashion Center®" retailers, offering the best in selection and service.

Armstrong answers:

What keeps a Solarian® floor shining?

First of all, Solarian is born to shine. Its special Mirabond® wear surface combines a high gloss with greater wear resistance. This helps Solarian shine, without waxing or buffing, far longer than ordinary vinyl floors.

The cleaner you keep it, the brighter it shines! Instead of adding a shine with wax, you keep Solarian bright by cleaning it. Dirt buildup or detergent film can make the floor appear to have lost some of its gloss when, in fact, the shine is just hidden. And when Solarian is kept clean, those pesky black heel marks from children's shoes will come off easier.

What's the best way to clean Solarian? Use a good sponge mop and a solution of general-purpose detergent, pressing hard enough to loosen dirt in the embossing. Rinse each area with clean, warm water, even though labels on most detergents say, "Don't bother." Rinsing is almost as important as mopping . . . since detergent film can pick up dirt that will dull the shine.

Protection is important, too. Though Solarian is tough, loose dirt and moving furniture can still cause wear that will dull the shine. So between moppings, it's a good idea to sweep or vacuum your floor regularly. Place a doormat at every outside door to reduce tracked-in dirt. And it's best to put floor protectors on the feet of chairs.

How to put a whole staff of Armstrong Designers to work for you!



The famous Armstrong Interior Designers have put together a new magazine with 64 colorful pages of creative decorating ideas for your home. Truly useful information and inside tips from the pros on how to beautify, finish, furnish, and redo any room under your roof. Order your copy today. It's a limited first edition!

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Cozy up your kitchen with Olde Hickory, a new Armstrong ceiling.



Notice the sunny Solarian® kitchen floor (opposite page). It really makes the kitchen bright and cheerful. But don't stop there. You can have a great look overhead, too. With charming Olde Hickory ceiling. Olde Hickory adds the look and feel of rustic, weathered boards and planks to your kitchen . . . or any room. But Olde Hickory doesn't stop there. It's washable *and* fire-retardant. And, of course, you can install it yourself. Whether you're fixing up an old ceiling or adding the finishing touch to a new room, Armstrong has more than 30 beautiful tile and suspended ceilings you can put up. See them this weekend at your retailer. He's in the Yellow Pages under "Ceilings."

For more information, write to Armstrong, 7611 Moore Street, Lancaster, Pa. 17604. We'll send you names of retailers near you and free color brochures showing our complete ceiling selection.

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Editor's diary

By Lenore Hershey





THE BEST MAN

Playing no favorites, I've recently had my picture taken with both major candidates. Neither this magazine nor its editor takes a public point of view on which man deserves your vote for the presidency. On page 77, you will find an interesting analysis by Doris Kearns Goodwin which, like the debates, may help you make up your mind. We hope you will make your choice thoughtfully, and then indeed will take the time and trouble to get to the polls and exercise your right to vote. "May the best man win" is a cliché pronouncement, but perhaps never before has it been a more hopefully uttered expression of our need for quality leadership.

OTHER NOVEMBER JOTTINGS

Life is busy these days as I go around the country talking about *Journal of the Century*, the new Viking Press book that traces the history of this country through the pages of *Ladies' Home Journal*. (Cleveland on November 1; other stops until the end of the year.) I also was thrilled to be honored by Amita, a society that usually honors American women of Italian heritage, but also presents Golden Lady "Sister" awards to women of all ethnic backgrounds. I shared the stage with Shirley Chisholm, Maria Jeritza, Margaret Chase Smith and other "sisters," but was particularly impressed to see how many Italian women are reaching new heights of achievement. Lucile De George, the dynamic woman who founded and heads the awards program, deserves much credit.

NEW COLUMNIST



His name: Roger Caras. His field: animals and wildlife. Starting this issue, on page 184, Roger becomes a regular columnist for the *Journal*, bringing to our pet lovers new dimensions of knowledge and insight. Roger's a well-known author and has done programs for both radio and TV. Probably his best known is the CBS radio series, "Pets and Wildlife."—L.H.

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It's Sears Open Hearth
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Superb construction, 26-step finishing, and an outstanding price make it a great value. We urge you to compare:



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There are 9 different pieces in the Sears Open Hearth Dining Room and 45 more in Sears Open Hearth Bedroom, Family Room and Living Room. Plus a host of Open Hearth coordinated accessories.

The Sears Open Hearth Dining Room. At most larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores now.

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NOVEMBER 1976

LADIES' HOME Journal®

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN®



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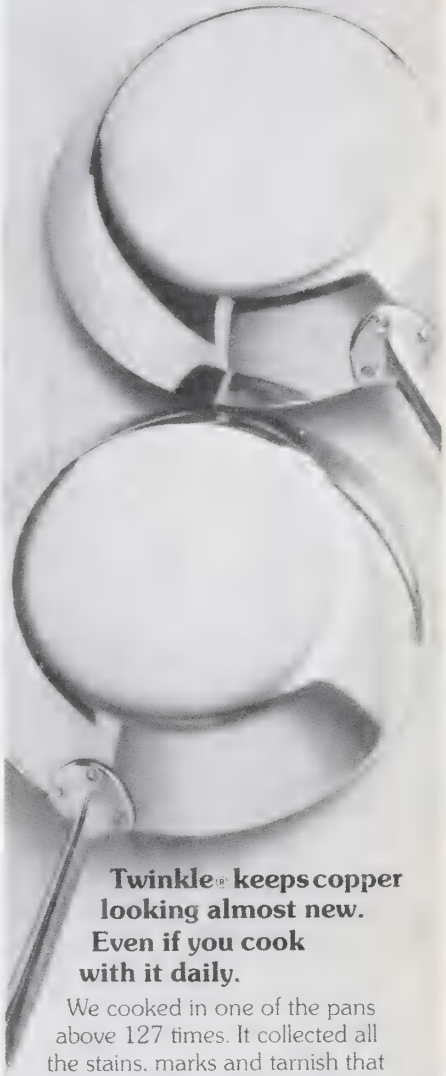
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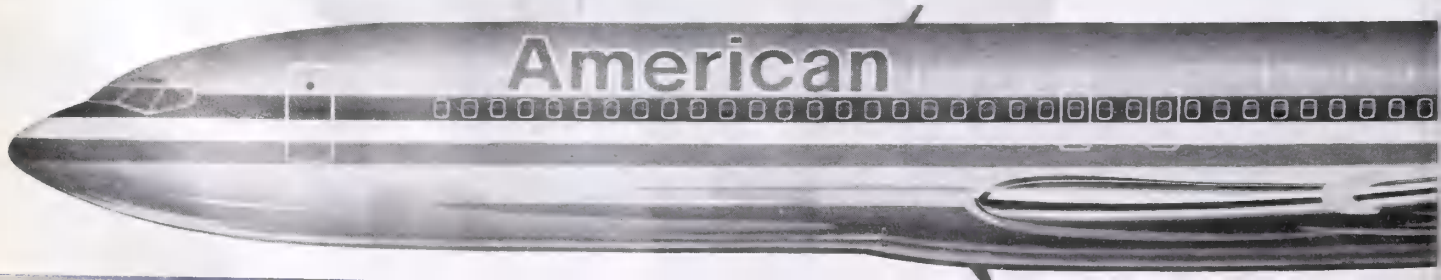


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What's happening



By Gene Shalit

A salute to that all-American tourist favorite—Radio City Music Hall. And good movie news about John Wayne, Charles Bronson and Burt Reynolds.

Christmas is a-comin' in and thousands of tourists will be going to New York to see the city at its holiday happiest—and one of the reasons for the joy is the annual Christmas stage show at America's most famous movie theater, the Radio City Music Hall in Rockefeller Center, home of the Rockettes. For a few weeks earlier this autumn it seemed that the Music Hall—which opened two days after Christmas in 1932—might be doomed to close forever. But the glad tidings are that the lights are as bright as ever, and the showplace of the nation (as it likes to call itself), will be the place for *the* show this Christmastime. This is good news and, as Damon Runyon used to say, a story goes with it.

Last year the Music Hall lost $1.3 million and announced that this fall it would have to close forever—*unless*. And do you know what? The *unless* happened: The union members not only withdrew their demands for raises, but they voted to take salary cuts and eliminate some jobs. People from all over America sent in money, trying to help. It was all returned, of course, but the gestures made everyone at the Music Hall feel wonderful. The musicians voted to reduce the size of the symphony orchestra, the stagehands took a wage freeze and the elimination of six jobs, and the Rockettes said *they* wouldn't have a kick coming if their line of precision dancers was reduced by seven girls—but don't worry, there will still be 60 legs on stage. The president of their union, Penny Singleton (whom you may remember as a star of the *Blondie* movies), said: "Employment is very important. It is better than being unemployed." Even Dagwood would understand *that*. So the Music Hall is saved and the current attraction is *Nickelodeon*, starring Burt Reynolds, Ryan O'Neal and his young daughter Tatum O'Neal. But it is the stage show that will attract tourists from all over America; the Christmas Pageant and The Nativity. Isn't it nice, especially at this season, to have some *good* news?

A WINNER WITH WAYNE

Do you want an astonishing fact? John Wayne has made more than 200 movies over the past half century. For as long as I can remember, there has been a new John Wayne movie coming out next week. Now another "next week" is here, with John Wayne in *The Shootist*—and let me say it flat out: It's a fine film. *The Shootist* is not only a moving picture, it is a *very* moving picture. Here is the story of a man dying, and trying to set everything right before he dies. It also can be viewed as a personal valedictory for the character Wayne has so frequently played. As the story begins, Wayne is riding into Carson City, heading for the office of the local doctor, his old friend played by Jimmy Stewart (and what a pleasure to see these two actors together). Wayne suspects the worst; Doc confirms it; Wayne has cancer and six weeks to live. Some others might use the six weeks to die, but Wayne uses the time to live. He has been the most feared killer in the West, but now he has something to fear himself—the doctor's warning of tormenting pain.

Wayne takes a pleasant room down the street in the house owned by the widow Rogers, nicely underplayed by Lauren Bacall. Word of Wayne's presence spreads through the town by whisper, word and whoop. When Bacall discovers that he is a notorious *(continued on page 20)*

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When you're under 25, a smooth, natural look may be all you want from makeup. But over 25, your makeup should do more. Smooth out tiny, dry skin lines. Add a warmer depth of color to put a few more roses in your cheeks. That's why Cover Girl created 'MoistureWear'™ Makeup. Makeup with a balanced blend of special moisturizers, and fresh, fresh color to instantly improve the look of skin over 25. And help you look better than you have in years. 'MoistureWear' is pre-moisturized. So dewy you need no moisturizer underneath. Wear it and you can look the way you want to look —younger, fresher, prettier!



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Also available: Nighttime Moisturizer, Moisturizing Under Eye Cover Stick, Moisturizing Wrinkle Stick.

Does your kitchen have a firm foundation?

Here are 26 kitchen basics you need to build a solid meal.

If your kitchen were stocked by an expert cook, you'd probably have just what you need to make every meal. But since nobody we know ever starts as an expert cook, we offer some expert advice.

Whether you're building your first kitchen, adding to the one you have, or giving a gift to someone who's just starting out, here's what should be in that kitchen.



For cutting.

Very good knives are very, very basic. Since they'll last practically forever, invest in fewer, better knives.



You can start with just two: an 8" chef's knife and a 4" paring knife.

You shouldn't be without the homely vegetable peeler. It costs less than a dollar. Use it for a year (till it loses its sharpness), then don't feel bad about throwing it away and buying another.

For pepper with punch enough to merit the name, you'll need a pepper grinder.

For freezing, cooking and serving.



When you use the same cookware for freezing, cooking and serving, you save time, money and space. There's only one cookware that's this sensible and saving: CORNING WARE® cookware.

The three pieces you'll need are all in the CORNING WARE Kitchen Starter Set: two covered saucepans and a 10" covered skillet. You can buy handles for each separately so you can use each piece on the range-top as well as in the oven. (Even microwave ovens.)

You'll also need a utensil set (fork, spatula, slotted spoon, unslotted spoon), a colander with a sturdy base, and a can opener.



If you buy a winged corkscrew, you'll be able to open wine bottles with élan. The handle gives you a bottle opener as a bonus.

For baking.

You can bake just about anything your mouth desires when you own the CORNING WARE Bakeware Set. It has a covered baking dish that doubles as a bread pan, a square pan for single-layer cakes and a 9" pie plate.



You'll want a hefty rolling pin (the heavier it is, the easier it is to use) and a flour sifter.

A set of three clear Pyrex® ware mixing bowls gives you more than three mixing bowls. You can store in them. You can serve in them. And if you ever get through using them, you can clean them easily. Add to this a set of measuring spoons and two Pyrex ware measuring cups. Two are easier than one when you're making and baking, because one will always be clean and ready to use. And you'll always know how much you have in cups and ounces, as well as in liters and grams.



If your favorite niece is just starting out, you might like to know the whole kit and kaboodle costs about $115.00.

And makes a very nice gift.

CORNING

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Set the Pattern of '76

Early American Design in Oneida Community Stainless



Our Patrick Henry pattern is in the spirit of Colonial America, with a brushed finish that has the soft, lustrous look of pewter. Its simplicity is characteristic of the craftsmanship of the American Revolutionary period, with quality as honest and enduring today as it was then.

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Betty Crocker

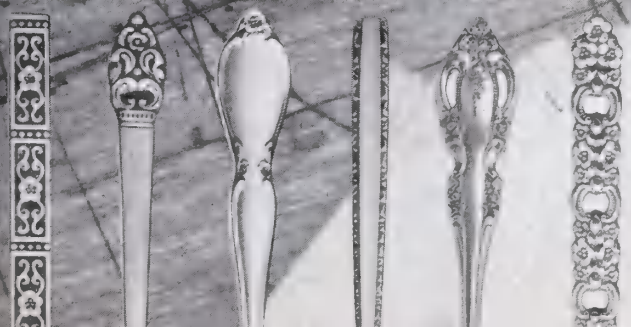
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PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE RAINBOW ROOM

What's happening

continued from page 15

killer, she orders him to leave. He refuses. So the other boarders move out, leaving Wayne alone with Bacall and her young son, Ron Howard. She is first furious, then resigned, then finds him most affecting. *The Shootist* is the chronological revelation of his final days . . . of the help he gives . . . of the ways he clears . . . of the men he kills (never shooting first), and of the lives that touch his.

The Shootist is touching and strong, with an exceptional performance by Wayne. Don Siegel has directed the film like a man who cares. Obviously, he does. And so do I.

"GATOR" IS A CROC

Burt Reynolds is off on another adventure in the South. This one is called *Gator*, after its leading character, Gator McKlosky. *Gator* is a moonshiner who agrees to work for federal agents and get the goods on a corrupt southern county boss. The boss is Bama McCall—Jerry Reed—and the unlikely fed who works with Reynolds is Jack Weston. Weston plays a Jewish New York undercover agent who is thoroughly out of place in this small southern town. But Reynolds fits right in and soon he is on the inside, spying on Bama, a weasel who corrupts 15-year-old girls, shakes down poor black storekeepers, and is altogether a miserable character. In this dusty-shoe town there is an unlikely TV reporter played by the fashion model Lauren Hutton. The script is not only boring, it is uninformed. At one point Reynolds says: "I don't know why I'm doing this." I don't either. Also I think he's got his reptiles mixed up, because *Gator* is a croc.

HAIL TO BRONSON

I've got to say at once that I enjoy watching Charles Bronson movies. And if *you* enjoy Bronson, I think you'll be taken with *St. Ives*, a kind of private-eye movie in which Bronson plays a crime writer named Ray St. Ives. He's for hire as a go-between—so when millionaire dilettante John Houseman's secret papers are stolen for ransom, Houseman hires Bronson to deliver the $100,000 ransom and retrieve the papers. That's the beginning of the intricate mystery called *St. Ives* in which Bronson keeps bumping into bumped-off people, suspicious police, Jacqueline Bisset (Houseman's confidante), and Maximilian Schell (a bearded psychiatrist). The acting is competent, the script has a certain zing, Houseman is a great pleasure to watch, and Bronson is so obviously in charge all the way that you can relax and watch the puzzle fill itself in.

REMARKABLE RECORD

If you care about the way this world is tumbling, if you are perplexed by pompous politicians and bewildered by their bizarre behavior, you ought to see *Idi Amin Dada*, a fact-packed movie about the dictator of Uganda. Uganda is a small landlocked African country. Idi Amin took power by force and became dictator in 1971. This year he gave refuge to the hijackers of the Air France plane and its passengers who were rescued by Israeli commandos. Many people insist that Amin is not a lunatic, just eccentric, as his shower of telegrams to world leaders might indicate. Barbet Schroeder is clearly fascinated by this father of 18 and dictator of ten million people, and she persuaded Amin to let her do a film about him. Her camera follows this smiling, sinister giant—and you don't know whether to cringe with fright or to be convulsed with laughter. He runs a cabinet meeting that even the Marx brothers couldn't have dreamed up. There is a trip up a river in which he addresses crocodiles. And there is a swimming pool race in which guess who wins over his intimidated underlings? That's all very jolly. What is scary is this man's megalomania, and *(continued)*


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What's happening

continued

his power to do harm to his own people. It was he who expelled and robbed 80,000 Indians who had lived there for generations. This is a rare look at a tyrant who is part buffoon, part menace. . . . One of the most remarkable records I have seen of a head of state.

CLINT'S VENGEANCE

As *The Outlaw and Josey Wales* begins, the Civil War has ended, and Clint Eastwood is peacefully plowing his Missouri farm when a horror of Union misfits gallop across his land, burn his home and murder his wife and young son. *Vengeance* is what he wants, so he joins a band of southern get-eveners and wipes out virtually an entire encampment of Union soldiers. Then he flees on his own, heading west and getting even all along the way. Each time he prepares to kill *(continued on page 71)*

GENE SHALIT RE-VIEWS

All the President's Men is quite simply a smash. If there were a Pulitzer Prize for movies, *Men* would win.

The Bad News Bears are a Little League baseball team, managed by Walter Matthau. Run, run, run to see this happy, warm-hearted hit.

The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings is a baseball story with an all-black cast that, quite simply, is one of the best entertainments of the year.

Buffalo Bill and the Indians circles like a nervous horse with a new rider, but has a refreshing originality I liked. Not for kids.

Family Plot is the newest Hitchcock, and this time horror is on hiatus. It's all just for fun, with a Hitchcock wink.

Harry and Walter Go to New York might have been a charming romp about 1890's New York. But it isn't. In an effort to repeat "The Sting," only the audience gets stung.

Logan's Run doesn't *star* Peter Ustinov, but his small role is the only memorable part of this 23rd century sci-fi confusion.

The Man Who Fell to Earth is a troubling and densely complex sci-fi movie, starring David Bowie. For sci-fi fans, enormously absorbing.

Midway is about that turning-point WW II Pacific battle starring everyone—Fonda, Ford, Mitchum, Heston, etc. Not the worst—nor the best.

Murder by Death is the latest work by Neil Simon and it adds up to the wittiest mystery movie in years. A super spoof with a super, all-star cast.

No Deposit, No Return is too complicated to explain. But it's from Disney and the kids will giggle—while you go shopping.

Obsession—a non-Hitchcock mystery that's romantic, confounding and weird. The cast is splendid. Enjoy.

The Omen, despite the presence of Gregory Peck and Lee Remick, is trash.

Silent Movie really *is* silent and really *is* a comedy treasure, thanks to the inspiration of Mel Brooks. A film for everyone.

Swashbuckler is a pirate film without the brio of Errol Flynn. Pity.

That's Entertainment, Part 2—a sequel to you-know-what, is a classy, splashy cavalcade that will make you grin and glow.

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Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

Inheritance problems of unmarried couples who live together . . . Transferring assets to a minor child, etc. The Journal's financial counselor answers your money-management questions.

I have lived with a man for more than five years. Each of us takes for granted that, should anything happen to either of us, all the property we share would be inherited by the other. Now my father (who has never approved of my relationship) says that if my friend were to die, I wouldn't get a penny. He can't be right, can he?
Yes, he *can* be right—unless your friend makes a will naming you as his beneficiary and you make a will naming him. Otherwise, depending on the inheritance laws of your state, it's more than likely that all of his wealth and assets would go to his nearest relatives (his parents, if they are alive) and also, you probably would lose assets for which you paid half, but which are not recorded in your name. If you are single, male or female, and especially if you are living with someone to whom you are committed, *MAKE A WILL!* This is even more imperative if children are involved. If you are in any doubt, consult a lawyer. His advice will be more than worth his fee.

I'd like to give my young daughter some of my securities, but I don't want to place my assets in the hands of a minor. Are there other options?
Yes. Set up a custodian account in your daughter's name. She becomes the owner of the assets at once and you no longer need to pay any taxes on income earned by those assets. Your daughter becomes the taxpayer, and since her tax rate will be very low and her income from interest, dividends or capital gains will be offset by her personal exemption and dividend exclusion, her taxes will be insignificant, if any. But don't name yourself custodian of the account. For if you die before your daughter comes of age, the IRS can include the custodian account in your estate. Avoid the problem by designating another person as the custodian. There are income tax and estate tax benefits from this procedure.

I inherited an apartment building, and since we know nothing about managing apartments, my husband is paying our lawyer a substantial fee to handle the details. Can we deduct those legal fees from our income tax?
Yes. You may deduct fees for any legal services involved in collecting rents (and also collecting interest, dividends or other taxable income). The legal fees must, of course, be ordinary and reasonable in amount, as well as necessary.

My whole family is going absolutely nuts about photography. Buying film is becoming a major item in our budget, and we're already figuring out how much film for four cameras will cost when we go on our skiing trip over Christmas. Are there any special sale periods?
Yes. Since a top amateur photography period is November-December, most sales and discounts for multiple rolls of film take place during these high-usage months. Buy your vacation film as the sales appear. You actually can save 20 to 30 percent on your film by buying in large quantities—and if you keep your film in a cold but not freezing temperature, the expiration date printed on the film box can be extended considerably. You also can store film very nicely in your refrigerator for at least one year and often longer. And since you are camera buffs, and you no doubt shoot many flash pictures, consider investing in an electronic flash unit, which you can buy for as little as $15 and which will fit many of the newer instant-loading cameras. An electronic flash unit is a money-saver that will pay for itself very quickly because it allows for 100 to 250 flash pictures from one set of batteries.

Finally, the most basic rule: prices for photographic supplies and services vary widely, so shop around.

During Thanksgiving holiday this year, I'm using our station wagon to drive a group of school children to our state capital on a trip sponsored by our local Bicentennial committee. I'll keep careful records of the time I spend and the services I perform. What will be deductible on our 1976 income tax return?
The value of the time you spend and services you perform will *not* be deductible—but your out-of-pocket expenses will be. You can deduct what you spend for gas, oil, tolls and parking (but not for car depreciation and insurance), or you can take an automatic deduction of 7¢ a mile for charitable auto operating costs, plus parking fees and tolls.

Is it true that foreigners have been buying up U.S. stocks in tremendous amounts?
Yes. Just in the first few months of 1976, foreigners purchased $1 billion more of U.S. stocks than they sold. In 1975 alone, foreign purchases exceeded foreign sales by a record $4.4 billion, compared with the previous peak of $2.8 billion net purchases in 1973. Foreign buyers are going into the U.S. stock market for investments, not to control our companies. The biggest buying comes from the oil-rich nations. The biggest holders of our our stocks are investors in Switzerland, Great Britain, Canada, the Netherlands and France (Swiss purchases well may be on *(continued)*

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Spending your money

continued

behalf of other nationals). This buying dramatizes the faith other nations have in the strength of the U.S. economy and the great liquidity of our stock markets (the ease with which buyers and sellers can match orders without causing precipitous price changes).

In 1975, my husband and I contributed $3,100 to my widowed mother to cover all her medical and dental bills in excess of Medicare. She couldn't subsist otherwise on her 1975 Social Security benefits of $3,050, and she had no other income. We took a $750 dependency deduction for her, got a tax credit and also deducted the $3,100 in medical expenses. We're doing the same thing this year. Okay?

Not Okay! Your mother's Social Security benefits (tied to annual increases in the cost-of-living benefits) have been raised in 1976, and she probably now is receiving $3,150 in Social Security benefits and spending the entire total on her own support. This means you don't contribute more than half her support and you wind up a big loser. To protect your $3,850-plus of deductions (the $750 dependency deduction for your mother, the $3,100 in medical deductions and the tax credit), find out at once from your mother precisely what she is getting in benefits in 1976 and make sure you contribute more than half her support by year's end. Start at once to give your mother a few dollars extra each week, and before 1976 ends, recheck your figures to confirm that you have indeed contributed more than half her support. Don't let your own laziness or neglect eliminate your tax savings.

How can I get proof that my earnings have been accurately reported for Social Security purposes? I think some of my earnings have not been credited by my employer (who just went bankrupt) and I'm worried about my future benefits.

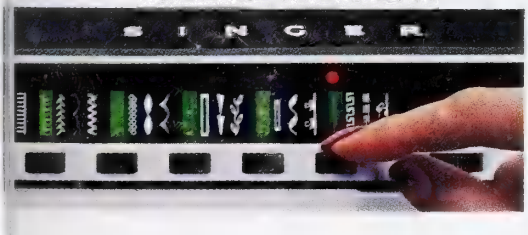
Just ask the Social Security Administration for Form OAR-7004, which is a request for a statement of your earnings. Fill it out, mail it in and you'll get back a copy of your record. Since you have misgivings, do this now. Generally, your earnings record cannot be corrected if you make your request more than 39½ months after the year in which your salary was paid. In fact, it's wise to check on your earnings' record at least once every three years—and wisest to do this automatically every year. You may be able to get Form OAR-7004 from your former employer. Otherwise, write the Social Security Administration, P.O. Box 57, Baltimore, Md. 21203. **End**

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GABLE AFTER LOMBARD

Carole Lombard was dead—and the little boy inside Clark Gable died, too. But what kind of man survived? By Lyn Tornabene



On January 16, 1942, at 7:20 P.M., Carole Lombard Gable was killed when a TWA twin-engine DC-3 in which she was a passenger, crashed outside of Las Vegas.

Clark Gable was a shattered man. He went through the motions of organizing the funeral, informing his friends, etc., but he was different. He was a man who had been to some dark place, and had returned. Lazarus. People were afraid to go near him, although he showed a softness and a compassion he had never shown before.

"Ma" was dead—and a part of Clark was dead, too, and only Howard Strickling, MGM's publicity man and Clark's good friend, spotted what had happened. "The boyishness he had was gone and it never showed up again."

Carole Lombard died and the little boy she loved died with her.

The question was, what kind of man survived her?

Clark Gable after Carole's death was "inconsolable and unapproachable." He could not work and production of *Somewhere I'll Find You*, his current film, was suspended. The initial task of his day was just getting out of bed to face the grief and the rage, bewilderment and guilt. The gnawing guilt. He was alive; she was dead.

Clark couldn't bear to participate in the details of running the ranch on which he and Carole had lived so idyllically. So he decided to sell it. He sent Jean Garceau, Carole's secretary and a good friend to both Gables, to find him a new house in Bel Air or Beverly Hills.

Clark's house-hunting gave rise to column items that he was going to quit films and enlist, and those rumors prompted a telegram.

Wire to Clark Gable from H. H. Arnold, Lieut. Gen. Chief of the Army Air Forces, January 23, 1942: CAPTAIN SY BARTLETT INFORMS ME THAT YOU WISH TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE. IF WE DO NOT, REPEAT NOT, CONFLICT WITH YOUR STUDIO'S FUTURE PLANS FOR YOU, I BELIEVE IN MY CAPACITY AS CHIEF OF THE ARMY AIR FORCE, THAT WE HAVE A SPECIFIC AND HIGHLY IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU. CAPTAIN BARTLETT WILL BE IN CALIFORNIA WITHIN A FORTNIGHT AND WILL DISCUSS MY PLANS WITH YOU.

The wire was sent to MGM, where it was immediately sidetracked. The studio did not want to lose Gable to the service, ever, and conspired to keep him a civilian as best it could. Even before he reported back to work, his favorite writers and directors were asked to locate properties for him.

Clark began working again on February 23, on *Somewhere I'll Find You*. He was withdrawn on the set, but there was a change in him that went beyond that: his sense of humor was gone. The engaging undercurrent of fun, irrepressible in the Gable persona, had become an undercurrent of anger. In many scenes he seemed to be flinching from the camera, afraid of what it would catch if he looked it in the eye. Physically, he was the same supervirile figure he always was, but he was grouchy, dour, different.

His discipline got him through his scenes, but the worst part of the day was when he had to go home. The hours he used to spend with Carole before dinner were always bubbling ones. Now there was no reason to curtail the cocktail hour, and he began continuing it long into the night.

One day in March, Joan Crawford sent him a note at the studio saying, as she recalls, "If you'd like to stop by and have a quiet dinner, I'll be home rather late tonight and all this week."

Clark accepted Joan's invitation to dinner the day he got it, and every other day until his film was finished. "He needed someone to talk to, and I just listened until three in the morning. He was a moody man who needed a pair of broad shoulders to lean on. One night, I said, 'Clark, you have got to stop this drinking, you've got to.' He started to cry, and said, 'I know it.' "

Not being in uniform in 1942 was tough for any man, and for a man like Clark, it was nearly impossible. He hesitated because he feared he would be

(continued)





Left: Gable with Lady Sylvia Ashley, his fourth wife, whose greatest rival was Lombard's ghost. Right: Kay Williams Gable at Disneyland with John Clark—the son Gable never saw.

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GABLE AFTER LOMBARD

continued

turned down. However, despite all efforts to prevent it, on August 12, Clark Gable enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps.

Private Gable applied for admission to Officers Candidate School, became Corporal Gable, and was assigned to Miami Beach for the 13 weeks of training that would make him a second lieutenant—if he survived the ordeal.

He had a lot to prove to the sweating cadets, but it didn't hit him at first.

In a very short time, Raymond Green, a Philadelphia radio executive who was at the school with Clark, says, "We began to realize he was the real McCoy. But still you'd say to yourself, 'Only an actor can act the way he does.' He was the All-American hero, the energetic superman gonna do it the hard way. We were all extremely patriotic, but he was Clark Gable. The day he walked in he had more military bearing than most of the men had when they left."

Clark put himself under tremendous pressure. Not only did he want to succeed and show the young squirts a thing or two, he also wanted to be liked. It bothered him worse than ever that women lined the streets of Miami hoping to get a glimpse of him. What he didn't know was that in his khakis and cap, without his mustache, running in a sea of men, he had at last what he had wanted for years: anonymity. "Gable didn't look particularly good in his khakis," recalls writer A. E. Hotchner, who was a class ahead of him at OCS. "He looked wilted. My memory of him was how much he perspired. He was always soaking wet." In the first weeks, even his cook wouldn't have recognized him; he had a boil on his nose covered with a large bandage that was as good as a mask.

Genuine concern for others

Something very fine emerged in Clark Gable in Miami, something that had begun to show immediately after Carole's death. His preoccupation with his own needs and interest only in people who satisfied them, became a genuine concern for others. Raymond Green says, "I think those of us who knew Clark Gable as a soldier saw the real man more than anyone else perhaps in his whole lifetime."

On October 27, 1942, Corporal Gable was discharged to accept his commission. The following day he became Second Lieutenant Gable and learned that he was to form a film unit and make a propaganda movie about aerial gunners. There were so many casualties among gunners that the Air Corps was having trouble recruiting them. Clark was assigned to Gunnery School at Tyndall Field in Florida, where, on November 8, he was made a first lieutenant. His aerial gunner and photography training would continue at Fort Wright, in Spokane, Wash., through January, 1943.

He spent the Christmas holidays of 1942 with the men at war, and on January 7, 1943, received his aerial gunner wings. Newsreels taken of that event show a man with a face fairly bursting with pride—a different man from the one sworn in the previous August with his eyes full of tears.

In late April, 1943, Clark's unit, the 351st, which flew B-17 bombers, was assigned to a base in Polebrook, England, about 80 miles north of London. Clark stayed in the officers' quarters next to writer John Mahin. They were together constantly, and John got to know Clark as intimately as any man ever had. One of the things Mahin first noticed was Clark's cleanliness fetish. John says, "I don't think I ever saw him undressed until we were out in the war. He came in my room, the first time, just in his shorts, and I saw that he shaved his chest and underarms. I guess it sort of shocked me because I remember saying, 'By God, you shave.' He said, 'Yeah. I can't stand hair. You smell with it. It makes you

sweat more.' And he would never take baths. At the base there were just bathtubs. He'd say, 'How can you sit in that tub, with all that dirty water coming off of you?' He went to the nearest town, bought up all the plumbing and everything and rigged up a shower for himself."

He rarely talked about Carole, but he frequently fingered "the thing he wore around his neck." I said, 'That's something to do with *her,* isn't it?' And he said, 'Yeah, it's all I have left of her.'" It was a little locket holding the remains of diamond and ruby clips that Clark had given Carole. They were found at the site of her fatal plane crash.

When he first got to England, John found it sad that the men weren't accepting Clark and tried to help. On May 14, Col. William Hatcher, his commanding officer, allowed the star to go on the group's first mission: an attack on an airdrome at Courtrai, Belgium. John says, "I was in the tower when he and the colonel went up, and I said to the guys, 'I hear Gable's up there.' They said that was a lot of baloney; Gable wasn't going on any missions. Even when he came back, they said it was a milk run. But after his second mission, which was a tough one, the kids adored him. They couldn't stay away from him. And he was proud that he'd done it."

One thing John always felt bewilderment about, although Clark never talked about his conquests, was the women he chose to see. "He saw a lot of strange-looking women. I imagine he was a pretty vital guy sexually. I mean, he had to have that stimulation, but it didn't seem to matter with whom. There was one woman—really ugly, with a big horse face. I said to him, 'Why in God's name, her?' And he said, 'Well, she's there.' Nobody would have believed he was sleeping with this woman. I don't mean he didn't like good-looking women—he looked plenty. He just seemed to think he got into less trouble with the ugly ones." Perhaps he was being respectful of Carole's ghost, for whom "the ugly ones" would be no competition.

In the perverse way that familiarity with death can give balance to life, Clark's involvements at the base eased his personal melancholy. But he was sufficiently tormented to drink himself unconscious, given the chance. He was close enough to the brink to lose control if pushed. One day he went to a hospital to see a friend who had been mortally wounded. The surgeon in charge, a colonel, took him to the bed where the boy was suspended, wrapped like a mummy, with only his face showing. The doctor said the gunner was loaded with morphine, and wouldn't know Clark was there. "He has maybe a few hours left," the doctor said. He then described his injuries, pointing to them and while he was talking, Clark saw tears welling out of the boy's closed eyes and rolling down his face. He grabbed the doctor's arm, and pushed him into the hall outside the room. "What are you doing? Get your hands off me," the doctor shouted. Clark, his face red and hands shaking, seized him by the collar and shoved him against the wall. "If you ever do anything like that again, I'll kill you," he snarled and stormed out of the hospital.

Late in October, 1943, when he had shot 50,000 feet of film, Clark and his movie group were sent home. Before he left, he was awarded an Air Medal "for superior performance of duty." He also wore an American Campaign Medal, and a Europe-Africa-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with one bronze service star. He made it clear, to anyone who asked, that they were not hero's medals. Nevertheless, he left behind him a heroic impression.

Goes home

Clark went home to Los Angeles and found that the ranch had flourished under Jean Garceau's faultless care. (Never having liked any of the houses Jean had showed him, he had decided to keep the ranch.) He seemed to the people nearest him to be restored to his old self: the signs of maturity in his *(continued)*





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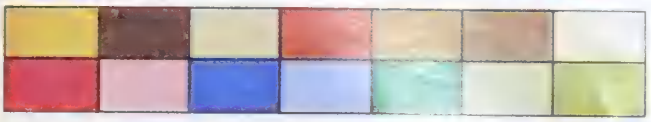
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*Prices higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

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GABLE AFTER LOMBARD

continued

face, the gray in his hair, the youthful energy in his movements combining to make him handsomer than ever.

Early in December, Clark signed a new contract with MGM. It was a two-picture-a-year deal, guaranteeing him $7,500 per week for 40 weeks, payment to commence when he left the army.

That winter, Clark began dating a young actress named Kay Williams when he wasn't with Virginia Gray, who was a neighbor, dear friend and frequent companion. According to Kay, his relationship with her welded on their first date when Clark said to her, "Why don't you go upstairs and get undressed?"—and she answered, "Why don't you go s--- in your hat?" The 25-year-old, twice-married Miss Williams was clearly his kind of dishy dame. He took her to star-studded parties, to Air Force dances and to nightclubs. He liked being seen with her.

In May of 1944, Clark Gable was made a major, but with no new orders. On June 12, he was "relieved from active duty as a major, on his own request."

Clark continued working on his films—five in all—that were scheduled for use in recruiting and training programs. In September he delivered them to Washington, then went to New York for a rip-roaring vacation. There he ran into lovely Dolly O'Brien. From their first encounter at the Stork Club, Clark and Dolly were a steady item around town. After several weeks, Clark went back to Los Angeles. But in December he spent two weeks at her Palm Beach villa.

Drinking too much

Throughout the intervening fall, Clark spent many hours dropping in on friends. His new interest in people was good for him; the idleness causing it was not. He was still drinking too much.

Clark's heroic consumption of alcohol ceased to be a laughing matter when he wrapped himself around a tree in the middle of a night in March, 1945. Fortunately for his image, the tree he ran into was on the lawn of Hollywood agent Harry Friedman, who knew the business well enough to avoid reporters and call Howard Strickling of MGM rather than the police or an ambulance.

The story that was released was that Clark had swerved into the tree to avoid hitting a drunken driver, who did not stop. The press printed it, but no one believed it and rumors persist that the *true* story was so damaging that MGM issued a fake true story to fog it. "Who was with him?" people still ask. "What were they hiding?"

The change in MGM between the summer of 1942, when Clark finished his last film, and the winter of 1944, when he was looking for his next, was so vast that a decade could have slipped through those two and a half years. And in this strange new world no one seemed to know what to do with Clark Gable. The creative powers were all assigned to look for a property for him, but they didn't know what to look for. MGM was out of the rhythm of Gable vehicles. Furthermore, they didn't see Gable as Gable anymore; they saw him as some kind of saint. When they did come up with a property they thought right for him, they had to contend with his own interpretation of his film image.

The result of all this awe of the Gable image was that in the next three years Clark would make only three films, none of which was worthy of him. Only the first of them, *Adventure*, was popular with his fans, and that was because Gable was back and Garson had him. America had missed *him*, and loved *her*.

He began *Adventure* in May, while he was still adjusting to civilian life and finding it *(continued on page 36)*

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GABLE AFTER LOMBARD

continued from page 32

hollow—and still drinking too much. Like many of his fellow screen stars, he found acting pointless and demeaning after being at war.

The only security he'd ever had about acting seemed to come from the momentum he built up doing one picture after another. With that momentum gone, Clark suffered real stage fright when *Adventure* began. Joan Blondell, the giddy blonde of the film, recalls that Clark perspired a great deal when he was working, and that his head shook when there was any tension on the set. Vic Fleming, the film's director, was able to take few close-ups because of the shaking, and had to adjust the script.

Soon after the release of *Adventure*, MGM bought Frederick Wakeman's hit novel, *The Hucksters*, for Gable's next project, in which he starred opposite Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner.

Miss Gardner particularly amused Clark—she was his kind of buddy, although she never seemed to run into him when she was between husbands. Had she done so, however, she would have had to get in line, since from the day Clark returned to Los Angeles, he became the number one catch. "Women flocked around him like moths around a candle—duchesses, show girls, movie stars, socialites," said Hedda Hopper.

One of the moths was a beautiful studio executive named Anita Colby, and when she learned that Clark Gable was at a party at the home of her boss, David Selznick, she decided to crash it.

As soon as Anita arrived, she walked up to her friend Joseph Cotten. "I want to meet Gable. Do you know him well enough to introduce me?" Cotten nodded and took her to Clark. She shook his hand, noticed it was "cold as a dead man's," and was immediately whisked away by Harry Crocker to dance.

Anita Colby was a prize among Hollywood women. In addition to being a renowned beauty (she had been on as many as 12 magazine covers in one month), and being a rare female power in the movie business (earning $100,000 a year), she was the girl who said "No" to everyone. Her wholesome, blond good looks, her gaiety, sexual cool and her brain were Anita's stock in trade. Men adored her.

Clark cut in on Harry Crocker, and when the music stopped, and Clark asked Anita where she lived, she told him.

Now there were in Clark's life: Virginia Grey, the girl next door; Kay Williams, the girl his agent thought Clark was in love with; Dolly, whom Clark thought Clark was in love with; Anita, the new one; Carol Gibson, whom he knew from his fishing trips in Oregon, and Betty Chisholm, a dignified, rawboned widow whom Clark met on a trip to Phoenix.

The collection kept growing, with only one drop-out—Kay Williams. Before one of Clark's trips to New York, about a year after he and Kay became an item, they said good-bye and thought, at the time, they meant it.

Slim Hawks, ex-wife of director Howard Hawks, eventually filled the gap left by Kay. When she and Hawks were divorced, Slim accompanied Clark on a few hunting and fishing trips. But he was really in love with Dolly. He'd asked her to marry him, been turned down, and was hurt by her refusal.

Soon after Dolly's rejection, Clark added Standard Oil heiress Millicent Rogers to his harem. She was definitely the most colorful of all Clark's female connections. Once she met Clark, she stalked him relentlessly. She was madly in love with him, and it was this much reported fact that probably did her in after only a year in Clark's favor.

Dolly divorced her fourth husband and was back in Clark's collection before anyone knew how to spell her latest name. Dolly was crazy about Clark and would have married him had she been able to remove him from Hollywood.

Career unsatisfying

It has to appear from this list of involvements that Clark did nothing after the war except womanize. Indeed, his career in these years was unsatisfying to him. He would wake up, look around, panic and reach for anything to distract himself. He traveled and courted with equal impulsiveness. One day he proposed to Anita Colby. Anita was stunned. She knew he respected her and admired the way she handled herself socially. But he had never been anything but a pal. Clark loved to laugh, and Anita loved to make him laugh. That was all there was to it, she thought.

When she decided she'd had enough of Hollywood, and made plans to return to New York, Clark went to her house to say good-bye. "We were sitting by the fireplace looking at each other," she recalls, "and he started this strange conversation. He said he had been baptized a Catholic, and would go to a priest about joining the Church and annulling his marriages. He said we could have a fine life together, have children, live any way I wanted. He told me later that my eyes got like saucers, and he thought I would say yes. What I was thinking was, 'How do you say no to Clark Gable?' I told him I wasn't ready for marriage, and wanted to go home. I also told him he drank too much—he drank Scotch in vases by that time—and he said, 'That's because I'm lonely.'"

To counteract his loneliness Clark went to Oregon to shoot ducks with Carol Gibson, or Phoenix to play golf with Betty Chisholm. When at home, he courted Joan Harrison, a young Hitchcock executive he'd recently met, shared some parties with Joan Crawford, and called on Virginia Grey. And he made a pal out of Ida Lupino.

The Lupino household was always filled with her family and friends. Clark would call her unpredictably and ask if he could come by and sit awhile, and sit he did—with her, or her little English aunt, or anyone else who was around.

One morning the week before Christmas, 1949, Clark called Jean Garceau. "Jeanie," he said, "I'm getting married."

Jean swallowed hard, and said, "Well, fine. But to whom?"

He said, "To Syl."

She said, "*Who?*"

By the time she knew "who," Clark and Syl were married—and divorced. Lady Sylvia Ashley didn't have a fighting chance in that marriage.

Lord Anthony Ashley, heir to the Ninth Duke of Shaftesbury, had married Sylvia Hawkes, a beautiful, fair-skinned former show girl, in 1927. Seven years later, he sued her for divorce, naming Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. as co-respondent. Fairbanks, of course, was married to the adored movie star Mary Pickford, and it took three years for Lord Ashley to get his divorce, for Mary Pickford to choose to get hers and for Fairbanks to marry Sylvia. Two years later, Sylvia Fairbanks was a widow, and once again known as Lady Sylvia Ashley to the Hollywood colony.

But this was 15 years later, and when Sylvia met Clark at a party, she confided to an English actor friend that she *must* see him again. The friend gave a party to which he invited both Sylvia and Clark, and they dated occasionally afterward. No one took them seriously as a couple, but Hollywood underestimated the woman who had attracted two lords (her third marriage was to Edward John Lord Stanley of Alderly) and a mighty movie star. They also underestimated

(continued on page 174)

A SILENT SONG

By Beatrice Meyer

You are a man whom silence rules,
For love is not trusted to a word.
When ballads become a wooer's tools
Your feelings stay quiet songs, unheard.

At times I wish that you would speak
Out loud the thoughts I want to hear.
You are sturdy; the strength I seek.
I need your words to fight my fear.

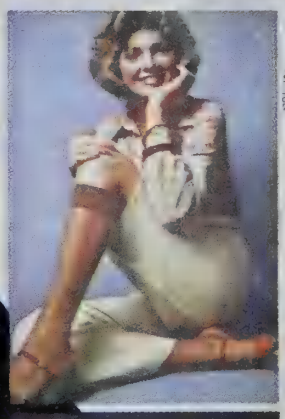
But trust is never a noisy thing—
Speeches are seldom where kindness lies.
Love rests not in songs to sing,
But in the silence of your eyes.

L'EGGS® KNEE HIGHS PUT YOU UP TO YOUR KNEES IN COMFORT. OUR EXTRA-WIDE COMFORT BAND DOES IT.

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The New Chevrolet. More of th

More mileage.
Compared to the standard V8 on the 1976 full-size Chevrolet wagon. And a 22-gallon fuel tank gives you cruising range.

A 3-way door-gate.
It drops down as a gate for cargo loading, or opens out as a door with the window up or down to let passengers in and out of three-seat models.

Roomy cargo compartment.
The New Chevrolet cargo compartment well thought out to take loads up to four feet wide through a rear opening that's wi at beltline and higher overall.

20 MPG Highway **16** MPG City

EPA estimates: 20 mpg highway, 16 mpg city with the new standard 305 V8 engine, automatic transmission and standard rear axle. Actual mileage may vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. California EPA mileage ratings for the 1977 Caprice Classic and Impala Wagons are 17 mpg highway, 13 mpg city with the 350-4 V8 engine (required in California) and automatic transmission. The 305 V8 is not available in California.







A well-appointed interior.
Soft, cut-pile carpeting throughout. Richly patterned, neatly tailored vinyl upholstery (or cloth and vinyl, if you'd rather). Smart wood-grain vinyl accents. In all, a high degree of finish.



More manageable in city traffic.
Compared to full-size 1976 Chevrolet wagons, The New Chevrolet is more manageable. The turning circle, curb to curb, is 3 feet shorter.



New corrosion protection.
Special metals, a zinc-rich primer, aluminized wax spray and a bright, deep acrylic finish help keep the beautiful Bod by Fisher beautiful.



hings you want in a wagon.

k, easy seat conversions.
er releases the folding third seat
. A button high on the side panel
vn below) lets the second seat back
orward. It takes but seconds.

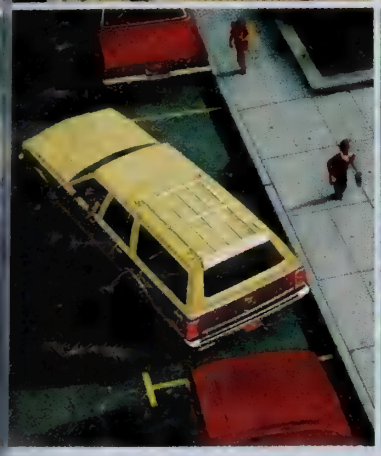


Lockable storage in the side.
Over two cubic feet in the side. Handy storage trays hold things that usually clutter seats and floor.



...and under the floor.
Another 4.7 cubic feet under the cargo deck on two-seat models, to keep valuables locked up tight and out of sight. (Less on three-seat model shown.)







The New Chevrolet wagon is quiet, too, thanks to a design that isolates road noise more effectively, and a new resilient, one-piece acoustical ceiling.
There are two distinctive side treatments available: subtle two-toning or the familiar wood-grain vinyl. And, of course, your Chevy dealer can show you a generous list of available comfort, convenience and appearance options.

All comparisons relate to the 1976 full-size Chevrolet wagon.

Chevrolet

inates excess inches or ounces.
is a wagon clearly more efficient in
se of space, fuel and other
erials. And you'll never appreciate
more than when you slip into a tight
king space.

All this in a wagon that rides like a big, comfortable sedan.
Naturally, we don't expect you to take our word for this. Hence a personal invitation to you and your family to visit a Chevy dealer and drive The New Chevrolet wagon at your earliest convenience.

1977 Chevrolet Caprice Classic Wagon with available Estate equipment.



Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Jan was cute, bright—and totally convinced that her life was a failure. And, although he meant well, Boyd's constant criticism was destroying her.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Doris Ryan McElwee.

Paul Popenoe, Sc.D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

JAN'S STORY

"In fourteen months of marriage I've scarcely seen Boyd as much as eight hours a week—except when he's dead asleep from exhaustion," said 23-year old Jan, whose husband was in law school, studying to pass the bar and also working as a volunteer in an impoverished inner-city neighborhood.

"I respect Boyd's dedication and concern for others," continued Jan, a tiny, fragile-looking redhead with a narrow scar on her upper lip. "But now I desperately need his emotional support.

"Last Wednesday I spent all day job-hunting—I hold top teaching credentials but can't find any regular, decent work. As usual, Boyd was extremely late but I met him at the door for a hello kiss. He marched straight past me to the kitchen alcove and started dinner. That night he didn't even notice that I went to bed without my nightgown and left the light burning—he was buried in law books. In the morning I woke at 7 A.M. and he was already gone.

"Boyd probably thinks I deserve rejection. There are times I think he may be right but I don't know how to be competent and self-sufficient. My helplessness enrages me and in spite of myself I often create awful scenes that disgust us both.

"I don't blame Boyd for being disappointed with our marriage. I was supposed to support us until he graduated, but we are eking out a skimpy existence on an inadequate loan from my father, a business executive back East who would gladly give us any amount we needed. But Boyd and I prefer to be financially independent. The standards and ideas of both our families are entirely different from ours.

"Boyd and I are active members of a non-sectarian church and last Thursday, our closest friends at church, actually Boyd's friends—I don't really have any—arranged a supper get-together and Boyd promised we could go. Delighted at the prospect of a whole evening with him I quit job hunting at noon and dressed early. An hour after the supper started I was pacing the floor in a fever of anxiety when Bob, his best buddy, telephoned from church saying he'd heard from Boyd, who was entangled in some sort of emergency downtown and had asked him to pick me up. I declined Bob's transportation to his obvious relief—he thinks Boyd made a lousy choice of wife—and said I would wait at the apartment.

"I waited three solid hours. At midnight Boyd appeared, white with fatigue, and explained the cause of our ruined evening.

"In the dangerous downtown neighborhood where he does the volunteer work, he played good samaritan to someone stalled in traffic. He towed this perfect stranger a distance of 30 miles, burned out the decrepit battery in our ancient car and had to buy another for $30, which he charged to an overdue credit card.

"He then produced a bottle of cheap red wine, intending me to take the episode as a huge joke. I burst into frantic tears and an uncontrollable rage. I threw the bottle of wine on the floor and when it didn't break I snatched up the flower vase, our nicest piece of china, and smashed it. Then I ran and hid underneath the bed covers, sobbing. Boyd tiptoed in but I turned my back on him, even though I longed for comfort. He soon went away and I was left alone.

"The next morning I awoke in a terrible depression, sick with shame and too weak to get up.

"Boyd and I met three years ago in college through the Christian Fellowship—the only group that welcomed social misfits like me. I was then working for my M.A. in Education and Boyd, who is two years younger, was still an undergraduate.

"For quite a while I thought of him as a pleasant companion. Both of us were studious and idealistic, eager to justify our advantages and education and hopeful that we could improve the world. We had wonderful talks about our plans.

"During spring vacation we went on a ten-day hiking expedition with another couple. On that trip I discovered Boyd was anything but a male chauvinist. At his own insistence he prepared all the food for the four of us and allowed me to help wash up only under strict supervision.

"Then on the last day I took a bad fall, wrenched my ankle, and Boyd carried me back to camp. He was so wonderfully protective and gentle and suddenly he said he loved me and I heard myself say, 'Me, too, darling.'

"Boyd is the only person in this world *(continued)*

"Dear General Foods, What happens when I eat a preservative?"

The best way to answer this question is to consider what happens when you eat any food—an orange, for example.

To most people, an orange is a fine example of unpreserved food, made by trees and not people, "untainted" by chemicals. But to a food scientist, an orange is a mixture of some 225 chemical compounds. And among these is—of all things—a preservative. It's called Citric Acid, and it's put there not by men but by nature.



This product is packed with a preservative before it leaves the plant.

The digestion of your orange is a chemical process far too complex to be covered in detail here. But a simplified version might go as follows:

The orange is broken down to the ingredients that make it up: chemicals. (The body can't use "Food"; it uses chemicals.) What happens now is a process of picking and choosing. The chemicals that the body can use, it uses. Those it can't use, it eliminates.

What about the Citric Acid? It gets subjected to the same picking and choosing process as any other chemical. In this case, since Citric Acid is useful in the body's metabolism, the body is likely to make use of it. But the key point is this: the body doesn't choose between chemicals based upon whether they have chemical-sounding or natural-sounding names. Those prejudices exist in the mind, not the digestive system. The digestive system *does* care about two things: what the chemical is, and how much of it is there.

How much is too much?

Salt is a chemical (sodium chloride). It's not only useful in diets, but both the sodium and chloride are essential to good nutrition. Yet too much salt, like too much of anything, can be harmful.

Who, then, is making sure there isn't too much of any preservative in your food? And how are *they* sure?

The organization that governs the use of preservatives and other food additives is the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. Its policy, as published in one of its own periodicals, is:

"FDA allows food additives to be used only if there is a practical certainty that no harm will result from their normal, allowed use over a lifetime. The permitted amounts of additives vary depending on the kind of food, the safety limits of the additive, and the least amount needed to accomplish the desired result."

The FDA arrives at this amount as follows. It determines the maximum "no-effect" level of an additive in test animals, and then prescribes an appropriate fraction of that amount (usually 1/100th) as the maximum allowed in a food for human use.

Of course, it isn't only the FDA's responsibility to make sure preservatives are safe; it's ours as well. We use the smallest amount of any preservative that will still do the job for which it's intended. In short, our preservatives meet both Government standards and General Foods standards. And those are very exacting standards indeed.

Back to nature.

As we mentioned earlier, the idea of preservatives didn't originate with General Foods. It originated with nature. What we do, in many cases, is use the same or similar devices nature uses to protect its foods.

Sodium propionate, for example, is a chemical produced naturally in swiss cheese during its making. It's used in baked goods such as cakes and breads to retard the growth of mold.

We use sodium benzoate in Log Cabin® syrup to retard growth of molds and yeast. It's a compound formed from sodium and benzoic acid, both of which are found naturally in foods.

Citric Acid is an antioxidant—that is, it prevents browning of fresh foods. You'll find it in citrus fruits such as lemons and oranges—and as a preservative in many foods, ours and others.



The inspiration for many preservatives.

But not all naturally occurring preservatives do the job, or else food would never go bad or spoil. So we use a variety of other preservatives, among them the antioxidant BHA which you'll find on the labels of many food products, ours and others. This preservative, and all others we use, falls well within FDA regulations.

For more information.

The subject of safety in preservatives (or other additives) is simply too vast to cover in depth here. So to help you understand it better, we'd like to send you our booklet, *Today's Food and Additives*. Just write to Miss Peggy Kohl, V.P., Consumer Affairs, G.F. Consumer Center, White Plains, N.Y. 10625. (One to a family, please.)

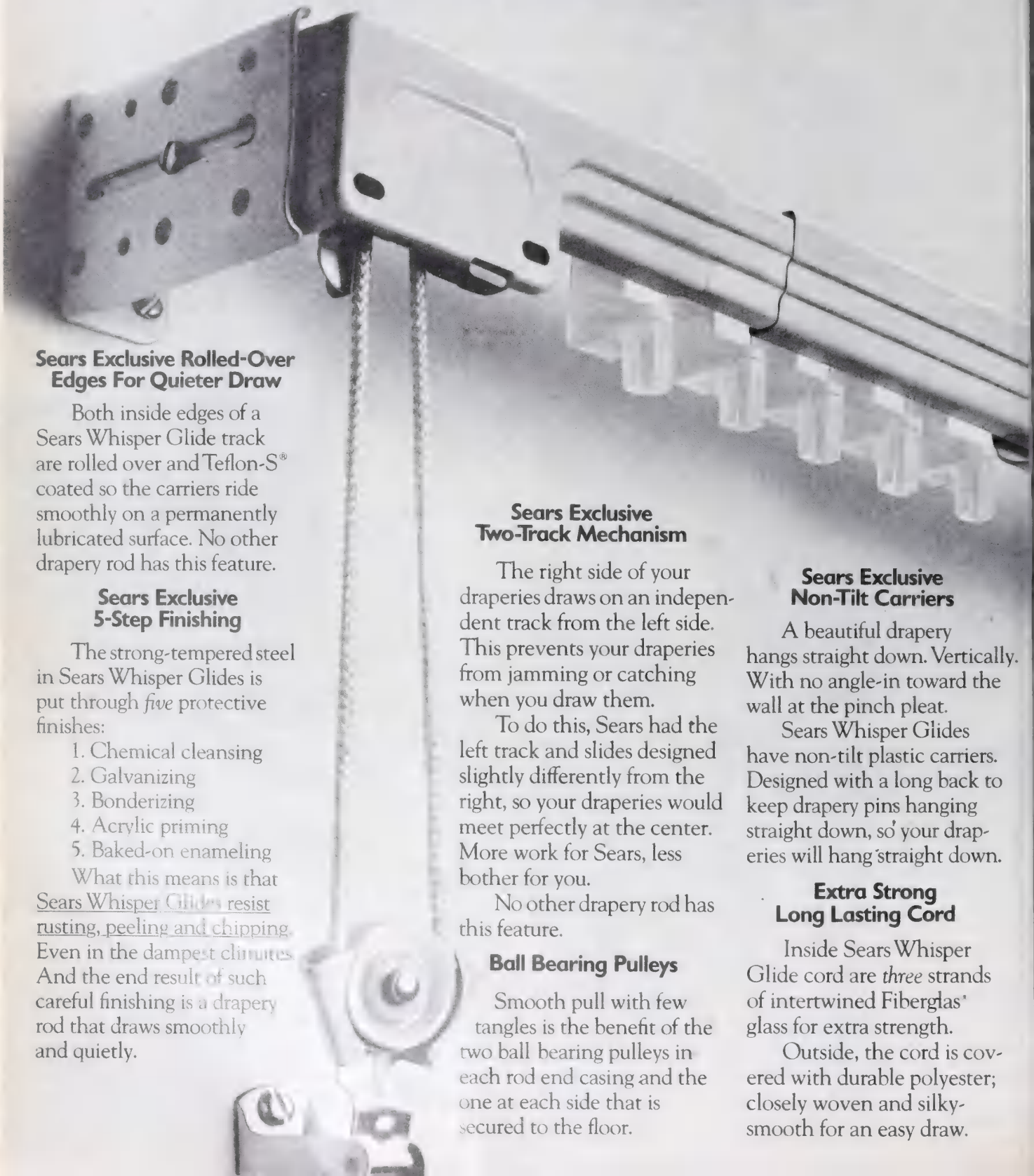
Our reasons for telling you all this are a mixture of helpfulness and pride in our products. The more you understand about food, the better off you'll be. And the more you understand about our foods, the better off we'll be.

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Sears Exclusive Rolled-Over Edges For Quieter Draw

Both inside edges of a Sears Whisper Glide track are rolled over and Teflon-S® coated so the carriers ride smoothly on a permanently lubricated surface. No other drapery rod has this feature.

Sears Exclusive 5-Step Finishing

The strong-tempered steel in Sears Whisper Glides is put through *five* protective finishes:

1. Chemical cleansing
2. Galvanizing
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4. Acrylic priming
5. Baked-on enameling

What this means is that Sears Whisper Glides resist rusting, peeling and chipping. Even in the dampest climates. And the end result of such careful finishing is a drapery rod that draws smoothly and quietly.

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The right side of your draperies draws on an independent track from the left side. This prevents your draperies from jamming or catching when you draw them.

To do this, Sears had the left track and slides designed slightly differently from the right, so your draperies would meet perfectly at the center. More work for Sears, less bother for you.

No other drapery rod has this feature.

Ball Bearing Pulleys

Smooth pull with few tangles is the benefit of the two ball bearing pulleys in each rod end casing and the one at each side that is secured to the floor.

Sears Exclusive Non-Tilt Carriers

A beautiful drapery hangs straight down. Vertically. With no angle-in toward the wall at the pinch pleat.

Sears Whisper Glides have non-tilt plastic carriers. Designed with a long back to keep drapery pins hanging straight down, so your draperies will hang straight down.

Extra Strong Long Lasting Cord

Inside Sears Whisper Glide cord are *three* strands of intertwined Fiberglas® glass for extra strength.

Outside, the cord is covered with durable polyester; closely woven and silky-smooth for an easy draw.

Sears Exclusive "Draw From Both Ends" Feature

No other drapery rod you can buy has it. You can open or close your draperies from the end nearest you. It's a joy!

Or, if your particular drapery treatment demands a single draw rod, Sears Whisper Glide drapery rods come that way, too.

More Steel Makes Them Much Stronger

Size for size, Sears Whisper Glides are built with more steel than competitively priced rods. What's more, the steel is strong-tempered and formed in girder beam shape.

Even the heaviest triple treatment (drapery, sheer, valance) is designed not to sag when held up by a Sears Whisper Glide.

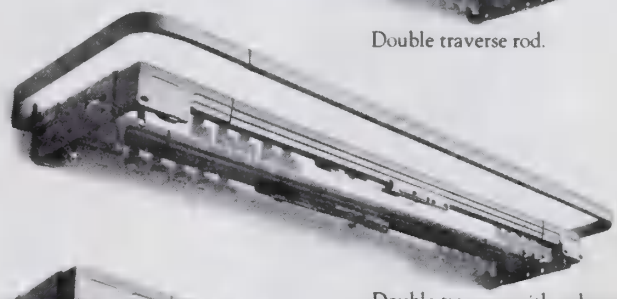
You can mount most styles on your wall, casement or ceiling. They're built for easy, all-purpose installation.



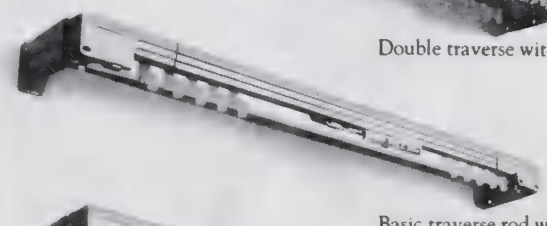
All-in-one, 3-way rod...traverse drapery, stationary curtain and valance rod.



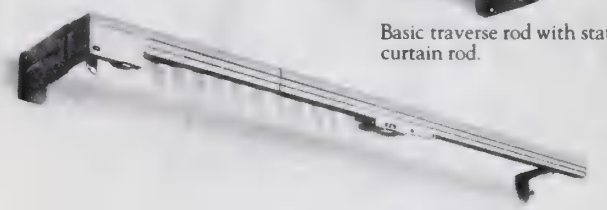
Double traverse rod.



Double traverse with valance rod.



Basic traverse rod with stationary curtain rod.



One-way draw traverse rod.



Basic traverse rod. Curtain rod socket at rear.

Big Selection of Styles and Sizes

No matter how simple or complex your drapery treatment, Sears Whisper Glides have the right type rod for you. Lengths up to 26 feet. All adjustable to fit any window. And most styles come with built-in sockets for stationary sheers—optional equipment on many other drapery rods.

Exceptional Quality Reasonable Price

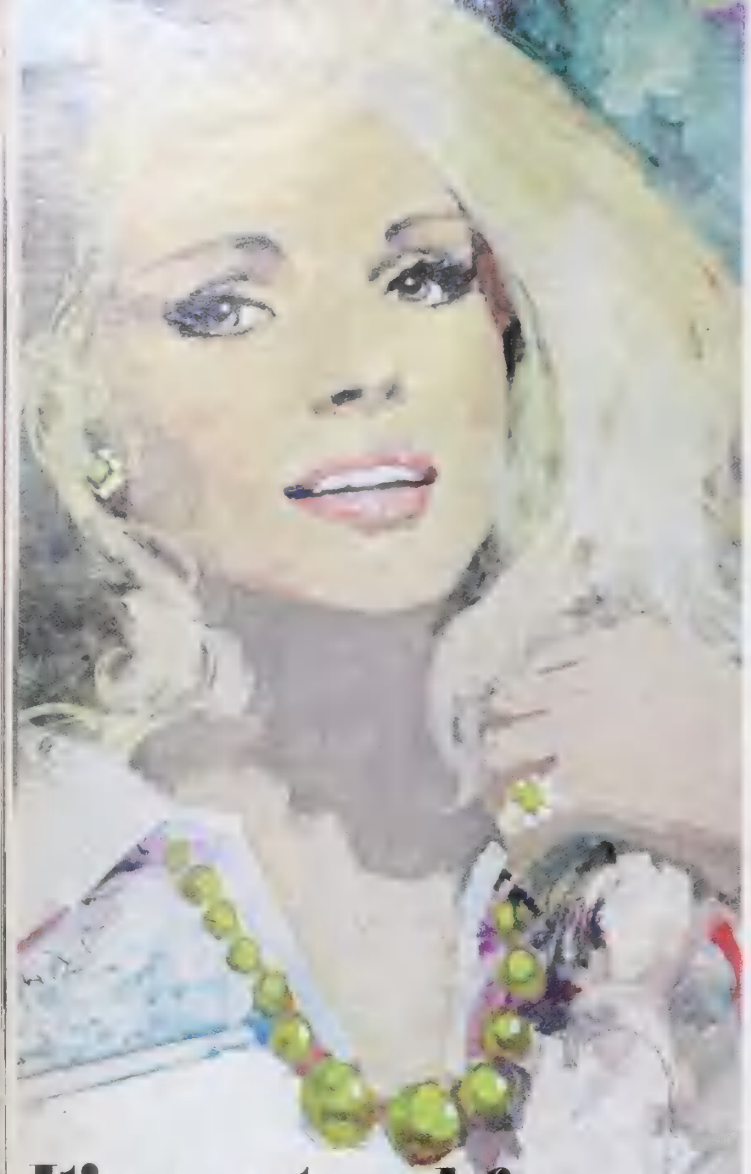
No other line of drapery rods offers you as many features as "Sears Best" Whisper Glides. Yet Sears prices will surprise you! At most larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores now and in the catalog.

Sears ★ Best

Whisper Glide Drapery Rods

Only at

Sears



It's a natural for fresh breath

One of the little secrets of Susan's self confidence is knowing her breath is clean and fresh. She keeps it that way with Doublemint Gum. Its cool, fresh flavor helps her breath stay attractively fresh and nice to be near. It can do the same for you.
Doublemint Gum... it's a natural for fresh breath.



Can this marriage be saved?

continued

with whom I've ever felt close, including my family. As a child I knew that I was different from other children. I always felt my parents regarded me as a burden," Jan said. "I was born with a harelip, a cleft palate and a horribly misshapen head. A series of operations was required to correct the condition and I was left badly scarred, as you can see.

"Until I was four years old I was in and out of hospitals so much that I felt I never really had a home. Luckily, I was smarter than my sister and brother. All through school I generally led the class. I don't possess unusual intellectual ability, I studied harder than anyone else.

"Boyd and I decided to get married the September after I got my M.A.—confident that my record would insure me a good job. By mid-August, with our wedding preparations all set, I had no permanent position despite applications at scores of schools, and Boyd's parents tried their best to get him to dump me. But we were married right on schedule. Our sexual relationship worked out beautifully, by the way. That side of our relationship has always been fine.

"My first teaching job—as a substitute in a ghetto area—was a horror. Most of my students were twice my size. They sneered at me, cursed me, jabbered and shouted to each other constantly. One day they shoved me out in the hall and barred the door. I drove home and never went back. On my second assignment my car was vandalized. I quit the third school after a fifteen-year-old boy pulled a knife on me. After that, my name was dropped from the substitute list.

"I've since held several menial jobs but I've always failed there, too. Boyd doesn't care. Whenever I manage to catch him he won't listen to me. He either talks about his problems or else he criticizes me. He has complained that I wash dishes the wrong way, eat spaghetti the wrong way—I even brush my teeth the wrong way. I've never won an argument with him. He keeps his cool and I lose all control, frequently succumbing to days of depression, sunk by the knowledge that I'm a failure in every way. I doubt that I can succeed as a wife to Boyd, or to any man."

BOYD'S SIDE

"Jan and I probably got married sooner than was wise," said Boyd with a vaguely irritating calm. He was 23, with rumpled black hair and a flyaway, casually trimmed beard. "Things have been getting pretty bad. Whenever I show my face in the apartment Jan torpedoes me in one way or another.

"Last week she begged me to study at home. She cleared the card table for my stuff, sniffling like a spoiled little kid, and against my better judgment I settled down with my books.

"Right off the bat she began yakking about the frustrations of job hunting, the last thing I wanted to hear. My father-in-law gets a big ego boost out of lending us anything we need until I graduate and our financial situation stabilizes. But Jan is constantly on my back because we owe him money.

"Had Jan sincerely wanted to pay off her dad she could have stuck it out on one of her jobs. A month ago she quit a restaurant job with good tips because she thought the manager was deciding to fire her. The guy hadn't said a word. She quit another restaurant because the cashier recommended she try a different brand of makeup. Jan inferred that the cashier was getting in a subtle dig about the scars on her face. Nobody notices the scars unless she points them out.

"Well, I mentioned something of the kind that night. Jan turned white and I grabbed my books and ran before she really got going on an all-out tantrum. I spent the rest of the night downtown. The next morning she was in one of her depressions and didn't answer any of my calls. I went home during my lunch hour and she wouldn't speak to me.

"I brought her a pot of coffee that she wouldn't *(continued)*







1976. I'm Super Blonde. Believe me, I'm worth it.

Being blonde was the best thing I ever did for my looks. But I'm one who believes there may be something even better right around the corner.

And one day I found something I thought might be even better: Super Blonde® by L'Oréal. Now, one thing I know about anything named L'Oréal is it's going to make hair soft and silky and nice to touch. Certainly, I thought, that's for me.

Now I'm a Super Blonde. And now I look better than just blonde. My hair looks glossy. Feels soft and silky and sleek. That's because L'Oréal packs super conditioners in each step of Super Blonde.

And blonde was never easier. The lightener is a neat and creamy gel, not a runny liquid. The toner is the only one I've used with an automatic timer. (It takes only 10 minutes to give you that gorgeous tone.)

Anybody can make you blonde.

But only L'Oréal can make you Super Blonde.



L'ORÉAL® **Super Blonde**
Because you're worth it.™

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

NEW! KENT GOLDEN LIGHTS MENTHOL.

LOWEST IN TAR OF ALL THESE LOW-TAR MENTHOLS.





REAL MENTHOL REFRESHMENT

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AS LOW AS YOU CAN GO AND STILL GET GOOD TASTE AND SMOKING SATISFACTION.

TRY THE GOOD TASTE OF KENT GOLDEN LIGHTS REGULAR, TOO.

© Lorillard 1976

Can this marriage be saved?

continued

touch and I suggested asking one of the neighbors to drop in. Jan shook her head. She claims our neighbors, whom she has yet to meet, are lying in wait to snub her because we have no furniture. I'm sure they're in equally bad shape and would be happy to sit on the floor.

"Jan is convinced that Mother hates her merely because she and Dad tried to persuade me to postpone marriage until I could support a wife. It's obvious my parents were thinking as much about Jan's welfare as mine, but she disagrees.

"The only place Jan seems to feel at ease is at church and she isn't extra cordial to our church friends. My best friend Bob has been afraid to come near our place ever since the time Jan asked him what he thought of a visiting pastor. Bob said the pastor's Sunday sermon had been an inspiration to everybody.

"Jan demanded that he tell her the text and Bob hesitated. Well it turned out he hadn't heard it and she then accused the poor guy of rank hypocrisy.

"Afterwards I told Jan that true Christians ought to have the strength of character to conquer intemperate rage. I never get angry, I said. She threw a tantrum, went into a depression and didn't speak to me for a week."

Boyd sighed. "I love Jan--more than I've ever loved anyone. In spite of her lousy disposition Jan has an appealing sort of vulnerable quality that makes me want to protect her. I can't understand why she makes it so tough. Let me try to be helpful and logical and invariably she blows her stack.

"Nowadays, I never know when or how I might offend her. Often I am too tired and harried to put forth the effort, so I stay downtown.

"Jan and I used to have a lot in common. Sports, our interest in church, our intellectual interests, planning our future. Both of us intended to do something concrete with our lives in a caring profession and be of use to other people.

"We used to talk for hours about the good I could accomplish by representing clients too poor to afford the high cost of justice. It was her idea that I work downtown to gain experience and be of service to the public. But now she complains I am depriving her of companionship.

"Jan and I are going through rough times now. Other young couples are in the same boat, I am sure. If Jan would just be patient, I know we can make it.

"Just the other night she began to talk about spending next month in the East with her family. I think the trip is a poor idea. We ought to stick together. I doubt either Jan or I can ever find someone else who would suit us better."

(continued on page 74)



Fostoria lead crystal candle holders. Ordinarily $4.95 ...a brilliant buy at only $2.95.

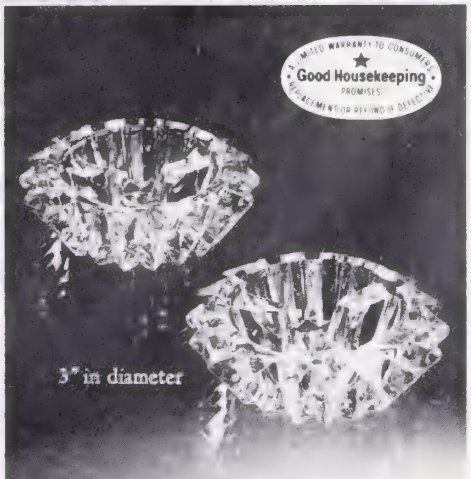
Here's a chance to do something nice for your table without doing in your budget. These beautiful lead crystal candle holders add a touch of romance to any occasion. And they're yours, at this very special price.

The candle holders are part of our Great American Lead Crystal collection. Companion pieces can be found in gift shops, jewelry and department stores wherever nice things are sold.

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Offer good in U.S.A. except where restricted, taxed, or prohibited by law. Allow 28 days for delivery. Offer expires June 30, 1977. This Fostoria lead crystal is distributed by Fosdick Corp., 122 Charles St., Meriden, Conn.



PARENT VS. TEACHER

IS THIS BATTLE REALLY NECESSARY?

In the unending war between parent and teacher, the child is the only loser. By Mary Susan Miller and Samm Sinclair Baker.

The personnel of a school, whatever the type, consists of three separate but interweaving parts: the school head, the teachers and other staff members. For you to get the best from all those affecting your child's education, you must be convinced that there is a fourth essential interweaving part—you, the parent. The basic truth is that you and the school are on the same team. You are not in enemy camps. Even in the midst of an emotional confrontation, the parent must seek a way to support the school's viewpoint as well as her child's.

This may seem obvious to you, but here is what too often happens: On the first day her child enters school, practically every parent is full of cooperative harmony. But when a problem arises, as it inevitably must, and her child meets failure in some form—battle trumpets sound! In a great many instances, the parent's original resolve to cooperate vanishes, frequently without her realizing it. Combativeness arises, often with an explosion that affects the child and school alike.

Beginning at the top, let us examine together the functions of the head of the school. How can he—or she be most helpful for your child and you?

The principal bears full responsibility for everything that happens in the school. All his efforts go toward making the school a place where your child will grow most fully.

If he is a competent and sensitive administrator, the disciplinary action he takes is designed to teach as well as to punish. The policy decisions he makes are based on principles and convictions. He wants your child to learn and to develop, as you do.

If you understand this, you will be able to work with the school head to your child's advantage. Your cooperation with him will help solve problems arising between your child and school. Here are two examples of precisely how the relationship between school head and parents works.

Sandra L. had absolutely no self-esteem—she considered herself ugly and stupid. Underrating herself as she did, she was a minimal achiever, which intensified her low self-image.

Finally, one of her teachers discussed this with the principal, Mrs. W. Mrs. W. talked with Sandra and the girl said, "I know—I'm dumb, I'm ugly. Even my father says so."

After that session, her mother was asked to come in for a chat. The principal explained, "Although Sandra has a hard time, she is passing everything but English. We think she's much better than she thinks she is."

"She's a nice girl," Mrs. L. nodded.

"She's a wonderful girl," Mrs. W. emphasized, "but she doesn't know it. She is sure that both of you are disappointed in her."

"Oh, no—we think Sandra is a lovely child, but we know she is not a good student. But I think we have accepted her for what she is."

"She is much more than you think," said Mrs. W. "You and Mr. L. don't see her at school. She's tremendous—she takes over study hall and manages the student lounge. She presented an outstanding history report. Please look at her realistically."

Mrs. L. said unconvincingly, "Well, we'll try."

At a conference a month later, Mrs. L. said, "I guess there's no hope of getting Sandra into a top college, but how about a two-year school?"

No headway was made. Through her junior year, the principal worked closely with Sandra, who continued to be a strong individual but a mediocre student, still lacking in self-confidence.

In the fall of her senior year, her father was killed in an auto accident. Her mother went to pieces and Sandra took over. She arranged the funeral, worked with her father's lawyer and business partner in attending to details. These adults found her "bright, capable, organized." The lawyer commented, "I've never met a 17-year-old with such good sense and strength."

Several months later, Mrs. L. phoned the principal to thank her for the faith she and the teachers had in Sandra all along. "You were right; I only wish her father had known."

Cooperation proved what Mrs. W. had tried to get across to Sandra's mother orginally: The qualities that matter can be seen and developed if parents and teachers look beyond grades into the essential person.

Mrs. L. was not terribly cooperative with the head of Sandra's school, but at least she allowed her daughter the opportunity to grow. That was not true in the case of Mrs. S.

Ted and Wayne S. were excellent, thriving students who participated well in many activities. But their middle brother, Peter, had learning and behavior problems from the start.

As a result of comprehensive investigation, a learning problem stemming from minimal brain damage, was discovered and the psychological effects had caused antisocial behavior. The principal, Mr. O., set *(continued)*

Copyright © 1976 by Samm Sinclair Baker and Mary Susan Miller. From "STRAIGHT TALK TO PARENTS: How You Can Help Your Child Get the Best Out of School," by Samm Sinclair Baker and Mary Susan Miller, published by Stein and Day. Photograph by Gabe Palmer/The Image Bank.

Announcing a beautiful new idea. Ford LTD II.

It marries the luxury of the Ford LTD with the sporty flair of the Mustang II.

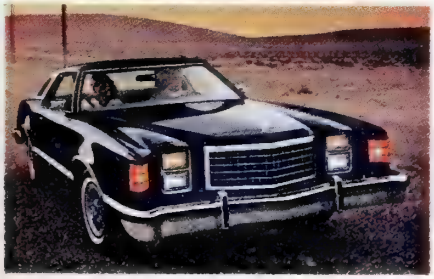


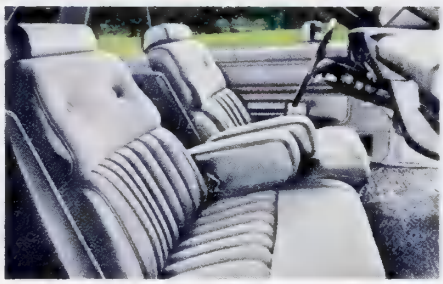
Now, in addition to the full-size Ford LTD, Ford also offers LTD's kind of quality and luxury in a sportier, trimmer car that's priced and handles like a mid-size.

Outside, the new trimmer, sportier lines of the LTD II set it apart from every other mid-size car.

But step inside and you've stepped into a world that's very close to the full-size LTD.

Plush, comfortable seats. Tastefully elegant appointments. The satisfying luxury and the high level of workmanship that's become an LTD trademark.





There's no mistaking the smooth, comfortable ride of an LTD. It's a legend. And now LTD II gives you a ride that's very close to that legend. It uses the same basic kind of remarkably smooth riding suspension as Ford's most expensive car.

There's no mistaking the sporty spirit of the Mustang II. Even though the new LTD II is quiet and solid on the straightaway, its trim size means nimble handling and a fun-feel for the road that's surprising in a luxurious, comfortable car.

Roominess is another pleasant surprise. While the trimmer size means a trimmer mid-size price and nimble handling, LTD II still gives you six-passenger comfort.

And even with its mid-size price LTD II comes with a long list of standard features. Automatic transmission, power steering, V-8 engine, power front disc brakes, steel-belted radials. And much more.

Economy is engineered in. You'll appreciate the way LTD II is designed for easy maintenance. The new LTD II incorporates Ford's time-tested maintenance improvements with new features like the DuraSpark Ignition system.

Discover how LTD II marries LTD's kind of quality and luxury with the sporty flair of a Mustang II.

Test drive LTD II soon at your local Ford Dealer.

FORD

When America needs a better idea. Ford puts it on wheels.

The Exxon E for Women.

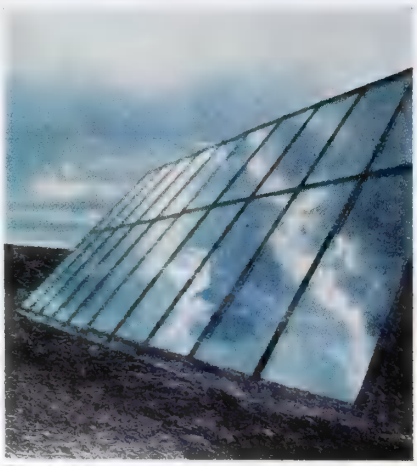
ONE ESTIMATE SAYS THERE'S ENOUGH ENERGY IN THE SUNLIGHT WHICH HITS THE U.S. IN 6 HOURS TO FULFILL ALL OUR ENERGY NEEDS FOR A YEAR!

SOLAR ENERGY:

There's a source of energy that doesn't in any way pollute the air and water, can't be used up, and is found right in your own backyard.

It's the sun. The most abundant source of energy available to us.

The sun makes energy available to us through heat and light.



The Lof house in Denver uses a solar heating system.

Heat from the sun can provide energy for heating and hot water systems for homes and buildings. Light from the sun can be converted into electricity.

There are two issues involved in making solar energy more readily available—one, technology and its development; the other, the actual process of commercializing it.

Right now, systems are being improved which use the sun's energy for heating. Systems which turn sunlight directly into electricity are today more limited in application than are solar heating systems.

SOLAR HEAT: WE'RE MAKING PROGRESS!

The technology for using the sun's warmth is well known. In fact, solar energy is already being used to heat buildings, in conjunction with other types of systems.

The Lof house in Denver, Colorado, uses a solar heating system which provides about a third of the heat, and all the hot water in the summer months.

Their roof holds 600 square feet of collectors. Inside are two 18-foot-high cylinders, filled with small rocks. Air, forced through the collectors, is warmed and provides heat directly into the house through a damper. When the prescribed temperature is reached, the damper closes and the warm air, which is not needed to heat the house, passes through the rocks which absorb heat and retain it for later use.

The warm air then continues on through the hot water system to heat the water. The air is then returned to the collectors for reprocessing. When the sun is not available for heating, air is forced over the warmed rocks and provides heat for the house.

At Exxon, we've recognized the importance solar heating systems can have in homes of the future and we're actively involved in the production of solar collectors.

Over the past few years, interest in solar heat has been growing. It is approaching the point where enough demand can justify large-scale manufacturing, which will subsequently reduce cost.

But before many people can buy such systems, there are problems which need working out.

For instance, installers, maintenance people and distributors have to be established and trained. Financing methods have to be determined. Warranties must be developed. Building codes must be changed and adapted. And cities must deal with the problem of "sun rights." (What happens if someone



Mrs. George Lof finds living in a solar-heated home no different from living in a conventionally heated one.

nergy Course Topic #2.

builds a tall structure that overshadows a small one?)

Right now, a solar heating system can cost the homeowner $8,000 to $20,000. This is in addition to the $2,600 a conventional heating system costs for the average-size home. Eventually those figures may be cut in half, but even then mortgage lenders and homeowners must be convinced that solar systems are an economically sound investment. Solar hot water systems, on the other hand, may already be a good buy for customers in high energy cost areas. They currently cost about $2,000, or about *three times* that of a conventional system.

SOLAR ELECTRICITY: A BIT FURTHER AWAY.

Another way to tap the energy in sunlight is to convert it directly to electricity.

A typical solar electricity system is made of groupings of photovoltaic "cells." Each cell is a thin wafer about 3 inches in diameter, composed of two layers of silicon crystal.

The layers of the wafer act something like the plates of your car's battery. When sunlight strikes the cells, an electric current is generated and fed to a battery, where it's stored until it's needed.

Due to the high cost, solar cells are used primarily where conventional power sources are difficult or impossible to get.

At Exxon, we're working on ways to make solar electricity more competitive. Exxon Enterprises' Solar Power Corporation is a leading manufacturer of solar cells for commercial use.

For example, the 24-hour warning signal at a railroad crossing in Georgia is powered by an Exxon solar device.

In Montana, another Exxon solar device is powering a police radio relay station located far from available power lines.

And in remote villages in Africa and Asia, panels are powering television sets used for educational purposes.

These are specialized systems. Unlike solar heating, solar electric technology still has a way to go before it becomes practical and economical for everyday use.

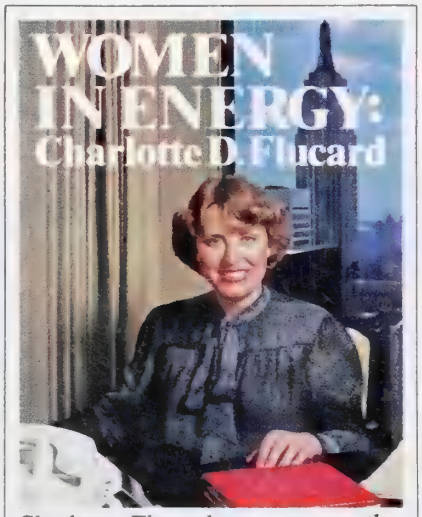
At current prices, the electricity a solar cell system produces costs roughly $1 to $3 a kilowatt-hour. Right now, on a national average, electricity costs between 2¢ and 6¢ a kilowatt-hour.

Since the early 1900's, when a "sun machine" was used to irrigate an ostrich farm, the search for ways to harness the sun's power has come a long way. And as you've read, there's still a way to go.

Exxon Enterprises is responsible for running our solar energy business. They are helping to make solar heating systems available to more people in the near future—possibly in three to five years.

Although the contribution of solar to the nation's energy needs will be nominal for the next decade, we believe our work at Exxon will help America develop this important source of energy.

And one day in the future, you can be sure that the sun's heat and light will touch your life. Not just as sunshine, but as power.



Charlotte Flucard was among the first student cab drivers in New York City. That job helped put her through Columbia, where she earned a B.A. in economics *magna cum laude* and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. She earned an M.B.A. from the University of Chicago. At Exxon she's a business analyst in the solar energy business ventures group, working to develop Exxon's emerging solar business. Part of her job involves developing plans which will help overcome some of the barriers to the commercialization of solar energy, and thus lead to a wider use of this alternate energy source.



Energy for a strong America.

PARENT VS. TEACHER

continued

up a conference with Peter's parents, but his mother came in alone.

Proceeding carefully and gently, step by step, Mr. O. advised Mrs. S. about the boy's problem, showing her the detailed evidence in the test results and teacher reports. The professional recommendation, arrived at by all those participating in the testing and guidance, was that Peter should be transferred to a special school, specifically equipped to correct his psychological and learning problems. "We're very concerned about Peter's welfare. The school has made arrangements to take him right away."

"There's nothing wrong with Peter," the mother insisted. "I know his teachers have never liked him. He has been difficult, I know, but I'm not going to let them push him out of the school."

Mr. O. tried to calm her, realizing that in her defensiveness, she was brushing aside all the sympathetic concern evidenced by the school in the past.

Mother "threatens"

"If you don't keep Peter in school," the distraught mother said, "I'll pull out Ted and Wayne, too. I'm not going to have Peter think he's different."

"But this is for Peter's good," said Mr. O. "Our school isn't equipped to give him the special help he needs. Perhaps after a few years he'll be able to come back to us. These things are often correctable, you know."

The principal gave Mrs. S. the name, address and phone number of the special school, and said he would send Peter's records there. "Don't bother," was her only reply. The three boys were withdrawn and never returned to the school.

A follow-up months later revealed that Peter was doing considerably worse than before. Thus, Mrs. S.'s inability to realize that she and the principal were working toward the same goal had damaged the education of all three children. They could have gained enormously, Peter especially, if his parents had been open-minded and had acted in a spirit of cooperation instead of with shortsighted antagonism.

Dr. Dorothy M. Wigderson, Executive Director of the League for Parent Education, noted: "Dr. Margaret Mead suggests that teachers and parents are

(continued on page 171)

Why you should be as careful choosing a puppy food as you are choosing a baby food.



Puppies, like babies, have special nutritional needs. But unlike a baby, a puppy does 90% of his growing and developing in only a year.

That's why you should know about new Gaines Puppy Choice food for puppies.

Puppy Choice is fortified with the extra protein and [illegible] for strong muscles and a [illegible] for strong bones and [illegible].

balanced blend of essential vitamins and minerals.

It contains meat by-products and meat to give your puppy the taste he really loves.

And the soft, moist formula of Puppy Choice is easy to digest.

Why not get your puppy off on the right paw. With the complete and balanced nutrition of new Gaines Puppy Choice.



Gaines®

New Gaines® Puppy Choice.® The special puppy food for a puppy's special needs.

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"I'm a Thinner."



Long and lean. That's the way I like things.

I like my figure slim. My men trim. And my cigarette thin.

Silva Thins 100's. Long and thin in looks.

Lower in tar than many filter 100's.

Think about it.



In menthol too.

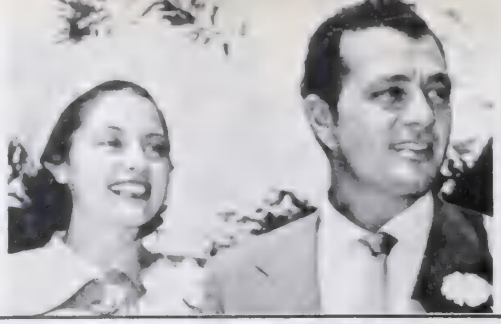
Silva Thins 100's

Filter: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

1948

The marriage of dancer Cyd Charisse to singer Tony Martin was not expected to last. But it has—for 28 years!





1976

Now, in this excerpt from their joint autobiography, they reveal how Tony won Cyd away from—of all people—Howard Hughes.

THE TWO OF US

BY TONY MARTIN AND CYD CHARISSE

CYD'S SIDE

One day in 1948, my agent, Nat Goldstone, invited me to have dinner with him and his wife. It turned out Nat was playing cupid for me. He wanted me to meet another of his clients, Tony Martin.

It wasn't love at first sight. Far from it. Tony never even sat down at our table. The total extrovert, he table-hopped all evening. I can still see myself, sitting there at the table, fuming.

Finally, Tony asked me to dance. We had barely begun when he noticed Rita Hayworth. He steered me over to her and we stopped dancing while he gave her his undivided attention. I went back to the table.

When I went home that evening, I was very quiet. My mother, who was then living with my son, Nicky, and me, knew something was wrong. When I'm angry, I get very, very quiet. "I met a man tonight," I said, "who I hope I never see again."

A few months later, Tony asked me if I'd like to go with him to the premiere of *Black Narcissus* that evening. My first inclination was to say no. That first meeting had been so unpleasant that I didn't want to subject myself to more of the same misery. But I did want to see the movie. Finally, I gave him a second chance.

It was evident from Tony's behavior that Nat had given him a stern lecture. This time he was kind, solicitous, attentive. I found myself having a very pleasant time. I told myself that first impressions can be wrong.

So I began seeing Tony. One evening, he hosted a party at the Mocambo. The party was in full swing when I noticed a man edge over to Tony and whisper in his ear, then both turned and looked at me.

"Hey, Cyd," Tony said, when the man had gone. "There's somebody having dinner in the other room who would like to meet you."

"Who was that man?" I said.

"That's Johnny Meyers, Howard Hughes' assistant. It's Howard who wants to meet you. Come on, I'll introduce you."

But before we could go into the other room, Hughes came over to where we were sitting. Tony introduced us, we got another chair for Howard and he stayed for the rest of the evening.

At the time, Howard Hughes was an important man in Hollywood, but he wasn't quite the institution he later became. He was wealthy, of course, and somewhat eccentric even then, but his eccentricities had not become total peculiarity. He was known as quite the man-about-town, and he did control a major studio (RKO), so he was good to know. I had, naturally, always been curious about him.

From the outset I found him to be a tremendously talented person, a man who could do almost everything and do it well. Talent was one quality I have always admired, so I developed an instant respect for him. Eventually I came to believe that he was more—a genius.

He began calling me often and we became good friends. He sent me masses of roses and, after he got to know my son, Nicky, he would send him huge toy airplanes. I thought it showed Howard to be a very considerate and thoughtful person.

Still, he had his quirks. He kept strange hours. He was the absolute night person. I learned that, if he was going to ask me out, the request would come in the form of an abrupt telephone call sometime after eight in the evening. That was when he got up; he would sleep all day.

He'd call me soon after eight and ask me if I was free. If I was, he'd pick me up and we'd go out to dinner in some out-of-the-way place. It was breakfast for him, and he'd always have the same thing—steak and tomatoes.

After that dinner/breakfast, we would go to see his airplane factory. Many people criticized him in those days for ignoring his plant in favor of the movie business, but he didn't ignore it; it was just that he did his inspections late at night. Everyone else would be gone, but he would go through the plant carefully, looking at every detail.

I suppose that doesn't sound like a very romantic evening, but the force of his personality made up for the drabness of the locale. He was an exciting, electric man, and I looked forward to those strange past-midnight tours of his plant. Howard Hughes could make inspecting a factory a *(continued)*



Tony in "Ziegfeld Girl." His companions: Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr and Judy Garland.

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The Sears Ah-h Bra®. It moves with you, not against you.

Choose that famous Ah-h Bra comfort in four styles. Our Natural Cup. Our Contour Cup. Our Padded Cup. And our famous Underwire Bra.

They're all so comfortable, you can forget they're there.

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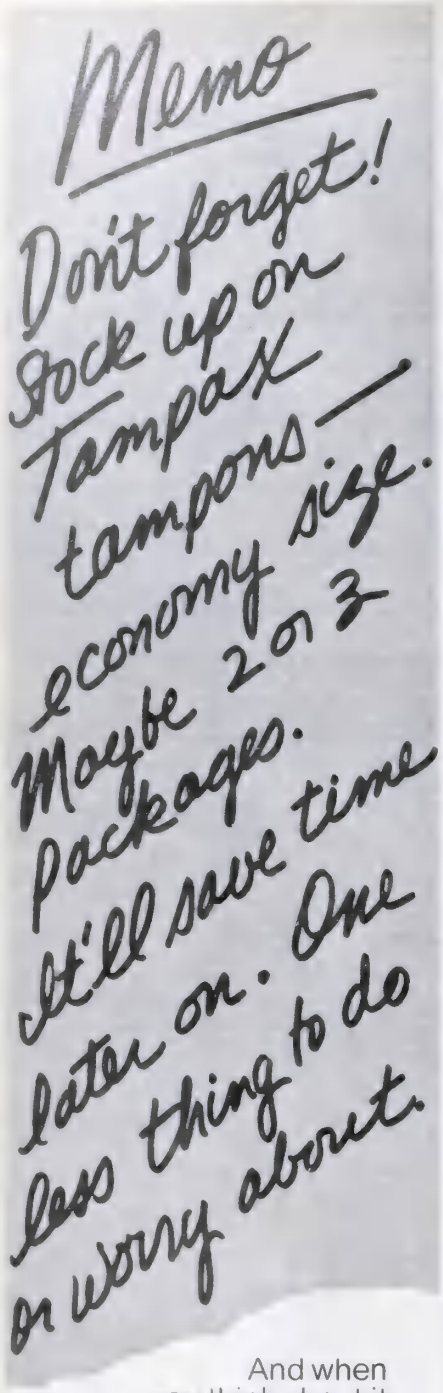
And they're all available in seamless. So even under your clingiest tops, no seam shows through.

Come in and try one on. Natural Cup B, C, D; Contour Cup A, B, C; Padded Cup A, B; Underwire B, C, D. At most Sears, Roebuck and Co. larger stores. And in the catalog.

The first move you'll make, you'll say "Ah-h."

Sears

The Figure Shop.



And when you think about it, that's what Tampax tampons are really all about... not worrying.

Not worrying about your menstrual period because you know you're protected. And not worrying about your protection because you know you can trust it. In fact more women trust Tampax tampons than any other tampon around the world.

The internal protection more women trust

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THE TWO OF US

continued

charming way to spend an entire evening.

It wasn't always that way, of course. There were exceptions. One of the most memorable started out the same as always—the eight o'clock telephone call and the usual request.

Even though I expected it would be another of the usual evenings, I dressed up in my newest outfit. I always looked my best. And, incidentally, he did, too. Maybe later he came to wear sneakers, appear unshaved and dress like a bum, but in our time together he was always clean and well dressed.

He showed up right on schedule. But instead of heading for one of his usual restaurants, he drove to the airport.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"San Francisco."

That's all. No further explanation. After he piloted us to San Francisco, a car was waiting there and he took me out to dinner. Again, a small, out-of-the-way place. He had his usual steak and tomatoes. Then it was back to the airport. But we didn't fly directly back to Los Angeles. He wanted to stop off in Las Vegas. We went to The Flamingo, caught the show, and he made his usual bet—one dollar—at the blackjack table. He won, but quit immediately.

It was very late when I got home. When I walked into the living room, I found my mother pacing the floor. And keeping step with her was Tony.

"Where have you been?" my mother asked.

"We had a date, remember?" Tony said.

I didn't know which one to answer first. Actually, when Howard called and asked if I was free, my date with Tony had completely slipped out of my head. He was angry, and I couldn't blame him. But, I'm delighted to say, he got over his anger.

During the months I was dating Howard, I continued to work very hard. I was lucky, in that I had my mother to look after my son. We had a little house in the valley and life was very good.

But it wasn't all roses and sweet music. I had my share of setbacks.

I was making a big Esther Williams musical at MGM called *On an Island with You*. In one huge production number, I was supposed to leap down the multi-level set, from one level to the next. I knew it was a difficult thing to do.

I began the leaps. One level. Okay. The next level. Still fine. Then I leaped down to the third level, and as soon as I landed I knew something was very wrong. My knee bent—the wrong way. I fell down and stared at my leg, with the knee twisted peculiarly. I felt no pain, not right away. I guess I was in a state of shock.

They loaded me on a stretcher and gingerly carried me out. I was conscious but writhing on the stretcher. Terrible thoughts popped into my mind. Was this the end of my dancing career?

They had called an ambulance and took me directly to Good Samaritan Hospital. I was only there a few minutes when Dr. McIver arrived. The studio had sent for him because he was the man who had treated L. B. Mayer for a hip injury.

He examined me, gave me a shot of something and had X-rays taken. Later, he came to my bedside and confirmed that my leg was broken.

"I don't think we'll have to operate," he said.

"Will I be able to dance again, doctor?" That was my primary concern.

"It's too early to know for sure," Dr. McIver said, "but I think you will."

I was able to rest then, with that load off my mind. Then I called my mother, who was at my side very soon.

But even before she arrived, there was a telephone call from Howard Hughes. "Why didn't you call me immediately?" he said. "I'll have my doctor over there right away."

Howard's influence felt

When Howard took over, Howard took over. His physician Dr. Vern Mason, arrived within an hour and gave me another examination. His diagnosis corresponded with Dr. McIver's. Howard must have told the hospital he was interested in me, because from that moment on whatever I asked for was forthcoming immediately. I remember I mentioned to a nurse, idly, that it would be nice if the room were cooler. Within 15 minutes, there were a couple of mechanics in the room, installing an air conditioner. All I had to do was request something, no matter how big or how small, and it happened. And, as if by magic, dozens of roses appeared on my bedside table.

Howard came by to see me a few times. After the first week, he would come and the nurses would bundle me up and carry me out to his car—not his usual little car, but a limousine to accommodate my immobilized leg—and he'd take me for rides. I knew, from reading the gossip columns, that he was seeing other girls, too, but that didn't bother me. I had no claim on him. I also read in those gossip columns that Tony was seeing Rita Hayworth. He called me a few times in the hospital, but, because I knew about him and Rita, those calls were brief and rather cool.

Eventually, those three weeks in the hospital ended and I went home, in a cast from hip to ankle. I still faced a lengthy convalescence, and I didn't know what I would do with *(continued)*

In today's atmosphere of reducing drugs and diet pills, isn't it nice to know there's a safe natural way to lose weight.

you've spent a good part of your life looking at slim people and wishing you could look as attractive as they do, answer this. How many *ways* have you tried to lose that weight? By taking reducing drugs? Diet pills? By crash dieting? Living on liquids?

And what for? So you could make yourself jittery and jumpy and drive everybody else up the wall? So you could sit and sip your meals while the rest of the family dug into good solid food? So you could keep hoping that those diet pills would work "overnight" like you thought they would?

Whichever way you chose to reduce, chances are it was so drastic you wound up a nervous wreck. And it's quite understandable. Because those are all *unnatural* ways to lose weight. Is there then a *natural* way to eat less, so you shed those excessive pounds without nervous side effects?

If it means doing it with willpower alone, that can be tough. Fact is, in a series of clinical tests, it was learned that most overweight people find it difficult to cut back on their caloric intake without help. And that's where Ayds comes in. Ayds® Reducing Plan Candy. It contains vitamins and minerals but no drugs.

Over the years, hundreds of thousands of people have followed the Ayds plan with success. So this is not a fad. And remember, there are no drugs involved. Here's how it works. Fifteen minutes before meals, you take one or two Ayds with a hot drink. This begins to satisfy your appetite, so when you sit down to eat, you eat less. As a result, you take in fewer calories and lose weight *gradually* and *naturally*.



By reducing this way, you're not likely to look drawn and haggard from losing too much too soon. As a matter of fact, people who lose weight on the Ayds plan often look years younger, because it's such a sensible, natural way to reduce.

Incidentally, one of the most appetizing aspects of the Ayds plan is the variety in it. There are no monotonous menus to follow. You can eat regular meals, only Ayds helps you eat less. And you have four Ayds flavors to choose from: chocolate, chocolate mint and butterscotch fudge, or chewy vanilla caramel.

So if you're yearning to be slim and attractive, to be admired by your family and friends, get started on the Ayds plan. It's the best way to prove that this is a safe, natural way to take in fewer calories and lose weight.

THE TWO OF US

continued

myself. Having always been active, the thought of inactivity filled me with dread.

The first time Howard came to see me, I grumbled about not having anything to do.

"Why don't you learn how to fly?" he said. "It's wonderful fun. And you do it all sitting down, so it can't possibly hurt your leg."

The very next day I went out to the field with Howard. I learned to fly with my leg still in a cast. Whenever I went up, Howard was there to watch me land.

One day, when I had been taking lessons for some time, Howard met me as usual when I came in for my landing.

"Very nice," he said. "Now I want to show you something." And he led me across the field. "Here's your plane," he said. And he pointed to a little Cessna parked there on the strip. "It's yours."

I had to laugh—and decline. How could I even afford the gasoline? That gesture, however, was typically Hughes—generous to the extreme and very thoughtful.

Howard continued his generosity. One thing he said he particularly liked about me was my ears. That explains what happened one night. We were in his screening room watching a new movie. As he always did during such occasions, he had sent out for a gallon of ice cream, and was spooning it up as the movie ran. When the film ended, he took me into his office. On a table were stacks of boxes. Each one contained a pair of earrings, one pair more fabulous than the next.

"Take what you want," he said.

I had been taught that a lady didn't accept expensive gifts from a gentleman. So I said that the earrings were lovely, but that I couldn't accept even one pair. He just smiled and had them taken away. I think, however, that I went up in his esteem that evening.

I always enjoyed my evenings with Howard Hughes. We did many things together. I was down at the port with him the day he flew his huge wooden plane. I helped him when he was in some sort of legal trouble, too. They wanted him to testify—it seems they always wanted him to testify—and he was hiding out. Subpoenas were issued for him, but nobody could find him. That was because he was spending most of his time with me. He had a small house in the valley that nobody knew about, only a block or so from where I was living. He would drive his funny little old car over to my place and we would listen to the radio reports that everybody was looking for him.

I was fascinated by Howard Hughes and certainly intrigued by him. But I was never in love with him. I don't know why not, because certainly he had all the raw materials that a girl looks for in a man.

Howard remained a good friend to both Tony and me after our marriage. But at first they were competitors.

"Cyd, Tony's all right, but he's not the right man for you," Howard would say. "Don't get involved."

But the more men I saw, the more Tony Martin appealed to me. Of all the men I knew, Tony had the best sense of humor. And I felt that Tony really cared for me. I didn't stop to analyze it. I only knew that I had this wonderful warm glow when we were together.

On May 15, 1948, Tony and I were married. Everybody said the marriage would last a week. That was 28 years ago.

TONY'S VERSION

In 1948, Nat Goldstone, my agent, called and said he wanted me to go to a movie premiere with him and his wife. We were going to see a picture called *Black Narcissus*. He said he was bringing along Cyd Charisse. Was that okay with me? Sure! I didn't know Cyd, but I'd seen her, and she was certainly one of the great beauties of all time in my eyes.

That night, I thought she was one of the most fantastic women I'd ever met. I knew I had to see her again. I invited her and her son Nicky to watch my TV show from the sponsor's booth, and then we'd go out to dinner afterwards. That was our first real date.

The courtship was going along pretty smoothly. Then I made a big mistake. I allowed her to be introduced to Howard Hughes.

It happened one night at the Mocambo. When Cyd went to the powder room, I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was Johnny Meyers, Howard's right-hand man.

"Howard likes that lady you're with. Who is she?"

"Cyd Charisse."

"Do you mind if he calls her?"

"Well, I—"

"Look, Tony. Level with us. Are you in love with the lady?"

"Johnny, it's none of your business."

"Is she in love with you?"

"I never asked her."

"But do you mind if he calls her?"

"No, not at all."

I figured that if I gave Cyd's number to Howard, maybe that would be a significant test. That way, I could find out whether she cared for me. If she still preferred me over competition like Howard Hughes, that would be pretty potent proof that she really did like me. Maybe even love me.

Of course, that sneaky little plot backfired in my face. A long time later, Cyd told me what happened. When Hughes called her, he told her that Tony Martin said it was okay for him to call. So she got mad at me. She figured that I really didn't care for her—otherwise, I wouldn't have given her number to any Tom, Dick or Howard who asked for it.

People in love do dumb things. I'd hoped that when Hughes called her she would turn him down. Fat chance! She figured that I shouldn't have given him the okay to call in the first place. So she immediately said yes.

Cyd began dating Howard. To compound the problem, I had to go east for a few engagements. I was dating and my dates made the newspaper columns. So Cyd figured I wasn't exactly pining away. I read about her and Howard and figured she wasn't pining away, either.

I'm afraid it all might have ended up dismally, except that Cyd broke her leg doing a dance number. I immediately sent her flowers. I think that gesture was the turning point. She thought my sending flowers was a sentimental, thoughtful gesture, so I began to creep back in her favor.

Hughes was in Washington, testifying before some Congressional committee. So when I came back to Hollywood, I had the field to myself. When you're competing against a man like Hughes, you have to take advantage of every edge you get. After all, I couldn't outmoney him or out-brain him, so I had to try to out-charm and out-thoughtful him.

I called Cyd. "Did you get my flowers?"

"Yes, thanks. They're lovely and it was nice of you."

"I heard that you'll be able to dance again."

"Yes, so they tell me."

"Well, that's great. I'm glad to see the injury won't slow you up permanently."

"Probably not. But I see by the columns that you haven't been slowed up at all."

Jealousy shows caring

When she said that, I knew I had a fighting chance. That was the first inkling I'd gotten that she even cared. She was showing a touch of jealousy, and where there is jealousy there is caring. I knew then that she had at least *some* feeling for me.

But there were still hard times ahead. After Cyd got better, Hughes came back. And he was a dangerous rival. One night he took her out for an evening and never did bring her home. He took her to San Francisco for dinner and then on to Las Vegas for a little gambling. I kept calling. Her mother first said she was out but, as the evening wore on, her mother began to be terribly worried. So I went over to their house. The night turned into morning and still no Cyd. She didn't roll in until five. I went home that morning exhausted and depressed. About 9:30 A.M., there *(continued)*

"Even with maximum energy conservation effort, we will still need nuclear power." Dr. Ann C. Birge.

"As a nation, we are going to have to face the need for stronger conservation measures to stretch our energy resources. We have to drive our cars less. We have to insulate our homes better. We have to learn to use energy wisely.

"But even with these much needed conservation steps, we must still go ahead and develop both coal and nuclear energy sources. We cannot do without either.

"Only the greater use of coal and nuclear energy can help us stop burning up our oil. With vital industries such as petrochemicals and plastics dependent on oil, our grandchildren and great grandchildren will surely be in trouble if we've burned up all the oil their generations will need.

"Compared to fossil fuels, nuclear power is cleaner—it does not pollute the air—and cheaper. It costs more to build a nuclear plant, but since the fuel costs less, nuclear power is still a net gain over fossil fuel plants.

"What about other energy alternatives? I am for exploring them all, but as a physicist and researcher I believe it will be the year 2000 before we have full-scale commercial solar power plants on line. That is not to discount the home-heating solar plants already on the market.

"So until we see what the year 2000 brings, nuclear power is buying us time: time to continue the basic research that must be done in all fields of energy.

"I don't think we can close the door on any one source of energy. We can't afford to turn off any option!"

Edison Electric Institute
for the electric companies
90 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Dr. Ann C. Birge, Professor of Physics, California State University, Hayward.



DO YOU LOOK OLDER THAN YOUR HUSBAND?

When you're running a home, raising children, doing all you can to help your husband keep ahead in business and, these days, perhaps holding a job yourself, sometimes you're so preoccupied that you don't pay close attention to how you look. Then one day you realize that you look older than your husband, the one man in the world you hope most to please.



You don't like it. Most likely he doesn't either. Probably every man likes his wife to look her best, perhaps because it makes *him* feel more attractive. So if you seem to grow older-looking while your husband seems to grow more distinguished-looking as his hair gets slightly grey at the temples, it's undoubtedly time you discovered the secret of a unique beauty fluid, a secret that helps women from many parts of the world look younger.

This remarkable beauty fluid is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion. It penetrates quickly to drench your skin with pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients that help smooth away dryness, the dryness that makes aging little wrinkle lines all too noticeable. Notice the way your skin virtually drinks in the skin-loving liquid. Feel your skin grow softer and smoother within moments after you gentle it on your face and throat. See the difference in the radiance and lustre of your complexion.



Oil of Olay penetrates deeply into the so-noticeable surface of your skin. And there's no greasy after-feel or look. So of course it's marvelous under makeup. If you like to leave your face feeling free and easy, Oil of Olay gives a dewy, radiant glow, even without cosmetics.

The beauty fluid is compatible with your skin and works hand-in-hand with nature to help maintain your moisture balance to help you look younger. Oil of Olay, which acts with the skin's own moisture in easing dryness, helps retain your own natural moisture in the skin, where it works to help make skin softer and more supple.

Make Oil of Olay an important part of your beauty ritual. Every morning, of course, whether or not you use makeup. Again, faithfully every night at bedtime, to provide a moist climate for your skin into silent hours of sleep. Any other time during the day when you again want to help ease aging dryness and importantly increase the moisture level of your skin.

You will soon notice yourself looking younger. How nice for your husband. And for you.

Beauty Secrets

When you're dieting (and who isn't?), denying yourself the pleasure of delicious food, you deserve a little pampering. More frequent applications of Oil of Olay during diet time will let you feel a little self-indulgent. You may well achieve both a younger-looking face and figure.

* * *

One of the beauties of Oil of Olay at bedtime is that it doesn't leave a greasy after-feel or look. Just a fresh, dewy glow and a light, pleasant lingering fragrance.

* * *

If you wear makeup only when you go out, don't let your face go untended at home. Let Oil of Olay be a constant part of your morning grooming. You'll enjoy the way your skin looks and feels.

* * *

Want to assure a pleasant homecoming? Then give yourself a fifteen minute "vacation" by taking a relaxing bath before your husband returns from work. Smooth Oil of Olay® on your face and throat before you bathe, and again afterward. You'll feel relaxed and ready for the pleasures of the evening.

THE TWO OF US

continued

was a knock on the door. It was Johnny Meyers.

"Come on, Tony, open up. I've got something for you from Howard."

That piqued my curiosity. What could Howard have for me that was so important he sent Meyers over with it? Before I could get up, Meyers shoved an envelope under the door. It contained two round-trip, first-class tickets on TWA, Hughes' airline. Anywhere in the world. Just fill in the destination. That gesture was typically Hughes. He realized his impetuous evening had hurt me and worried me, so this was his generous way of clearing the air. And I think he had another motive. He figured I'd go scooting off around the world—and that would eliminate me from the Charisse chase. (Later, when Cyd and I got married, I used those tickets to take us to London for our honeymoon. I told Howard about that, and he laughed.)

I wasn't about to get out of town, though. I called Cyd that day and made another date. We started seeing each other again. I had the feeling that Howard Hughes was looking over my shoulder when Cyd and I said, "I do." It made me proud to realize I'd out-courted him for Cyd Charisse.

Remained in their lives

Through the next ten years or so, Hughes remained a big part in our lives. Many times, when I worked in Las Vegas, I'd get a summons from Howard to meet him after my last show. It would be about three in the morning. He'd have his old car, and I'd sit next to him. We'd drive around for an hour or so. The thing he liked to do best was to show me how much land he owned.

"I own everything from here to the mountains," he'd say, gesturing with his arm to the mountains that loomed miles away in the moonlight. He wasn't saying it as a braggart would; it was just a statement of simple fact.

"How is Cyd?" he'd always ask.

"She's just wonderful, thanks."

"You're good to her, aren't you?"

"I'm trying, Howard."

"You've got a wonderful girl there."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, at least I did good for somebody when I let you have her."

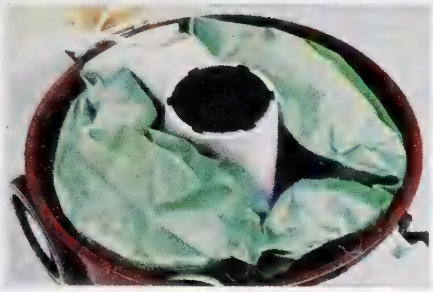
I never argued with him. But I figured he didn't "let" me have Cyd. I won her fair and square. Cyd took me over him, for whatever reason makes a woman choose one man over another. I never asked her why. I was only interested in results, not motives, and the result of her decision was my happiness, so I wasn't about to question it. **End**

"As I tell my students, Hoover gives you more for your money."



Mary Ceresa, Home Economics Teacher

Mary Ceresa is a high school Home Economics teacher She's done her homework on Hoover and gives the Celebrity II top grades for performance and value.

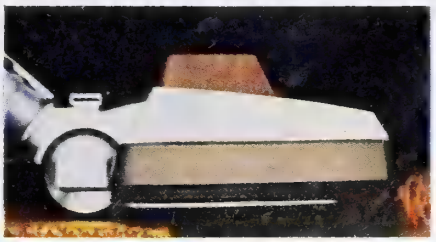


Although the Celebrity II has all the portability and above-the-floor cleaning convenience of a canister, it offers you much more than ordinary canisters.

More suction power. 3.4 peak horsepower (1.1 VCMA HP), to be exact.

More bag capacity. 13 quarts. That's almost twice as much as any other canister gives you.

Plus more carpet cleaning power. Because it has an extra motor in its Powermatic nozzle, and an all-steel agitator, that gives you the famous deep-down beats-as-it-sweeps cleaning of a Hoover upright. Celebrity II also gives you built-in edge cleaning, a built-in bare floor brush (no special attachments to attach), automatic adjustment for all kinds of carpet from the lowest pile to the deepest shag. A three-position wand and low-profile nozzle let you get all the way under the sofa; and make it easy to store in upright position. There's even a retractable power cord.



That's a lot of vacuum cleaner.

But then, that's why Hoover is the number one name in vacuum cleaners.

Ask your dealer to show you the value-packed Hoover Celebrity II.

HOOVER®

INSIST ON HOOVER.

The Number One name in vacuum cleaners.

Psychiatrist's notebook

By Theodore I. Rubin, M.D.

Don't stay together only "for the children's sake," advises Dr. Rubin. But if you must split, put the children first, for they are the real victims of divorce.

"In 1975, the number of marriages ended by divorce or annulment exceeded the million mark for the first time in history. There was almost one divorce for every two marriages last year.

"This is an era in which many Americans are far more concerned with their rights than with their responsibilities, and also a time when little premium is put upon patience or accommodation to less than ideal situations."

—editorial in The New York Times, June 15, 1976.

Unfortunately, many people have unrealistic expectations of marriage and are unwilling to struggle through the difficulties that arise. But this does not often keep them from having children; nor do those children keep couples from seeking divorces.

I would not suggest that sustaining highly destructive marriages is good for the children involved. It is not! But I believe that many people do give up on marriage too easily—and even in the "friendliest," most civilized divorces, children suffer the consequences of divided loyalties, guilt and emotional conflict. It is even worse for them when the breakup is harsh, vindictive or sadistic. In these not uncommon situations, children often suffer considerable confusion about their identities, profound insecurity, chronic anxiety, poor self-esteem and intense self-hatred.

What can we do to help children survive a divorce emotionally intact? Let me offer a few suggestions. Of course, these suggestions only have merit if the divorcing parents—however they feel about themselves and each other—continue to believe that their children's welfare is also of prime importance.

- Do not lie. The truth always makes itself known, and lying destroys a child's confidence in parental support when she needs it most.
- Tell them. Do not wait for children to hear about their parents' separation from other people.
- On the other hand, do not tell them until you are sure your decision is final. Many couples, understandably, waver back and forth before they finally make up their minds. A child's hopes and security are destroyed if he, too, is forced to take part in his parents' indecision.
- Do not hold out false hopes for a reconciliation.
- Do not give unnecessary or gratuitous information about the reasons for divorce. Make it as simple and general as possible, especially if the children are very young.
- There will inevitably be anger and frustration on your part—and anxiety and irritability on the part of the children. Try not to make them the victims of your emotional problems. Their own difficulties during this relatively long period of adjustment (from several months to a few years) will require your special patience and support.
- The children must be reassured that they will continue to be loved, cared for and supported—and that the current disruption does not mean a loss of parental control over their everyday needs, and should not be interpreted as abandonment.
- If a child develops untoward symptoms (depression, phobias, compulsions, tics, sleeplessness, a radical decline in school performance, etc.) arrange for professional counseling.
- While sympathy, empathy, support and tolerance are in order, radical changes in your attitudes and behavior are not. Do not become over-permissive, over-protective or suddenly vulnerable to a child's manipulations. The most supportive behavior is firm and consistent; do not sacrifice it out of guilt.
- The children must not be used by divorcing parents as manipulative pawns in bargaining for money, power or anything else.
- Disparaging remarks and discussions involving either parent or his or her family make a child feel that *all* of her emotional investments and attachments are dissolving.
- Adolescent children must not be used as marriage counselors, psychotherapists, confidants or surrogate marriage partners.
- After battles for custody and visitation are over, parents should exercise these rights vigorously. Too many divorcing parents are more interested in attaining the *right* to see their children than in actually visiting them.
- Children's routines, especially at the beginning of this great change, should be maintained as much as possible. Avoid major dislocations. For example, it is better that siblings not be separated and schools and homes not be changed.
- Children must be reassured that they are in no way responsible for a parent's departure. This may be especially important for girls whose fathers have left.
- Make use of the extended family of *both* parents, especially grandparents, so the child has a sense of belonging to a continuing family constellation. **End**

Dr. Rubin is a well-known psychoanalyst who practices in New York. He is also the author of "Love Me, Love My Fool" (David McKay). If you have questions you would like Dr. Rubin to answer in his column, please address them to him in care of Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

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Barbra Streisand as she appears in her forthcoming film, "A Star is Born."

STREISAND: A STAR IS REBORN

. . . with the help, she says, of the man she loves. By Jane Ardmore

The house is of rough, dark wood, high-peaked as an Alpine chalet, and through great slanted windows light spills into a mass of greenery: creeping Charlies, philodendron, trees in tubs, ferns and ivy, plants of every size and leaf. The sun splashes red flowers in a vase on the bar in the breakfast area, catches the plum silk of an antique lamp shade, highlights patches of color in the cushions of the sprawling harem-lounge, warms the red Moorish rugs hanging like banners from the balcony.

It has a message, this house. Rough wood and massive stereo speakers symbolize the presence of Jon Peters. The soft, deep-textured fabrics, the old-time look, pastel pictures of mother and child, little antique things (a fan, a beaded purse) and, pegged to the middle of the mirror, the plumed hat she wears in *A Star Is Born*—these say Barbra Streisand. And the living greenery stands for a love that has changed both their lives.

The greenery in the house is only the beginning. It spills over into the 20-acre ravine Barbra and Jon found three years ago, north of Los Angeles, and converted from scrub and gravel hillsides into Green Mansions. Two thousand trees have been planted, hundreds and hundreds of flowering shrubs. In Barbra's English garden, the girl from Brooklyn has earthed every flower she ever longed for.

"I'd never thought of living in the country. I was allergic to fresh air," she explains. "When I was a kid, I went to camp—my mother sent me away from the time I was five. I developed asthma. I even had asthma attacks the first few nights we were here. Too much greenery; I wasn't used to it. I said, 'Look, Barbra, you're *not* five years old, your mother *hasn't* sent you away from home, you're not at camp, and you can leave any time you want." The minute I conditioned my mind, I stopped being allergic. I love it here. You are very much in touch with the earth, with the natural things that happen. I never used to walk or ride a bike. I never breathed deeply before."

Curled up in a wide chair in the garden, she is a far gentler Barbra than you've seen on screen—softer, more delicate, a small-boned being, intelligent and quick; and seeing her here in her own world, you are constantly aware of the seductive child she so essentially is inside that mature talent. This is the Barbra you will see on screen for the first time in *A Star Is Born*, the motion picture she and Jon have produced together. That, as a matter of fact, is the reason Jon wanted to *do* the picture—he wanted the world to see Barbra on screen as she is, a more intimate side than she's ever revealed.

She laughs when you repeat what he's said. "Jon thinks no one has ever seen *me*, and, of course, he's right. People put me into a category: she plays *this* kind of role, just as the press puts me into a journalistic image they think people will pay to read about. I hate images." In *Hello Dolly* and *Funny Lady* she played much older characters. In *Funny Lady* as in *Funny Girl* she played Fanny Brice, and "audiences always think that *you* are the character you play. *A Star Is Born* has been much more meaningful for me. I was trying to show that a woman is not just one thing, not just strong and aggressive. She can have opinions, be adult, but she's a little girl, too, and she likes to play. . . .

"I had turned down the script in the beginning; I didn't see the point of a third remake of *A Star Is Born;* but when Jon became interested, I became interested in just why this movie should be made again. I realized it offered me a chance to say a lot of things about women that I deeply feel. As a woman in this business today I see so much male chauvinism—and the price we women are constantly paying for those backward attitudes. I wanted to explore the woman man relationship *today*, the role-playing *today* as opposed to that of the '30's and the '50's.

"Also, because of our own relationship, Jon and I wanted to film a love story—not ours, actually, but the essence. The script, as originally written, was a good documentary, but it didn't have real heart. It was a harsher look at love. We tried to combine this modern documentary feeling with an old-fashioned, emotional love story. We hoped to move people, make them feel, give 'em a good cry. Making a movie can be such a personal true form of expression. We'd be riding along talking and have a discussion that might end up in the script next day! Not everything that happens in the movie happened to us (God forbid), but you can use your imagination.

"Like the first time Jon ever saw me he said, 'You got a great behind.' I really liked him for that because most people don't treat me like a woman. It is so disarming, so honest. That's in the movie. And the role-playing. Jon started out feeling our relationship had to be 70/30. I said, '50/50.' It got around to his saying, 'Okay, 60/40.' Now it's finally 50/50.

"Jon has always had women cater to him like a king. He is a very, very strong personality, and *(continued)*

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STREISAND

continued

he wasn't the least intimidated by me. I used to say, 'Hey, come on, be a little intimidated.' He never was. The first time we ever met, when he came to do a wig for me during *For Pete's Sake*, I kept him waiting a long time. When I walked in, he said, 'Don't you *ever* do that to me again.' I liked that. I like the way we fight and make up, adore each other, spit at each other. I played all the roles he expected of me, did the laundry, did the cooking, rode horseback, even learned to jump hurdles. Then one day I said, 'Watch this!' The horse jumped, I fell off; that was the end of the horseback riding. I was so scared of horses I used to get an asthma attack. I love to eat well and like to cook, but I'd rather plan and supervise. When I do it myself I don't enjoy eating; it's no longer fun for me. Instead of playing the role of being the domestic person I really am not, I'd rather hire someone to cook—or eat out."

All these realities have found their way into *A Star Is Born* because Jon is producer and Barbra executive producer. She even wears her own clothes, "some lovely antique pieces I've had for a long time. That's why the credits read: 'Miss Streisand's clothes from her closet.'" The picture carries the designation: A First Artists' Presentation, a Barwood/Jon Peters film for Warner Bros. release. For the first time since Barbra started in show business, "Nobody could fire me! I could have an idea and carry it out. Nobody could say, *you can't*; what they've been saying since I was 18."

She has, of course, an instinct and ability far beyond acting. She remembers, at age three, her mother speaking with another adult and hearing them misinterpret each other. She remembers how frustrated she was at not being able to tell them; and she has been frustrated virtually ever since by people who misinterpret *her*. "I didn't know from *'liberated,'* but I've always had opinions and they seemed to make people so angry, maybe something in my personality makes people mad, do you think? I remember being at yeshiva in Brooklyn, that's a Hebrew school. I had very good marks in academic subjects, but my conduct was always marked poor. I was so impatient. I'd sit there holding up my hand and when the teacher ignored me, I'd talk anyway. We'd study the Bible and I had questions: *why, why, why?* It didn't go over well.

"Then you're hired on the Broadway stage for the first time, you're hired to do a small part and you say, 'Why can't I do it this way?' And they say, 'It can't be done.' 'But I did it this way at the audition and you loved it! Please let me . . .' At the audition for *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, I'd said, 'I'd like to sit down, please, because I'm so nervous, and I think it would be funny.' So I sat on a secretary's chair on casters and rolled around talking to the audience. They loved it at the audition, but in production they wanted me to stand up, do it their way. P.S. After doing it their way, they finally let me do it my way and, to make a long story short, it stopped the show, which made them even angrier!

Talent appreciates talent

"Opinions, *my* opinions . . . they got me into trouble the minute I got to Hollywood. That's when it started, that shopworn line about my directing my own pictures. Not true. What was true was that I knew what I wanted to do in *Funny Girl* because I had played it a thousand times, literally, on the stage. There were maybe eleven versions and I'd break down the scenes of all the versions and rewrite the thing, trying to get the best from every scene. Willie Wyler, who is a fine director, was totally appreciative. I loved working with him. I always had the sense of his watching me like a really fine, clear mirror. When he said it was right, you knew it *was*. And the cameraman, Harry Stradling, who was always a pro—anybody who is really a pro and talented appreciates other talent; it's only the mediocre who are threatened—anyhow, they said in the press that I was telling the cameraman what to do and he was boiling. The reality is that Harry *(continued)*

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Stradling did my first four films with me. We worked together until he died. We had total mutual respect. The same with Bob Surtees, the gifted man who photographed *A Star Is Born*.

"But in Hollywood generally, they are still not used to women. All along the line, it is still more difficult for women to be in a position of authority in this industry, and for me, from the beginning, it was: *Who is this girl? What does she know about movies?* Well, you either have imagination, see things in terms of composition and color, or you don't. Scene after scene, picture after picture, I'd say, 'Why don't the lights change?' They'd say, 'You can't do that.' But in this picture they changed the lights! I was inspired by the lighting from our own living room: colored lamps, skylights and stained glass. When you see the movie, you'll see the house Jon and I had built by our terrific production designer, Polly Platt (a woman!) in Arizona, all out of hand-carved wood and stucco, with lofts and ladders just like the lofts and ladders in the children's rooms: my son, Jason, 9 [by her marriage to actor Elliott Gould] and Jon's son Christopher, 7 [by his marriage to actress Leslie Ann Warren]. The boys are great buddies and they each have a room of rough, dark wood with bunk beds and a ladder to the play lofts above.

"What we wanted in the film was an old-time look that would look modern. All the great Garbo films had extraordinary lighting, far more romantic and illusory than some of today's style of stark reality. In films, I like beauty, romance and illusion. One night I was looking in the mirror. It was dark, just my dark face and the light from our red lampshade shining through my hair. That's how the idea came for the lighting you'll see when I'm singing my first song and again when the picture ends. It was great fun helping to design a set and putting skylights and stained glass in the ceiling, incorporating the things we have around us and find beautiful, into the movie.

Can't stop caring

"We were looking for something to do together. I knew Jon would be a good producer and he'd be good for me; he knows me. I'm made up of a lot of opposites: aggressive and very shy; ambitious and totally lazy. All I did this summer was plant flowers; it was an effort to get me back to work. Once I do work, it becomes an obsession. Totally. I've never learned to proportion time and energy and I don't know that I ever will. I'd like to, but I can't stop *caring* so much. Jon understands. He also won't let me at the end of the movie, which is seven and a half minutes long. I sang it and everybody was knocked out, but Jon and I both knew better. He said, 'You'd better keep those cameras here and do it again tomorrow.' Twice that happened. Jon knows when I can do *more*."

Obviously, Barbra was in on every phase of production. She knew what kind of music she wanted and hired the people to write it. "I wanted the characters to reveal themselves through their music." She wrote two songs herself: "Evergreen" and "Lost Inside of You." Barbra played one song back for me on a small screen. You can tell by the phrasing, the spontaneous little gestures, that she was singing live. She's always wanted to do that, only to be told *you can't*. They don't do live music in films; they use a pre-recorded sound track and the singers "lipsync" to what they've previously recorded.

"Everytime I sing a song I sing it differently," Barbra explains. "I can't concentrate on performance if I have to worry about my lips moving. If you notice some old movies, when people sing, they hardly move their mouths or their throats. There's no life in a performance like that. But in *A Star Is Born* everything is live. Also, the concert which we gave as part of the picture. A real concert. The biggest crowd they



We added the fresh scent of baby powder to the soft

ever drew at this stadium at Arizona State University: 55,000 people. And the press en masse. It wasn't my concert in the picture, it was Kris Kristofferson's as John Howard Norman, and Kris was great. He's the best he's ever been in this picture. Very honest and beautiful, with that delicate emotional stability/instability you had to have for the character. Very right. So it was *his* concert and we filmed it live. And I sang, even though crowds frighten me. I tested out material I was going to use in the picture. So exciting! I can't even describe it to you. The crowd was wild! Yet reporters couldn't wait to blast us. Why?"

She's in love so she's hired her hairdresser boyfriend as producer. That was the tone the press took. "But why would I do that if Jon couldn't deliver?" Barbra says softly. "I'm a responsible person; I'm also, I hope, an artist."

What she knows is that Jon Peters has a flair for business and that the same expertise that made him a fortune out of a string of hair salons would enable him to bring this picture in on time and on budget.

But the press response hurts. Why has the media, which loved Barbra when she was new to show business, turned on her now that she's become a superstar, so that every word seems to be written not with a pen but stiletto? She asks *me* why, and my answer is that the American public has a penchant for building heroes and then knocking them down.

Barbra agrees. "When they see someone struggling and on their way, they're for 'em, they identify. Once that person makes it, he or she is *different*. They want to tear her down and make her like everyone else. They want the power to destroy. It's like someone asking me for an autograph when I'm in a restaurant with the children and a handful of ribs. I say, 'Look, I've met you and you've met me, but why do you have to have it on paper?' Especially if I'm with our kids. I don't want them to be self-conscious. And people turn on you for that. They aren't going to buy any more of my records or see any more of my pictures—that's what they say. We put some of that in the movie, too. It hurts my feelings. My feelings are *in* this picture. I never wanted to be a star, signing autographs and all that. I wanted to express myself as an artist; I didn't bargain for the rest of it. When I saw *Gone With the Wind*, it was Scarlett I wanted to be, not Vivien Leigh. It hurts to have people turn on you, to have them stand right beside you at a preview and say, 'Her nose really isn't as big as I thought.' "

And the person who helps her keep doing that is Jon. "With him I've learned what is most important to me—that everyone has his own reality. There is no one truth; everyone has their own, and the art of living is to know your own reality and respect that of others. What a great thing to learn! My own truth. Jon started me in this direction and we both go to a therapist who is a genius. He has helped me assert my own authority. I tried to say that at the press conference we held for the picture at the concert. No one understood. They think I've always had authority. They don't understand that I never did. I begged the powers-that-be to throw out the whole score of one of my pictures. Finally, all I could do was shrug and say, 'Okay, your loss.' All these years I wanted to direct, but I never dared say it, even to myself. Now I want to take the responsibility for my own choices and my own visions. I've grown up.

When you love you can hate

"Love *made* me grow up. You can't be a child and have a relationship with another human being, or do anything really creative, like having a vision and executing it as an actress. You have to grow up and discover your own truth, share it. You live a vacuous existence alone. Totally selfish. You don't face issues, you run away. Jon has taught me not to run. In the picture, I wanted a scene about loving and hating. It's when you love someone you *can* *(continued)*



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STREISAND

continued

hate them: I never admitted that before. It was a liberating thing for me, because now I can say I hate without destroying love. It's part of the struggle of building a relationship."

Ask her about marriage and she says she respects it. "Not as an institution, but as a final commitment, a beautiful, romantic gesture, because that's the way it should be. But there is also a kind of excitement in not being married—you can never take each other for granted. But then you don't take a good marriage for granted, either." Many of her feelings about the "man/woman thing" are in this picture. And in the picture she does marry . . . but when *she* wants to. He asks her to marry him several times and she says, "Are you kidding?" Then, at a certain point, she proposes to *him* and in that scene she's wearing a man's suit. "You get married when the woman wants to get married."

But her face is radiant speaking of Jon. "He's a good man, a good father, strong but loving. I'm lucky. I'm probably in the worst position in the world for finding a good man; most men are so weak. But he is strong. We've taken a big risk on this picture, but what is the worst that can happen? If it fails, Jon and I will have more time for that personal life. The art of living. The children."

Motherhood has always seemed a miracle to Barbra. "I'd never thought I'd ever have a child. I thought I was different from other people, as if it weren't meant to be. I look at Jason now and remember that I actually carried him and gave birth to him, and now he sits at the piano composing music. We might even use something he's written when we score the picture."

Barbra Streisand. In this interview, as in *A Star Is Born*, she is herself—woman/child, aggressive/vulnerable, opinionated/frightened, but also honest, warm, articulate—and human. For a girl who's always been told she can't, she now knows her own truth: she *can*. **End**



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3M COMPANY

What's happening

continued from page 22

anyone, he spits and narrows his eyes. I didn't know if I was watching *Clint* Eastwood or *Squint* Eastwood. *The Outlaw* runs two hours and 17 minutes, about two hours longer than necessary.

THE PITS

The Ritz is supposed to be a comic roller coaster set in a New York steambath. Unfortunately it is the world's only *level* roller coaster. It is filled with chases, slamming doors and scores of rooms, mistaken identities and terrible jokes about homosexuals. There is just one woman on the premises—Googie Gomez. She's played with a funny flourish by Rita Moreno in a far-out Puerto Rican accent. She provides a few grins most notably in her appearance at the steambath nightclub, appropriately called "The Pits." But most of *The Ritz* is a raunchy blitz of tasteless bits. In short, *The Ritz is* the pits.

SWATH OF BOREDOM

Back in 1967, Bobby Gentry had a hit song called "Ode to Billy Joe"—a long story-song about a boy (Billy Joe) who jumped to his death from the Tallahatchie Bridge in Mississippi. Now we have a movie that's uninspired by that song. If this picture had a crest, it would be a swath of boredom on a field of hype. We're handed a non-story of a lonely young girl living on a farm with no electricity, no plumbing, no script writer. She is only 15, but she refers to herself as 32, which is her bra size. She is ogled by a local boy named Billy Joe, but her father says she's too young to have callers. So Billy Joe, frustrated, becomes a rake at a hoe down and shovels off to eternity by jumping from the Tallahatchie Bridge. Why? *Why* he jumped is the burden of this movie, already *over*burdened by the dialogue and direction. What's *Ode to Billy Joe?* Nothing. But I do know what's owed to the audience: its money back! **End**

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Can this marriage be saved?

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THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Jan readily agreed to give up the trip East while I helped her see just what was going on with her life," the counselor said. "In the first place, Jan was following a lifelong pattern and was running away from Boyd before he ran out on her, just as she had anticipated failure and run out on numerous jobs before the supposed axe fell.

"Flight was her automatic response to a problem, a self-defeating, dominant factor in her personality.

"Jan had received insufficient parental warmth in a difficult childhood and she was exceptionally needy. As an adult she felt undesirable, shut out, abandoned and enraged—all feelings that dated back to the hospital years.

"Jan was an attractive, refreshingly original, Peter Pan-type young woman. But she saw herself as physically ugly, socially inept, stupid except in school.

"Since Jan thought so little of herself she assumed that others thought even less. Suspecting criticism where none existed, she shrank from neighbors for fear of being snubbed or she blasted well-meant conversational attempts.

"Jan was intelligent enough to recognize the truth about her position but felt unable to change. Despising her inadequacy, she exploded with rage, blamed herself even more, then sank into devastating spells of depression.

"At my suggestion, Jan and I made a list of her assets. She's altruistic, sensitive, has unusual insight. She gradually gained in self-esteem and now, at the times she feels unwanted, she lifts her chin and joins the group instead of backing off. She's discovered she can contribute as much as anyone. Jan is now acquainted with her neighbors and has as many friends at church as Boyd.

"Jan wanted emotional support from Boyd and when it was not forthcoming she nearly always went into the old, destructive cycle. Not surprisingly, Boyd retreated in bafflement and alarm.

"Boyd genuinely wanted to protect and care for Jan, and his protectiveness was a quality that Jan yearned for and needed. However, Boyd was also terribly bossy with a rigid assurance that his way was the only right way and criticism was something Jan didn't need. When Boyd agreed to let up on correcting trivialities at home, Jan was very grateful and her self-confidence slowly increased.

"Jan's irrational anger, as she had long realized, inevitably spelled defeat for her. I suggested ways for her to control a temper tantrum before it got underway. She now pounds pillows or runs around the room. Or she tackles Boyd bodily and they wrestle each other to the floor, which usually ends pleasantly.

"Communication between Jan and Boyd had been virtually nonexistent. It was up to Jan to speak out and explain her emotional needs to Boyd. Now if she meets him with a kiss and he doesn't notice, she stops him, tells him what she wants—and she's rewarded.

"In the counseling process Boyd and I explored his desire to please and he realized that he sometimes tried to please too many people too much. He now stops and thinks before he surrenders to a generous but perhaps inappropriate impulse. Consequently he pleases himself and Jan more often.

"Jan and Boyd aren't over the hump as yet but they regard their marriage with a great deal of hope. Next spring Boyd expects to pass the bar. It was unrealistic for someone with Jan's lack of confidence and small stature to hope for success as a teacher in a slum area. At the moment she is working as a waitress in the evenings and is bringing home a fair amount of money.

"Although they haven't repaid the loan to Jan's father yet, she and Boyd now spend Saturday mornings together shopping for bargains in furniture at garage sales. They now enjoy their apartment and even entertain friends there.

"Five days a week Jan is studying to be a librarian. Eventually she expects to work in a city library, very possibly in a deprived neighborhood—assuming Boyd opens an office nearby." **End**

"We really like the good taste of this wine."



Gary and Millie Allen, Walnut Creek, California, photographed at the Christian Brothers Winery.

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The choice is yours. But, since Scope gets your breath clean like an antiseptic mouthwash, doesn't it really make sense to use Scope?



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FORD AND CARTER:
THE CHARACTER OF THE CANDIDATES

by Doris Kearns Goodwin

Women can be the most significant force in our electoral system, especially in a Presidential year. They form 51 per cent of our population—and 75 million are eligible to vote. Of that number, somewhere around 30 million will actually vote for either Gerald Ford or Jimmy Carter.

Since women are so important to the outcome of the election, four of the nation's women's magazines—Ladies' Home Journal, Redbook, American Home and womenSports—have joined this month to examine the Presidential candidates. Our combined audience is more than 30 million women.

To help American women evaluate the two candidates, we asked Doris Kearns Goodwin, brilliant young author, to do a double study of Ford and Carter. Ms. Goodwin wrote the best-selling *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream,* using her maiden name, Doris Kearns. We chose her because she is not only a student of government but also a perceptive and sensitive writer whose insight goes deeper than most political analysis. Born in New York, Ms. Goodwin was graduated from Colby College, in Maine, in 1964, and received her Ph.D. in government from Harvard University, where she is now a professor in the Government Department. In 1967 she was a White House Fellow in Washington. There she met President Johnson, and eventually assisted him in the preparation of his memoirs. Their association over a period of years gave her a broad understanding of the Presidency and its demands on the character of the individual holding the office. Ms. Goodwin is the mother of three-month-old Michael and married to writer Richard Goodwin. She took this assignment with the understanding that it was to be a personal character study, without party bias, and would be immune to influence from the magazines in which it appears.

This eight-page section is being published simultaneously in the November issues of Ladies' Home Journal, Redbook, American Home and womenSports. The editors of all four magazines (which are associated through corporate ties) agreed that the joint publication of Ms. Goodwin's article should be undertaken in order to provide the widest possible distribution within their means for this unusual analysis.

It is our belief that if you read these pages before the election, you will find the information helpful in making a choice. But even after the election you will find use for the knowledge Ms. Goodwin brings to her subject.

We welcome your comments; write to the magazine in which you are reading this.

THE EDITORS
Ladies' Home Journal
Redbook Magazine
American Home Magazine
womenSports Magazine

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT



GERALD R. FORD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

I can still remember the relief I felt during those first days and weeks of Gerald Ford's Presidency when I heard that he fell asleep the moment his head hit the pillow, toasted his own English muffins, enjoyed his family life, participated in activities other than politics and got up in the middle of the night to lead the family dog to its favorite tree.

It was the contrast with Nixon and Johnson that made Ford —unassuming, relaxed and easygoing—so attractive initially. Here, it seemed, was a well-balanced and normal man in the White House—neither tormented by Lyndon Johnson's nightmares of paralysis and lost control nor obsessed by Richard Nixon's single-minded pursuit of power and fear that he was menaced by crowds of enemies. "I have lots of adversaries," Ford has said, "but no enemies I can remember." Indeed, so appealing was the notion of a decent, honest, regular guy in the White House that hardly anyone bothered to worry about anything more. It seemed more important to know who Ford was *not* than to know who he was.

Yet there are many decent and honorable Americans, few of whom would be thought qualified to be President. When a man seeks the White House, other questions must be asked: What does he stand for? What is his vision for America? How intelligent is he? How competent? What kind of leadership will he provide? And in what directions?

I had been scheduled to interview Mr. Ford as well as Mr. Carter, but somewhere between the turmoil of the Republican convention and the restfulness of Ford's vacation retreat at Vail, the President decided he couldn't make time for me. Fortunately, however, Ford has had a lengthy career in national government—25 years in the House of Representatives, eight of them as minority leader; nine months as Vice-President; and two years as President—which makes the task of secondary evaluation at least possible, if not easy.

Born in Omaha, Nebraska, the President was named Leslie King, Jr., after his father, a local wool merchant. When he was two years old his parents were divorced, and shortly thereafter his mother married the president of a modest paint and varnish company from Grand Rapids, Michigan, named Gerald Ford. Mr. Ford legally adopted young Leslie and changed his name to Gerald Ford, Jr. Yet Ford did not learn "I was not living with my real father" until he was in high school. And at 17, in an unexpected and almost certainly dislocating fashion, he met Leslie King, Sr., for the first and next-to-last time.

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"I was," Ford recalled, "a junior in high school. I worked at a restaurant across from South High . . . taking money, washing dishes. This man came in . . . a stranger. I was busy, yet I couldn't help but notice that he stood there for ten minutes. Finally he walked over to where I was working. 'Leslie,' he said. I didn't answer. He said, 'I'm your father. I'm Leslie King and you're Leslie King, Junior. I would like to take you to lunch.'" They drove to lunch, Ford remembers, in his father's new "Cadillac or Lincoln, which was a beautiful car for those days," and with his father's new wife.

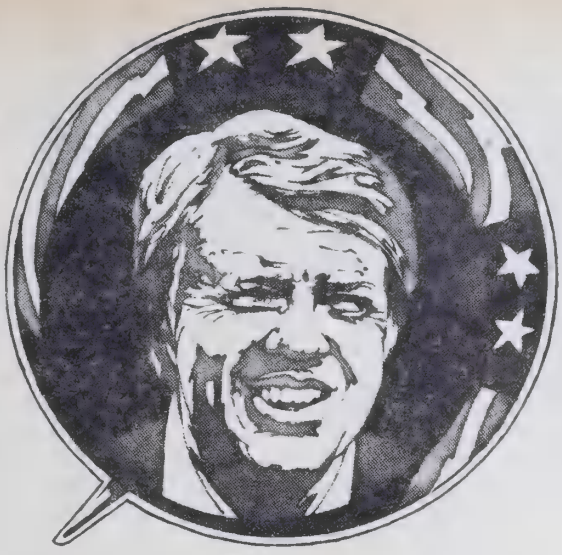
"I thought," Ford recalls, "here I was, earning two dollars a week and trying to get through school. My stepfather was having difficult times. And here was my real father, obviously doing quite well." Leslie King had never made any of the child-maintenance payments that the divorce court had ordered. And there must have been other questions in young Jerry's mind. Why had this man waited 15 years to visit his son? Why had there been no effort to contact him, not even a letter?

Yet there was no challenge or complaint. The inevitable pain and resentment were concealed under a courteous and friendly demeanor. Ford explains: "You bite your tongue so you won't be impolite."

Several years later Ford tried to contact his natural father. It was during the Depression, his stepfather was "hanging on by his fingernails" and Ford was in college and unable to pay his bills. "I wrote my father and asked him if he could help. And as I recall, I either got no answer or, if I got an answer, he said he couldn't do it. And then after I graduated from the University of Michigan I went to Yale Law School. And while I was there, one time out of the blue I got a letter or phone call or something saying that he was coming with his wife, the woman I had met, and bringing his son by the second marriage. They were trying to find a school in the East for him and could they stop by and maybe I could give them some advice." Ford agreed, once again masking whatever bitterness he felt beneath an aura of affability and good cheer.

The story is significant because it illustrates that even as a teen-ager and in a situation of severe emotional stress, Ford had developed to an extraordinary degree the personal qualities that were to characterize his adult life: the ability to suppress any show of hostile or disturbing passions; the ability to avoid conflict and to maintain amicable relationships even in situations fraught with potential antagonisms.

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JIMMY CARTER FORMER GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

In 1932 political columnist Walter Lippmann explained that Franklin Roosevelt was totally unqualified to be President. Almost every expert said the same about Harry Truman when he took office after Roosevelt's death. And in 1928 even his political opponents conceded that Herbert Hoover—the great engineer—would bring unequaled capacities to the Presidency and to the task of ensuring continued domestic prosperity.

Indeed, our entire history teaches that it is almost impossible to predict the conduct of a new President. The office itself is unique—in power and the scope of its concerns. And the fact that a man was outstanding as a senator or governor or businessman is no guarantee that he will be a great, or even adequate, President. Nor can one foretell the events that will inevitably shape a Presidential administration. The governments of Roosevelt, Truman and Johnson began in efforts at reform at home and ended amid unforeseen wars on distant continents.

Just the same, when I was asked to analyze what kind of a President Jimmy Carter might be, I accepted the assignment. It was, perhaps, a foolhardy decision. Except for one thing. In recent years we have come to understand that even though a man's concerns and opinions may change when he reaches the White House, he remains the same man. His character and personality, the values that guide him and his characteristic ways of behavior, do not change. If we try to understand these qualities, then we can also guess how a new President might react to conditions and crises still unforeseen.

Roosevelt's enormous self-confidence enabled him to discard, after the passage of time proved to him that they did not work, economic policies in which he had believed. Even though one could not have predicted the disaster of Vietnam, it would have been possible to foresee Lyndon Johnson's difficulty in dealing with any situation that would not yield to his enormous talents for persuasion and compromise. The administration of Richard Nixon demonstrated most dramatically of all that the greatest powers are vulnerable to the most sordid defects of personal character and understanding.

So even though I could not hope to judge how a President Carter might deal with economic distress or racial injustice, perhaps by trying to understand the man himself one could arrive at some understanding of his capacity to deal with the possibilities of our highest office. I read the Carter books and studied the Carter speeches and, thus prepared, went to visit the candidate himself. Naturally one could not hope to "know" Jimmy Carter on the basis of so abbreviated a contact, especially since, like all master politicians, he would be skilled at concealing those aspects of character and belief that might antagonize or intimidate the observer. Still, I thought, there might be important clues.

And so there were.

It had been years since I had thought of those fearful yet compellingly tempting childhood moments when sometimes, while kneeling in the darkness of the confessional booth at St. Agnes Church, I had pressed my ear to the panel of the door behind which the priest was listening to the recitation of sins by another penitent. Such eavesdropping was a sin, but hard for a young girl to resist. And I remembered and repeated it while seated in the Carter dining room awaiting my turn to interview the Democratic nominee, listening to the voices that came from the next room, where the interview before mine was drawing to a close.

". . . And then I went on a week of visits for God . . . and since then I have never felt I had to win." The rhythms of the unmistakable drawl of Carter sounded through the hallway, though some of the words were not always clear. "Before that week," Carter continued, "I did feel that way. It changed my feelings toward people I see—on elevators, for example. . . . Now when I have a setback—say by inadvertence or personal error—I don't pout or castigate or feel guilty but ask God's forgiveness. Now I want to help people on elevators, to see what I can do for them rather than what I can derive from them or blotting them out of my mind. And when I called home during that week, Rosalynn noticed the change in my voice on the phone."

I had known, of course, of Carter's religious faith, but not until that moment and the succeeding moments in my own interview with him did I understand that the importance of his religion lay not in the particular tenets of the Southern Baptist Church, which always has maintained a strict separation of Church and state, but in the fact that he, perhaps alone among American politicians, views his life and work through the prism of God and Jesus Christ. His conversation with me revealed a set of values and a vocabulary—soul, sin, morality, duty, guilt, citizenship, Christ—virtually unknown to contemporary political discourse. Religion is Carter's anchor, his security and—now that his father is dead and his days as a Navy officer on submarines are over—the source of his self-discipline.

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"...'In my very young years I had a terrible temper,' Ford once said. 'My mother taught me that anger was not the way to meet problems.'..."

Ford's childhood experience set a pattern for a series of extraordinary coincidences in his public career: He was always being adopted. At each significant advance in his career Ford's primary qualification was not that he demonstrated superior leadership ability or oratorical skill but that because he was well liked and had very few enemies, he suited the purpose of others.

In 1948 Senator Arthur Vandenberg, of Michigan, was anxious to unseat the incumbent congressman from Grand Rapids, who had become a bitter political adversary. The Senator and his local followers assigned this task to a young lawyer, Jerry Ford, a man who was extremely likable and who seemed able to get along well with all elements of the party. Seventeen years later a group of Republican insurgents in the House of Representatives known as the Young Turks wished to oust Charles Halleck from his position as minority leader. They settled on Ford as the opponent who would have the broadest appeal among all factions of the party.

And eight years after that, in a ceremony crowded with members of the House and Senate, Richard Nixon made what seemed to many in Congress an ideal choice for Agnew's replacement as Vice-President. The moment Nixon said, without revealing the name, that his choice was "a man who had served for twenty-five years on the Hill with great distinction," a wildly cheering audience rose to their feet and turned in the direction of Gerald Ford. "Beautiful, beautiful!" shouted one congressman. "Oh, baby," shouted another, "that's great, that's just great!"

The desire to be accepted and to be liked, along with an exceptional capacity to fulfill that desire—to inspire affection and trust in others—has characterized Gerald Ford from his earliest days. In his childhood home, at school, even on the football field, the young Ford demonstrated an ingratiating and genial manner that quickly brought him both popularity and success.

All of us develop character traits both as protection and as the instruments for accomplishment in an unfriendly world. Ford's weapons were not defiance or self-assertion. Rather he would pursue his ambition by learning to suppress anger and resentment; by avoiding conflict; and by working tirelessly and with total loyalty on behalf of the successive individuals, constituencies and institutions on which his career was built. Drawing upon a metaphor from his days as a football center, Ford said of himself, "I've tried to be a good blocker and tackler for the running back who carries the ball."

These are worthy human qualities, unusual anywhere, rarer still among those who reach the heights of public life. They are valuable in building a family—and Betty Ford and her children surely compose one of the warmest and most attractive we have seen in politics in recent years—in winning a constituency, in serving a political party. And they are ideally suited for the system of bargaining, negotiation and compromise on which the legislative branch is built. But they are not enough for a President. Indeed, they can be damaging. A President, if he is to accomplish anything, cannot avoid conflict and even bitterness. He must command loyalty as well as bestow it. And he must himself call the signals and carry the ball. The still-unanswered question about Gerald Ford is whether the skilled and devoted follower can now become a leader.

Ford's two years as President have already given us some important clues to the answer. The first of these is the structure of the Ford White House. In contrast to the highly centralized, pyramidal system that Nixon created, Ford has established his staff in a loose, congressional style marked by accessibility and informality. "Not since the time of Andrew Jackson," writer Juan Cameron observed in Fortune magazine, "have so many people had such easy access to the Oval Office of the President. Cabinet and sub-Cabinet officers, congressmen, White House staff members who had not been in the President's office for years—all have sat down with Ford." Ford is not a loner; he needs and enjoys the emotional and social process of thrashing out decisions in the company of his advisers. And as a veteran congressman he prefers the give-and-take possible in face-to-face discussions to the colder, more analytical process of reaching decisions by weighing a set of alternatives presented on paper.

Yet the very looseness of a system that allows a wide variety of people to urge action and advice on the President opens the door to sloppy management and un-co-ordinated decisions if the President himself does not take firm control. But Ford is not a planner by nature. His many years in the Congress taught him how to juggle a variety of problems at once without setting priorities.

Unperturbed by the fragmented nature of the Presidential schedule, Ford moves with ease from one isolated segment to the next—from greeting Miss America to a discussion of a foreign trip to a decision on Federal appointments to a briefing on the CIA. "I like meeting with one group to discuss this and the next group to discuss that," Ford says. But where in the midst of these segments of talk is policy made? When is thinking done? Who is there to make sure that the multitude of Federal actions and programs are kept consistent with major national goals?

In 1975, in the midst of a meeting with a group of highway lobbyists and governors, Ford impulsively decided to release $2 billion in impounded Federal highway funds as an antirecession measure. Unfortunately the decision, which was never fully checked with the Council of Economic Advisers or the Department of the Treasury, not only was inconsistent with Ford's energy program but it violated his restrictive budgetary policy as well, running counter to the goals of his broad economic strategy. Nor is this the only such incident.

Another distinguishing characteristic of Ford's White House is the absence of tension and fear. "The strongest impression," one observer wrote, "is of relaxation." And the center of the calm, its essence and source, is the quiet, easygoing, pipe-smoking man who just happens to be the President of the United States. With John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson it was all nervous energy, constant motion and competitive tension. With Ford the pressures are reduced. Expressions of anger are rare. The staff has the security of knowing, as one aide put it, "that Ford will stick with you even if you make mistakes in his behalf."

"In my very young years, I had a terrible temper," Ford once said. "My mother taught me that anger was not the way to meet problems. Adversity in athletics also helped teach me . . . and adversity in my personal life. I thought I was madly in love with a very attractive girl. It didn't work out. My mother . . . taught me that you don't respond in a wild, uncontrolled way."

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"...'Winning or losing seemed unimportant,' Carter said, 'compared to reconciling myself with God and goodness.'..."

"I've always had superb confidence in myself," Carter said at the start of our interview, "but since 1966 it's been different. Before then, happiness came in fits and starts. Relaxation followed crisis. I was always thinking of myself. I had to prove myself to others. I had to win every battle, which meant when I lost the race for governor of Georgia in 1966, it was horrible."

Indeed, the candidate's sister Ruth recalls that after the loss, Jimmy ran to a grove behind his house in Plains, "put his face in his hands and cried like a baby." He then entered a period of depression. "I wasn't getting any satisfaction out of any successes," he told one reporter, "and when I had failures, it was very upsetting. Even the smallest failures seemed like calamities to me. Life had no purpose."

In the midst of this depression Carter had the "religious experience" that he willingly admits gave him a "new life." Years before, his sister Ruth had emerged from a deep depression by accepting God in her life. So now Jimmy Carter, at the most difficult juncture in his life, developed a personal relationship with God and emerged with renewed confidence and assurance. "In the context of God's Kingdom and life after death, the life on earth that was so important to me suddenly seemed transient," he said. "Winning or losing seemed unimportant compared with the critical importance of reconciling myself with God and with goodness.

"As Christ became my friend other lives began meaning more to me. I became less proud and stopped judging others all the time. I ran once again for governor and knew that whether I won or lost, I could approach the result with complete equanimity. And though my term as governor was tough and combative and contentious, the day we drove from the Governor's Mansion I told my wife I'd never gotten up on a single morning without looking forward to the day with great anticipation. For unlike Lyndon Johnson, the man you knew so well, I feel sure about myself deep inside. Johnson never felt secure inside, especially around the Eastern Establishment—the professors, experts, writers and media people—and that's why they got him in the end. But I don't feel ill at ease in a Harvard professor's house or when I'm talking with the experts on foreign policy or on economics or when I'm with the leader of any group.

"The point is that I'm not comparing myself with any of them. To judge our own goodness or sinfulness by comparison with other men is wrong. We all fall short in comparison with the glory of Christ. The Bible says, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' But I'm never proud of simply not sleeping with someone else. For if you've ever looked with lust upon another woman, you're equally guilty. Pride comes only when such sinful thoughts can be abolished."

"Have you ever felt lust?" I asked.

Carter then smiled that wide, crinkly smile of his and said, "Oh, yes, but I feel terribly sinful about it when I do. And the same with an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Don't be proud of your behavior if you've ever looked on your brother with hatred or thought someone a fool. I feel bad about the things I said about Hubert Humphrey and Mo Udall. In politics you're always caught up in combat, politically speaking. You receive a report in the course of the campaign emphasizing your opponent's comments, and there's no way to call him before speaking in response.

"Yet I wish I hadn't said and thought the things I did. For the most difficult thing in my life is to admit lust, anger and hatred. But when I talk with God I can't say simply and vaguely, 'Forgive me *all* my sins.' I must spell them out, and that hurts. So I tell Him I was lusting after someone else or grasping for advantage or derogating an opponent. And then belief in the forgiveness of God gives me a deep security, confidence and independence from everyday concerns."

I found myself jealous of Carter's unbroken serenity—even joy—and self-confidence. He must, I thought, occasionally experience a morning when he, like the rest of us, awakes to painful feelings of guilt or sadness, wanting to go back to sleep to block them out. But there were no such mornings, he explained when I pressed the point. And there was no hesitation or any overtone of equivocation in his reply.

Equally uncommon is the pervasive, disciplined purpose of Carter's life. He begins his day at dawn with a careful study of his schedule, detailed, it is said, even to the point of allowing time to go to the bathroom. And there is little allowance for deviation. If Carter is even five minutes late for an appointment, he becomes extremely angry and lashes out at his aides.

Nor is there much room in Carter's schedule for relaxation. Memos are scanned between meetings, phone calls are made in the break between interviews. Lunch is eaten at the desk. Speeches are written into the hours past midnight. When asked by one reporter what he did for fun, Carter described long walks hunting for arrowheads with his wife Rosalynn; and when asked what they talked about on these walks, Rosalynn replied, "Politics and delegate counts." When he decided in 1972 to run for the Presidency in 1976, Carter mapped out a strategy that called for 250 days of campaigning with visits to 40 states and 200 cities. Carefully allotting a precise amount of time to each state, Carter worked six days a week from 6 A.M. to midnight. And when it all worked out exactly as he had calculated, even down to the number of delegates he had estimated he was likely to win from each state, most of us—but not Carter—were taken by surprise.

Perhaps the most disconcerting and almost awesome aspect of Carter's character is that he derives both his confidence and his almost superhuman discipline from his relationship to God, thus reducing still further the ordinary human lapses that limit us more secular citizens.

Rosalynn Carter is the one person who can tease Jimmy about his iron will, laughingly admitting that it is hard for someone like her, who likes to sleep late, to live with a man who not only gets up early but insists on being energetic right away. And then on airplane rides, when she invariably dozes on and off, he invariably sits straight in his chair, working from the moment of take-off to landing.

Described by her husband as his first and last love, Rosalynn Carter has been and no doubt will remain Jimmy's best friend and closest adviser. She is a warm and gracious woman who seems to have expanded her capacities with each new phase of her husband's career. I found it easier to identify with her than with her husband, perhaps because I too have a tendency to fall asleep on airplanes no matter how hard I try to work. But then, neither she nor I am likely to be President.

For the important question is not whether Carter's confidence, moral code and personal discipline are unusual or disconcerting, but what impact these character traits are likely to have on a Carter Presidency. The problem is that the same clues point in different directions. On the one hand Carter may be peculiarly well equipped to handle the frustrations inherent

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"...'I have lots of adversaries,' Ford has said, 'but no enemies I can remember.'..."

But there's a price to be paid for all this calm and security. A spark is missing—the stimulus and excitement that come from working for a man larger than life, a man whose presence inspires collective admiration, loyalty, even awe; energy that comes from a belief that one is participating in a noble battle to be won or a mission to be accomplished. There is a sense of lowered expectations inside as well as outside the White House, a sense that sometimes seems indistinguishable from a willingness to accept failures and defeats.

"Why is he so quiet," writer John Hersey asked, after observing Ford at close range for a week, "so unperturbed when he loses a round, as if nothing really had been lost, suggesting that nothing would have been gained either if he had won?" This diminution of expectations helps to protect against the potential dangers of an overzealous Nixon-type staff. But when the President fails to impose any strong, unifying purpose on his Administration, staff members tend to go into business for themselves, putting their own public views and private concerns above those of the President.

In part we feel a measure of safety with a leader who is not really a leader, whose very ordinariness and lack of imperial pretensions ensure the preservation of our system of checks and balances. Yet we also retain the desire for a President of superior gifts, somewhat distant from the crowd, a man of vision and unusual judgment. Despite all that has happened in recent years, the Presidency remains the prime focus for our political sentiments, the tie that binds us to our nation's past, the source of our national pride.

"...Ford has likened himself to Harry Truman in his tests of will with the legislative branch. But unlike Truman, Ford has won most of his battles with Congress...."

Thus it is not surprising that doubts began to build when Ford stumbled a little too often and when his rhetorical lapses proved a little too embarrassing (such as his saying that Paul Revere's historical signal had been "one if by day, two if by night"). And with these doubts came the nagging question: Is Ford intelligent or capable enough to be President?

To some extent the questions about Ford's capacities are unfair. He did, after all, graduate from the University of Michigan with a *B* average and he was in the top third of his class at Yale Law School. Yet he gives the impression of the eternal plodder, the student who worked harder than everyone else simply to keep up with the pack. "I kind of resent the word 'plodder,'" Ford says. "I would put it another way—I'm a determined person. Some people call it plodding . . . but I'd rather be a plodder and get someplace than have charisma and not make it." Yet Ford does little to help his own image when he responds to a journalist's query about his intellect with the statement: "There must be an awful lot of people much dumber than I."

Other politicians no more intelligent than Ford are better able to hide it with clever rhetoric. But Ford's utterance is slow—although in his acceptance speech at the Republican convention the President proved that a slow, forceful delivery can be quite effective—and he often stumbles over his words.

Yet to a large extent, concerns about Ford's intelligence are misplaced. A President can call upon the best brains in the country—that is, if he wants to. Far more important are qualities of temperament, character and belief. Ford's most consistent political trait—the effort to "work things out" by accommodating divergent views—seemingly restrains him from undertaking to impose his will on others, a characteristic of strong leadership. Even this quality, however, has some compensations. Unlike Nixon, and Johnson in his later days, Ford is not reluctant to surround himself with intelligent and independent-minded subordinates. He does not seem to feel personally threatened by the presence of able people with strong opinions. Indeed, he may need such people in order to buttress his confidence in dealing with the difficulties of leadership.

"...Unlike Nixon, and Johnson in his later days, Ford is not reluctant to surround himself with intelligent and independent-minded subordinates...."

Nevertheless, this unwillingness to compel obedience, this reluctance to initiate major struggles, can be serious weaknesses in a President. They prevent the formulation and enforcement of those major, long-range policies that always involve making difficult choices among powerful and conflicting interests. For example, an effective national energy policy requires that certain groups be denied their demands—oil companies or consumers, the manufacturers of atomic power plants or conservationists. The same is true in developing a program of national health care or gun control or an attack on unemployment. And because these hard choices have not been made, we have no effective national policies in any of these areas. Important conflict has been avoided but the problems remain.

However, Ford is not a "do-nothing" President. Nor can he be. In a simpler era the country could get along with a relatively passive President. The United States pretty much ran itself. But that now is precluded by the nature of the job of the modern Chief Executive, who must prepare a budget for about one fifth of the entire gross national product, decide whether to sign bills or veto them, regulate the supply and cost of money, allow the Concorde to land or forbid its arrival. And there is no way to avoid responsibility for foreign policy, where even failure to act can have consequences of enormous moment.

Thus even a President who is not aggressive or innovative exerts a powerful influence on our national life. And the nature of this influence—what direction it takes—inevitably bears the stamp of his personal beliefs and political philosophy. There can be little doubt about what this means in the case of Gerald Ford.

Throughout his entire adult life Ford has been a Republican conservative. He believes in the overriding virtues of the free enterprise system and assumes that big business does in fact represent free enterprise. He believes in the freedom of opportunity. (Perhaps prodded by Betty Ford, he extends this belief to women as well as men.) He opposes the use of government power to solve the problems of those excluded or damaged by

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"...Rosalynn has been and no doubt will remain Jimmy's best friend and closest adviser...."

in the Presidential office. His internal and spiritual source of confidence may give him a reservoir of independent strength when the demands on the President multiply beyond the resources he controls and when the American public begins, as it invariably does, to blame its problems on "that man in the White House." Both risks and censure from others are easier to take for a man strengthened by the belief that he must answer only to himself and to his God.

On the other hand Carter's strength is also a weakness. When he believes he is right, he refuses to bend. Carter admits that one of the major, legitimate criticisms of him is that he cannot compromise away the things he believes in. Even as he speaks these words, he conveys a secret pride in not having to take the back-door approach to bargaining, a pride that, depending on the occasion, may be either justified or a source of disaster. For some of the worst mistakes can be made in the noblest of causes, when righteous leaders unconsciously equate obedience to their will with adherence to moral principles. In just this way an uncompromising, highly moral Woodrow Wilson made inevitable the defeat of his beloved League of Nations. And what happens to Carter's carefully programed discipline and sense of control when a crisis occurs, disrupting the elaborately contrived plans of even the most intelligent and subtle of men?

There is a verity here that our Founding Fathers understood when they created a system of checks and balances, with power checking power at every point along the way. Never depend on one man, no matter how good or how smart, for even the best of men, in a position of unrestrained authority, can be corrupted. To what extent does Carter understand this need to protect himself against himself?

On the one hand Carter does seem to realize the importance of making strong appointments to his staff and to the Cabinet so that he is not surrounded by a cadre of courtiers who simply tell him what they think he wants to hear. Friends and supporters who expect favors and jobs if Carter becomes President are likely to be disappointed. A long-time aide says that Carter's best friend wouldn't get a favor from him. When I asked Carter whether those who first had supported him would receive special consideration in his appointments, he took his answer from St. Matthew.

"My feelings," he said, "are like those of the man who went out early in the morning to hire workers to harvest wheat and told them he would pay them five dollars to work in his field that day. Then he went out at nine and at twelve and again at five and hired three more groups, each with the same promise. And at the end of the day he called them all in and he paid the last first and he paid them all the same. Those who'd come first said it wasn't fair, since they'd worked longer, but the man said he had done no wrong so long as he had kept the promise he made to each of them, which he had. And the point Christ was making was that latecomers would be acceptable to God on an equal basis with those who early in life worked in His Kingdom.

"I appreciate the people who've been with me from the start, before it was fashionable, but I hope their sense of contribution is reward enough. And those who've come late ought not be discriminated against. What matters is each person, and each covenant on its own merits."

All indications suggest that Carter is likely to set a high standard in his appointments to office, that he will feel bound by neither patronage, party nor personal relationship. But this born-again Baptist, who takes the stern perfectionist Admiral Hyman Rickover as his guide, is a tough taskmaster, an essential loner, whose aides—with one or two exceptions—are afraid to criticize him. So we must look beyond his staff and even his Cabinet for sources of institutional protection.

Does Carter understand and respect the role that Congress can and must play in safeguarding the President from his own tendencies toward imperial power? Yes. Carter has said that he wants to make sure that his relationship with the Congress is better than the one he had with the state legislature in Georgia, where "I relished open conflict a little too much. I don't know why I like it so much, but I do. But I shall try instead a strategy of involving the legislators in the initial stages of the legislation so as not to confront them with a decision they'd have to accept, reject or be bargained into. And Congress shall also be a partner in the making of foreign policy. And I shall propose that all my Cabinet members present themselves to the Congress in a joint session to answer questions, the way they do in the British system. And if they withhold information not relating to national security, I will get rid of them."

Yet whatever Carter's intentions with respect to the Congress, it is hard to imagine a full and flowering partnership with a man who basically scorns the system of bargaining and compromise that serves as the lifeblood of Capitol Hill. "I will never," Carter claims, "make a private commitment to any legislator that cannot be made public."

Beyond the Congress, Carter sees the access of "the people" to the Government at all levels as the greatest safeguard against too much power in the center, and to this effect has proposed a basic reorganization of the Federal bureaucracy, regulation of lobbyists and holding press conferences every two weeks.

In a fundamental sense he is right, but the impulse toward good government and popular rule is without meaning when it is divorced from specific social goals. It is naïve to assume that all will be well when "the people" are restored to an active role in government. For though Carter says he will represent the people as a whole, appealing to their generous as opposed to their selfish side, persuading them to act in the interests of others as well as themselves, the exercise of power inevitably involves choosing some interests over others, placing some values first. Ordinarily a candidate's constituency provides some clue

"...'I will never,' Carter claims, 'make a private commitment to any legislator that cannot be made public.'..."

as to the nature of the choices he is likely to make. But in 1976 there is no clear-cut constituency behind the Democratic nominee. Nor is there an identifiable movement for reform, a depression to cure or a war to be won. Nor do the labels of conservative or liberal provide much guidance, for Carter is neither a liberal nor a conservative.

At the center of Carter's attraction is an enormously appealing conservative ideal—the ideal of re-creating a life based on the primary human contacts of family, neighborhood, community and nation—but the realization of that ideal in our

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"...'I kind of resent the word "plodder,"' Ford says, 'but I'd rather be a plodder and get some place than have charisma and not make it.'..."

the private economic system or to enforce a public resolution of those issues that fall outside the normal operation of that system—such as protection of the environment or the restoration of community life.

It is this innate conservatism that helps to explain why the President, who hoped for a friendly accommodation with Congress—of which he long had been a popular and respected member—has found himself embroiled in repeated tests of will with the legislative branch. Making the best of this conflict, Ford has likened himself to Harry Truman and invoked Congressional "irresponsibility" as a major theme of his campaign. Unlike Truman, Ford assaults Congress not because it wants to *"do nothing"* but because it wants to *"do something"* that he regards as unwise. Unlike Truman, Ford has won most of his battles with Congress. The majority of his vetoes have been sustained, and his economic policies—not those of the Democrats—have prevailed. (It is always easier to obstruct that essentially inert body than to make it act.) And unlike Truman, whose Fair Deal was an effort to adapt New Deal–style reforms to a changing postwar America, Ford's motto seems to be "This is not an era for change." He is banking on the possibility that the public will agree.

Ford's political philosophy helps to explain—although it does not completely resolve—the baffling contradiction between his personal qualities and his public record. The President's unmistakable generosity and compassion, the eagerness to sympathize with the difficulties of others, does not seem to extend much beyond his personal contacts. If Ford saw a hungry child, he would feed him, and he would treat any Black man he met with dignity, but throughout his entire career Ford has taken a consistent stand against government measures to help the disadvantaged and oppressed. As a congressman he voted against Federal aid to education, the poverty program and mass transit. He voted for the Civil Rights Act only after the failure of the far weaker substitute legislation that he had supported. As President he has vetoed more than two dozen bills designed to enhance the health, safety or economic welfare of millions of Americans. And neither as congressman nor President has he initiated one significant new legislative program.

Finally, therefore, the most reliable basis for a judgment about Ford is not his personal qualities—both candidates are honorable and trustworthy men—but his approach to public issues. For we are choosing a President, not a friend, and that choice should be made on the basis of one's own feeling about the future of government and the nation. Some Americans yearn for new directions and the emergence of a renewed sense of national purpose, believing that the established order amounts to the perpetuation of privilege or the decline of individual opportunity. Others have more faith in things as they are and believe that government action will not alleviate the afflictions and injustices of society—that indeed, Presidential intervention will only make things worse.

On this rather vague but most fundamental issue, it is difficult to be clear about the precise content of Carter's intentions. But with Ford we can be reasonably certain of what we are getting. The issue is whether that is what we want. And in this November's great exercise of freedom, the choice will be up to us.

THE END



"...Friends and supporters who expect favors and jobs if he becomes President are likely to be disappointed...."

modern, impersonal, technological society will require the most radical of methods, which perhaps only a Southerner who believes in the Bible and was born and raised in a small town can sell to the American people.

"My relationship with Plains has never changed," Carter told me. "I broke my arm in the center field of the same baseball field where we now play our softball games with the press. When I went too fast on my bike one day and fell into a ditch, I walked to where the filling station was, and is, and waited till my daddy took me to the hospital. And that's three feet from where I asked Rosalynn for our first date.

"When I grew up on the farm and when I got hurt, my mama and daddy were always there—on the edge of the field or not too far from the creek. If I got thrown off a mule, my daddy was close by to pick me up. But my children and I aren't always in the same place. In this modern world, with all the automobiles and everybody in the family spread all around, you don't have that stability or assurance and that constant pressure to help you when you need guidance or get hurt."

Carter has said that he wants to be a great President, that his will be an activist administration and that he will never go slow. All indications suggest that he has a deep and genuine sympathy for the poor, the Blacks and the disadvantaged. But his central message is an exhortation to Middle America to bring more love and greater justice to their families, their neighborhoods and their government. Carter preaches the disillusionment, selfishness and shame of the past decade not as a token of the fact that America is damned but because he hopes and expects that all can be saved.

"I see a community out there of groups, of Blacks and Latin Americans and doctors and teachers and businessmen, traditionally grasping for self-interest but now willing and eager to accommodate personal needs to self-sacrifice. When you put doctors in the AMA and teachers in the NEA and farmers in the farm federation, they all come out with selfish concerns. But I believe I can represent teachers wanting to teach well and doctors wanting to heal. I believe I can make our government as good as the best instincts of our people."

Is Carter aware that his message implies shattering changes in our economic and social structure? Is his vision more penetrating than the remedies he is willing to propose? Will his sense of mission and morality lead to confrontation or to reconciliation? There is no way to be certain of the answers.

For Carter is a highly intelligent and complex man, an uncommon politician. He is running without ties to any definable groups or to any clear-cut ideological constituency. The outlines of a Carter Presidency are necessarily vague. We know the limits and the strengths of a President Ford. We know to a high degree of probability what we can expect from a second Ford administration. But whether the choice of Carter represents a spirit of adventure or of recklessness, an effort at restoration or toward radical advance, conservative tranquillity or willed turbulence—this we cannot know for sure.

The choice on our 200th anniversary is whether we are comfortable with what we already have or whether we are willing to exercise a leap of faith into the unknown, with all the hazards and all the great possibilities such a leap implies.

THE END


Duncan Hines
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Sue
P.S. My Orange + Devils Food pound cakes are pretty fantastic too.
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LEMON SUPREME POUND CAKE
(Makes 12-16 servings)
1 pkg. Duncan Hines Deluxe II Lemon Supreme Cake Mix
1 pkg. lemon instant pudding mix (4 serving size)
1 cup water
4 eggs
½ cup Crisco Oil*
Preheat oven to 350° Blend all ingredients in a large bowl, beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Bake in a greased and floured tube pan, 10 inch or fluted, at 350° for 45-55 minutes, until center springs back when touched lightly. Cool 25 minutes in pan, then invert onto serving plate.
GLAZE. Blend 1 cup confectioners sugar with either 2 tablespoons milk or 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Drizzle over cake.
*Crisco Oil is recommended as some other oils may cause the cake to fall.
Sue knows it's Duncan Hines layer cake mix that makes her pound cakes so moist and delicious. So cut out her recipe for "your" pound cake.
Duncan Hines
POUND CAKE RECIPE
DELUXE II
Lemon Supreme

The working woman

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

A special report on stewardesses and their fight to end job exploitation and sex discrimination in skies that are sometimes not so friendly.

I fly thousands of miles a year, but I've had only one disappointing experience with a stewardess. She took a cocktail order from the man sitting at my side and then, gesturing toward me, asked this perfect stranger, "And what will your wife have to drink, sir?"

With this one exception, my encounters with many of the nation's 60,000 Flight Attendants (F/A's) have been overwhelmingly positive. Most F/A's treat female and male travelers with equal attention and kindness; moreover, they strike me as spectacularly competent, dignified and even-tempered.

For the most part, today's stewardess is not on board to sashay up the aisle in a snazzy jumpsuit or to meet a rich businessman. She's there to earn a living, to build a career and, incidentally, perhaps to enjoy some free travel benefits. Her five-week training program is rigorous: although she must also master the hectic meal-and-beverage service and the comforting pleasantries, her primary function is to enforce federal safety regulations and carry out emergency procedures—from 90-second evacuation of a jetliner to in-flight births or heart attacks.

Working conditions vary from carrier to carrier. All F/A's are paid only for air time, which averages 85 hours a month. At American, one of the most liberal airlines, a starting salary of $650 a month rises to $1,365 after 12 years. Some carriers restrict travel passes and reduce fares only to employees; others extend the benefit to families of F/A's.

Stewardesses bid for trips according to their seniority. Patricia Robertson, President of the Association of Flight Attendants (AFA), says that trip preference depends on the stewardess' lifestyle—whether she wants to get her flying over with early in the month, or whether she holds a second job—rather than on the lure of exotic places.

Duty times are determined by union contract and are not regulated by the Federal Aviation Administration, as is the case with pilots. Union contracts allow 14 to 16 hours of continuous work. Delays en route, or long international flights, can hike work stints up to 22 hours at a stretch.

No one really knows the physiological effects of constant air travel, but many airlines still require flight attendants to share hotel rooms during layovers, which may interfere with rest and recuperation. (Pilots get single rooms.) Most threatening to her health is the F/A's exposure to radioactive cargo on an estimated 10 percent of all U.S. passenger flights.

These conditions trouble today's stewardesses, who has changed from a docile ornament to an activist on her own behalf. Spurred by court cases, by the consciousness-raising efforts of Stewardesses for Women's Rights (SFWR), and by strong unionism, the 1976 F/A is likely to be a flying fortress against job exploitation and sex discrimination. Here are some other issues that concern her:

Image

Many stewardesses strenuously object to the seductive "superstew" image that inspires both airline advertising and X-rated movies. Using sexual innuendo to sell passenger tickets does more than feed pornographers' fantasies. Serious misconceptions can result from ads such as Continental's "We'll move our tails for you," or National's "I'm Anne, Fly Me."

When the F/A is portrayed as an airborne sexual playmate, she is not just personally degraded; her authority as a safety professional is discredited. Says TWA's Elizabeth Rich: "Every stewardess can document countless incidents of passengers defying safety instructions with comments like, 'Why should I listen to you? You're nothing but a girl!' "

Federal regulations state that the primary function of the F/A is "effective egress of passengers in the event of an emergency evacuation." But Tommie Hutto Blake, President of Local 552 of the Transport Workers Union, which represents American's flight attendants, blames the image-makers for disguising this fact. "Passengers have no idea what we're there for," she says. "They think our role is just to serve meals or pass out pillows. No wonder they don't take us seriously in an emergency."

An SFWR spokesperson proclaims: "I take great pride in my work. I don't think of myself as a sex object or a servant but as someone who is capable of opening the door of a 747 in the dark, upside down and in the water. The sexpot stewardess image is unsafe at any altitude."

Continental claimed "We'll move our tails for you" was an innocent reference to its trademark, a bird with a golden tail. However, one union newspaper noted that Continental was sufficiently aware of the ad's double meaning to produce a training film instructing stewardesses how to handle lecherous remarks. (If a passenger quipped, "Will you move your tail for me?" the F/A was supposed to answer, "Why, is it in the way?") Many stewardesses object to the notion that a wisecrack can tame a masher. They find the titillating ads sexist and insulting. They ask why airlines run ads that misrepresent the F/A's primary function (safety), and incite flirtatious behavior by passengers—which in turn can lead to violations of Federal Aviation Regulation 492:366 ("It is unlawful to interfere with *(continued on page 90)*



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



The working woman

continued from page 86

any crew member in her performance of her duties on board").

"But verbal abuse is the least of it," says United stewardess Chrystie Jenner, whose salary supported her husband Bruce Jenner's training for the 1976 Olympics, where he won the decathlon championship. "On a charter flight once, a man actually reached under my dress. I knocked him unconscious."

Fortunately, there are signs of change. As examples of positive image, Tommie Hutto Blake approves of Pan Am's "Airline to the World" theme, and American Airlines' "Doing What We Do Best" slogan.

Sex Bias

Until recently, stewardesses had to be white, single, young, beautiful and quit flying when they married or retire by age 32. They were paid less than male attendants who were assigned to international flights.

Past and present abuses are well illustrated by the Northwest Airlines case. A U.S. District Court found Northwest guilty of discriminating against stewardesses by paying them less than males doing substantially equal work; by giving them inferior layover accommodations; by discouraging their job mobility; and by placing pursers in command of the cabin even if a stewardess had seniority. If the ruling holds up on appeal, Northwest will remit over $25 million back pay to nearly 3,000 affected women.

Today, after ten years of such litigation and union negotiation, a stewardess can get married, pregnant and older without being fired. Mothers, men and minority group members can be F/A's, and everyone can fly until age 65.

Weight Standards

According to TWA's Kathleen Heenan of the SFWR Legal - Rights Force, "Female flight attendants are more frequently suspended or fired for violations of weight regulations than for any other reason. We are expected to remain healthy and energetic while maintaining arbitrary weight standards."

Eastern Air Lines' Wendy Dunn stands 5'6". She weighed 132 pounds when she was hired ten years ago—before weight standards were applied. The airline considers her ideal weight 129, but didn't drop her from the payroll until she weighed 136. As is true with many women fighting weight standard cases, Eastern took her back pending resolution of the issue in the courts. "Now Eastern gives us five pounds leeway from the weight limit," she says. "Some

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...and suddenly nothing is the same*
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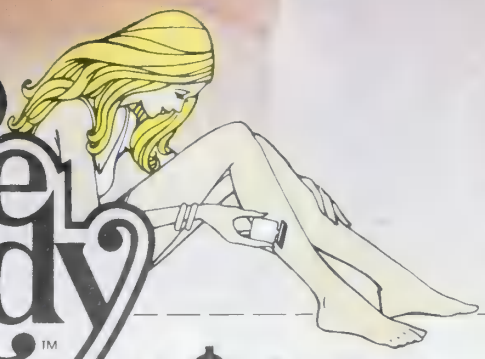
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Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Is mammography risky for you? . . . What gives you a pain in the neck? . . . and more medical news.

PAIN IN THE NECK. Recurring neck pain in persons over 40 who have not suffered an injury is probably due to osteoarthritis or a related aging problem, says University of Michigan orthopedic surgeon Robert Bailey, M.D. These "cricks" in the neck usually are not serious, he says, though a trip to the doctor is wise if they persist. He recommends "conservative" treatment, such as mild pain-killing drugs and muscle relaxants. For a few sufferers, a cervical collar, or periods of traction—stretching the neck muscles with weights—may be needed. Only rarely is surgery required.

MAMMOGRAPHY RISK. Some cancer experts have sharply criticized the nationwide breast cancer detection program sponsored by the American Cancer Society and the National Cancer Institute. In this experimental program, 270,000 women over 35 are having periodic breast X-ray exams, called mammographies. The critics fear that such repeated exposure to radiation will eventually *cause* more cancers in healthy women ages 35 to 50 than the 1 per 1,000 each year they detect in time for life-saving surgery. For this reason, the program sponsors have dropped their recommendation that these women be given annual mammographies. For other women, experts concur:

For women over 50, in whom the annual exams will find 3 cancers per 1,000 women each year, the exam's benefit far outweighs its risk.

In high-risk women 35 to 50 (for example, those who have had a previous cancer or benign tumor of the breast, first became pregnant in their 30's, or are childless), most experts agree that the benefit of mammography exceeds the risk.

CONTACT. At last there is a good source of information about contact lenses. The inventor of soft contact lenses, optometrist Robert Morrison, who fits them for Barbara Walters, Arlene Francis and Princess Grace, among others, has written *The Contact Lens Book* (HRL Publishing Co.). He claims recent technological advances allow most people who wear glasses to switch to contact lenses.

PREVENTING BLINDNESS. Many diabetics go blind as they age. Tiny blood vessels grow into their eyes, rupture and fill the clear vitreous fluid with blood, blocking vision. The National Eye Institute (NEI) is studying ways to correct this diabetic retinopathy.

When serious bleeding first begins, eye doctors use intensely hot, sharply focused laser light beams to burn away the abnormal blood vessels. The NEI study of 1,700 patients already confirms that this reduces by almost two-thirds the number of eyes that become blind.

If bleeding has already blocked sight, eye doctors may perform a newer operation, vitrectomy, in which the blood-filled vitreous is replaced with a clear solution. But the operation has risks, and doctors are divided as to the best approach. Some prefer to wait a year to operate, hoping sight will return by itself, as sometimes happens. Other doctors feel that better vision would result without the delay. The new NEI study is comparing these alternatives.

All eye doctors can refer interested people to the nearest one of the 13 hospitals across the U.S. participating in this study. **End**

© 1976 CLAIROL



How to be warm and glowing when it's cold and gloomy:

Quiet Touch hairpainting.



Gloomy weather, gloomy hair—it's enough to make you gloomy all over. But paint some highlights in your hair with Quiet Touch™ hairpainting™ from Clairol, and you brighten up all over. Quiet Touch gives you natural-looking hairlights without changing your own color. Everything you need comes in the hairpainting kit.™ You just paint delicate ribbons on the top layer of your hair. After shampooing, the strands you painted blend with the rest of your hair to give you a soft, overall glow. You're June in January—not to mention November, December, February, etc.

MARTEX BELIEVES ANY ROOM CAN DOUBLE AS A BEDROOM—AND DO IT BEAUTIFULLY.

"I always loved having guests. I just never knew where to put them at night."





"We're a family that likes people. And not just in measured doses. Our natural state is open house. With lots of laughter. And good conversation. And casual dropping-in that turns into great parties.



But we're also a family without an official guest room. So overnight guests always meant overnight chaos. Until Martex® helped me 'invent' three extra rooms in my house.

The first is at one end of the living room. I used Martex quilted spreads in 'Seaside' to cover new built-in wooden platforms and single-size mattresses.

You can see the results, daytime, at left; and nighttime, in the little photo, above. I still can't tell which I like better.

Our dining room/library is now a guest room, too. (The photographer has his back to the library half.) The daybed, which I glorified with 'Streamers,' sleeps one. And divides everything, splendidly.

In the bath that's just off this room, I've laid in a full supply of matching 'Streamers' towels.

On to the last new guest room, alias 'the attic.'

I put a whole town to bed there—'Jacob's Village.' And with a careful arrangement, the attic's forgotten curios became an unforgettable collection.

Now, with so many rooms able to act as bedrooms, too, I have no problem about having overnight guests.

Or, about keeping my Martex linens fresh and bright, either. Washing after washing, their Dacron® polyester and cotton blend comes out looking like new.

I really love Martex's practicality. But here's what I love best: by using Martex to make room for my guests at night, I gave my house a wonderful new look for all day long."

West Point Pepperell

Martex®





From Martex's "Home Is Where The Art Is" collection. "Seaside" by Gloria Vanderbilt, "Streamers" by Robert Burger, and "Jacob's Village" by Jacob Knight. For "All About Your Home," a magazine on decorating with sheets and towels, send $1.50 to Martex, Box 912L, Madison Sq. Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

Mothering

The latest news, information and ideas for parents and children.
By Geraldine Carro



THE THREE BEARS IN TROUBLE
(Or One Reason Johnny Can't Read)

The bedtime story hour is vanishing, preempted in a growing number of American homes by the family TV. As a result, the three bears and other childhood favorites have become endangered species.

Children are arriving at school knowing all about Batman, but having no idea who ate the bears' porridge. "They are missing out on an age-old literary heritage that ought to be considered a child's right," says Joy F. Moss, a language arts instructor from Rochester, N.Y.

"What's more, the children who missed out on their bedtime stories often have a harder time learning to read in school," says Ms. Moss.

As she evaluates the reading readiness of her students, Ms. Moss finds striking differences between those whose parents have read to them regularly and those whose parents have not.

The ones most familiar with books are usually ready and eager to learn to read. The others are less motivated. "It's practically impossible," she says, "to teach a child to read if that child isn't interested in learning how."

The book lovers also have an intellectual edge over their classmates because their vocabularies tend to be larger. "Their superior language skills seem to improve their ability to think clearly," Ms. Moss says.

However, the bedtime story has more than just academic advantages. Cuddling up with a parent to read benefits kids psychologically, too, says Ms. Moss. The story hour reassures children. It is frequently the one time they know they'll have the undivided attention of their parents in the course of a busy day. Sharing the adventures of a fairy tale character or shedding a tear together over *Charlotte's Web* helps bring parents and children closer together.

Above all, the story hour should be a warm, happy moment. For this reason, Ms. Moss suggests that parents resist the temptation to turn it into a formal teaching session. "It's really unfair, for example, to use it as a time to teach the child to read," she says. "The child begins to wonder, 'Is this for fun or to test me?'"

In the course of regular reading sessions the learning process occurs naturally, Ms. Moss says. By the time they reach school age, children will have already discovered the pleasures awaiting them on the library shelf.

Once children are in school and learning to read by themselves, parents may be tempted to drop the story hour. Ms. Moss thinks this is a mistake.

Until age nine or ten, children's reading levels limit them to relatively simple books, she points out. By reading aloud to older children, parents make available to them books that are apt to be more stimulating and more fun.



DISCIPLINE: DO BOYS DESERVE THEIR BAD REPUTATION?

Little girls may be made of sugar and spice, but little boys are noisy creatures who fight with the other kids, talk back to their teachers and give their parents—especially their mothers—a hard time. They are ever in need of firm disciplinary action.

So goes the popular view of the behavior of the sexes. Is it a fair picture? Do boys deserve their bad press? (And are girls that good?)

Psychiatrists see the issue in different terms. The behavior of boys is not necessarily worse than that of girls, but it is often different, they say.

Even in early infancy, researchers find that boys are more active and aggressive than girls. By the age of three, the differences are clear.

While the difference is partly inborn, it is also partly culturally acquired. "From an early age, parents give girls and boys different cues for acceptable behavior," says New York psychiatrist Stanley Turecki.

Girls are trained to be "good little girls," Dr. Turecki says. Boys are sent out to fight their own battles.

When parents complain that their son is combative, Dr. Turecki says, it may be that the child is just doing what he thinks his parents expect.

However, it's clear that not all boys are aggressive, nor all girls docile. And as it becomes more culturally acceptable for girls to assert themselves, Dr. Turecki expects they will become harder for parents to handle.

In setting standards of behavior for children, Dr. Turecki urges parents to take account of each child's natural temperament. Don't try to turn an active, aggressive child—boy or girl—into the perfect, "model" child.

"The best discipline," he says, "comes from parents who love their children, offer firm models, and respect their children's individuality."

THANKSGIVING: LIVING UP TO EXPECTATIONS

Kids' expectations at holiday time always run high. But sometimes the reality is disappointing. Parents are too busy preparing for the feast to pay much attention to the younger generation. And when it's finally time to eat, kids find it a boring chore to sit for hours at the groaning board. One way to keep them interested is to count them in on the preparations—even if it slows you down a bit. Have them set the table, wash the cranberries, mush up the stuffing or mix the cornbread with you. Set up a crafts project, like these turkey placecards:

Use a round pinecone for the turkey's belly. Cut out a semicircular fan of feathers for a tail and a small head and long neck out of colored construction paper. Glue head and tail to cone. Write guest's name on tail feathers.

MAILBOX

Do you have ideas to share with other parents? What topics would you like us to cover in this column? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.



It's static cling season. Better use Downy.

It's that time of year. Clothes are sticking together. Clinging. Hiding. Bunching up. But you can forget those static cling troubles. With Downy.*

At the same time Downy rinses in softness and April Freshness, it helps rinse out static cling. Before it even starts.

That's such a sensible way to help keep clothes from clinging to each other. And clinging to your family.



Downy. A noticeable improvement.

Take a long look at the 100 sweepstakes from Benson & Hedges 100's.

Let's see: how about barging down the Nile, rafting down the Colorado, or steamboating down the Mississippi? Or does money look better to you — like 100 days interest on $100,000? 100 English pounds? 100 grams of gold? Or perhaps a car? A totem pole? Taffy? Topsoil? Or one of 90 other prizes?

In any case, any winner may have a change of mind and ask for 100 ft. of dollar bills ($200) instead.

Each winner will get a letter telling exactly what the prize includes, what choice there is (if any) of style or color or flavor, and what options there are on deliveries of perishable goods.

Please read the rules carefully and note especially that such sweepstakes must be entered individually, with each entry mailed separately in its own envelope, with the sweepstakes number in the lower left corner.

The longer you look, the more you'll see. And the more sweepstakes you enter, the more chances for you to be one of Benson & Hedges 100's 100 winners.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report Apr. '76.

37 **100** lbs.

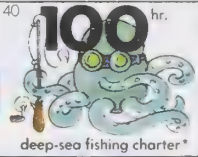
nuts & peanut butter maker

38 **100** reels

tape & tape recorder

39 **100**


$2 bills

40 **100** hr.

deep-sea fishing charter*

41 **100** in.

Ford Pinto Cruising Wagon

42 **100** thous.

salted almonds

43 **100** yr.-old

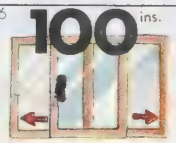
music box

44 **100**


dress shirts

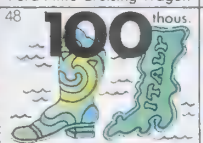
45 **100** min.

Turkish bath in Istanbul*

46 **100** ins.

sliding glass doors

47 **100**

English pounds

48 **100** thous.


lire & trip to Italy*

49 **100** hr.

Broadway show trip*

50 **100** jars

herbs & spices

51 **100** gals.


gasoline

52 **100** lbs.

lawn seed & power mower

53 **100** lbs.

semolina & pasta maker

54 **100**

magic tricks

55 **100** H.P.

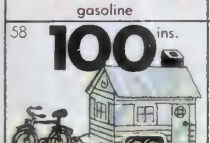
outboard motor & towline

56 **100** lbs.

jelly beans & basket

57 **100** oz.

oolong tea

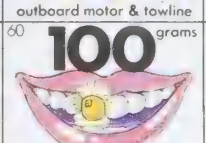
58 **100** ins.

camper-trailer

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. Write the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the official entry blank, or on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper.
2. Hand-print your name, address and zip code on your entry, include with it the printed **bottom panels** from two packs of Benson & Hedges 100's, Regular or Menthol, or the words "Benson & Hedges 100's" hand-printed on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per entry, and each entry must be mailed separately to Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2047, Westbury, New York 11591. Entries must be received by February 11, 1977.
4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners. In lieu of any prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of $200.**
6. Contest open to all U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris, Inc., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. This offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Missouri, and wherever prohibited, restricted or taxed.
7. **For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to BENSON & HEDGES WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 2442, Westbury, New York 11591. List will be available by May 16, 1977.**

59 **100** hrs.


raft trip down the Colorado*

60 **100** grams

gold

61 **100** boxes

soap & washing machine

62 **100** gals.

soy sauce & wok

63 **100**

silver dollars

64 **100** games

bowling & ball

65 **100** books


S&H Green Stamps

66 **100** yds.

kielbasa sausage

67 **100** lb.

portable refrigerator

68 **100** days


interest on $100,000

69 **100** lbs.

frozen food & freezer

70 **100** qts.

synthetic motor oil

71 **100**

wicker baskets

72 **100**

Haydn symphonies

73 **100** doz.

blintzes & sour cream

74 **100**

jigsaw puzzles

75 **100** lbs.

butcher block & a chicken

76 **100** in.

seesaw

77 **100** lbs.

exercise equipment

78 **100** yds.

sandpaper & electric sander

79 **100** ft.

golf clubs

80 **100**

smoked whitefish

81 **100** lbs.

redwood outdoor furniture

82 **100**


bags topsoil

83 **100** cartons

Benson & Hedges 100's

84 **100** thous.

sturgeon eggs

85 **100** lb.

birthday cake

Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2047, Westbury, New York 11591

I've chosen the following sweepstakes and I've read the rules carefully.

The sweepstakes number is _____ and the prize is _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

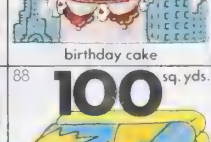
IMPORTANT: You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.

86 **100**

flash cubes & camera

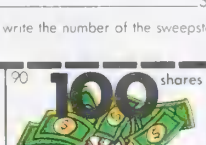
87 **100**


disposable lighters

88 **100** sq. yds.

electric blanket

89 **100** in.

hero sandwich

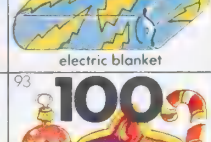
90 **100** shares

of mutual funds

91 **100**


movie posters

92 **100** rolls

aluminum foil

93 **100**

Christmas ornaments

94 **100** yr.-old


Presidential autograph

95 **100**

candy apples

96 **100**

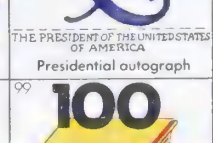
tennis balls & ball thrower

97 **100** sq. yds.

indoor/outdoor carpet

98 **100**

cream puffs

99 **100**

fine art books

100 **100**

whodunits



Benson & Hedges 100's. Now in hard pack, too.

*Plus travel and accommodations for two.



Beauty Journal

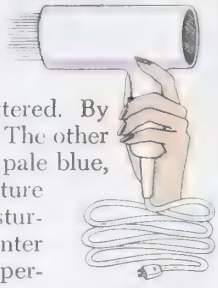
A bounty of November beauty news: all about sunlamps, scents, and other new ideas.

UNDER SUNLAMPS

Since November is the month when summer bronze turns really pasty, we're looking at sunlamps as an alternative to a tropical sojourn. And just as over-exposing white skin on a beach in mid-winter has its dangers, sunlamps, too, have cautions attached. In fact, misuse is the sunlamp's old, big plague. With today's models, if you follow directions, you can get a good, healthy, even tan in about 2 weeks (using it every other day). We're mainly looking at small electric units for tabletop or on a stand. They work on the same principle as the sun, only more concentrated, taking minutes to do what the sun blazes hours for. Instead of having the ozone layer of the sky to refract the rays, lamps have filters to screen out the extreme burning rays. Many models have a combination of ultraviolet (tanning) and infrared (heating) powers. The heat-only setting is terrific for sore muscles. • To tan, no more than 2 to 3 minutes are ever recommended at first and at a distance of about 30″ from the source (rays begin to diffuse after that). If you set a table model at shoulder height, you'll be tanning from face to waist. Color will show later—anywhere from 1 to 8 hours—depending on your skin type. The most common slipup comes during the second exposure. Many times the color from the first careful day is so subtle that you abandon commonsense and do it up royally—about 10 minutes or so. Only the result is not royal, but scarlet—and a potential case for a doctor. Instead, be patient and build up your skin's tolerance to get a natural-looking tan. To maintain the golden color, sit and "sun" every few days to keep from fading. • Important advice: *never* sit in front of a sunlamp without special opaque goggles—sunglasses won't do. Permanent eye damage could be done. And never look at the bulb without goggles—even from across the room. • Sunscreens or tanning lotions aren't required because of the brief exposure time. • Sunlamps are *never* to be used on baby's skin. • Another caution: do not use in the bathroom—too much water, too little space. • Major improvement: Since Oct. '75, Underwriters Labs directs that sunlamps must have an automatic shut-off timer. Check before purchase for an updated lamp. Makers, such as Sperti, Norelco and General Electric, have models from about $40 to $140.

GOOD WORKS

Every once in a while a product comes to light that we especially like both for its looks and the way it works. This month, two such winners crossed our path. One, a slick-looking, molded plastic hair dryer (shown right) that's about half the size of most ordinary dryers. It weighs in at only 13 ounces, yet exerts a powerful stream in a choice of three easy settings (500, 750 or 1000 watts). Plus it's wonderfully designed, pure and uncluttered. By Gillette, the Promax Compact, about $24. The other appliance adds just the right touch—it's a pale blue, egg-shaped skin massager called the "Moisture Lover" (shown left). Pour moisturizer or body lotion into the center cavity of this little battery-operated wonder and apply finger pressure. Six spinning circles start rolling the creamy lotion onto your skin (wherever, face or body) in a smooth, soothing motion. It feels simply terrific. By Clairol, about $16.50.





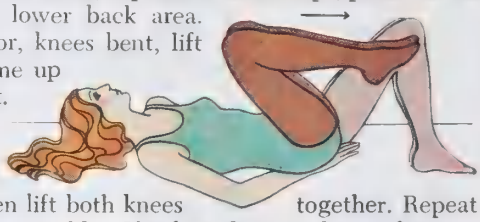
FRAGRANCE MEMO

In the air, there's a fascination with things from the wilder shores of love. We've taken off on a flying carpet after sniffing two new fragrances that curiously share a touch of the exotic. • "Emprise" tickles the imagination with a delicate feather. High spirited, Avon's newest has an insistence that's very appealing. In a frosted globe, the ultra cologne spray is $7.50 for 1.8 oz. • A taste of danger for men who dare to try it. Called "Yatagan" (which means a dagger in Turkish), one splash of this bold men's fragrance lasts and lasts. By Caron, 2 oz. cologne, $10.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH

Q. I have a minor (hopefully temporary) problem with my lower back, but don't want to get out of shape. Can you suggest an exercise for me to stay limber? E.T., Erie, Pa.

A. Yes. Lie on your back, slip hands under hips, palms down —to cushion the lower back area. With feet on floor, knees bent, lift one knee at a time up toward your chest. Smoothness counts. Make abdominal muscles do the work. Then lift both knees together. Repeat as many times as possible. Check with your doctor first.



INSIDE BOOTS

Nowadays, boots have become a fashion accessory as well as a weather necessity. If you keep your feet in the solitary confinement of boots all day long, here are a few hints: • With pantyhose under boots, it's just a matter of hours before your big toe has wormed a hole. Our beauty assistant slips on tennis socklets (without pompoms!) over her stockings to protect them. • If you wear Christopher Robin-type of rubber rain boots, you'll find a cushioned insole can make the difference between pounding the pavement or soft treading. Scholl has one called "Air-Pillo"; 79¢ pair. • How do you combat that unmistakable scent when taking off boots? We've found Combe Inc.'s Odor-Eaters (a thin insole-y product with activated charcoal) will clear the air; $1.49 per pair. • If your feet perspire excessively, try a whoosh of deodorant powder, such as Gillette's Foot Guard Antifungal Spray Powder; $2.19.



Border by Julia Noonan. Drawings by Thea Kliros.

"Every time you style your hair you do a little more damage. 30 minutes with condition* will help undo it."

David Daiver.
DAVIAN SALON



"Hairblowers, heat curlers and curling irons are the greatest things that ever happened to hair styling. Without them, the marvelously flattering new hairstyles couldn't exist.

Of course, the new lengths and silhouettes mean women are spending more time on their hair. Shampooing it more often. And, naturally, more frequent shampooing means more frequent styling. More brushing and combing. More hair damage.

That's why, if my customers do any home styling, I recommend condition* at least once a month.



Do your hair 30 minutes worth of good.

condition* is the 30-minute treatment, so it has plenty of time to do its good work. First, to help repair the damage that frequent shampooing and styling already may have done. And then, to help protect hair against any further damage.

Thick, creamy condition* is specially formulated to help recondition damaged hair. It actually penetrates deep into the hair shaft, seeking out trouble spots. Then the protein-rich formula goes to work restoring body. Helping to repair splits and breaks.

After one condition* treatment even overheated, overtreated hair looks healthy and shiny again. Becomes bouncy and well-behaved.



Don't stop using blowers. **Just start using condition.**

Naturally, you want your hair to look good and healthy. No matter how much shampooing and styling your new hairdo calls for. That's why today—more than ever before—your hair needs condition.*"

condition*

The 30-minute treatment for mistreated hair.





© 1976 Clairol, Inc condition is a Registered Trademark of Clairol, Inc



Electrasol. An easy way to clean dry-hards.

Dry-hards are tough-to-clean dried-on foods... like spaghetti and sauce, meat loaf and gravy, scalloped potatoes and chocolate pudding... that dry and [illegible] and stick. And stick.

Electrasol cleans dry-hards from plates, silverware, glasses and other tableware.

Electrasol, with its special formula, helps your automatic dishwasher give you clean, clear, bright dishes.



ECONOMICS LABORATORY, INC.

WHEN WOMEN FIND SEX DISAPPOINTING

Reassuring advice for every woman (isn't that you?) caught between her upbringing and the sexual revolution. By Harriet La Barre

Tolstoy said it in the late 1800's: "The true heartbreaks are in the bedroom." And, sexual liberation or no, among my own friends are plenty of women who have, if not heartbreaks, at least heartaches.

A week ago a woman friend of mine — sophisticated, charming, married 14 years — said wryly, as we passed a bookrack stuffed with books about female sexuality, female fantasies and female fulfillment: "I must be missing something. Maybe I'm frigid." Then, to her horror and embarrassment, she burst into tears. Now I picture her, lying in bed after making love in the master bedroom of that enviably beautiful ranch house, perhaps staring bleakly at the ceiling. God knows she loves her husband. So what's wrong? Why does she feel unfulfilled?

Sore hearts and rue. Different women, different miseries. It is awful, for instance, to harbor the suspicion, as she does, that you're some sort of sexual incompetent, especially in today's liberated sexual climate. It's an overheated climate, and it makes many of us compare ourselves to the sexually liberated and enviably orgasmic woman we're always reading about. She may even live right next door to us, her lawn verging on ours (shudder), this combination of Cleopatra and Lola Montez—an image with which our husbands (we fear) may be secretly comparing *us*.

But another friend is unhappy for a totally different reason. Married nine years, she confesses that even though she has orgasms at least half the time, "Lately it doesn't mean anything. It's such a letdown, I could cry. I don't understand it." And here is Joan, discouraged even though she's so sexually "liberated" she has *(continued on page 186)*

The Dream Makers

How could she make her children understand the memory of her own parents ...and the mystery of love and time that is the real secret of life?

A short story by Kaatje Hurlbut





They are breathless. my father and my mother. when they come for me: breathless and mid-adventure. "Hurry!" they call. "We can't wait!"

They always arrive in the big yellow La Salle. a seven-passenger touring car called a phaeton: canvas top. spare wheels mounted forward on the sides. brown leather upholstery and two windshields. As it crunches over the snow. the powerful engine purrs like a lion. and the clunk-clunk of the tire chains slows as it pulls to a stop. They leave the motor running.

As they hurry toward me I can see snow flakes catching on their fur hats and coats. and their cheeks are bright with cold. I am so glad to see them I tremble. "Come quickly!" Their eyes dance with impatience to be off on the great adventure. over mountains. down wild gorges. into valleys where half-frozen creeks run beside the road and blacksnake through sculptured ice and snow-covered rocks: through storm-locked villages where nothing moves but the yellow phaeton cruising the narrow streets. heading for the open country again—going where?

Where are they going. these two. long dead? I never ask. It is enough that I may go with them and escape things I do not even know the names of—disappointments. uncertainties and a bewildering dread that gnaws in silence. But when I try to run to them my feet won't move. and I know that I cannot go with them—not now. not yet. I clench my teeth to hold back the cry: "Wait for me. wait for me!" But they are off. The old yellow phaeton disappears into the snow and the clunk-clunk of the tire chains grows faint.

I am almost at the end of my dream and I know that I must wake and not weep. I must smile at my children. and at their father. and lightly tread the paths of my life. and say: "It's time."

(continued on page 216)



Photographs by Charles William Bush; hairstyles and makeup by Bjorn.
These four pages photographed at The Pace Collection, Inc., Los Angeles.
Shopping information on page 159.
All prices approximate.

CHARLIE'S ANGELS: NIGHT CAPERS

Nerves of steel. Undying cool. Not the usual description of angels, but these wear no halos. They're Charlie's Angels (ABC-TV, Wednesday at 10, EST), a new, slick trio of private eyes shown here in this season's answer to how to look glamorous when the sun goes down. The villain called after dark, catching our sleuths in three white, but not-so-innocent nightgowns. Look how they get their man! By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.



Brainy leader-of-the-pack (far left) Sabrina Duncan (Kate Jackson) tracks down clues via walkie-talkie, stays calmly elegant in a simple Grecian nightgown gathered on a drawstring neck. By Blanche Lingerie; nylon tricot, $24. Golden cuff by M&J Savitt.

Gambler with a gun (center), Jill Morrow (Farrah Fawcett-Majors) excels as a super sport. She's looking rather racy in a body-sculptured nightgown aswirl with lace. By Olga; nylon tricot and lace, $30.

Dressed to kill (near left), Kelly Garrett (Jaclyn Smith) is skilled at self-defense, but shows compassion. She's in a frankly sexy nightgown with lace strategically placed over sheer fabric, circular bias skirt. By Formfit Rogers; nylon tricot, $30. Golo sandals, KJL ring

JACLYN

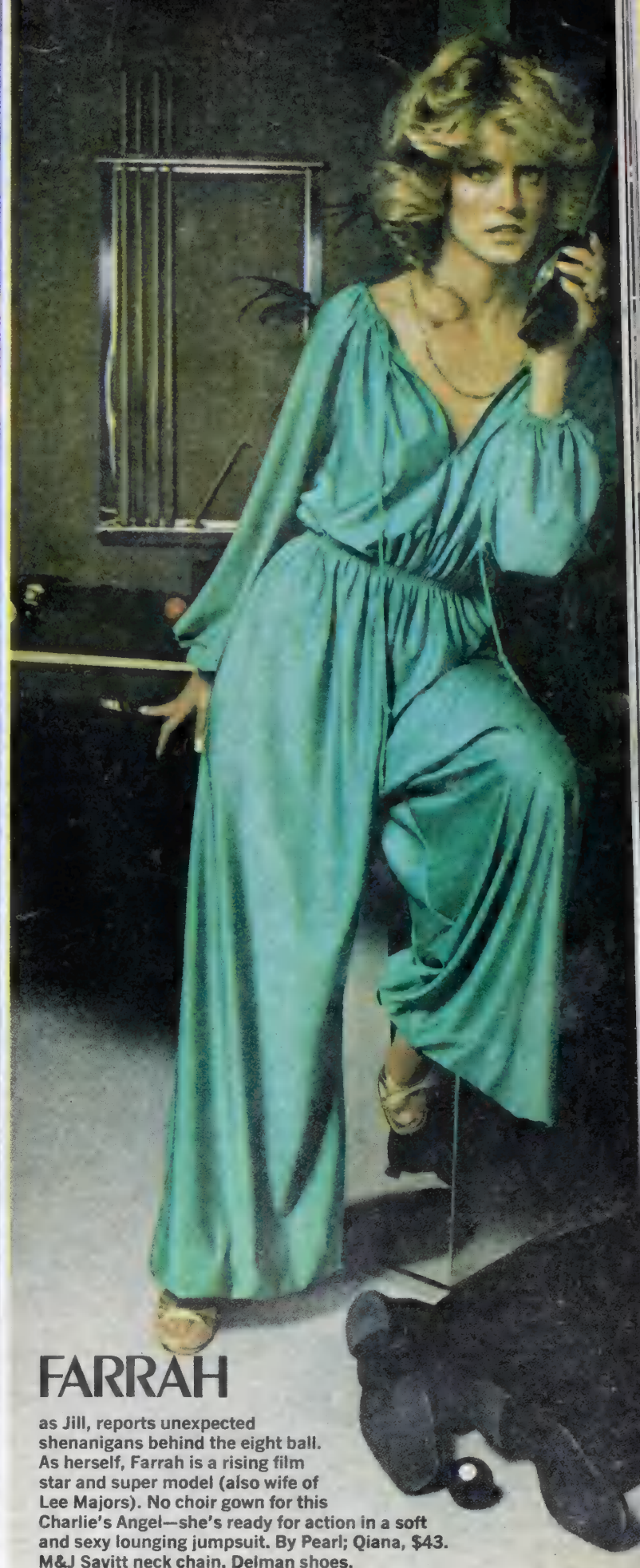
alias Kelly, just has to purr "Stop, thief," and this cat burglar drops the ice. In real life, Jaclyn's a Texas-born top model now turned actress. She's cracked this case (above) in an easy lounge-around gown—a long smock that dips from pale to deep pink. By Vanity Fair; Antron nylon, $35. M&J Savitt neckpiece, KJL diamonds and pearls.

See page 159 for shopping information. All prices approximate.



KATE

playing Sabrina foils Mr. Bigwig and scoops up the greenbacks. Actually a serious actress, Kate is familiar from the TV series, "The Rookies." Here, she goes for broke in an at-home gown that can go anywhere, low-scooped and skimming the body in a feathery print. By John Kloss for Cira; Arnel/nylon jersey, $28. Golo shoes; braid bracelet by Paul Omin; earrings, KJL.



FARRAH

as Jill, reports unexpected shenanigans behind the eight ball. As herself, Farrah is a rising film star and super model (also wife of Lee Majors). No choir gown for this Charlie's Angel—she's ready for action in a soft and sexy lounging jumpsuit. By Pearl; Qiana, $43. M&J Savitt neck chain, Delman shoes.

EXCLUSIVE

KIDNAP AT



BY ED RAY
with Mickey Herskowitz

Hijacked and buried alive for 16 hours! That was the fate of 26 California children—and the man who drove their school bus (above). Here, he tells the inside story of the biggest, most bizarre kidnap in U.S. history.

Crazy things happen every day. But I never heard of anyone hijacking a school bus—until it happened to mine, on a country road outside of Chowchilla, Calif. It didn't make sense then, it doesn't now, and I wonder if it ever will.

The nightmare began on the next to last day of summer school. It was a Thursday afternoon, July 15, 1976, warm and dry; the sun was so strong it looked white. When I pulled up to the front of the Dairyland Union School, I was heading out on a route I've been driving for 23 years.

It was ten minutes to four when we loaded the bus. Dairyland School only goes through the eighth grade, and some of the younger kids had classes in the morning and swimming in the afternoon. They climbed on the bus straight from the pool, still in their bathing suits and carrying towels.

I started with 31 passengers and dropped off five at my first three stops. That left me with 26 passengers, ages 5 to 14. For the next mile we headed north along a two-lane road between fields of corn and wheat, then east for another three miles, past herds of dairy cattle, almond groves and fields of alfalfa.

Lisa Barletti would have been the next child off the bus. She never made it. As we turned left onto Avenue 21, I saw a white van stopped in the road with its left door open. I couldn't go around him without pulling onto the shoulder, so I slowed down.

When I drew almost alongside the van, a man wearing a stocking mask over his face jumped out. He was waving two guns. He raced over to my window, ordered me to stop the bus and then said, politely, "Open the door, *please*." That was a curious, jarring note, to be confronted by a courteous gunman.

I did notice something peculiar about him. He struck me as being scrawny, but the upper part of his shirt was puffed out, around the pockets, as though he had stuffed a small pillow in there to make himself look fat. He had on a hat and wore glasses over his mask.

It all happened too quickly for me to react. If there had been more time to think, I might have gunned the accelerator and gone right past him, or through him, or over him. But I knew he might have squeezed off a shot, maybe several. One or more of the children might have been hit. Whatever was ahead of us, the one thought I could not bear was to bring back, say, 25 of the children and have to face the parents of the one who was injured or dead.

I was still staring at this fellow outside my window when two more men jumped on the bus, their faces also distorted by stocking masks. One held a long, slender double-barreled gun, an odd weapon with a hand grip and no stock.

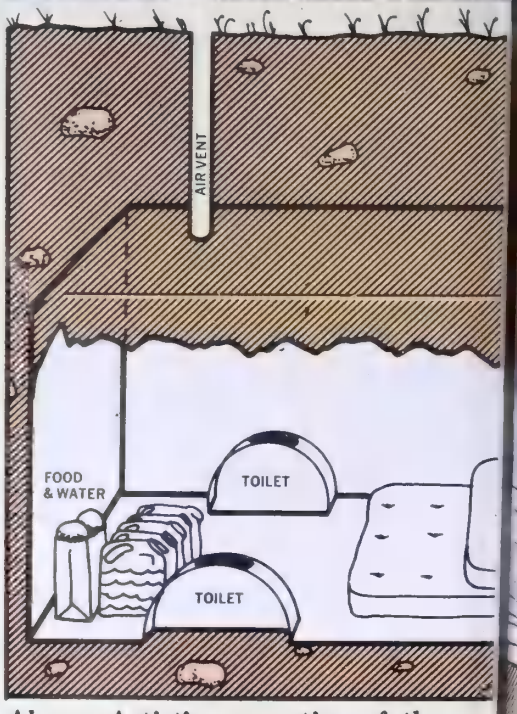
The man with the gun ordered me to the back of the bus. I walked the length of it and sat down in the last seat on the left. When I looked up he was in the seat across from the driver, his body half turned, the gun pointed right down the aisle, straight at me. The other one slid behind the wheel.

When the two of them leaped aboard, one of the boys, Jeff Brown, who is 10 and a natural cutup, flung his arms into the air and shouted, "We didn't do it." One or two of the kids giggled nervously. But most of them sat in stunned silence, as I did. A couple cried out, "What do they want? What do they want?"

The men said nothing. They spoke

Below: The Chowchilla bus, seized by three masked men. What could





Above: Artist's conception of the sunken moving van in which the 27

CHOWCHILLA

only a few words, even to each other, the entire time.

It was just ten minutes after four—only 20 minutes since I had started my run. I wondered what my wife, Odessa, would think when I didn't get home for supper. How long would it be before the parents of Chowchilla started calling to see why their kids were late? How long before the sheriff and others began to look for us?

Then it occurred to me that this was the first time I had ever sat on my bus while someone else drove it. I was uneasy about that, in a way that I guess you would call possessive. I watched the fellow at the wheel closely. He seemed to know what he was doing. I could tell he had driven a bus or a truck before, because he had no trouble kicking it into reverse.

The man who had been in the road climbed back into the white van and pulled in behind us. Once he did, I never looked back at him. The two emergency doors were behind me, but I knew that if I tried anything the man in the trailing van would probably spot it. There was another emergency door two seats in front of me, on the left. I tried to think of an excuse for moving up, then maybe loosen the door a crack and drop something out.

No, no good. What would I drop? Who would see it? There was no traffic in sight, which wasn't unusual for that time of day on those roads. We passed Clarence Musick's farm. I could see Clarence in his field, cultivating his cotton crop, and I felt a rush of hope. But as we drew near, Clarence turned his tractor around and headed the other way, his back to the road. A few seconds later and he would have seen me sitting in the rear; he might have sensed that something was wrong.

The bus rolled on.

I kept my eye on the man with the gun. I thought I might get up to the front on some excuse and wrestle the gun away from him. I'm strong. Got a hard grip, from years of pitching hay and milking cows.

But I sat there, not knowing when to move, or how. I felt frustrated. I guess if you work in a bank—my wife is a teller in one—or even a grocery store, you get some instructions on what to do if you encounter a man with a gun. But that isn't one of the things you think much about if you drive a school bus.

Before I could worry that thought any longer, the bus suddenly swung off the road, and the driver tried to whip it down into the Berenda Slough—a dry riverbed overgrown with bamboo shoots. He didn't make it the first time; he had to back up and try again, bucking it on down over ground so rough I thought we would turn over. He guided the bus into the bamboo thicket, where it was completely hidden from the road. There was a second van parked there—a green one. They backed the white van up to the front of the bus and motioned for the kids to get in.

When the white van was full, the kidnappers brought the green one around and loaded the rest of the kids into it. Before they got around to me, I stared hard at the license plate, trying to burn it into my mind. I'm really quite poor on things like that. But I did remember the last three numbers —414. (Later, the police put me under hypnosis and I was able to recall the rest of it.)

Then I got into the green van. Its wheels spun in the sand when our kidnappers tried to pull out, and my hopes jumped. If they were delayed, if something else went wrong, we might still be discovered. When they threw open the door of the van to investigate, the door scraped the side of my bus and left traces of green paint. (As evidence, that streak of paint may be important when the case goes to trial.)

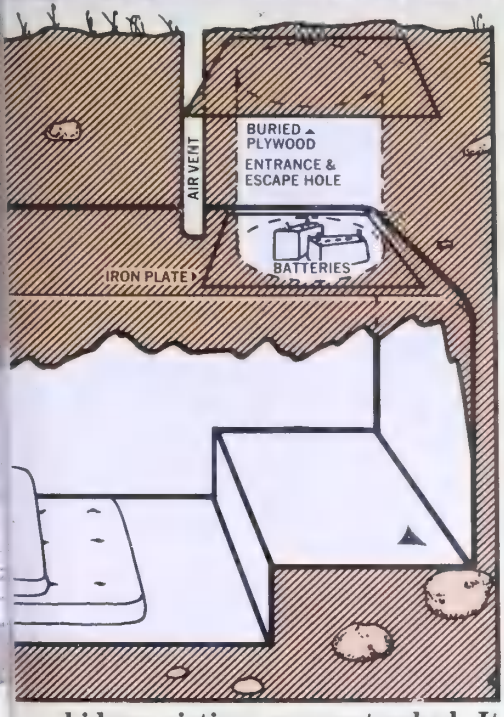
Finally, they managed to get out and both vans swung back onto the highway, headed northeast. I was in the second van. The windows were painted, so it was pitch dark, and you could feel the fear rising. I could tell from the motion of the van when we went around the bend on Road 14, but after that I quickly lost track of where we were.

We were separated from the driver's seat by a partition, and it was impossible to see or hear what was happening up there. They had a fan blowing most of the time, but it was still stuffy in back, and the poor little kids were curled up all over me, just needing that closeness. I sat with my back propped against the rear door and some of them were stretched across my legs. The Robison sisters, Angela, who is 9, and Michele, 11, were leaning on my shoulders. I just tried to keep them all comfortable, but when my legs began to cramp and ache I'd have to wake the kids so I could move. I hated to do that, because some of them would start to cry.

I was only now beginning to think hard about the spot we were in. Our three *(continued on page 194)*

they want with a busload of kids from a poor, quiet country town?

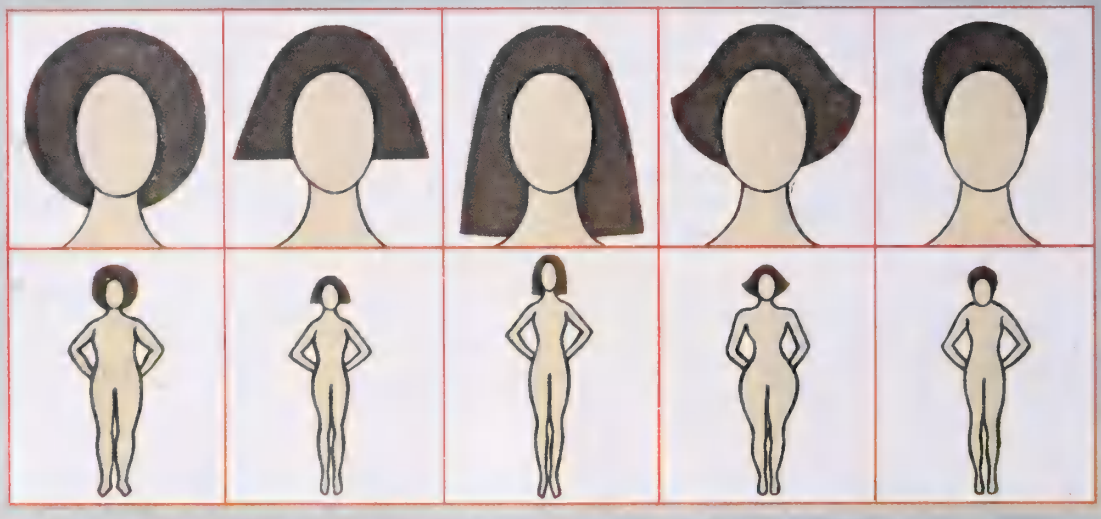




kidnap victims were entombed. It was 25 feet long and eight feet high.
Drawing of van by Anthony Cacioppo

The Balancing Act

Hair Shapes for Body Shapes



The full circle balances a full figure.

The triangle offers a tidy balance to a shorter body.

A long line creates the right optical proportion for talls.

A diagonal cuts the horizontals of wide shoulders, hips.

An oval adds inches of grace, style to short necks.

How do you pick the hairstyle that looks best on you? Well, you can follow the latest fad (wedge, fringe-bangs) or face shape (oval, square jaw) or whatever mood you and/or your hairstylist happens to be in. But we recommend what we call The Balancing Act, a new approach that includes all of the above, plus another critical factor—your body shape. Since your head *is* connected to your body, it seems only logical that both parts be in harmony. To find your correct balance, take a good look at the total you. Do this: 1) wet your hair and brush it flat back. 2) Stand undressed in front of a full-length mirror. 3) Be frankly honest, starting at the top and going right to your toes. Now ask yourself what is most *basic* about your shape (tall, short, full figure, etc.) and then check your answer against our five figure types keyed above. That's all you have to do to get into the act—except read on for details.

By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.

Photographs by James Moore. Hair concepts by Roger Thompson, Creative Fashion Director of Glemby International; styled by Charles Fremolaro; makeup by Robert LaCourte.



The Ultimate Circle

A hair shape in-the-round is the right answer for anyone on the heavy side. Too often, hair is worn long (thinking heaviness will be hidden under an encompassing cloak). The full circle adds just the right balance and pulls the focal point away from the body, up to the face. How full and how long, of course, depends on

many things—it's simply the basic round shape we're emphasizing. Obviously, coarser hair will fill out more easily than fine. Or, if your face is moon-round, you'll want a smaller circle shape. If you're on the short side shorter hair will probably look better. Just keep the sum a balance of the integral parts.



The Eternal Triangle

It's plane geometry—a triangular shape on top imparts the delicate balance required for a shorter woman's body. It serves to lengthen the neck, elongate the body form and direct the eye up. The three-cornered (but not sharp-edged) look also widens the proportion of the head, playing up facial features (cheekbones look more prominent). Typical mistakes for the short among us: Teasing the top to add inches doesn't fool anyone; nor does very long hair do anything except emphasize shortness. Even shoulder-length hair creates a shorter impression by having no break line at the neck. Our answer, the triangle, lengthens you out optically by showing the total person—but quite naturally, always head first.



The Long Line

Of all women, tall women can't play ostrich (thinking by hiding their head, their height will disappear). The right shape for an overall balance never goes beyond collarbone length. This tends to minimize the distance between cheek and shoulder and draw the focal point down in a vertical direction. It's good for all hair types from wispy thin to wiry thick.

The wrong approach to tallness is with short, skimpy or close-cropped hair. The result is the proverbial "pinhead." Conversely, long-long is wrong, wrong. It only exaggerates matters by emphasizing the vertical, pulling your line up to new, unwanted highs. Our midway point gently frames your neck and softens any angular lines.

The Diagonal Slant

Just as an artist knows how to counterpoint a bold stroke with an opposing one, it takes a good eye to balance the head against a wide body shape. Broad shoulders, full chest and hips all present strong horizontal lines. The most flattering hairstyle, then, will be one with a diagonal thrust to cut into the widening effect. A strict blunt cut simply



repeats and so emphasizes the horizontal. The upturned diagonal (above) brings the focal point up joyously to eye height. The line can also be reversed, heading diagonally down from the cheek in a slash. Adapt to your own hair type. If hair is fine, the form could be less swingy; if hair is thick, the cut is perhaps best layered.



The Classic Oval

Oval is the beautiful shape that offers a feeling of space for anyone with a short neck. Starting from the top, the up-and-around shape emphasizes eyes and cheekbones, lengthens the jawline and maps a long clean route to the throat. There are many alternatives. Length here is not as important as overall form. Long hair can be wrapped up, away from the neck; with shorter hair, whatever your hair type, care couldn't be easier. The biggest mistake is to try to cover a short neck with long hair. Optically speaking, the chin then moves even closer to the collarbone. Free and clear, as shown here, is better for overall balance, making the neck and shoulder flow together as one long line.

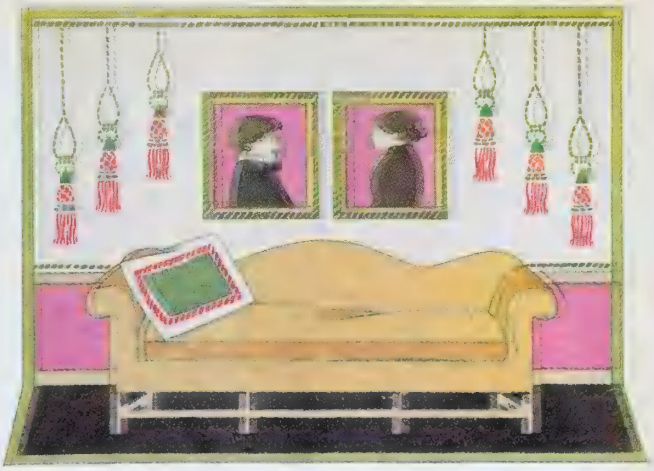




STENCIL FANCY

Deck the halls (and your walls) with swags of tassels. This charming craft is stenciling, an ages-old method of creating faithful copies of designs wherever you please. Our stencil theme, repeated here, is a dashing tassel with plump tufts of fringe dangling from a silken cord. It can be varied in size and worked on many backgrounds (full instructions on page 209). At left: Stencil study, a white window shade patterned with stencil draping and tasselry. The window is framed in still more fool-the-eye-ery: wallpaper border in regimental plaids. The same stencil also transforms a simple tablecloth. Sketched right: Tasseldom with stencil spice—decorating a wall, ottoman, patch of floor — to zipping up a piece of furniture. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.

Brunschwig & Fils wallpaper borders; Joanna window shade; Vera tablecloths; Stenciling by Jim Boleach of Stencil Magic. Photograph by Charles Gold. Illustrations by Ron Becker.



Tassels march up the wall in spritely alignment, setting off a pair of portraits. On the sofa, a bold pillow with stencil braiding.



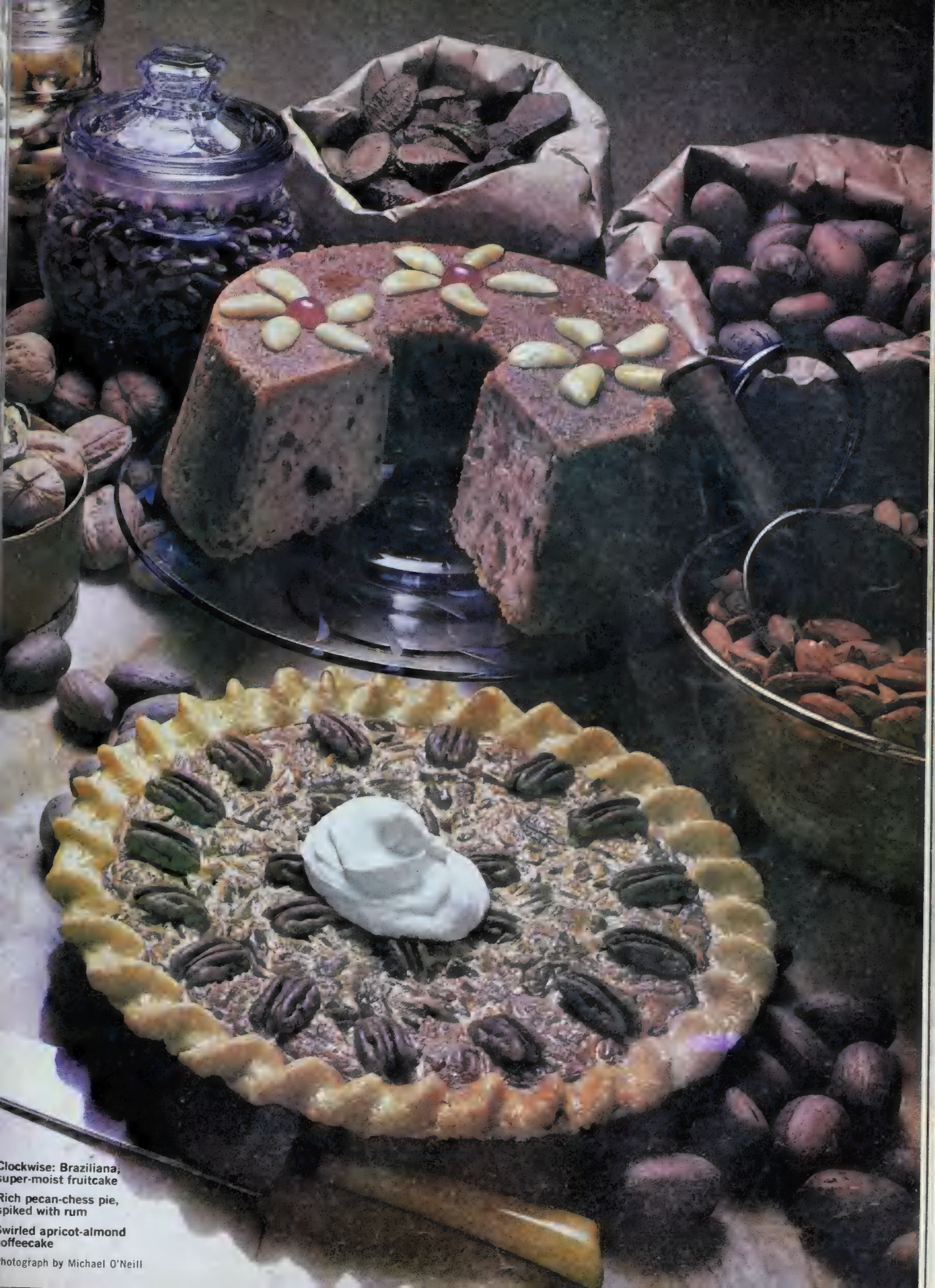
Cube stool, above, with tufted top and rich tassel design. Below, wooden chest with twin tassels and braid. Braid-painted carpeting.



Shopping information on page 159.



What's nuts? Crunchy goodness—anything from craggy walnuts to buttersmooth cashews to hairy coconuts (÷1 nut, the peanut, is really a legume). Whatever, nuts are at harvest now, ready to be cracked for holiday baking and munching. Funny thing about nuts is, in cooking, they're mostly interchangeable. Chockfull of protein and fats, nuts have been nibbled forever. All nutcracker sweets here and other recipes on page 128.



Clockwise: Braziliana, super-moist fruitcake

Rich pecan-chess pie, spiked with rum

Swirled apricot-almond coffeecake

Photograph by Michael O'Neill

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

Get the holiday season off to a flying start—by throwing what's commonly known as a bash. Gather together about 24 of your nearest and dearest, spiff up your place and get ready for a wonderful wingding. For this, arrange a colorful array of early-on food—in stunning variety so that guests can nibble and sample many tasty things. As the night draws on (since this is one party no one will want to leave), be prepared with a simple do-ahead buffet supper to bring out miraculously before midnight for the still-hungry troops. What everyone will be talking about: how effortless you've made it all seem. And what a smashing success of an evening. By Sue B. Huffman, Food and Equipment Editor.



How America Entertains

How often have you heard that it's hard to enjoy your own party? Not so. The secret to being part of the fun is in pre-party planning. Every one of our hors d'oeuvres and supper dishes can be done in advance and kept ready and waiting. For instance, the chicken casserole, once frozen, can be slipped into the oven as the doorbell rings. Recipes, checklist and schedule, page 148.

COCKTAIL PARTY MENU
Serves 24
Counterclockwise, from top left
Cocktail Meatballs
Mushroom Crescents
Red Caviar Mousse Stuffed Edam
Crudites with Spinach Dip and Bagna Cauda
Curried Tuna Cucumbers
Chili con Queso

DO-AHEAD BUFFET SUPPER MENU
Ellen's Chicken Casserole
Dill Salad Spiral Herb Bread
Your Favorite Bundt Cake (no recipe)

Photograph by Nick Samaras



Nuts!

continued

RUM PECAN PIE
pictured on page 125

Sinfully rich and delicious.

3 eggs
⅔ cup sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
¼ cup light rum
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup chopped pecans
1 9-inch unbaked pie shell
20 whole pecans, optional
Whipped cream for garnish (optional)

Preheat oven to 375° F. In large mixer bowl, combine first 6 ingredients and beat for 3 to 4 minutes. Fold in chopped pecans and pour into unbaked pie shell. If desired, place whole pecans on top of mixture in a circular pattern. Bake pie for 45 minutes. Remove from oven; cool on wire rack. To serve, garnish with with whipped cream, if desired. Makes 8 servings. About 370 calories per serving.

BRAZILIAN FRUITCAKE
pictured on page 125

An unusually moist fruit cake.

2 cups chopped Brazil nuts
1½ cups chopped candied cherries
1 cup chopped candied pineapple
½ cup chopped pitted dates
3⅓ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups shortening
2 cups sugar
6 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Grated peel of 1 lemon
Candied cherries and Brazil nuts for garnish

Grease 10-inch tube pan. Preheat oven to 300°F.

Combine nuts and fruits; sprinkle with ⅓ cup flour and toss until well coated; set aside. Combine remaining flour, baking powder and salt. In large mixer bowl, cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in vanilla and lemon peel. Gradually add dry ingredients, mixing well after each addition. Fold in nuts and fruits. Pour into prepared pan and bake for 2 hours or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool cake in pan for 10 minutes. Remove from pan and let cool completely on wire rack. Cover and let stand 24 hours before slicing.

To serve, garnish top with candied cherries and Brazil nuts. Makes 24 servings. About 400 calories per slice.

To Freeze: Cool cake completely. Wrap well. Freeze up to 3 months. Thaw, wrapped at room temperature.

To Store: Wrap cake in cheesecloth. Brush cheesecloth with rum or brandy. Place in container with tight-fitting lid. As cheesecloth dries out brush again with additional rum or brandy. Keeps up to 6 weeks in cool place.



Clockwise: Spinach Walnut Sauce, Pistachio Cream Cheese Spread, Aunt Bill's Brown Candy



Clockwise: Stir-fried Vegetables and Cashews, Peanut Ham Croquettes, Walnut Stuffed Chicken Breasts

ALMOND COFFEECAKE
pictured on page 124

Freezes beautifully (un-iced). Make several and stash away for the holidays.

Coffeecake
1¼ cups milk
1 package active dry yeast
5½ to 6½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
2 eggs, at room temperature
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Grated peel of 1 lemon
1 cup apricot jam (1 12-oz. jar)
1 teaspoon ground cardamom
1 cup slivered toasted almonds
1 egg, beaten, for glaze

Icing
1¾ cups confectioners' sugar
2 tablespoons butter or margarine, softened
1 to 2 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon almond extract
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup slivered toasted almonds, for garnish
6 dried apricots, for garnish

In saucepan heat milk until tiny bubbles form around edge of pan; cool to lukewarm (110-115° F.). Pour into large mixer bowl. Sprinkle in yeast and stir until dissolved. Add 2 cups flour, sugar, salt and butter or margarine. Beat at

(continued on page 144)

Revolutionary Soups!

Main-dish soups you start with Campbell's.



So hearty they taste like they've been simmering over an open fire.

Campbell's Soups have been helping to feed America for years and years. And now to help celebrate America's 200th birthday, Campbell's presents a sampler of soups that sum up our American way with food.

DOWN-HOME CHICKEN CHOWDER

4 slices bacon
1 can (about 4 ounces) sliced mushrooms, drained
½ cup chopped onion
⅛ teaspoon thyme leaves, crushed
1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup
1 can Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup
1 soup can water
1½ cups diced cooked chicken
1 can (about 8 ounces) whole kernel corn, undrained
½ cup chopped canned tomatoes
Dash pepper

In saucepan, cook bacon until crisp; remove and crumble. Pour off all but 2 tablespoons drippings. Brown mushrooms and cook onion with thyme in drippings until tender. Add bacon and remaining ingredients. Heat; stir occasionally. Makes about 5½ cups. Recipe may be doubled.

CATCH-OF-THE-SEA CHOWDER

¼ cup diced salt pork
1 cup sliced celery
½ cup chopped onion
2 cans Campbell's Cream of Potato Soup
2 soup cans milk
1 pound fillet of white fish, cut in 2-inch pieces
1 cup sliced cooked carrots
1 can (about 8 ounces) whole kernel corn, drained
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 medium bay leaf

In saucepan, brown salt pork; remove. In drippings, cook celery and onion until tender. Add salt pork and remaining ingredients. Bring to boil; reduce heat. Simmer 10 minutes or until fish is done; stir often. Remove bay leaf before serving. Makes about 8½ cups. Recipe may be doubled.



Give me the Campbell Life.

BEYOND THE TURKEY

A NEW LOOK AT BIRDS OF A FEATHER

We all know that turkey for Thanksgiving has been a tradition ever since colonists roasted a native bird in celebration of the new land. But because of the trend to smaller families and widely spaced relatives and/or sensing some feeling for a bit of independence, the *Journal* has decided to look beyond the turkey to other tasty alternatives. For those who do want to stick to carving the familiar big bird but simply can't handle the volume—consider the freedom of turkey parts. All-white-meat-lovers will be blissfully happy with frozen breasts or the rolled variety. Dark-meat fanciers can satisfy cravings with drumsticks, thighs. Cook "stuffing" separately. ■

NAME THE GAME BIRDS

Whether you head toward a specialty market, gourmet shop or have a hunter in the family, game birds offer an epicurean delight for holiday dining. These feathered creatures take more care in cooking. One overall tip: close the cavities of the birds (regardless of size) to keep them moist and tender. For other clues, check specific cookbooks, such as Zack Hanle's *Cooking Wild Game* or with your local Game and Fishery Department and the Agricultural Extension Service for the latest updates. **Pheasant:** In the year 1530, this was said: "Pheasant exceedeth all fowls in sweetness and wholesomeness." And many today agree. It has a white-meated breast, dark thighs and legs. The average weight is a mere 2 to 3 pounds. Being very lean, pheasants need to be cooked with extra fat (bacon or salt pork on the breast) and basted often. **Wild Duck:** Often described as having a "fishy" flavor, this can be overcome by placing diced onion, apple, potato or celery in the cavity before serving. Better than basting with pan drippings, we found a combination of half oil and half butter worked better for a crisp browning. Stuffing is not recommended. One duck serves 2 people and should be served on the rare side. **Quail:** Extremely small and delicate white meat (about 6-8 ounces each), prepare two per person. Most people eat quail with their hands. We suggest using mild seasonings and braising or roasting them with a protective covering of bacon or salt pork. **Others:** Partridge, grouse and squab all small (no more than one to two servings per bird) can be roasted to perfection in a 325° oven. ■

Drawing by Rainbow Grinder

PLUCKY DUCKLINGS

Did you know that almost all the commercially raised ducklings come from white Pekin ducks brought here from China by a sea captain in the 1870's? To be called a duckling, it must be available not younger than 6 weeks, not older than 8 weeks. From 3 to 7 pounds; plan 1½ pounds per person. Fresh or frozen; to roast, barbecue or broil. ■

COOKING YOUR GOOSE

Since the 1300's, history records the goose as a status symbol—but it's real boost came in 1588 in England when Elizabeth I declared the goose the official bird of celebration for the sinking of the Spanish Armada. Here are a few facts on this tasty favorite of the realm:

- the goose has all dark meat with skin similar to duckling.
- the range is 6 to 14 pounds.
- because of the heavy fat content, geese are sold at about 5 months of age.
- available mainly in the fall, frozen or fresh-chilled.
- allow 1–1½ lbs. per person.
- roast at 400° for one hour, reduce to 325° until temperature reaches 180° to 185°. Pour off drippings every half hour.
- nut or red cabbage stuffing. ■

CHICKEN OF SORTS

Lift chicken out of the realm of daily fare by selecting one of the more festive varieties. *Roaster:* A meaty, tender bird weighing from 3½ to 6 pounds. Allow ¾ to 1 pound per person and roast at 325° *Rock Cornish Game hen:* Becoming a more familiar sight around the supermarket, these little birds are still special. Ranging from ¾ to 2 pounds, they're served one per person (or a 2 pounder can be split for two). Once found only frozen, the fresh hens are more plentiful. Roast about an hour. *Capon:* Generous amounts of white meat. Usually 5 to 8 lbs. Stuff and roast from 2½ to 3½ hours at 325°

WHAT TO DO WITH EXTRAS

After the feast is over, what can you do with any leftover bird? Consider safety first. Cooked poultry should be cooled quickly and stored in the coldest section of the refrigerator. It shouldn't stand at room temperature for more than 1½ hours. And if stuffed, scoop out and store in a separate container. For cooking, any poultry can be substituted for another in any recipe. Try turkey hash, enhanced with some leftover white wine. Or if you have a microwave, make up whole dinner plates, cover and heat the next day in 2 to 3 minutes (see our microwave story, page 132). A poultry soufflé is a fine way to use the small scraps. Don't forget the standby creamed turkey.

Make an ordinary cake mix extraordinarily moist and pistachio-y
Make it a JELL-O® Pudding Cake.

The easiest thing about a Jell-O® pistachio pudding cake is making it: Just try the recipe below.

The hardest thing is trying to tell that it started with a mix: It's so moist, and so rich in flavor.

The best thing about a Jell-O® pistachio pudding cake is this: Besides putting in more moistness and flavor, you're putting in more of yourself.

JELL-O® Pistachio Pudding Cake

1 package (4-serving size) Jell-O® Pistachio Instant Pudding and Pie Filling
1 package (2-layer size) yellow cake mix
½ teaspoon almond extract
4 eggs 1¼ cup water ¼ cup oil
7 drops green food coloring (optional)

Combine all ingredients in large mixer bowl. Blend; then beat at medium speed of electric mixer for 2 minutes. Pour into greased and floured 10-inch tube or Bundt® pan. Bake at 350° for 50 to 55 minutes or until cake springs back when lightly pressed. Cool in pan 15 minutes. Remove from pan; finish cooling on rack.*

*In high altitude areas, use large eggs, add ¼ cup all-purpose flour and increase water to 1½ cups.



Bake in moistness.
Bake a JELL-O® Pudding Cake.

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GF
GENERAL FOODS



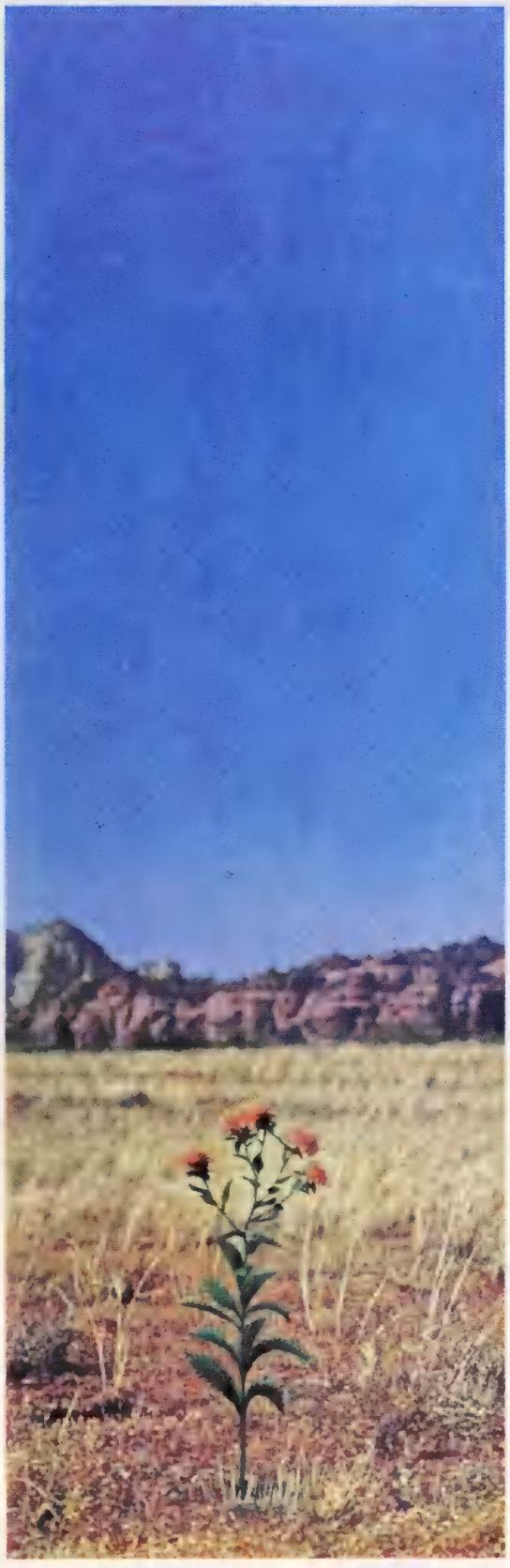
SHOULD YOU BUY A MICROWAVE?

Consider these questions: Can I afford it? Do I have room? Most of all, will I *really* use it?

In the blossoming days of microwave ovens, we all knew people who were eager to be the first to buy this new status appliance . . . and then used it strictly to melt butter or heat water. Microwave cooking has long since emerged from the fad category. Once you start *thinking microwave*, it can be a time saver, energy saver—even lifesaver when unexpected guests appear for dinner. As Canadian food expert Mme. Jehane Benoit says, "With microwave cooking all foods are convenience foods." *(continued on page 136)*

Photographs by Phil Marco

THE VEGETABLE OIL HIGHEST IN POLYUNSATURATES IS MANUFACTURED BY A LITTLE PLANT IN CALIFORNIA



The safflower.

Unlike most other vegetable oils, ours is not a by-product of corn, soybeans or cottonseeds.

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New Hunt's Prima Salsa.®
"It's thicker and zestier than Ragú."

We're delighted when spaghetti sauce lovers like Little Italy's Mr. Ferruccio Pradella tell us, "New Hunt's Prima Salsa is thicker and zestier than Ragu* Spaghetti Sauce." That's because he's pretty fussy about his spaghetti sauce. If new Hunt's Prima Salsa pleases him, imagine how it will please you!

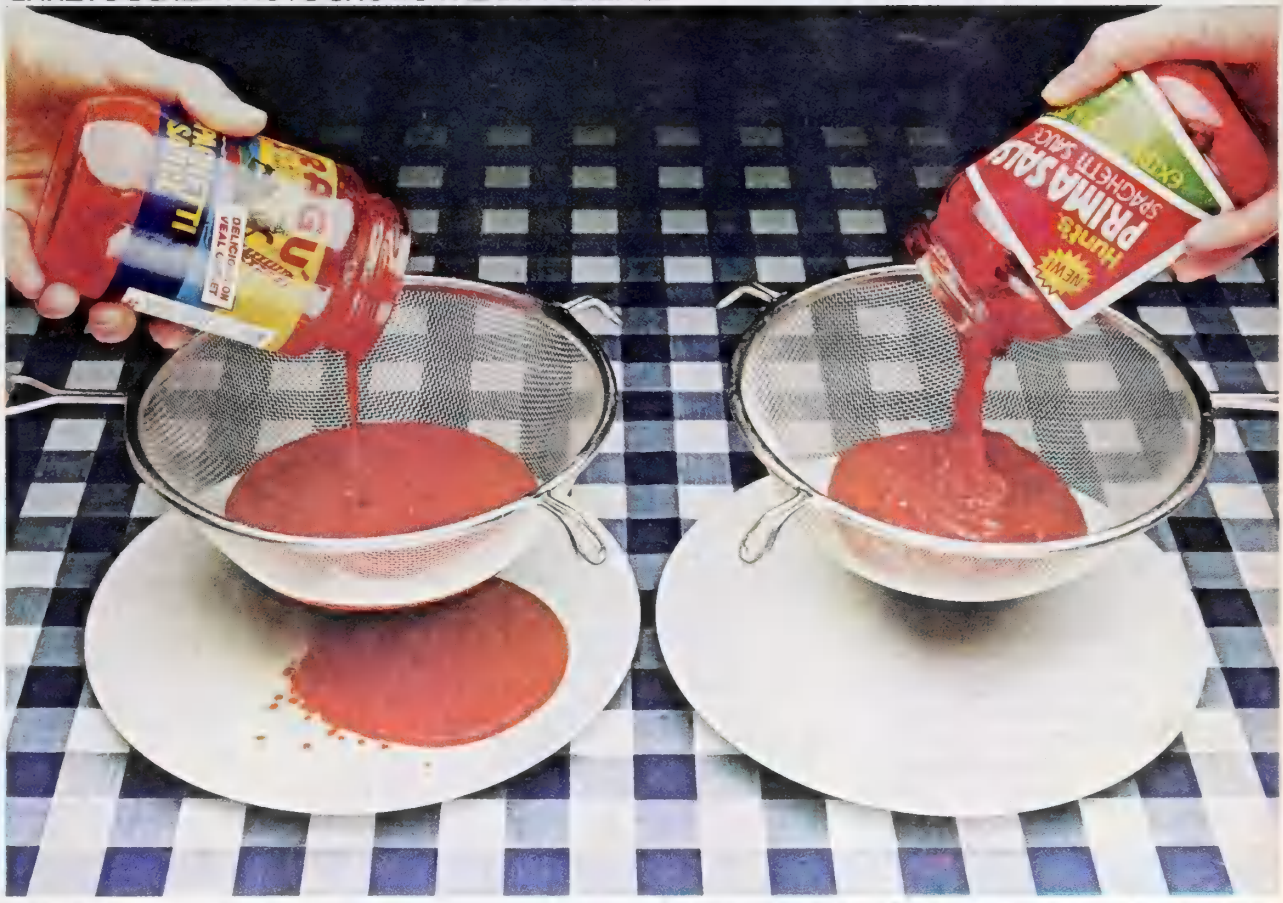
The fact is, among people who really like their spaghetti sauce, most preferred new Hunt's Prima Salsa to Ragu.

Next time you're looking for spaghetti sauce, try delicious new Hunt's Prima Salsa. You'll find it thicker and zestier than Ragu.



Ferruccio Pradella
45 Spring St.
New York City

UNRETOUCHED PHOTO SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE.



RAGU—See how the Ragu Spaghetti Sauce begins to come through the strainer in a few seconds.

HUNT'S PRIMA SALSA—It's thicker and zestier than Ragu. It even looks better—it stays in the strainer.

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Make-a-Better Burger makes a better everything.



MICROWAVE

continued

Indeed, microwaves are miraculous: a 12-pound turkey cooks in 2 hours, a potato bakes in 5 minutes, sirloin roasts in 18 minutes, a cup of milk heats in 1 minute. And as more people learn to use them, more sophisticated ways are found to take advantage of these new ovens. A number of microwave cookbooks have been published and most oven manufacturers have their own books.

Industry figures reveal that consumers are indeed thinking microwave. Five years ago microwave ovens were found in ½ of one percent of American homes. By the end of 1977 it's predicted that nine percent will boast a microwave, and by 1985 over half the homes in this country will be cooking with those mysterious little waves of energy.

Microwaves are now available under 35 brand names at prices to fit most budgets and in combinations to fit most kitchens. Countertop or built-in models range from $198 to $700, while microwaves in combination with conventional ranges are available for as low as $700 and as high as $1,500.

What Are the Advantages?

Obviously, the biggest advantage of microwave cooking is speed in both defrosting and cooking. We have a friend in St. Louis who is forever running next door to borrow her neighbor's microwave to defrost the roast she forgot to pull out of the freezer that morning.

We also score the microwave high on the following: you use fewer pots and pans since it's possible to prepare food right on serving or paper plates. The oven is easy to clean. Big bonus especially in summer—microwave cooking doesn't heat up the kitchen. In these energy-conscious times, microwave ovens use only a fraction of the energy required in conventional cooking. Other proponents point out that vegetables retain their nutritive value because little or no water is required for cooking, and that the microwave does great things for leftovers since reheating time is so short.

Use of the microwave is limited only by your ingenuity and the manufacturers' instructions. We heard a marvelous tale of an Ohio beekeeper who puts honeycombs from his hives into a glass bowl and plops it in the microwave. Wax and honey melt together; when poured into jars, the wax floats to the top, putting a natural sealer on the honey.

To help you start "thinking microwave" we've included some favorite uses we've tried in the box on page 159.

How Does a Microwave Oven Work?

Electricity passing through a magnetron tube is converted to microwaves, a form of energy that in itself produces no heat. But when these waves strike food, they are absorbed by moisture molecules, which in turn are set into rapid motion. This rapid motion or friction produces heat and the cooking process begins. These same microwaves are reflected by metal, so as they bounce around inside the oven they are constantly being deflected back to and absorbed by the food. It's because of this that dishes containing food must be of something other than metal. Glass, ceramic, even paper simply transmit the waves, neither reflecting them as metal does nor absorbing them as food does. In conventional ovens, gas or electricity produces heat, which is absorbed by the container and the food. In microwaves, energy goes directly into the food, which, in effect, produces its own heat.

The principal variable in microwave oven models is microwave power output. Most operate on 600 to 650 watts. Many models, however, have lower power wattage, which means recipes must be adapted for longer cooking (not difficult to do). And still other models make it possible for you to vary power settings for special kinds of cooking. Another feature on some models is a cycle for defrosting foods, which should be done more slowly than would be the case if the oven were working full power. A browning unit is available on some ovens, which overcomes the inherent inability of microwaves to give foods that luscious color we all expect.

(continued on page 154)

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The Butterball® Holiday

Millions of women wouldn't trust this moment to any other name.

Women know the Butterball Turkey is better than just good. It's special. They know they don't have to worry about basting. The Butterball Turkey is deep basted, not with butter, but with a special pure vegetable oil recipe. So it's tender, moist, as special as the day itself. The Butterball Swift's Premium Turkey. It *is* the holiday turkey.



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WEIGHT-WATCHING THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is one holiday almost everyone looks forward to for its superabundance of harvest foods—except for the many diet-conscious Americans who are trying to avoid temptation. This year, even the strictest adherents to slimming can relax and enjoy the mealtime festivities. Weight Watchers, the largest and probably the best-known diet group, has met the challenge with a delicious, but careful four-course diet feast (including a traditional golden roasted turkey) for all in the family. We photographed this holiday table at the gracious home of Felice Lippert (shown above), the wizard-in-charge of Weight Watchers total recipe development. *(continued)*

WEIGHT WATCHERS THANKSGIVING MENU
(Serves 8)

EGGPLANT BISQUE
ROAST TOM TURKEY
CURRIED APPLE RICE
SAVORY GREEN BEANS
GOLDEN VELVET BABY CARROTS
SPINACH-MUSHROOM SALAD WITH SWEET'N SOUR DRESSING
CRANBERRY-STRAWBERRY PARFAIT WITH WHIPPED TOPPING

Photograph by Nick Samaridge

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Two thousand years of women's history and 365 days of your own. It's all yours in the 1977 Virginia Slims Book of Days.

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16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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How great the cookies taste may come as no surprise to you.

How easy they are to make just might. All you do is add water and bake.

And you've got three dozen oatmeal cookies that'll put a Quaker smile on a lot of faces.

WEIGHT-WATCHING THANKSGIVING

continued

All recipes pictured on page 138

EGGPLANT BISQUE

8 cups peeled and cubed eggplant
4 cups chicken broth
½ cup diced celery
¼ cup dehydrated onion flakes, reconstituted in ½ cup water and drained
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup evaporated skimmed milk, undiluted

Place eggplant, 1 cup chicken broth, celery and onion flakes in a large saucepan. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Add nutmeg and remaining chicken broth; heat to boiling. Reduce heat; simmer 10 minutes. Cool slightly. Place half of the mixture into blender container. Purée until smooth. Repeat with remaining mixture. Return purée to saucepan and stir in milk. Cook over low heat until hot, do not boil. Serve piping hot. Makes 8 servings. About 80 calories per serving.

ROAST TOM TURKEY

10 to 12 pound frozen ready-to-cook turkey, thawed
2 cups water
2 envelopes instant chicken broth and seasoning mix (4 teaspoons)
1 tablespoon dehydrated onion flakes, reconstituted in ¼ cup water and drained
1 teaspoon dehydrated pepper flakes
¼ teaspoon celery salt
⅛ teaspoon poultry seasoning

Remove giblets from turkey; set aside for another use. Rinse turkey with water and drain well. Preheat oven to 325°F. Place turkey, breast side up, on a rack in open roasting pan. Insert thermometer into center of thigh muscle without touching bone. Meanwhile, combine water and remaining ingredients in a saucepan and heat to boiling. Reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes.

Roast turkey until thermometer reaches 180 to 185°F., about 3½ to 4½ hours. Baste turkey every 30 minutes with broth mixture. Remove turkey to warm platter. Let stand 20 minutes for easier carving. Makes 8 to 12 servings. About 300 calories for each 6-ounce serving.

CURRIED APPLE RICE

2 medium apples, cored and diced
½ teaspoon curry powder
4 cups cooked enriched rice
½ cup chicken broth
Artificial sweetener to equal 2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
White pepper to taste

Preheat oven to 350°F. Place apples and curry powder in a large saucepan. Cook over medium heat 3 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add remaining ingredients. Stir to combine. Place in a 1-quart ovenproof casserole. Bake for 15 minutes or until heated through. Makes 8 servings. About 95 calories per serving.

SAVORY GREEN BEANS

2 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons imitation or diet margarine
1 tablespoon dehydrated onion flakes, reconstituted in ¼ cup water, drained
1 envelope instant chicken broth and seasoning mix (2 teaspoons)
¼ teaspoon celery salt
¼ teaspoon basil
¼ teaspoon oregano
¼ cup diced pimiento
4 cups hot, cooked green beans

Combine all ingredients, except green beans, in small saucepan. Heat until margarine melts, stirring *(continued)*



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THE BUTTER MUSHROOM FOR BETTER MEALS.

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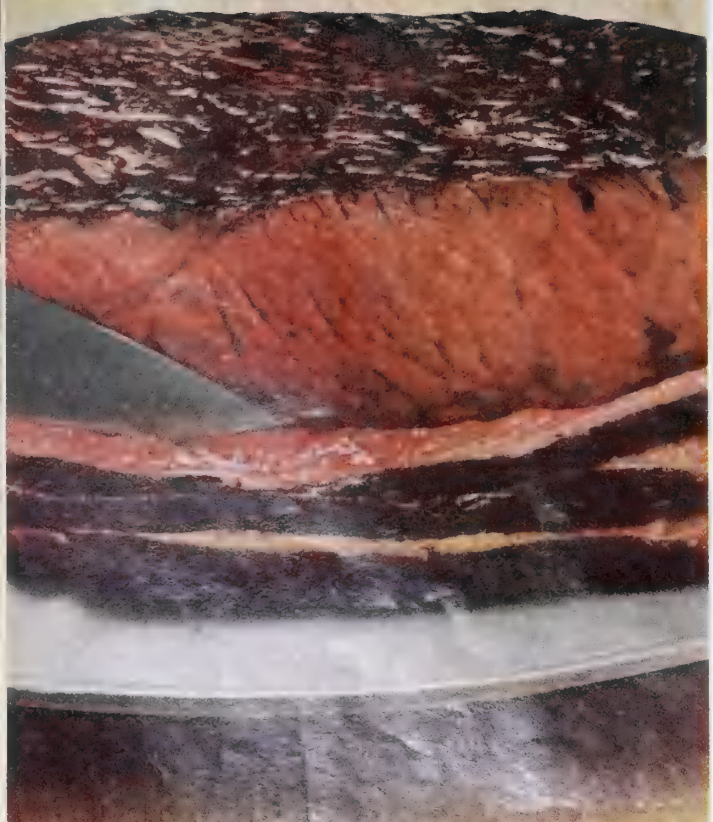
The butter makes the difference in the mushrooms, the mushrooms make the difference in the meals. BinB—the butter mushroom.

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BRUSH ON KITCHEN BOUQUET.

The special touch for juicy-tasting meat with a rich, brown crust.



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IT HELPS MAKE GREAT HOMEMADE GRAVY, TOO. Add Kitchen Bouquet to the natural meat juices for delicious, savory gravy.

KITCHEN BOUQUET.
NO KITCHEN SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

WEIGHT-WATCHING THANKSGIVING

continued

occasionally. Pour mixture over hot beans. Toss lightly. Makes 8 servings. About 30 calories per serving.

GOLDEN VELVET BABY CARROTS

2 tablespoons plus 2 teaspoons imitation or diet margarine
24 ounces whole baby carrots (fresh, frozen, cooked or canned)
¼ cup frozen orange juice concentrate, thawed and undiluted
¼ cup water
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

Melt margarine in top of double boiler over hot water. Pour into blender container. Add 4 ounces carrots (about 6), orange juice concentrate, water, vanilla and cinnamon. Purée until smooth. Pour into top of double boiler. Add remaining carrots and stir. Cover and cook until heated through. Makes 8 servings. About 60 calories per serving.

SPINACH-MUSHROOM SALAD WITH SWEET 'N SOUR DRESSING

10 cups fresh spinach leaves, torn into bite-size pieces
2 cups sliced fresh mushrooms
½ cup wine vinegar
¼ cup water
¼ cup pimiento
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 tablespoon dehydrated onion flakes, reconstituted in ¼ cup water and drained
Artificial sweetener to equal 2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon capers
⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
¼ cup salad oil

In a large salad bowl, combine spinach and mushrooms. Set aside. Add next 9 ingredients to blender container; purée until smooth. Pour into a small saucepan. Heat to boiling. Remove from heat; stir in oil. Pour over salad; toss lightly. Serve immediately. Makes 8 servings. About 85 calories per serving.

CRANBERRY-STRAWBERRY PARFAIT

Parfait
4 cups strawberries (fresh or frozen, unsweetened)
2 cups fresh cranberries
Artificial sweetener to equal 6 teaspoons sugar
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup water

Parfait: Place strawberries and cranberries in blender container. Blend until chopped. Stir in sweetener; set aside. In small saucepan, sprinkle gelatin over water and cook over low heat, stirring until dissolved. Stir into berry mixture. Divide evenly and spoon into 8 parfait glasses, alternating with Whipped Topping (recipe below) and ending with the whipped topping. Chill. Makes 8 servings. About 50 calories per serving.

Whipped Topping
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
⅔ cup instant nonfat dry milk powder
Artificial sweetener to equal 10 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ teaspoon grated lemon peel
6 to 8 ice cubes

For Topping: Sprinkle gelatin over cold water in blender container to soften. Pour in boiling water; blend until gelatin is dissolved. Add nonfat dry milk, sweetener, vanilla and lemon peel. Blend until smooth. Add ice cubes, one at a time, blending after each addition. Allow mixture to set in the blender container about 1 minute before using. Divide evenly. Makes 2½ cups. **End**

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"Instant Maxwell House. Every cup tastes fresh like your first cup in the morning"

GF GENERAL FOODS

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BAKER'S. THE
WHEN YOU'RE



General Foods Corporation 1975
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Nuts!

continued from page 128

medium speed, scraping bowl occasionally, for 2 minutes. Add 2 eggs, vanilla, lemon peel and 1 cup flour. Beat at high speed for 2 minutes. Stir in enough additional flour (about 2 cups) to make a stiff dough. Turn onto a lightly floured surface and knead until smooth and elastic, about 10 minutes. Add more flour if needed. Place dough in a greased bowl, turning to grease top of dough. Cover, let rise in warm place free from draft until double in bulk, about 2 hours. Meanwhile, in bowl, stir jam and cardamom until combined; set aside.

Punch dough down; divide in half. Turn onto lightly floured surface. Roll each half into 18 x 6-inch rectangle. Spread with half the apricot filling, sprinkle on half the almonds. Roll up, jelly roll fashion on the long side, into a long "rope." Pinch seams to seal. Repeat with remaining dough, filling and nuts. Twist the ropes together. On greased baking sheet, form into a ring. Pinch ends together. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, until double in bulk, about 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 350° F. Brush ring with egg. Bake for 40 minutes or until golden brown. Remove to wire rack to cool. Meanwhile, prepare icing.

To serve, frost coffeecake with icing and top with almonds and apricots. Makes 24 slices. About 390 calories each.

For Icing: In small bowl, combine sugar and butter or margarine. Gradually add milk; beat until smooth. Stir in almond and vanilla extracts. Makes 2 cups.

PISTACHIO CREAM CHEESE SPREAD
pictured on page 128

Attractive hors d'oeuvre.

1 envelope unflavored gelatin (1 tablespoon)
1 cup milk
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
1 can (4¾ oz.) chicken spread
½ teaspoon garlic powder
1 teaspoon onion powder
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
8 to 10 drops hot red pepper sauce
1 cup shelled and skinned pistachio nuts

Oil a 3-cup mold; set aside. In small saucepan, sprinkle gelatin over milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until gelatin dissolves. In small mixer bowl, combine gelatin mixture and remaining ingredients except nuts; beat until well combined. Fold in nuts and pour into mold. Cover and refrigerate until set, about 3 hours.

To serve, unmold onto plate. Garnish with additional nuts. Serve with crackers or party rye bread. Makes 1 mold. About 50 calories per tablespoon.

PEANUT HAM CROQUETTES
pictured on page 128

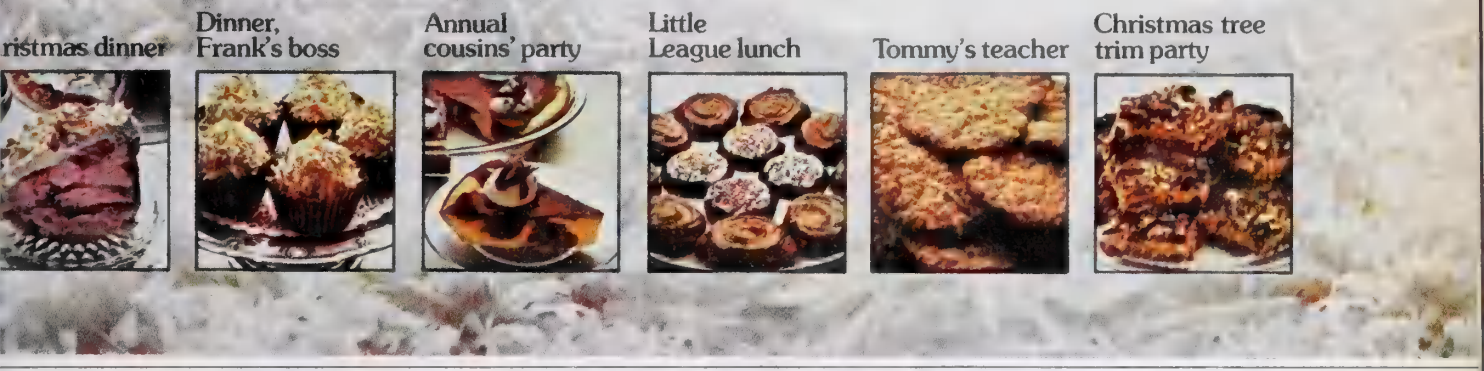
The kids will love these.

Croquettes
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 cup all-purpose flour
1 cup milk
1 egg, beaten
2 cups ground cooked ham
1 cup chopped peanuts
2 green onions, chopped
1½ teaspoons prepared horseradish
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons salad oil
Mustard Sauce
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
¾ teaspoon salt
6 to 8 drops bottled red pepper sauce
3 cups hot, cooked rice
Chopped green onions, for garnish

For croquettes: Melt butter in large saucepan over medium heat. Stir in ¾ cup flour until smooth. Gradually stir in milk; cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add some hot milk mixture to egg until heated. Add egg mixture, all at once, to milk mixture, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Stir in remaining ¼ cup flour, ham, ½ cup peanuts, onions, horseradish, salt and pepper until well mixed. Cover and chill up to 24 hours or

FRESHER COCONUT.
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EOPLE WHO'VE COMPARED TENDER, MOIST BAKER'S
OCONUT TO OTHER LEADING BRANDS SAY
AKER'S TASTES FRESHER. AND, FRESHER IS BEST.



until firm enough to handle. (If in a hurry, place mixture in the freezer for about 1 hour.)

For each croquette, form scant ⅓ cup mixture into a patty. Then roll in remaining peanuts. Continue making 11 more croquettes. Heat salad oil in large skillet. Add croquettes and cook, a few at a time, turning once. Serve with rice and Mustard Sauce (recipe follows). Garnish with chopped green onion. Serves 6; about 740 calories each.

Mustard sauce: Melt butter in small saucepan. Stir in flour until smooth. Gradually add milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Stir in mustard, salt and pepper sauce. Serve with croquettes. Makes 1½ cups sauce.

SPINACH WALNUT SAUCE
pictured on page 128

An excellent last-minute sauce for your favorite pasta.

2½ cups fresh spinach leaves
3 sprigs parsley
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
3 garlic cloves, halved
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup olive or salad oil
¼ cup hot water
½ cup chopped walnuts
1 pound hot, cooked spaghetti or linguini

Combine all ingredients except walnuts and spaghetti in blender container. Purée until smooth, stopping blender occasionally and scraping down sides with a rubber spatula. Fold in walnuts. Yields 2 cups.

To serve, toss walnut sauce and spaghetti until well coated. Serve immediately. Makes 8 servings. About 300 calories per serving.

WALNUT STUFFED CHICKEN BREASTS
pictured on page 128

A delightfully festive entree that can be prepared in advance.

6 whole chicken breasts, halved
1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese (4 oz.)
½ cup chopped walnuts
½ cup fresh bread crumbs
2 tablespoons minced onion
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup all-purpose flour
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup chicken broth
½ cup white wine
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
Parsley for garnish

Bone and skin chicken breast halves. Place each between 2 sheets waxed paper. With a mallet or rolling pin, pound each to ¼-inch thickness.

In small bowl, combine cheese and next 5 ingredients. Spoon 1½ tablespoons filling in center of each chicken breast; spread filling, leaving ½ inch edge. From narrow end, roll each, jelly roll fashion; fasten with a toothpick. Roll chicken in flour; let stand 10 minutes.

Melt butter in large skillet. Add chicken and sauté until lightly browned on all sides. Pour in chicken *(continued)*

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Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

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Shake on the flavor.



Nuts!

continued

broth and wine; cover and cook over low heat for 20 minutes. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours. To reheat, cook over medium heat until heated through, about 20 minutes.)* Remove chicken to warm platter; keep warm. Remove toothpicks. Increase heat to high and stir sauce until slightly thickened. Add parsley and pour sauce over chicken. Garnish with parsley. Makes 6 servings. About 560 calories per serving.

AUNT BILL'S BROWN CANDY **pictured on page 128**

This candy recipe is a favorite in our food editor's family. It's best to make it as a family project and well worth it.

6 cups sugar
2 cups milk
¼ teaspoon baking soda
½ cup butter or margarine
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1½ lbs. shelled pecans, chopped (about 6 cups or 3 lbs. unshelled)

The secret to this candy's flavor is the caramelized sugar, which means controlled heat and constant attention.

Butter a 15½ x 10½-inch roasting pan; set aside.

To caramelize sugar: In large heavy skillet (we used cast iron) place 2 cups sugar. Melt sugar over medium-low heat. Don't stir until sugar begins to form a syrup (at least 10 minutes). Reduce heat to low and stir frequently with wooden spoon until all sugar is melted. Continue cooking, stirring constantly, until smooth and a light amber color (just a shade darker than honey). This takes about 20 minutes. Important: DON'T LET THE SUGAR GET TOO DARK!

Meanwhile, place remaining 4 cups sugar and milk in a Dutch oven or large, heavy saucepan. About 15 minutes after the sugar (in skillet) has been caramelizing, cook milk mixture over low heat, stirring occasionally. Increase heat to medium and heat milk mixture to boiling, stirring constantly.

Once sugar is caramelized, pour into hot milk mixture, in a slow, steady stream. (The stream should be no larger than a knitting needle.) It is better if two people do this—one stir, one pour. Continue cooking, stirring frequently, to firm-ball stage or 244° to 248°F. on candy thermometer.

Turn off heat. Add baking soda and stir vigorously as the mixture foams. Add butter and stir until melted. Cool 20 minutes. Add vanilla; beat constantly until mixture stiffens and loses its glossy sheen; at least 15 minutes. As the mixture is beaten it gets stiffer; therefore, the more "relief" hands the better. Add pecans and stir until well mixed. Spread into prepared pan. When cool, cut into squares. Makes 6 lbs. or about 150 one-inch pieces. About 75 calories per piece.

VEGETABLES AND CASHEWS **pictured on page 128**

Crisp, colorful and very tasty.

2 tablespoons salad oil
1 medium onion, sliced ¼ inch thick
2 cups sliced mushrooms
2 cups diagonally sliced celery
2 red or green peppers, cut into chunks
1 can (5 oz.) water chestnuts, drained
½ cup chicken broth
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1¼ teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons soy sauce
1 can (16 oz.) bean sprouts, well drained
2 cups cashews

Heat oil in a large skillet. Add onion, mushrooms, celery, peppers and water chestnuts; cook over high heat, stirring quickly and frequently (stir-fry), until vegetables are well coated. Add chicken broth; cover and cook 10 minutes. Meanwhile, combine cornstarch, salt, water and soy sauce until smooth. Stir into vegetable mixture. Cook, stirring quickly, until mixture boils and thickens. Stir in bean sprouts and cashews. Cook until heated through. Makes 8 servings. About 270 calories per serving. **End**

How to eat well without eating up the budget.

Rich cheddar flavor at pennies a serving.
That's KRAFT Macaroni and Cheese Dinner! For added zest, serve with a dill pickle spear rolled in a sautéed ham slice and add a bright garnish of parsley. Thrifty. Delicious.





Kraft Dinners make ends meet.

KRAFT Division of Kraftco Corporation

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

continued from page 127

FOOD CHECKLIST

4 (2½ to 3 lb.) broiler-fryer chickens, quartered
3 pounds lean ground beef
1 pound butter or margarine
3½ cups sour cream
4 packages (3 oz. ea.) cream cheese
1 cup heavy cream
1 Edam cheese (about 2 lbs.)
¾ pound Monterey jack cheese
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
2 eggs
3 (2 oz.) jars red salmon caviar
1 can (6½ to 7 oz.) tuna
2 cans (2 oz. each) flat anchovy fillets
1 cup flaked coconut
½ cup mayonnaise
6 tablespoons olive oil
1¾ cups salad oil
1½ cups tomato juice
3 cups beef broth
1 cup red wine
½ cup vermouth or white wine
½ cup port or sherry wine
1 can (4 oz.) hot chili peppers
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
6 ginger snaps (optional)
3 packages (8 oz. each) wide egg noodles
½ cup seasoned bread crumbs
Powdered beef broth (1½ teasp.)
4 teaspoons prepared horseradish
1 package (2 lb.) frozen bread dough
3 or 4 large packages tortilla chips
1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach
2 pounds yellow onions
3 bunches parsley
½ pound mushrooms
4 bunches green onions
3 or 4 bulbs of garlic
6 carrots
1 lemon
3 cucumbers
2 ribs celery
2 tomatoes
Fresh vegetables for dip such as cauliflower, carrots, mushrooms, radishes, celery, zucchini, red peppers, green peppers, cherry tomatoes, broccoli
1 bunch fresh dill or ¼ cup dried dill weed
4 to 6 heads Romaine lettuce or other greens
Assorted crackers, pumpernickel bread and biscuits to serve with stuffed Edam and caviar mousse

Staples to have on hand

All-purpose flour
Catsup
Brown sugar
Cornstarch
1 slice white bread
White vinegar
Bottled red pepper sauce
Sugar
Curry powder
Thyme
Caraway seed
Dried basil
Oregano
Dry mustard
Garlic powder
Celery salt
Nutmeg
Salt
Pepper

SCHEDULE FOR COCKTAIL PARTY MENU

One Month Before:

1. Invite guests.
2. Inventory all supplies.

Up to Two to Four Weeks Before:

1. Prepare and freeze Spiral Herb Bread, Mushroom Crescents, Cocktail Meatballs, Ellen's Chicken Casserole, cake.
2. Select serving dishes.

One Week Before:

1. Purchase non-perishable ingredients.
2. Make salad dressing; refrigerate.
3. Check liquor inventory.
4. Start making ice cubes.

Three to Four Days Before:

1. Purchase ingredients for Stuffed Edam, hot anchovy dip, spinach dip, Chili con Queso, curry tuna spread and caviar mousse.
2. Buy drink mixes, cocktail fixings.

Two or Three Days Before:

Prepare stuffed Edam, Bagna Cauda.

One Day Before:

1. Purchase all fresh produce.
2. Prepare Caviar Mousse, Curry Tuna Dip.
3. Buy extra ice cubes, if needed.

That Day, Morning:

1. Set up bar. Set out napkins, glasses.
2. Remove bread from freezer; thaw at room temperature.
3. Remove cake from freezer; thaw (wrapped) at room temperature.
4. Cut up vegetables for dips. Keep crisp in plastic bags or ice water in refrigerator.
5. Wash, drain and prepare salad greens. Toss with dill and green onions. Refrigerate in plastic bags.
6. Grate and prepare ingredients for Chili con Queso.
7. Thaw Mushroom Crescents.

Two Hours Before Guests Arrive:

1. Put meatballs in oven to thaw, heat.
2. Unmold Caviar Mousse and garnish.
3. Prepare cucumber slices with Curry-Tuna Spread.
4. Remove Stuffed Edam from refrig-



erator. Keep wrapped. Bring to room temperature.

One Hour Before Guests Arrive:

1. Prepare platters with dip and cut-up vegetables.
2. Place Bagna Cauda over low flame to warm.
3. Prepare coffee for buffet supper.

One Half Hour Before Guests Arrive:

1. Put ice in ice bucket.
2. Transfer meatballs to chafing dish. Keep warm.
3. Prepare Chili con Queso and transfer to serving dish. Keep warm.
4. Warm Mushroom Crescents in low oven.

Buffet Timetable:

1. Heat casserole.
2. Warm bread before serving.
3. Just before serving, toss salad.
4. Brew coffee.
5. Serve meal on colorful paper plates.

All hors d'oeuvres pictured on page 126

RED CAVIAR MOUSSE

As delicious as it is spectacular (and red caviar—hooray—is nice and affordable.)

3 jars (2 oz. each) red salmon caviar
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
3 green onions, chopped
3 tablespoons peeled, seeded and diced cucumber
2 cups sour cream
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup water
1 cup heavy or whipping cream
Pumpernickel bread slices, quartered

Place first 6 ingredients in a large bowl. Gently fold in sour cream.

In a small saucepan, sprinkle gelatin over water. Cook over low heat until gelatin is dissolved. Cool. Beat cream until stiff. Fold dissolved gelatin and whipped cream into the sour cream-caviar mixture. Pour into a 6-cup mold. Cover and refrigerate until set, about 2 hours. *(May be prepared in advance up to 24 hours before serving.)*

To serve, unmold on plate. Serve with sliced pumpernickel or crackers. Makes one 6-cup mold. About 25 calories per tablespoon.

CRUDITÉS WITH SPINACH DIP

Different from the usual vegetable dip.

1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach or 2 cups fresh cooked spinach, chopped
1 cup sour cream
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup minced parsley
½ cup minced onion
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon celery salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
Fresh vegetables, such as carrot sticks, celery sticks, zucchini, cucumber, broccoli and other favorite fresh vegetables

Thaw spinach. Place in sieve and with back of spoon, remove excess water.

Mix together the remaining ingredients except fresh vegetables. Fold in spinach. Cover and refrigerate at least 24 hours. *(May be prepared in advance. Cover and refrigerate up to 3 days.)*

Serve as a dip for fresh vegetables. Makes about 3 cups. About 35 calories per tablespoon.

BAGNA CAUDA (HOT ANCHOVY DIP)

Even non-anchovy lovers will rave about this heated dip for fresh vegetables.

½ cup butter or margarine
6 tablespoons olive oil
4 garlic cloves, minced
2 cans (2 oz. each) flat anchovy fillets, chopped
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
Fresh vegetables, such as celery sticks, carrot sticks, green or red pepper strips, cauliflowerets, cherry tomatoes or other favorite fresh vegetables

In a small saucepan, heat butter, olive oil and garlic. Keep warm over very low heat for 5 minutes. Then add anchovies. Increase heat until mixture begins to simmer. (Do not boil.) Stir until anchovies have disintegrated.

Before serving, transfer to a small flameproof bowl; stir in parsley. Keep hot over candle warmer. *(May be prepared in advance. Cover and refrigerate up to 3 days.)*

(continued)



THE COCKTAIL PARTY

continued

Serve as a dip for fresh vegetables. Makes about 1⅓ cups. About 25 calories per teaspoon.

CHILI CON QUESO

A spicy south-of-the-border dip.

¾ pound Monterey jack cheese, shredded (3 cups)
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ teaspoon garlic powder
2 tablespoons salad oil
½ cup chopped green onions
2 medium tomatoes, chopped
1 can (4 oz.) hot chili peppers, diced
½ cup dry vermouth or white wine
1 teaspoon salt
6 drops bottled red pepper sauce
Tortilla chips (about 3 or 4 packages)

In a bowl, toss cheese lightly with cornstarch and garlic powder. In a 12-inch skillet, heat oil. Add green onions, tomatoes, peppers, wine, salt and pepper sauce. Heat the mixture to the boiling point; stir gently. Reduce heat and gradually stir in the cheese with fork until melted. Do not boil.

To serve, place in chafing dish on low flame. Serve as a dip with tortilla chips. Makes 5½ cups. About 20 calories per tablespoon.

COCKTAIL MEATBALLS

No mundane meatballs these.

Meatballs
3 pounds lean ground beef
½ cup seasoned bread crumbs
2 onions, minced
4 teaspoons prepared horseradish
4 garlic cloves, crushed
1½ cups tomato juice
4 teaspoons salt
Pepper, to taste
Sauce
¼ cup butter or margarine
2 onions, chopped
¼ cup flour
3 cups beef broth
1 cup red wine
¼ cup brown sugar
¼ cup catsup
2 tablespoons lemon juice
6 ginger snaps, crumbled (optional)
2 teaspoons salt
Pepper to taste

Meatballs: Preheat oven to 450°F. Combine all ingredients for meatballs and shape into 1 inch balls. Place in a jelly roll pan and brown in oven for 10 minutes. Remove from oven and drain.
Sauce: In a large skillet, melt butter. Add onions and sauté until golden. Blend in flour. Add broth, stirring until smooth. Stir in remaining ingredients and simmer over low heat for 15 minutes. Add meatballs; simmer 5 more minutes. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Place in refrigerator up to 24 hours. Or spoon into freezer-proof container with sauce; freeze up to 1 month. To serve: heat thawed or frozen, covered, in 300°F. oven until hot. Spoon into serving dish.)*

To serve, place in chafing dish. Makes about 85 meatballs. About 65 calories each.

MUSHROOM CRESCENTS

Make lots; they'll go fast.

Pastry
3 packages (3 oz. each) cream cheese
½ cup butter or margarine (¼ lb.)
1½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
Filling
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 medium onion, chopped
½ pound mushrooms, chopped
1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon thyme
⅛ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
1 egg beaten with 1 teaspoon water, for glaze

Pastry: Soften cream cheese and butter at room temperature. With wooden spoon, stir flour, cream cheese and butter until well combined and smooth. Wrap and chill for at least 30 minutes.
Filling: In a skillet, melt butter. Add onion and sauté until lightly browned. Add mushrooms and cook over medium-high heat for about 3 minutes. Lower heat and add cream cheese, a bit at a time, stirring until it has melted. Stir in salt, thyme and pepper. Cool.



Crescents: Preheat oven to 450°F. Remove ½ the dough from the refrigerator. On a lightly floured board roll it to ⅛ inch thickness. Cut into circles with a 2½ inch round cookie cutter. Place ½ teaspoon mushroom filling on each circle. Fold in half and press the edges together with tines of fork. Make a small slit in the top of each crescent to let steam escape. Repeat with remaining dough and scraps. Brush crescents with egg glaze. Bake on ungreased baking sheet 15 minutes. *(May be prepared in advance. Cool, place in freezer container; freeze up to 1 month. Warm in a 300°F. oven for 20 minutes.)* Makes 50 to 60 crescents. About 55 calories each.

STUFFED EDAM CHEESE

A spreadable step away from the run-of-the-mill cheese platter.

1 Edam cheese, about 2 pounds
½ cup sherry or port wine
1 tablespoon grated onion
2 teaspoons caraway seed
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ teaspoon garlic powder

Remove a 2 to 3 inch wide horizontal slice from top of cheese. Scoop out the cheese, leaving a ¼ inch shell. With sharp knife, cut a sawtooth pattern around edge of shell. Chop or shred the cheese. With an electric mixer, blend shredded cheese with remaining ingredients. (Mixture will be lumpy.) Spoon cheese into shell. Cover with plastic wrap and refrigerate until 2 hours before serving. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Refrigerate up to 3 days.)* Makes 1 cheese ball. About 35 calories per tablespoon.



From bottom right, clockwise: Ellen's Chicken Casserole for 24, Dill Salad, Bundt Cake, Spiral Herb Bread

CURRIED TUNA CUCUMBERS

Try it on crackers or as a salad.

1 can (6½ to 7 oz.) tuna
1 cup flaked coconut
½ cup sour cream
4 green onions, chopped
1 teaspoon curry powder
¼ teaspoon salt

(continued)



after can after can after ca

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New York Prime Burger

(Makes 6 servings)

½ cup Prime Choice®
¾ cup cheddar cheese, shredded
¼ cup onion, finely chopped
½ of medium green apple, peeled and shredded
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ pounds ground beef

In a medium bowl combine all ingredients including Prime Choice – the tangy steak sauce with a hint of sweetness. Shape into 6 patties. Place on oiled broiling pan rack. Broil 4" from heat for 4 to 6 minutes on each side



THE COCKTAIL PARTY

continued

Dash pepper
2 medium cucumbers, sliced into ¼ inch diagonal slices
2 green onions, sliced (for garnish)

Drain and flake tuna with a fork. Stir in coconut, sour cream, green onions, curry powder, salt and pepper. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Cover and refrigerate up to 24 hours.)*

To serve, place heaping teaspoon of tuna mixture on a cucumber slice. Garnish with green onions. Makes about 2 cups or 32 appetizer servings. About 30 calories each.

Buffet supper pictured on page 151

DILL SALAD

It's the dill that makes this salad so good.

Dressing
1½ cups salad oil
½ cup white distilled vinegar
1 envelope (1½ teaspoons) powdered beef broth
1 onion, quartered
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dried basil
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ cup water

Salad
4 to 6 heads Romaine, Bibb or other lettuce
½ cup fresh dill, chopped (or ¼ cup dried)
5 green onions, chopped

In blender container, place all ingredients for dressing. Purée until smooth. Cover and refrigerate up to 1 week.

To serve, wash greens; drain well. Into large salad bowl, tear greens into bite-size pieces. Add dill and green onions; toss. Cover with a damp paper towel. Refrigerate at least 1 hour to let flavors penetrate. Pour on dressing just before serving; toss until well coated. Makes 24 servings. About 125 calories per serving.

ELLEN'S CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Make and freeze ahead.

4 broiler-fryer chickens, cut in quarters, about 2½ to 3 pounds each
2 medium onions, chopped (¾ cup)
2 ribs celery
6 cups water
8 large garlic cloves, crushed
½ cup fresh bread crumbs (1 slice, crumbled)
1 tablespoon salt
Pepper to taste
½ cup butter or margarine
¾ cup all-purpose flour
6 medium carrots, julienned
3 packages (8 oz. each) wide egg noodles
3 tablespoons parsley, chopped

Place chicken in large saucepot with onion, celery and water; heat to boiling. Reduce heat, cover and simmer until tender, about 40 minutes. Cool chicken in broth. When cool, remove and discard skin and bones. Cut meat into bite-size pieces; set aside. Remove onion and celery from broth; discard. Add garlic, bread, salt, pepper. Simmer, uncovered, 10 minutes.

In a separate 3-quart pot, melt butter or margarine. Stir in flour until smooth. Add broth, stir constantly until thickened. Add diced chicken. Cook carrots in a separate saucepan until crisp-tender; drain. Set aside.

Cook noodles as package label directs. Drain. Combine chicken mixture, carrots, noodles and parsley until well mixed.

Place in a lightly buttered large (6 quart) casserole. *(May be prepared up to 24 hours ahead.)* Makes 24 servings. About 280 calories each serving.

To Freeze: Divide mixture into 2 freezer-to-table casseroles. Cover with foil and freeze up to 1 month. To serve, place frozen in a preheated 325°F. oven and bake for 1½ hours until heated through.

SPIRAL HERB BREAD

Homemade without the hassle.

1 loaf (1-lb.) frozen white bread dough
1 tablespoon salad oil
Herb Filling
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 garlic clove, crushed
1½ cups chopped parsley
⅓ cup chopped green onions
1 tablespoon oregano
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper to taste
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 egg, lightly beaten

Brush all sides of frozen dough with oil. Thaw, let rise as directed on package.

Herb Filling: In skillet, melt butter. Add garlic and sauté 1 minute. Add parsley, green onions, oregano, salt and pepper. Cook for about 3 minutes until tender. Cool. Stir in cheese and all but 1 tablespoon egg (reserve remaining egg for bread).

Grease a 9x5 inch loaf pan; set aside. Punch dough down and turn onto a lightly floured surface, let rest 5 minutes. Roll into 14x9 inch rectangle. Brush dough with reserved egg and spread with herb filling to within 1 inch of edges. Roll up dough from 9-inch side; pinch edges to seal. Place in pan; brush top with remaining egg. Bake in a 375°F. oven for 40 minutes. Remove from pan and cool on wire rack. *(May be prepared in advance to this point. Wrap and freeze up to 1 month. To serve, thaw at room temperature. Place bread, wrapped, in preheated oven for 15 minutes.)* Makes 1 loaf, about 16 slices. About 100 calories per slice. NOTE: We made 2 loaves for the party. **End**

Kansas City Prime Burger

(Makes 6 servings)

⅓ cup Prime Choice®
1 can (3 oz.) BinB, broiled in butter chopped mushrooms, drained
¼ cup onion, finely chopped
2 teaspoons Brandy
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ pounds ground beef

In a medium bowl combine all ingredients including thick, delicious Prime Choice Steak Sauce. Mix well. Shape into 6 patties. Place on oiled broiler pan rack. Broil 4" from heat for 4 to 6 minutes on each side



San Francisco Prime Burger

(Makes 6 servings)

½ cup Prime Choice®
2 tablespoons Soy Sauce
¼ cup walnuts, finely chopped
½ cup onion, finely chopped
¾ cup fresh bean sprouts or canned, well drained
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1½ pounds ground beef

In a medium bowl combine all ingredients. Mix well. Shape into 6 patties. Place on oiled broiler pan rack. Broil 4" from heat for 4 to 6 minutes on each side **Prime Choice Tops everything,** inside and out.



MICROWAVE

continued from page 136

How to Use the Microwave

First thing after buying one is to read the manufacturer's use and care booklet. We then urge you to buy a microwave cookbook and read it as well. This is a whole new kind of cooking, and the more you understand it, the greater use you'll get from your new appliance. There are too many specific things you'll need to learn for us to cover here, but here are a few highlights: after you realize how quickly the oven cooks, you'll have to remember to turn or stir food every once in awhile for best results. You'll learn to look for cooking utensils and suitably packaged frozen foods to use in microwaves—and you'll be finding more and more of them as manufacturers take increasing notice of this new cooking phenomenon. You will quickly become familiar with the phrase "standing time," where food sits outside the oven for a few minutes to continue cooking. Foods with lots of sugar cook more quickly than foods without. Skins of apples and potatoes are best pierced before cooking. It's a new way of life, and like all such, it takes time to learn.

Are Microwave Ovens Safe?

Yes. It's true that in the pioneer days of microwaves, there were some problems. They have long since been corrected, however, by better product design and strict government (HEW) regulation. The biggest safety factor with *all* ovens these days is a simple one: they stop operation when you open the door. It's probable that far more injuries are incurred with conventional ovens by way of burns and fires.

To double check, follow these steps before using your oven:

1. Read instruction manual.
2. Examine oven (especially the door) for evidence of damage: check for cracked seal, bent doors, broken or loosened hinges or latches.
3. Never tamper with or inactivate oven safety locks.
4. Don't poke around door seal.
5. Wipe the door seal with a clean, damp cloth; keep clean.
6. Immediately report any flaws to an authorized service person and avoid using the oven until it is fixed.

Will Microwave Ovens Replace Conventional Ones?

We don't see that happening right away, but at the rate manufacturers keep refining their product, we can't speak for the future. For instance, one drawback initially was the inability of these ovens to brown food; now, as we mentioned earlier, the problem has been solved in several different ways. We still prefer gas or electric ovens for such foods as French toast, soufflés, yeast bread, most cookies, homemade soups and stews. But there's no doubt that microwave cooking is here to stay and we will continue to rejoice in its advantages, just as we'll continue to experiment and find new ways to use it.

The recipes that follow were developed in a 650-watt microwave oven. To test your oven, heat 1 cup lukewarm water in a 2-cup glass measuring cup to boiling. It took 2 minutes 45 seconds to boil water in our oven. To adjust the cooking times for your oven, add or subtract accordingly. For example, if it took 3 minutes to boil water in your oven, add 15 seconds to the time indicated for our recipes.—Sue B. Huffman, Food and Equipment Editor.

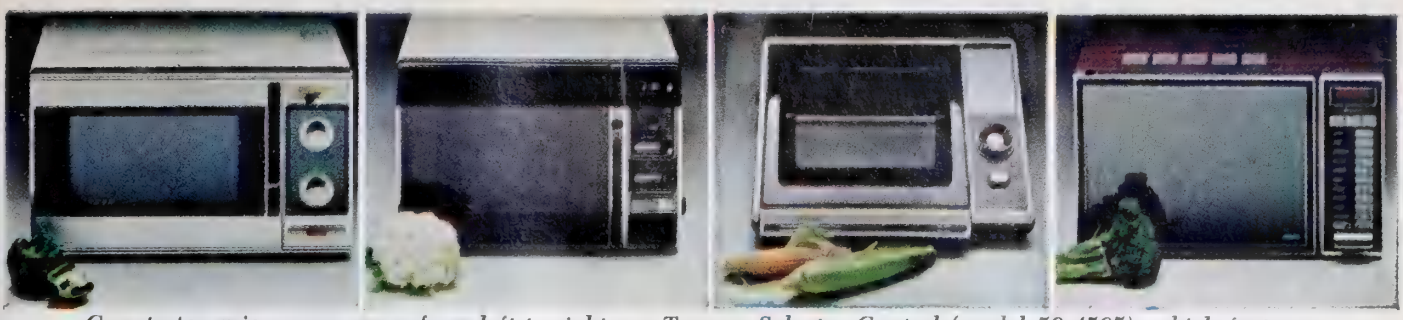
ARTICHOKES WITH MUSTARD SAUCE

Artichokes cook in only 10 minutes.

Mustard Sauce
3 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
½ cup salad oil
4 teaspoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
4 artichokes

Mustard Sauce: In small glass bowl, heat water for 30 seconds. Stir in mustard. Gradually beat in oil with whisk. Stir in





Countertop microwave ovens from left to right are Tappan Selector Control (model 56-4565), which features variable power control and browning unit; General Electric Jet 90, which offers a temperature sensor; Panasonic (model NE-5100) lightweight portable with low profile design; Litton Memorymatic (model 420) with electronic touch control. Pictured on page 132 is Amana RR-6 Touchmatic, which features a solid state computer.

lemon juice, parsley, salt and pepper. *To prepare artichokes:* With scissors, cut off pointed tips of leaves. Trim bottom and 1 inch from top of artichoke. Wrap each loosely in plastic wrap. Place on cooking tray in microwave. Cook them for 10 minutes. Let stand 5 minutes before serving. Serve with Mustard Sauce. About 265 calories each.

NACHOS

A quick and easy hors d'oeuvre.

1 can (10½ oz.) jalapeño bean dip
1 package (6¼ oz.) tortilla chips
1 package (8 oz.) Muenster cheese slices, cut into pieces
1 can (4 oz.) jalapeño peppers, sliced

Place ½ tablespoon bean dip on each tortilla chip, topping each with a slice of cheese and pepper. Place 8 to 10 chips on a paper plate. Heat in microwave oven for 30 seconds. Serve immediately. Continue making more nachos. Makes 3 dozen. About 55 calories each.

CARROTS AND BRUSSELS SPROUTS
pictured on page 132

Always salt vegetables AFTER cooking in the microwave.

1 pound carrots, peeled and cut into julienne strips
⅓ cup water
2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen Brussels sprouts
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

In a 1½ quart shallow glass casserole, place carrots and water. Cover, cook in microwave for 8 minutes. Remove; let stand for 8 minutes. In other 1½ quart shallow glass baking dish, place Brussels sprouts. Cover; cook in microwave 5 minutes. Remove; let stand 5 minutes. Combine carrots and sprouts and add butter or margarine. Heat in microwave for 1 to 2 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Makes 6 servings. About 100 calories per serving.

PARSLIED NEW POTATOES
pictured on page 132

1½ pounds new potatoes, about 12 to 14
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
Salt and pepper to taste

Peel strip of skin from center of each potato. Place potatoes in shallow glass dish. Cover and cook in *(continued)*



SHASTA BRIGHTENS THE HOLIDAYS LIKE NO OTHER SOFT DRINK.

Put sparkle [illegible] with Shasta's 14 great tasting flavors...each in Regular and [illegible] Cola, Draft Root Beer, Orange, Lemon-Lime, Strawberry [illegible], Black Cherry, Creme Soda, Cherry Cola, Grape [illegible] Grapefruit, Wild Raspberry, Tiki Punch.

microwave 8 to 10 minutes, turning dish once. Remove, let stand covered 5 minutes before serving. Meanwhile, in 1 cup glass measure, melt butter in microwave oven for 30 seconds. Stir in parsley, salt, pepper. Pour over potatoes; toss until well coated. Makes 6 servings, about 85 calories each.

RICE

Imagine! Rice cooked in the microwave.

2½ cups water
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup long-grain rice

In 2-quart glass casserole, heat water to boiling in microwave oven. Add rice, butter or margarine and salt; stir. Cover and cook in microwave oven for 10 minutes, turning dish once. Remove; let stand, covered, for 10 minutes. Stir with a fork to fluff. Makes 6 servings. About 130 calories per serving.

ROAST BEEF
pictured on page 132

Enjoy roast beef even when dinner is last-minute.

3 to 4 pound rolled rib beef roast (of uniform shape)
2 garlic cloves, sliced
4 bacon slices
Salt and pepper

Make ½-inch deep slits in top of beef at 1 inch intervals. Insert garlic into slits. Arrange bacon, overlapping slightly, on top. Place roast, bacon side down, in glass baking dish. Cover with waxed paper and cook in microwave oven for 8 minutes; turning dish once. Remove from oven; drain off juices and reserve. Turn meat, bacon-side up, and continue cooking in microwave 8 to 10 minutes, turning dish once. Remove from oven, cover with foil and let stand 15 minutes before slicing. The meat will be rare. Serve with reserved juices. Meanwhile, cook vegetables. Makes 6 to 8 servings. About 275 calories for 6; 200 for 8.

NOTE: If well done meat is desired, return slices of meat to oven and cook 1 to 2 minutes more.

CRANAPPLE JAM

Prepare jam in the microwave in only 8 minutes. You can even sterilize your jars in the microwave.

2 cups whole, fresh cranberries
1 cup peeled and finely chopped Golden Delicious apples
1½ cups sugar
2 teaspoons grated lemon peel
4 teaspoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon butter or margarine

To sterilize jar: Fill 1 pint mason jar with water. Heat water in jar in microwave oven to boiling. Pour out water and invert on clean towel. Set aside.

To make jam: Wash cranberries. Remove stems and crush. In a 3-quart round glass casserole, combine all ingredients. Cook uncovered in microwave oven for about 8 minutes or until mixture reaches desired thickness, stirring every 2 minutes. Spoon immediately into 1 pint container; cover. Serve warm or cool. Store in refrigerator up to 1 month. Makes 2 cups. About 45 calories per tablespoon.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

A brunch entree. If you have a browning skillet, use it.

12 eggs
2 cups cottage cheese
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon hot pepper sauce
¾ teaspoon chervil, crushed (optional)
6 tablespoons butter or margarine

Beat eggs until mixed. Add cottage cheese, salt, pepper sauce and chervil and beat until well combined; set aside. Melt butter in browning skillet or 1½-quart round glass baking dish for 1 minute. Pour in egg mixture *(continued)*



This year let the stuffing steal the meal.



OLIVES FROM CALIFORNIA. Plump and black or stuffed green Spanish-style. They add that very special touch to your recipes—especially this one. Tasting is believing.

Wonderful flavor. Tastes like it took all day to make. Don't tell them you made it in one pan in minutes.

On the inside or the outside, it will upstage the holiday bird.



LONG GRAIN AND WILD RICE RICE-A-RONI. A perfect blend, plus exciting herbs and seasonings. Wild and wonderful flavor as a side dish or a base for stuffing.

Olives and Almonds and Rice and Stuff.

1 pkg. (6 oz.) GOLDEN GRAIN LONG GRAIN AND WILD RICE-A-RONI
1 can pitted CALIFORNIA RIPE OLIVES
¼ cup BLUE RIBBON CALIFORNIA SHELLED ALMONDS, Sliced or Slivered

Prepare Rice-A-Roni according to package directions. Stir in olives and almonds. Makes 4 cups stuffing. Will stuff one small turkey, four game hens or two chickens.



BLUE RIBBON CALIFORNIA ALMONDS. Slivered, sliced or whole. Fresh, crisp almonds packaged to stay that way by BLUE RIBBON. Taste how much they add to this recipe.



and cook in microwave oven for 6 minutes stirring and rotating pan every 2 minutes. (Mixture cooks at edges first, which is the reason for frequent stirring.) Serve immediately. Makes 6 servings. About 420 calories each.

20 NIFTY IDEAS FOR USING YOUR MICROWAVE:

1. Soften or melt cold butter for spreading or mixing.
2. Reheat leftovers on individual serving plates.
3. Melt chocolate.
4. Soften ice cream for scooping.
5. Heat baby food, bottles.
6. Heat boil-in bag vegetables (puncture bag first).
7. Heat fondue in a ceramic fondue pot.
8. Reheat hors d'oeuvres.
9. Crisp cereals, crackers, popcorn.
10. Heat bagels, rolls, doughnuts (does wonders for those on the stale side).
11. Heat hot dog right in the bun.
12. Heat frozen pizza slice on paper napkin.
13. Soften brown sugar.
14. Heat milk for bread making; cocoa.
15. Defrost frozen bread dough.
16. Heat a compress, finger towels.
17. Warm pancake syrup.
18. Make quick spiced wine or hot toddies.
19. Warm sake Japanese-style.
20. Dry flowers or herbs.

Journal Shopping Center

CHARLIE'S ANGELS: NIGHT CAPERS
PAGE 110: From left: Grecian nightgown by **BLANCHE LINGERIE** available at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Burdine's, Florida; Neiman Marcus, all stores; I. Magnin, all stores. Lace and tricot nightgown by **OLGA** at: B. Altman, N.Y.; Filene's, Boston; Rich's, Atlanta; Burdine's, Florida; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Foley's, Houston; The Broadway, all stores; The Emporium, San Francisco; Nordstrom, Seattle and Portland. **FORMFIT ROGERS** lace appliqued nightgown at: Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; McAlpin, Cincinnati; Higbee's, Cleveland; Marshall Field, all stores; Joslin's, Colorado, all stores; **PAGE 112:** From left: Pink lounge gown by **VANITY FAIR**, available at Macy's, Herald Square, N.Y.C.; G. Fox & Co., Hartford; The Outlet Department Stores; Providence; Thalhimer Bros., Richmond; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Frost Brothers, San Antonio; The Broadway, all stores. Body skimming lounge dress, **CIRA**, at Lord and Taylor, N.Y.; Sibley Lindsay & Curr, Rochester and Syracuse; Garfinickel's, Washington, D.C.; Rich's, Atlanta; Charles A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; Joseph Magnin, all stores. Lounging jumpsuit by **PEARL** available at B. Altman, N.Y.; McCurdy's, Rochester; Filene's, Boston, Hutzler's, Baltimore; Jacobson's, Michigan; May D & F, Denver; Battelstein's, Houston; Bullock's, Northern California.

STENCIL FANCY
PAGE 122: Wallpaper borders. Elvire #1, a 13" wide swag and jabot with rope and tassel design used as a valance across the top of the window, and, with the straight top band trimmed off as an apron below the window; Elvire #2, a $5\frac{3}{8}$" wide border in tartan design, used at sides and across the bottom of the window, and Elvire #3, a $1\frac{5}{8}$" tartan patterned border used to simulate ribbons holding the portrait, are all from Brunschwig & Fils*. Window shade, vinyl-coated white matte finish with room darkening qualities, by Joanna. Verve tablecloths, a 41" square in natural, and an 89" dia. round in apple red, are a 50/50 blend of polyester and rayon, with permanent press and soil release finishes and hemstitched borders, by Vera.
* through decorators.



"Your age is just a number. It has nothing to do with how young you are."

Says Diane Davison, 41.



"When my son asked me if forty-one is over the hill, I said, 'No way, not by a long shot!' Forty-one, I told him, is young. So is fifty-one and sixty-one. The numbers don't count, it's how you feel and what you do. That's what keeps you young.

"People tell me I look young. That makes me feel good, and when they say to me that my hands look young, I'm really pleased. I think hands are important, so I always try to take care of mine.

"I'll tell you something else that I think helps them, and that's Ivory Liquid. I like its mildness. It feels nice when I put my hands in the suds...just very gentle for my hands. That's why I'd never use anything but Ivory Liquid for my dishes."

Mild Ivory Liquid helps hands say "young," at any age.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

HOMEMAKERS SPEAK OUT

In our August How America Lives section, we asked homemakers to send us their thoughts on their jobs, offering $50 for each winning letter. Thousands of women responded with fascinating insights into their lives. From these letters we chose one to report on in depth—a case history with a difference. Below is the story of a young woman who, after years away from the field, embarked on a new career. Surprise! It's homemaking!

"Do I sound like a TV commercial?" Joan Harris laughed as she confessed how much she enjoys waxing floors, fixing meals for her husband and sons and digging in her backyard garden. What's so special about that? For Joan, at the age of 30, being a housewife is a new career. Until recently, she commuted to an office to work, and had a matching lifestyle: a housekeeper for the children and a closetful of "working-woman" clothes.

Joan began her career in the advertising department of *McCall's* magazine when she was 19. "I loved being independent and paying all my own bills," she said. Through work, she met her husband, art director Michael Harris. After their marriage, she continued working as a production assistant at United Artists. Only the birth of their first son, Tod, a year later stopped her—temporarily, she thought. Four months later, she was pregnant again.

"I'd had two babies in less than two years. I adored them both. But when my second son, Sean, was six weeks old, I felt that I wouldn't survive if I had to stay home all day. I was miserable and bored."

Michael encouraged her to go out and get a job again. About to go into business for himself as a photographer, he was in the process of transforming their apartment dining room into a studio. So Joan gladly found a job, as marketing director for a company that designed fiber glass play structures.

Joan and Michael split the household responsibilities down the middle. During the work week, a friend babysat regularly for their two small boys. On Sundays, Michael took charge of the kids while Joan did all the week's cooking, specializing in things she could freeze for later use, like lasagna and meatballs.

Although the Harrises barely broke even financially, they were happy with their hectic schedule. "Working gave me a sense of identity," said Joan. "I was learning about myself and the world. It was security, too. I was bringing in a regular paycheck while my husband tried to make it on his own."

In the next five years, Michael did make it as an advertising photographer. Joan succeeded, too, in an area she'd always loved—film. By then she was a producer for a documentary film company. But in spite of the excitement of work, she began to feel increasingly "tired, hassled and torn apart in a million directions. I wanted to see my kids more. I missed being with my husband and friends."

She finally decided to quit her job. Last winter, the Harrises moved out of New York City to nearby Great Neck, and Joan became a full-time homemaker. For a while, she worked part-time, helping to start a boutique for the local arts center and teaching video tape to third graders. However, as she became more involved with her homemaking, she gradually gave up even part-time work. When she was asked to teach full-time, she turned it down.

Last summer, she and Michael bought their own house, and Joan began decorating, something she had never had time for before. She's also found time for a new, private, hobby—figure skating. While the kids are in school in the mornings, she does figure eights by the hour. "It's unpressured, uncompetitive and beautiful," she says.

What makes homemaking so satisfying now? "When I was first married, I was totally unprepared to stay at home with babies, mainly because I didn't know who I was," said Joan. "I'm happy now because I achieved something in the outside world first—a separate professional identity that I could go back to when the kids are older. *That's* liberating." ***For prize-winning homemaker letters, please turn page.***



Michael and Joan Harris, with sons Sean (left) and Tod

Photograph by Christopher Little/Camera-5

Homemakers speak out: prize-winning

YVONNE BARTH
DENVER, COLO.
"A FANTASY WORLD"

When people ask, "Where's the fulfillment in scrubbing the floor?" or "How can you stand staying at home?" I answer that for years, in order to survive, women have had to live in a fantasy world, pretending they were actually kept women (and never mind the kid with chicken pox in the next room).

While writing this, laundry has accumulated and the dishwasher needs emptying. However, I'm in my bluejeans and on my way to the backyard to repair a screen door. But first I'll stop in the kitchen for a piece of my husband's fresh-baked peach pie.

MARY KENNEDY
CHEVY CHASE, MD.
"ISOLATION FROM ONE'S PEERS"

I wouldn't trade all the paychecks or outside rewards for what I have and am in my house. Here's hoping my family, dogs and home (in that order) wouldn't trade me. However, if there's a negative side to homemaking I'd call it isolation from one's peers. A homemaker must find support within herself and her home or go outside to find it.



EILEEN DE VIVO
PISCATAWAY, N.J.
"REWARDING, EXHAUSTING, ABOUNDING: SOMETIMES SENSUOUS."

If I could change my working conditions I'd ask for my husband to be a little neater. I'd also ask for a better vacuum cleaner, a checking account I could balance and a maid to clean the bathroom. But to me being a homemaker is the most rewarding, exhausting, abounding, sometimes sensuous job a woman can choose.

FAY OBERGFELL
LEXINGTON, IND.
"A CAREER OF GROWING THINGS"

My career is growing things: plants, a dog, a cat, children and relationships, especially mine and my husband's. Today we live on two acres, planting vegetables and fruit trees, grapevines, berry bushes and strawberries, flowers and shrubs. Our kids, two and five, have grown up working, digging and planting with us.

My hands are often stained and rough. I'm not the Total Woman, but I am whole. I am a partner with my husband. He changes diapers, spanks bottoms, tells stories as well as I do. I work outdoors, handle simple repairs and cope with crises as well as he does.

When the children are older, I hope to resume another career: special education—I taught before and after I got married—but for now my career is growing things.

SUSAN OEE
WARREN, MICH.
"HARDER THAN A CAREER"

Having a career was far easier than being a housewife! Nobody's life ever depended on my being on the job every day. Now I awake to the sticky kisses of my kids instead of an alarm clock.

MARY MARON
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.
"THE OVER-AND-OVER PART"

I don't like everything, naturally. No one likes everything about his or her job, no matter what it is. The least likable part of homemaking is the over-and-over part. Worst of all is the attitude of some women who believe that homemaking isn't a job, isn't important, isn't difficult.

DARLENE KUHNE
SAN RAFAEL, CALIF.
"I ACCEPT THE RESPONSIBILITY"

I'm a child pyschologist, referee, dessert maker, part-time nurse and sometime grouch—not to mention a storyteller and chauffeur. Sometimes my four kids frustrate me with their bickering or stubbornness. They constantly remind me of their individuality. With my husband's help, I accept the responsibility of bringing up these future citizens of our country.

ENID RUBIN
MILL VALLEY, CALIF.
"WALKING A FINE LINE"

The most challenging part of being a housewife is learning to walk the fine line between being able to accommodate others without losing my own identity and getting caught finding that identity through others. I've learned that it's crucial to develop a special interest that gives me pleasure. I dabble in writing. I keep a journal, occasionally write poems and secretly harbor great dreams and aspirations for myself as a writer. As a housewife, my financial base is symbiotically linked to my husband's. If he should decide the party's over, he takes his earning power right out the door with him. That, for me, is the most frightening and least satisfactory aspect of being a housewife.

letters from How America Lives readers...

HELEN MC DANIEL
NEWBURG, IND.
"BEING MY OWN BOSS"

My role as homemaker began in earnest with the birth of our son Jon. I worked until two weeks before he was born and really missed the stimulation of a job. All I did was sleep. My doctor helped me realize I was always tired because I was bored. People who once lived full lives are disappointed to learn that the highlight of their day will now be the baby's daily bowel movement. Once I realized that was my problem, I began a program of learning and growing in an entirely new way.

I learned to crochet—afghans at first, then advanced to sweaters and patterns. A 2 P.M. macramé class? I'll be there. Gardening, canning and baking became other creative outlets. All of a sudden, being a homemaker meant being my own boss. If I want to read Jon a story instead of making the bed, then I'll read him a story.

Now I've decided that when I hit 30 in four years, I'll go back to school for my degree. I'll do the things I originally wanted to do before I was sidetracked. I may not be Miss America, as I planned, but I can still have a career and reach out for new things. Fortunately, my husband is liberated enough to encourage me. He wants a wife to have a mind of her own and who can talk about things other than housekeeping and babies.

EILEEN ZIMMER
HAUPPAUGE, N.Y.
"MENIAL AND MEANINGFUL"

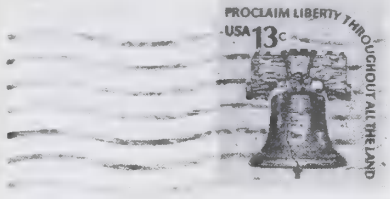
I see my job as one of creating a kind of physical and emotional atmosphere my husband and children want to come home to. Homemaking is unique in that it combines the most menial with the most meaningful tasks.

KATHLEEN ROTTENBORN
WAYNEBORO, VA.
"PROFOUND CREATIVE PROCESS"

Being a homemaker who has borne four children has allowed me to be involved with the most profound creative process there is—giving life itself. But, once here, good lives don't just grow like Topsy. They are built by people who care—and that is the essence of mothering.

CAROL HUGHES
AKRON, OHIO
"GOD HAS BLESSED ME"

A lifetime of happiness is hard to explain. It has not all been roses, but I would not change it. A cup of coffee in the quiet of the morning on my front stoop, listening to the birds and reading poetry is heaven. God has truly blessed me and I praise Him for His blessings. I tell my children I never promised them it would be easy and patience is the essence of time. When I start to fall apart, everyone says, "Yeah, Mom, you really wanted to be an old maid and raise cats."



KAREN BORAK
NORTHGLENN, COLO.
"THE FRINGE BENEFITS ARE TERRIFIC!"

Three dogs, one cat and a crawling infant are now lolling contentedly around my desk. I can write without hurrying. Let me think. What is the most enjoyable part of homemaking? Homemaking is fun in many ways. There are often moments of quiet pleasure when... Oops, I hear splashes and giggles! Oh, dear, the baby is learning about the dogs' water bowl—a discovery that requires hasty curtailment.

Do I want to be a homemaker for a lifetime? I will think about it while I finish the laundry, balance the checkbook and begin dinner. While I was picking last night's sauerkraut out of a pair of gym socks, a patio salesman called. I did not buy a patio, but I did discover how little I have gained from reading articles on assertive behavior. There are a few minutes remaining before dinner. I would like to write, but the dog is licking the baby and the sprinkler is spraying the street. My daughter stands nose pressed into the screen door, smiling excitedly. Up the sidewalk comes her father. He waves, grins and acts as though he cannot get to the door fast enough. I see a cluster of daisies under his arm. I must hurry. In one sentence, homemaking is a demanding job, but the fringe benefits—yellow daisies and toothless smiles—are terrific.



WOMEN AND TRANQUILIZERS

A SPECIAL REPORT BY PENELOPE McMILLAN

The dinner guests are arriving any minute, Susie and Tommy are fighting in the den—and the phone rings. You feel like screaming. But before you do—will you take a Valium? Can women really find peace inside a pill bottle?

"When I'm nervous before I go to a party, I generally take a Valium," says a housewife in Des Moines.

"If I can't sleep, I take a tranquilizer—it does the trick," maintains a divorcee from Topeka.

"I have five kids, so I'm under lots of pressure," says a young mother in Berkeley, Calif. She takes four pills every day, "and then I never feel jittery."

Valium, sometimes called "the happiness pill" or "the miracle capsule," is the most often prescribed drug in the world. Along with Librium, it accounts for nearly 80% of the country's use of "minor" tranquilizers, the category that describes sedatives primarily meant to reduce anxiety. The bulk of these prescriptions were written not by psychiatrists, but by family doctors who wrote most of them for their female patients. According to numerous studies, including ones done by the National Institute of Mental Health and the National Institute on Drug Abuse, twice as many women as men take tranquilizers.

There are many differing theories as to why this is true, but in order to understand the use and abuse of these drugs, it is important to understand what these "minor" tranquilizers are and how they work. Basically, they are sedatives and central nervous system depressants. The most widely used—over 90 percent—are compounds known as benzodiazepines (Valium, Librium, Serax, Tranxene, Dalmane) and meprobamates (Miltown, Equanil). They apparently act on the brain's limbic system, which is key in controlling the senses and all emotions—angry or pleasurable. Dr. Jordan Scher, director of Chicago's National Council on Drug Abuse, notes that these drugs "desensitize" senses such as taste, smell, hearing—and can have a "close to anesthetic" effect sexually. Chronic use of a drug like Valium can reduce anxiety and relieve tension, but the user also stops caring about solving her problems. "It's a way of turning off," Scher says.

But why do so many more women want to turn off than men? According to New York psychoanalyst Louis Linn, women may simply seek a different method of escape: "If a man is tense or nervous, he can go into a bar and relax over a drink. A woman, because of social pressures, doesn't have that outlet. Of course, when she gets anxious, she may fix herself a martini at home. But more and more often, she develops a psychosomatic symptom like a headache or a backache—and she goes to the doctor for a tranquilizer."

Another explanation for the wide use of tranquilizers among women, according to drug expert Dr. Donald Klein of Long Island Jewish Hospital-Hillside Medical Center, is that "there are emotional disorders such as anxiety attacks or depression of which women complain more frequently than men—and anxious or depressed women ask their doctors for tranquilizers."

One misconception about the use of Valium is that it lifts depression. Tranquilizers have a calming effect for a tense or anxious person. They are not helpful for the relief of depression—in fact, one relatively rare side effect of Valium is depression.

There is, of course, another point of view regarding the extensive use of tranquilizers among women—one that is widely held by women in the fields of medicine and sociology. Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber, a drug expert and lawyer, says, "Women today—myself included—are more aware than ever before of our rapidly changing roles. This awareness has created tremendous emotional conflicts. All of us, young and old, are experiencing pain. We are realizing that society's traditional definition of a woman's role is no longer enough. As a result, many women have become deeply depressed. They begin to feel overwhelmed with loneliness or with apathy. And when a doctor hears these classic symptoms, he tends to prescribe tranquilizers instead of taking the time for deeper exploration. In any event, when a woman is in psychic pain or can't conform, she's too often driven to tranquilizers."

Psychologist Phyllis Chesler and lawyer Emily Goodman, in their book, *Women, Money and Power,* found that the confusion between a girl's fantasy about marriage and motherhood and the actual rewards in her adult life can make some women hostile. "Women tend to turn inward with their hostility," says Dr. Chesler. "They direct it at themselves, become tense and anxious—and so they take tranquilizers."

For women who feel they cannot change their situation, a drug such as Valium sometimes seems the only way. "Instead of getting rid of the real constraints in their lives," says sociologist Pauline Bart of Chicago's Abraham Lincoln School of Medicine, "women constrain their minds with drugs so they'll be better able to bear the pain." In addition, the passivity induced by tranquilizers, notes Pepper Schwartz, assistant professor of sociology at the University of Washington, is "culturally acceptable for women—let the world act on you, rather than you acting on it."

Many researchers note the role of salaried work—or lack of it—among women users. A study done in 17 states and the District of Columbia by a trio from the University of Miami School of Medicine, led by Dr. James Inciardi, found that 69 percent of the female users of minor tranquilizers were unemployed. Other studies support this, adding that users tend to be not only housewives but over 35. In a culture that idealizes the roles that housewives play—motherhood, wifehood and homemaker—those are interesting findings. The age of users indicates that years of playing those roles don't bring fulfillment but disappointment—as well as the beginnings of concern that youth, looks and opportunities may be lost.

Dr. Inciardi's Miami research group reinterviewed some housewives when he discovered that they were in the majority in some studies of tranquilizer users. "One of the basic problems we found was that a typical user was overtrained to stay home," he says, "and undertrained to compete in the open market with men." Exploring the same paradox, Dr. Chesler and Ms. Goodman find that while the culture idealizes women who are altruistic, self-sacrificing and non-aggressive, these very same attributes don't help them at all if they join the work force, where men outnumber women 600 to 1 in the top corporate jobs.

One Valium user, a sophisticated Manhattan housewife, reflects this. "I've got to have my own life or I'm going to dissolve somewhere," she says. "My husband's gone so much, my only child goes away to college next year. I started taking tranquilizers because I couldn't seem to do anything. Simple things like picking out fabric. Withdrawing, not doing things, is a sort of revenge."

Perhaps it is just at this point where one can begin to understand Valium use; it simply can't be separated from the position of women in today's society. Sociologist and author Jessie Bernard believes marriage itself is relevant, because innumerable studies, including her own, have shown that "more married women than unmarried are depressed." They also show more symptoms of "psychological distress"—inertia, insomnia, fainting, headaches, dizziness and nervousness.

"The perennial charge" against women, Bernard says, is that their problems are "their own fault," not the culture's. Sociologist Bart feels that the predominantly male medical profession tends to accept this view, and aren't prepared to deal with the real problems facing women who complain that they're unhappy or anxious. "The doctor can't fix up their husbands—or society. So what does he do? Often tranquilizers seem the most viable solution."



But it's a solution that has generated growing criticism both inside and out of the medical community. Doctors are disinclined to sit down with a patient and get to the root of the emotional problem.

In July of last year, the Justice Department ordered all tranquilizers brought under strict government control, because two federal agencies, the Drug Enforcement Administration and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, believed that Valium, Librium, Serax and Tranxene were being widely abused. They maintained that evidence shows these drugs to have an important effect on the central nervous system and to have the potential to produce physical and psychological dependence.

Before this ruling, doctors could write out one prescription and a patient could get unlimited refills. Now prescriptions may not be refilled more than five times and may not be refilled at all after six months.

The new ruling from the Drug Enforcement Administration,as well as the widespread use of tranquilizers in this country, remains a subject of passionate controversy.

This past summer the controversy reached dramatic proportions with a new government report stating that Valium is associated with drug abuse crises more often than any other drug including heroin.

An equally serious allegation from the Food and Drug Administration says studies reveal that the nation's most widely used tranquilizers—Valium, Librium, Miltown and others—may cause cleft lip and other birth defects if taken in early pregnancy. The FDA ordered manufacturers of the drugs to begin printing warnings to that effect in bold-faced type on the package.

Citing recent studies, FDA Commissioner Alexander M. Schmidt said, "These studies do not conclusively demonstrate that these drugs taken during early pregnancy can cause birth defects but use of these tranquilizers during pregnancy should be avoided." (Hoffman-La Roche, manufacturer of Valium and Librium, charged that in this new order, the FDA has ignored two more recent studies that cleared the tranquilizers of any link to birth defects.)

One very real problem in the tremendous rise in the use of tranquilizers is the public's continued ignorance about the drugs. The Miami research study re-interviewed 200 regular users of Valium and found that less than a third of them knew of the dangers involved. Some of these dangers include the fact that, although not physically addictive, Valium can be psychologically habit-forming. Valium, and all tranquilizers, can make one dizzy and sleepy—and thus should never be taken before driving or performing any other function that requires total concentration. The most frightening danger, however, is that in combination with alcohol, Valium can be fatal. (It is not known for certain, but doctors believe that this very combination found in her blood tests, may have put Karen Ann Quinlan into the coma that has lasted for more than a year and a half.) Researcher Carl Chambers of the Miami group says, "People are dumb about drugs—and their doctors don't tell them the facts."

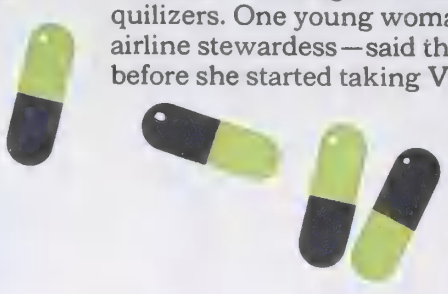
However, there are those who disregard the dangers of tranquilizers. One young woman—an airline stewardess—said that before she started taking Valium, she simply couldn't relax. She's been taking it for two years now and she says "I'm never going to stop. I sleep like a baby and I feel great." Another woman, a former alcoholic, says she needs Valium "to stay off the bottle."

There is such a thing as "good" usage of tranquilizer drugs as distinguished from "chronic" usage, according to Jordan Scher. He defines chronic usage as "anything over three or four weeks." Scher and others, including New York psychiatrist Marie Nyswander, have gone on record as saying that minor tranquilizers such as Valium should be given only in short-term prescriptions.

If a user is chronic, Scher says, she should ask herself these questions: 1. How long have I been taking this drug? 2. Do I feel it's not helping? 3. Have I increased the dosage and asked for larger doses? 4. Have I found myself supplementing the tranquilizers with sleeping medications or do I find myself also taking a drink once, twice or three times a day? "Any time you find more and more is achieving less and less," Scher says, "you've got a problem."

If a person feels she's abusing tranquilizers and wants to stop, getting off the drug is an individual process. Abrupt stoppage of high dosages can be dangerous, bringing on severe withdrawal reactions. Even people taking legally recommended doses should discuss with their physician going off "in stages," says Dr. Robert Baird, Manhattan internist and long-time drug fighter. "It might not be easy."

There are more than a few people, both medical and non-medical, who feel that the dangers



of these minor tranquilizers have been over-emphasized. As they point out, there are only 25,000 psychiatrists treating adults in this country—nowhere near enough to treat all the people troubled by anxiety and tension. Until more is known about their potential dangers, it must be up to each woman to decide for herself: Are tranquilizers the answer? Do they make it easier to cope with my problems in order to solve them? Or do they provide me with an escape—a coverup that allows the troubles to simmer under the surface until they boil over?

The answers, if honest, will vary. But one woman told us: "I took Valium every day for two years when my marriage was breaking up. I guess it helped me keep going at first. But looking back on it now, I was actually half asleep all the time, in a very profound sense. I threw away my last prescription a year ago. Now, when I can't sleep, I read a book. When I'm nervous, I take a long walk or do deep breathing exercises. And I feel stronger, more alive, than the pills ever made me feel."

ARE TRANQUILIZERS FOR YOU?

Your personality may affect your response to tranquilizers. For example, a study reveals that energetic, athletic types tend to react to tranquilizers by displaying increased anxiety. Another study reveals that passive people who are chronically depressed can benefit from tranquilizers. It should be noted, too, that adverse reactions to drugs occur *only with patients who are susceptible.* Most people who take drugs experience few if any bad side effects. A final reminder: prescription drugs should be taken only under a doctor's supervision.

A GLOSSARY OF TRANQUILIZERS

ELAVIL *is prescribed for the relief of depression or depression accompanied by anxiety. It is dangerous to drive a car after taking Elavil.*

EQUAGESIC *is Equanil mixed with aspirin and it's prescribed as a pain reliever. Overuse of this drug can lead to physical and psychological dependence.*

EQUANIL *(also marketed as Miltown and Meprobamate) is prescribed for the relief of anxiety or tension. It is also given to insomniacs. Overuse of this drug can lead to physical and psychological dependence.*

LIBRIUM *is prescribed for a variety of emotional disorders, including anxiety and tension. Alcoholics take Librium when they're trying to stay on the wagon. Librium should never be taken when driving. Physical and psychological dependence can occur with overuse.*

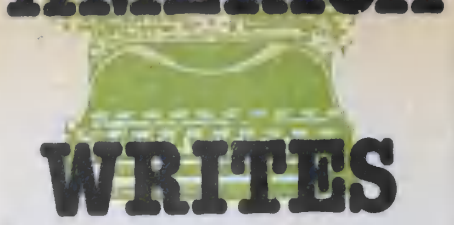
MELLARIL *is prescribed for patients suffering from extreme aggression or abnormal agitation. Mellaril should not be taken with alcohol or sedatives and extended use of this drug can cause abnormal cessation of menstrual periods, hives, loss of appetite and impairment of night vision.*

RITALIN, *a stimulant in the same category as narcotics, is not technically a tranquilizer. However, it is often prescribed for hyperactive children. It may also be used for mild depression, insomnia and senile behavior. Abuse of this drug can lead to weight loss, insomnia and skin eruptions. Physical and psychological dependence can result with overuse.*

STELAZINE *is a very strong drug prescribed for acute anxiety and extreme tension and certain mental disorders. Patients using this drug should not drive.*

THORAZINE *is prescribed for control of nausea, vomiting, for certain mental ailments and for overactive children. It also reduces anxiety. This drug may impair mental and physical faculties. Thorazine should not be taken with alcohol or sedatives nor should you drive a car after you take it.*

VALIUM *is a sedative prescribed to relieve tension and anxiety. Patients should not drive after taking Valium nor should Valium be mixed with alcohol or sleeping pills. A physical and psychological dependence can occur with overuse.*



WRITES

THANK YOU

We were so pleased to be included in the "How America Lives" series (April). It was a splendid honor and a great experience for each family member. Equally exciting were the local television coverage and the numerous cards, letters and telephone calls from all over the country from friends and strangers who saw the article. Thank you again.
Theresa, Charles, Lisa and Marc Greenwood
Muncie, Ind.

KAREN ANN QUINLAN

I, too, had the impression that Karen was a "sleeping beauty," under a spell from which she would shortly awaken. Your September article, "The Story of Karen Ann Quinlan," made me aware for the first time of the actual heartbreaking facts of Karen's condition.

I am but one year older than she, and was jolted face to face with my own mortality. Though I am not yet a parent, I can clearly see the heart-rending decision Mr. and Mrs. Quinlan had to make. Reading your article further justified in my mind their decision.
Barbara Green
Brooklyn, N.Y.

BIONIC CREDITS

In your very interesting article on TV's "Bionic Woman," (May) the writer refers to Harve Bennet as the creator of "The Six Million Dollar Man" for ABC-TV. Actually, the show evolved from a book written by my client Martin Caidin, which was purchased by Dick Irving of Universal Studios. I ought to know--I sold the book to Dick.
Bill Ficks
Hollywood, Calif.

DIETING

Thank you for Lois Lindauer's article, "Vacation Diet Tips," that appeared in your August issue. It really changed what has always been a problem for me into a downright pleasure....This time I read Ms. Lindauer's article, took her advice to heart, carried her words clipped to my wallet, and lost, repeat, lost, five pounds while thoroughly enjoying myself! I feel like a new person, capable finally of managing my weight.
Anne Brand
Westfield, Mass.

WHITE HOUSE CHILDREN

"Children of the White House" was quite interesting. Not only was I surprised to know there were so many, but several before the FDR period. I'd like to read and see more about them.
Christine Kemp
Alliance, Ohio

HEROES

The results of your survey "Who Are the Kids' Heroes and Heroines?" (August), are quite alarming. For Charles Manson and Jane Fonda to be on the list, I find quite ominous. What sort of values are our youth absorbing? It seems to me that every single adult should assess his own actions and ethics. What example are we all setting? It is time these kids had some real, close-to-home heroes to admire and emulate.
Cheryl D. Calahan
Hackensack, N.J.

ERA

Thanks so much for your July issue report on the Equal Rights Amendment. The more publicity this can be given, the better for all citizens of this democratic country of ours. Please continue the much appreciated work!
Shari Seldman
Swarthmore, Pa.

BOOKLET BOOKSHELF

Since holiday time means cooking time, here are festive and practical cook-booklets to help see you through.

THE ART OF BUDGET COOKING—Minute Rice is featured in each of the over 100 recipes and tips in this color booklet. Send 75¢ to P.O. Box 5218, Kankakee, Ill. 60901.

ROAST DUCKLING FOR ALL OCCASIONS—Elegant but easy, roast ducklings spice up any occasion. This 12-page color booklet shows how to prepare them in a variety of ways. Send $1 to the National Duckling Council, Dept. A-2N Riverside Plaza, Chicago, Ill. 60606.

CONTEMPRA CREPE BOOK—The art of making perfect crepes from batter to platter. Send 50¢ to Contempra Industries, 371 Essex Road, New Shrewsbury, N.J. 07753, for this 16-page color booklet.

THERE'S MORE TO ITALIAN COOKING THAN SPAGHETTI—This 46-page color booklet featuring Ragú Italian Cooking Sauce will enable anyone to capture the flavor of Italy. Available free from Ragú Foods, Inc., P.O. Box 95, North White Plains, N.Y. 10603.

A WEALTH OF INFORMATION FOR LITTLE MONEY



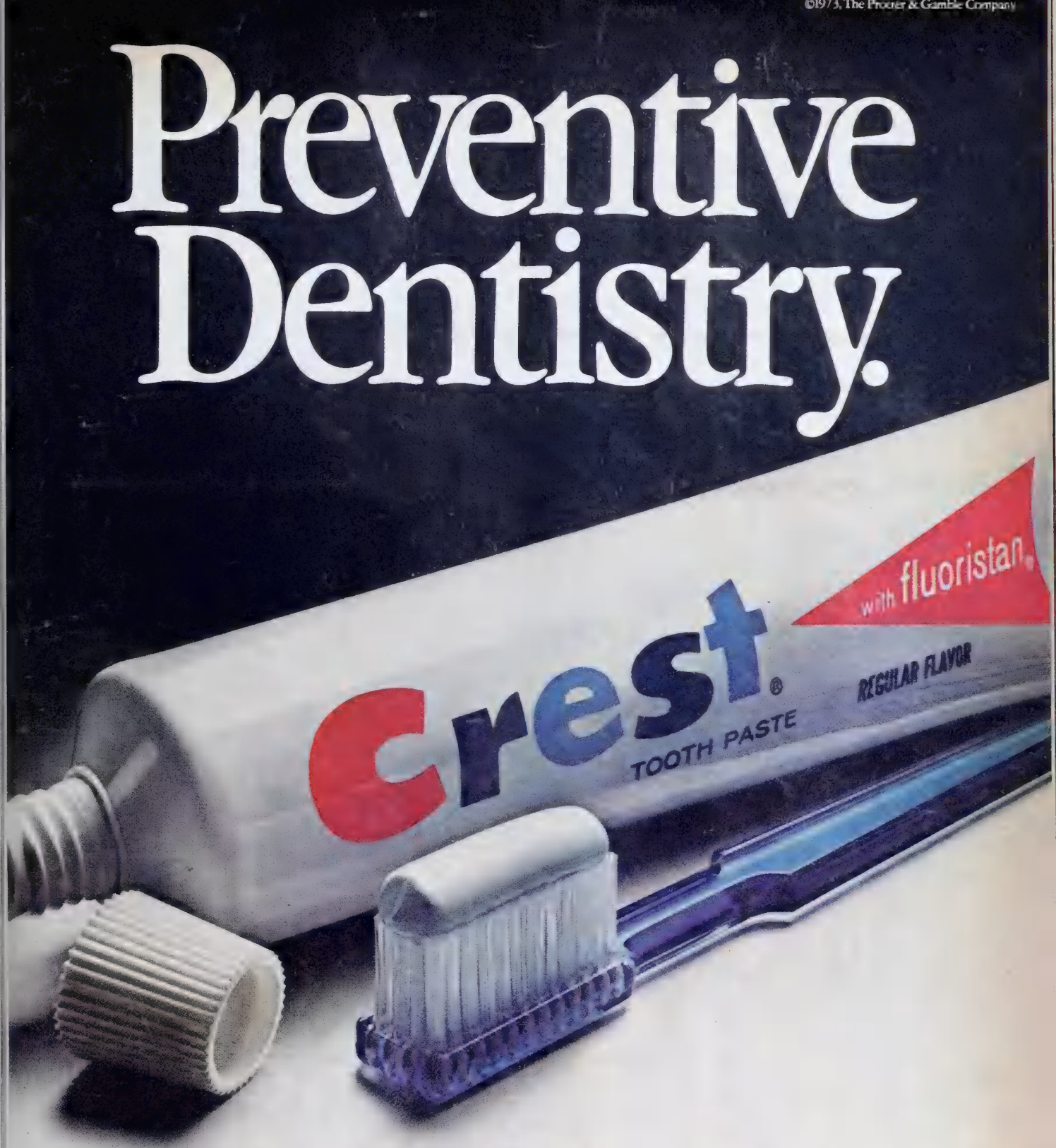
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Section Designed by Mo Lebowitz

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Preventive Dentistry.



How to help your dentist help your teeth.

You may not know it, but just by having regular checkups, you're already practicing an important part of preventive dentistry. That's because most of the time your dentist can catch a little problem before it turns into a big one.

But preventive dentistry doesn't stop at the dentist's. You have to do your share at home. Eat a balanced diet. Use dental floss (as your dentist recommends it). Brush regularly with Crest.

Crest has fluoride, the best cavity-fighter you can get. The fluoride in Crest actually combines with the tooth enamel to make it more resistant to decay.

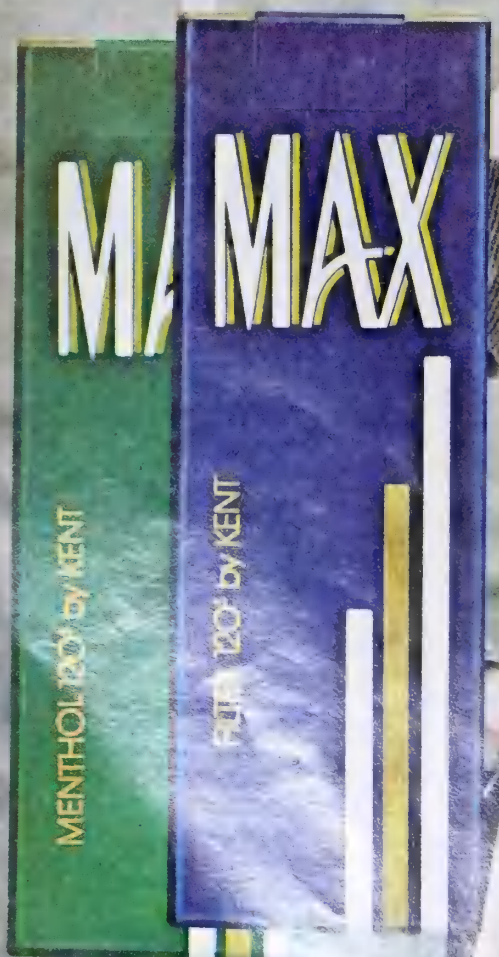
After all, fighting cavities is the whole idea behind Crest.

Accepted Council on Dental Therapeutics American Dental Association

"Crest has been shown to be an effective decay-preventive dentifrice that can be of significant value when used in a conscientiously applied program of oral hygiene and regular professional care." Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association

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Regular: 17 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine. Menthol: 17 mg "tar," 1.3 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PARENT VS. TEACHER

continued from page 52

natural enemies. She states that the child becomes the victim of 'divided authority' and must constantly experience the pulls in different directions of home and school.

"It is the responsibility of both parent and teacher to work together to overcome the split. Parents must get to know and cooperate with teacher and school, and help the child view the new adult in his life as a natural ally in the fascinating world of growing up."

Here is an "inside" opportunity for you to see how a teacher works with a student—an actual conference report from a teacher to the principal after a "routine" meeting with a mother.

"I showed Paul's folder to Mrs. H. and pointed especially to his improvement in math since September. Paul has become a very good math student. He is very intent and wants to do well. Mrs. H.'s comment was, 'Most of his problems are due to carelessness.' This is not the case. The trouble is that Paul tries too hard. I told her so.

"Then I discussed his reading, which is good, but he has a problem following written instructions. I explained that Paul is a fast reader but he doesn't grasp the nitty-gritty of what he has read. We're working on it and he is improving, since he tries hard.

Mother provides clue

"I mentioned that perhaps Paul started reading too early, which often results in this type of superficial reading. Mrs. H. agreed, but again spoke of his 'carelessness.' Then she added that he tries so hard because he doesn't want his little brother to overtake him. This is clearly a clue to Paul's difficulties.

"His little brother is in first grade at age five. And here is Paul in third grade at eight. Apparently this is a club held over his head, and probably why he makes errors. How long can this lovely child hold up under this kind of pressure?

"Naturally, Mrs. H. was somewhat resentful at first of any hint that she favored one child. But I am hopeful that she and her husband will stop pushing Paul and she thanked me warmly saying, 'We'll be more careful from now on.'"

The school is in business only to help your youngster develop and grow. Young people must learn that independence means making one's own decisions. The values upon which decisions are based cannot be taught in a class alone. They are assimilated over the years through example and experience.

When a student makes an unwise decision, it can serve as a helpful value-lesson if her parent supports the school's action. Similarly, it can produce a negative result if her parent responds to the school by rising to her defense. Your attitude as a parent is the determining factor, as is illustrated in the following.

Carol G., 11, stole a cassette tape recorder from the school library. The librarian reported that she had seen Carol alone in the room. When called in, Carol denied the theft. However, when accompanied to the cloakroom to point out her book bag, she burst into tears: the recorder was in it. The next day, at a parent conference, Carol tried at first to deny the evidence, then resorted to the defense, "Everybody does it."

Her father intervened firmly. "You stop talking now and do some listening. I know that 'everybody' doesn't steal. But let's say they do. We're not concerned with everybody, just you. And for you, it's wrong." With a deep sense of caring, he stripped away Carol's rationalization, making her face the reality of her actions: she had stolen a tape recorder because she wanted one and didn't have enough money to buy it.

There was no avoiding the two-day suspension from school that was imposed. Her father's firm but supportive reaction to Carol's unwise decision and the school's discipline constituted a strong lesson for her—not only in regard to stealing, but in accountability. When she was elected to the Student Council two years later, parent and principal shared a special pride. *(continued)*

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We'll send you $1.00 if you can.



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☐ I will pay $15 a month ($180 a year). Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.
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CHILDREN, INC.

PARENT VS. TEACHER

continued

The 1970s have brought a quiet "revolution" in the field of education. In order for your youngster to get the best from schooling, it is vital that you think about this change.

Most parents attended school when the only "successful" student was the one who took detailed notes in class, digested them and gave the facts back in precisely accurate homework and tests. Today, schools are striving for an additional dimension, a broadened type of teaching and reaching into students' minds. The aim is not only to spur the student to learn, but also to think. As Timothy Dwight, the former president of Yale University, pointed out: "The happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts."

Thought-provoking homework

Here is a sample homework assignment in this new, thought-provoking type of teaching. Andy F. failed an English test on *The Scarlet Letter* by Nathaniel Hawthorne. His father read Andy's test answers and found that his son had told the story of the novel quite accurately. He sent his wife to tangle with Miss N., the teacher.

Miss N. agreed, "Yes, Andy retold the story fine, but that wasn't the question. I asked him to discuss guilt as it develops in the book, compared to guilt as he may see it develop in the world today."

Andy had ignored that part—the thinking. Fortunately, Andy's parents joined in urging him to extend himself beyond the lines printed on the pages, and Andy learned how to study—and how to think.

In class, nine-year-old Frank P.'s fourth-grade teacher had said, "The greatest problem facing the world at this time is the food shortage. Your homework assignment is to write what you think about that, and what you feel should be done to correct it."

Frank had based his paper on his idea that the world's greatest problem was not food shortage but "too many people." When he completed the assignment, he attached the following letter to his homework paper: "Dear Miss L., Just because you are a teacher doesn't mean you are always right. I think you are wrong. If there weren't so many people in the world, there would be enough food, so I don't think food shortage is the worst problem like you said. The worst problem is people having too many babies, especially in very poor countries. Frank."

Mrs. P. was very upset when Frank told her about the letter. When she asked his teacher's reaction, he said, "She said it showed I was thinking."

His mother's reaction was that the teacher and the school were far too permissive. She told herself, "They let kids get away with anything these days."

Mrs. P. phoned the teacher to apologize for her son's rudeness, and to suggest that he be reprimanded in school. The teacher said, "Frank is bright; I was thrilled by his answer. He was thinking for himself. And he was right to tell me that my premise was wrong."

Once this was clarified, Mrs. P. was delighted. Not only had her son benefited, but she had bothered to do some thinking and investigating for herself, instead of reacting against the school. She, like her son, had made a discovery.

Real thinking is seldom learned easily. It involves trial and error. If parents place a stigma on error, scolding their child for what they consider mistakes, they squelch the youngster's urge to discover. They are asking him to accept their views passively.

To think is to go down paths that may lead to truth, or may be blind alleys. Only the child who ventures upon an unfamiliar trail can learn where it leads, and then only when she gets to the end. The risk of failure is always present, but so is the reward of discovery.

Henry Ford said in 1929: "Thinking is the hardest work there is, which is the probable reason why so few engage in it." Real thinking is relatively new in education. Schools and teachers are willing and eager to experiment. Are you, as a parent, willing to learn? **End**

THE RIDERLESS HORSE

By Michael Drury

Editor's Note: On February 6, 1976, Black Jack, the riderless horse in John F. Kennedy's funeral procession, died.

Old horse, goodbye.
They taught you how to pace
Behind the coffins of great men.
Did you long to race
Among the flags of battle,
Not plod to the somber rattle
of muffled drums?
Old horse, goodbye.
You gave us a place to cry,
Yet, faithful, living creature,
Carried hope upon your back.
Black Jack they called you,
Wordless bearer of all we find
No words to say.
Then it was your day
And no horseless rider walked
Behind you, mute
In poignant last salute.
But perhaps you could not wait.
No more for you the measured gait
Nor even one day of tears.
You were off with Pegasus
Flying down the years.

Introducing: the maximum strength roll-on from Dial.



You can't buy a spray or roll-on with more of the active ingredient that helps keep you dry. Dial's new maximum strength formula helps you feel comfortable all day... and Dial gives you all the economy you expect from a roll-on.

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Wind Drift After Shave and Cologne from English Leather.
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GABLE AFTER LOMBARD

continued from page 36

how exciting it might be to Clark to acquire such a one. "I've had every kind of woman," he told Elsa Maxwell after he married Sylvia. "Now I have a siren."

California papers banner-headlined the marriage story. Louella Parsons wrote, in her inimitable style: "I doubt if any characters in history, and that includes Cleopatra and Antony, Helen of Troy and all the rest, equal the career of these two."

One of the few people who seemed happy about the event was Clark's former agent, Minna Wallis, who was still a good friend. Another friend, Z. Wayne Griffin, was also a Sylvia supporter. "She was a real good egg kind of person," says Wayne. But the rest of Clark's friends called Sylvia "her ladyship"—and they didn't mean it respectfully. Johnny Mahin didn't see Clark again until Gable and Sylvia were divorced. Then he said, "Good God, what made you marry her?" and Clark replied, "I was drunk."

The Walter Langs, whom Clark had seen very regularly, also bowed out in the Sylvia year. Their son Richard believes they wouldn't have approved of anyone Clark married after Carole. And that really was the basis of the antagonism of most of his friends. They thought they wanted him to be married, but they didn't really want him to be married to anyone who wasn't Lombard.

Clark returned from his honeymoon looking better than he had in years: trim, tanned and happy. He turned the running of the house over to Sylvia, and seemed to enjoy her sophistication.

Sylvia's mode of living demanded more space than the house provided. She wanted a guest house and a sitting room. Sylvia found Jean Garceau's office the perfect spot for her own sitting room—she dabbled in needlepoint and water colors—but absorbing it meant adding an office on to the Garceau house. All of this took place without a word of objection from Clark, who usually kept a close watch on the budget.

Sylvia had had Jean Garceau send to England for her antique furniture right after the honeymoon—quite imperiously, observers claimed. She intended to redecorate most of the house, which was so Lombard it made her uneasy, but she sensed she should be somewhat gradual about it.

The new Mrs. Gable had a major, time-consuming problem—money. She was a rich lady, with diversified investments, but they were all frozen in England. Clark was accustomed to wives who paid bills, and he made it clear that either Sylvia would have to go to London and defrost some cash, or stop spending.

For at least five months after his honeymoon, Clark continued to look spectacular. He was about to make a film that delighted him, and he felt he was in the peak of condition.

The picture, *To Please a Lady*, was the first of his postwar films that he was happy making.

Sylvia left for England during the shooting of *To Please a Lady*, but returned in three weeks, still without cash.

And on location in the rugged Colorado mountains for Gable's next film, *Across the Wide Missouri*, things continued to turn sour for Sylvia. Soon after she settled with Clark in their cabin, she attempted to make things cozy. She put "frilly curtains" on the windows, and had the place landscaped with an instant garden. Clearly, she had good intentions, but the rough-and-ready ensemble thought Sylvia was ridiculous.

She was relieved when she could return to the comfortable life of the ranch. What she didn't know was she had lost Clark and wouldn't get him back.

The trouble with the Gable home with Sylvia in charge was that Clark was no longer the star of it. All of his wives had made Clark the focal point of their existence. Josephine Dillon and Ria Langham groomed him: Carole Lombard mothered him. Sylvia made him, for the first time in his life, feel like the stepchild which, as a child, he really had been.

Finally, in April of 1951, about to start another film *(Lone Star)*, Clark walked into the house one evening, found his wife in the tub drinking champagne, said, "Sylvia I want a divorce," and walked out.

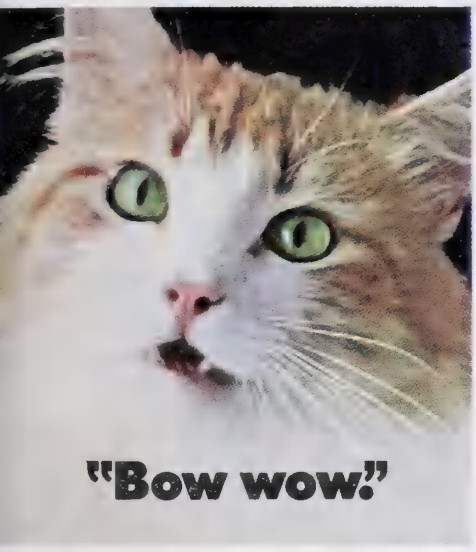
Drinking begins to show

The effects of Clark's drinking were beginning to show on his face and the effects of his bad scripts were beginning to show at the box office.

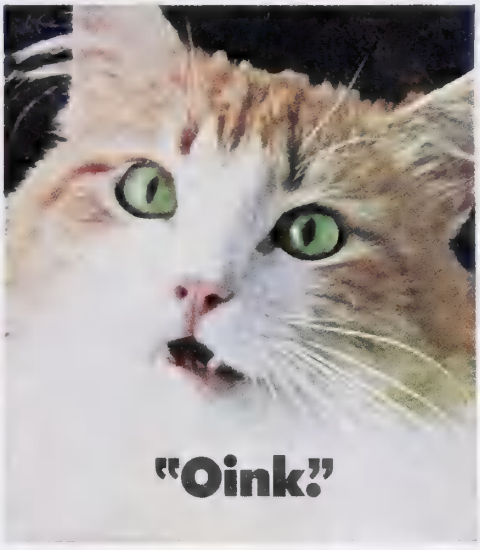
In June L. B. Mayer was forced out of MGM, proving conclusively to Clark that there was no height from which a man could not be tumbled. Gable's own career was losing height rapidly, and although he knew the old guard would always support him, he wondered how long the old guard would last. His MGM contract had nearly three years to go. He could dissolve it sooner, if he chose, but with his divorce from Sylvia somewhere in limbo, it was not time to talk of retiring, and anyway, he didn't want to make any move that would jeopardize his studio retirement plan. Around this time, Clark and Wayne Griffin, who had become a successful independent producer, had a meeting with George Chasin of MCA, a powerful agency bent on breaking the studio's hold on major stars. After a single lunch with Chasin, Clark signed with MCA.

Chasin's first move was to negotiate a deal for Clark to do three *(continued)*

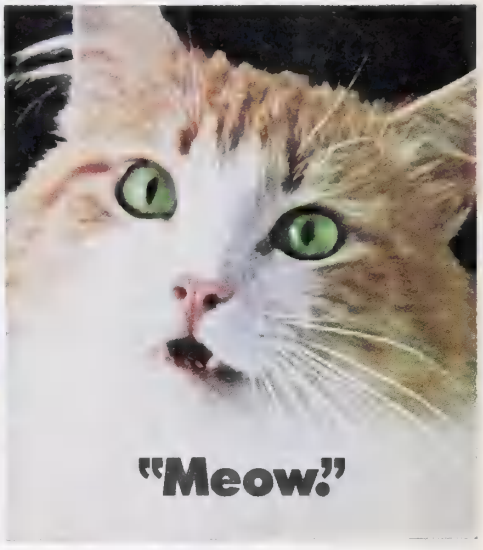
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"Oink."



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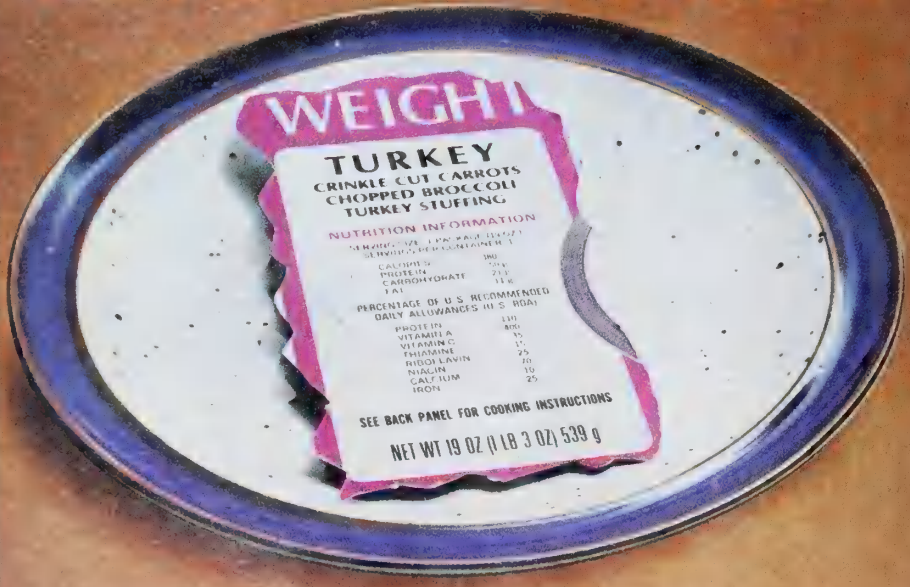
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GABLE AFTER LOMBARD

continued

films abroad, which would give him significant tax benefits. They were *Never Let Her Go; Mogambo*, a Johnny Mahin rewrite of Clark's own old film, *Red Dust;* and *Betrayed*. *Betrayed* would be Gable's last film for MGM. They rejected his terms for a new contract.

By mid-December, 1953, when he returned home, Clark Gable was a richer, but embittered man. He had, in a sense, left MGM voluntarily. But it didn't matter—he felt he'd been used and discarded. His total lifetime pension from his share of the company retirement plan would be about $31,000 a year if he took it when his contract expired, or $49,000 annually, if he waited ten years to begin collecting. The money seemed paltry in the light of what might have been if, for example, he'd taken a percentage of *Gone With the Wind*.

Many people cried as Gable left MGM for the last time. They cried because they loved Clark Gable, and cried because he took with him the remnants of the passion and glory that marked Louis B. Mayer's MGM.

Ironically, this happened at a time when Clark was back at a peak of popularity he had not known in a dozen years. *Mogambo* had just been released and was a runaway success. Gable was getting offers from every filmmaker in town. Clark told Chasin he'd like to make ten films and then retire. He also told him he didn't expect to live to be sixty.

As a freelance, Clark was in no hurry. He finally made a deal with Twentieth Century-Fox for two films. The first, *Soldier of Fortune*, would be started in Hong Kong in the fall of '54; the second was a Western with Jane Russell called *The Tall Men*.

Attention shifts

His career now in order, Clark turned his attention to one particular lady: Kay Williams. Kay had divorced her third husband two years earlier, and lived in Bel Air with their children, Bunker and Joanie.

Clark had seen Kay at several parties since their 1944 romance, but he didn't begin dating her until around the time he signed with Twentieth Century-Fox. They saw each other daily, spending a lot of time with her children and a lot of time playing golf in Palm Springs. He left her reluctantly when he flew to the Far East for *Soldiers of Fortune* in early November of 1954. Eight months later, they were married by a justice of the peace in Minden, Nev. *(continued)*

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GABLE AFTER LOMBARD

continued

Kay called Clark "Pa," and occasionally he called her "Ma." They led the early-to-bed, early-to-rise, pastoral existence of two old marrieds from the day they moved to the ranch five days after their wedding. Clark gave Kay the option of looking for a new home that wasn't haunted, but Kay didn't mind Carole's ghost. She heeded Sylvia's mistakes. She made some alterations in the guest house so it could become living quarters for the children and their governess, and then left well-enough alone.

Kay Gable's job was not so much wife as custodian of a national treasure, and she took it very seriously and without feminist conflict. She wrote, "I believe that in any marriage . . . it is up to the wife to give just a little bit more than the husband. After all, she has more to gain from marriage than he." Her goal was to see that her husband lived like the patrician he had become, and that he was never bored.

The Gables entertained infrequently, and only for a few friends. When they went out, it was to industry events that Kay felt were important to Clark's career, or to parties she thought he would enjoy. Their presence at either was rare enough to be considered a privilege. The honored couple usually left early, went home and drank champagne together far into the night.

Clark didn't work for nearly a year, and didn't seem to care, although he did finally let himself be talked into an unfortunate but exploitable film—*The King and Four Queens.*

Renee Conley, who fitted his costumes for *King*, found him in less than perfect condition. His complexion was gray, she reports, and he shook so badly he had to sit down between fittings. She thought, from the color of his skin, that he was ill, but she had no idea from what.

Clark's next film was much worse. In fact, *Band of Angels*, a Civil War story made in Louisiana for Warner Brothers, was probably the nadir of Gable's career. But shortly before he had signed for the film, *Gone With the Wind* was re-released and catapulted him once again to the top of the list of box office attractions.

In June 1957 upon returning to Los Angeles, Kay was stricken with angina and was in bed or confined to the house for months.

Clark was working harder than he had in two decades, driven by a new anxiety. "I've got a family now, and a big responsibility," he told Jean Garceau.

He kept after Chasin to line up properties for him. His recent film, *Teacher's Pet*, had done well, so Clark signed for another, called *But Not For Me.*

When he finished *But Not For Me*, he and Kay went to Palm Springs. It was the wife of one of the men with whom he played golf who observed Clark in the midst of what she was sure was a mild heart attack. Other friends dismissed her suspicion because Clark continued to drink and smoke as heavily as ever. They didn't understand that Gable was going to live until he died.

In the late spring of 1959, Clark began studying the script of his eighth freelance film, a romantic comedy called *It Started in Naples.* His co-star was to be the young, voluptuous Sophia Loren, and the picture would be made in Italy, where the Gables would be ensconced in a villa outside Rome.

In the mail at his Italian villa, Clark received a screenplay to which George Chasin attached a note of commendation. It was written by Chasin client Arthur Miller, and was called *The Misfits.* Miller's wife, Marilyn Monroe, also a Chasin client, was committed to the project, and John Huston had signed on as director. Clark read the script, was moved by it, but didn't understand it. An almost plotless contemporary Western, it centered on three atavistic cowboys who lived hand-to-mouth on beans and booze, making an occasional dollar rounding up mustangs for a dog food manufacturer; and a child-woman they meet on their travels. It was a far more cerebral work than Clark had ever been offered, and he was flattered by it.

He returned home late in November, still pondering the matter of *The Misfits.*

"I've never been able to connect stars with parts I write," says Arthur Miller, "but after meeting Gable I could see him as Gay Langland. He had the same sort of lyricism underneath, something one didn't usually think of, watching him. It was his secret charm—tough but responsive to feeling and ideals."

The star and the playwright met at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Says Miller, "Gable was wavering about *The Misfits*, Chasin keeping pressure on him to do it. He didn't understand it because it was a Western yet somehow not a Western, and he didn't think he understood what I was driving at. After a couple of hours' talk he understood perfectly—Gay Langland, the part he would play, was just like *him.*"

Gable did not sign the contract for *The Misfits* until January, 1960, because the negotiations were so complicated. Clark (and Chasin) smelled trouble on this picture—as who wouldn't, with the temperaments involved. Montgomery Clift (who would play a rodeo performer) and Monroe, were known as card-carrying troublemakers. Miller, who had never written a screenplay for Hollywood before, would have to learn as he went, and John Huston, the director, was as spoiled and unpredictable as a temperamental star.

Once Clark was committed to the picture, he holed up at the Palm Springs house with Kay, both of them with one goal: to get the star down from 235 pounds to 195; in khakis and a fitted shirt, there'd be no place to hide more than that.

As Marilyn Monroe began *The Misfits* in mid-July, 1960, she was sicker than she had been in a lifetime of insanity. Clark sensed this immediately and handled her as though he were a male nurse, always calming, soothing, reassuring her. Marilyn had always been in awe of "the King" and the thought of working with him terrified her. The first day of shooting she arrived on the set two hours late and rushed to Clark to apologize. He put his hands on her shoulders, said, "You're not late, honey," and led her off by the hand. "Mr. Gable likes me," she shouted at a reporter one day.

He treated Monty Clift much the same way—as though Clift were a mental patient, but Gable was also fascinated by Clift's talent and showed up to watch him work even when he wasn't on call himself.

One day in mid-August, Harry Mines, one of the film's publicists, became the first person in the group to know that Kay Gable was pregnant. Kay did not release the news until October (via Louella Parsons) when her doctor told her she was out of danger of miscarrying.

In September, the location of the shooting moved to a dry lake *(continued)*

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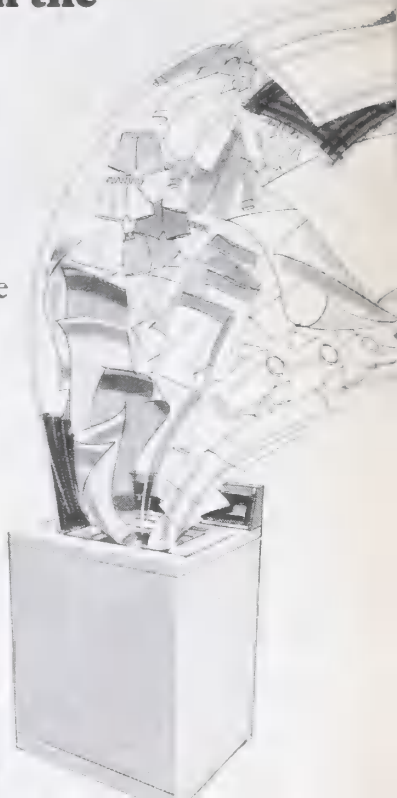
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GABLE AFTER LOMBARD

continued

4,000 feet above sea level, about 50 miles from Reno, Nev. The morning call was always for nine o'clock and Clark was usually there at 8:45. Shooting never began until at least 11, and sometimes not until three. But every night at five Clark said goodnight and went home.

Harry Mines thought the reason for Clark's balance was Kay's pregnancy, and once the others knew of it, they agreed. Says Harry, "After he told me about it we all had some time off because Marilyn got sick. When we got back to work Clark had a new manner—he sort of flourished. He kept saying to me, 'Imagine, I'm going to be a father.' "

Clark had very definite plans for his future. He would make his tenth free-lance film—*Diamond Head*—and then he would retire and raise his child, which he hoped would be a son.

Even the torture of *The Misfits* had to end sometime, and on October 18, the group left Nevada for Los Angeles, where the clean-up shots would be done in comfort at Paramount Studios.

Proud of two films

Shortly afterward, Gable silently viewed an unfinished rough cut of the film. When it ended, Clark said, "I now have two things to be proud of in my career: *Gone With The Wind* and this."

On November 4, Clark and Marilyn did one take, and the picture was finished. Clark hung around the studio awhile, talking to friends and fans, then drove home. He wasn't feeling well, and thought he might be getting the flu.

He slept late the next day and felt a little better when he got up, but still under par. He worked out with his hunting dog for a while, played with Bunker and Joanie, and then decided to change a tire on his jeep. He squatted to get a grip on the tire, lifted it, and got a pain in his chest so acute it dropped him to his knees. Perspiring, he waited for the pain to subside, which it did, and he went back to the house. Kay thought he looked terribly tired and upset, and suggested he eat an early dinner and go to bed, which he did. In the middle of the night he awoke with a headache and what he thought was indigestion. He took aspirin and slept fitfully until 7:30, when he got up and started to dress. As he bent to pull on his khakis he doubled over as though he had been shot. He woke Kay and told her he had a terrible pain in his chest. He said he thought it was indigestion, but the pain was so severe he felt like "a huge hand has crawled inside me and is tearing my rib cage apart." His face was gray, and he was sweating profusely. *(continued)*



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3 Tablespoons butter or margarine
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1 Tablespoon flour
1 Tablespoon paprika
1½ cups Holland House Red Cooking Wine
1½ cups sour cream
½ cup tomato sauce
Boiled broad noodles

Cut beef into 1-inch cubes. Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan and brown meat. Add onions; lightly sauté. Stir in salt and pepper, flour and paprika. Add wine, sour cream and tomato sauce, stirring to blend smoothly. Turn the mixture into a casserole, cover and bake in 375° oven for 1½ hours. Serve over boiled noodles. Serves 4.



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1. Melt margarine in large saucepan over low heat. Add marshmallows and stir until completely melted. Cook 3 to 4 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat.
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For a special Holiday treat, shape the warm marshmallow-cereal mixture into balls. Decorate with colored sugar and other candy decorations. Or, roll the balls in coconut and form a snowman . . . or insert wooden skewers into the balls for festive lollipops. Use cinnamon candies, chocolate chips, gumdrops and raisins as decoration.







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GABLE AFTER LOMBARD

continued

Over his protests, Kay telephoned his doctor, Fred Cerini, who called the Encino Fire Department for emergency oxygen and rushed to the ranch. While the rescue squad administered oxygen, Dr. Cerini summoned an ambulance. Clark protested; he didn't want to go to a hospital. He wanted everyone to calm down, fearing the panic would upset his pregnant wife. She insisted on riding with him to Presbyterian Hospital, which also upset him. All the way there, he kept apologizing to her.

The tests confirmed the doctor's opinion that Clark had suffered a coronary thrombosis. The back of his heart muscle had been damaged. Nurses were ordered around the clock—two per shift, a pacemaker was placed in his room in case it was needed, and a specialist, Dr. George Griffiths, who had been a consultant for President Eisenhower, was brought into the case. Kay stayed in Clark's room, sitting by his side all day and sleeping on a cot at his feet all night. When the room became overcrowded with people and machinery, she moved to an adjoining room to sleep. Clark's life was in danger, and would be, the doctors knew, for two weeks, no matter how well he recovered initially.

He did make remarkable progress in his recovery. Soon he was able to sit up and read, and to look through a few of the thousands of letters, cards and telegrams that were bringing him good wishes from all over the world. (President Eisenhower wired: "Be a good boy, Clark, and do as the doctors tell you to do. With my best wishes. Ike") Howard Strickling, the only person other than Kay to see Clark, acted as the funnel for information about him to their friends. The news was that Clark was getting better every day. Late in the week, the doctor let him listen to his baby's heartbeat with a stethoscope, which cheered him immensely. Over the weekend, the pacemaker was removed from his room, and that cheered him even more.

Don't leave him

On the ninth day of Clark's confinement, Kay felt it safe to leave him for a few hours, and went home to pick up a few things he wanted. When she returned to the hospital he asked her not to leave him again.

The next day Minna Wallis phoned Kay and asked her, "Is there anything I can get for Pa, anything he would like?" Kay said she'd go ask him, and returned with the news that he was sitting up and reading, and would love "some custard your maid makes." Minna said she'd bring it to the hospital in the morning.

But in the morning, Clark Gable was gone. At 10:10 the night of November 16, 1960, Kay Gable kissed her husband and went to her room to lie down. At 10:50 Clark turned a page of the magazine he was reading, put back his head and died. His wife held him for two hours before she was led down the back steps to avoid the waiting reporters.

Clark Gable once told a reporter his epitaph would read: "He was lucky, and he knew it." There is, however, no epitaph on the crypt next to Carole Lombard's, where his body is entombed. There is only a plaque reading:

Clark Gable
February 1, 1901—November 16, 1960

On March 20, 1961, Kay Gable gave birth to an eight-pound boy (by cesarean section), whom she named John Clark. On March 25, 1961, Clark's friend, Richard Lang, went to see the baby and took with him Gable's 1934 Academy Award, a gift Clark had impulsively given Lang years before. Attached to it was a letter which said, ". . . it is only in your possession. The real Oscar is his alone forever from all those people who gave it to him with supreme thanks for giving us a part of himself."

End





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Pet journal



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By Roger Caras My wife and I have a friend who has spent most of her life in a wheelchair. Her hobby is training dogs for obedience competition. She has won much more than a case full of ribbons and trophies. Her sense of accomplishment, her dignity and the love she shares with her pets are far greater prizes.

A sixteen-year-old boy whose story I have followed was seriously disturbed by a childhood tragedy. He could not talk or care for any of his own bodily functions. Eventually, the doctors discovered that photographs of birds would make the boy's eyes move; the only stimulation he had responded to. The boy was taken to visit my friend who trains animals for films. When a golden eagle was placed on the boy's arm, he smiled for the first time in six months. Eventually, the trainer gave him the eagle. Today the boy is back in school.

As children we learn a special kind of love from pets. Of course, we learn about love from our parents, our siblings and our friends. But we discover more readily from an animal than from another human being that other "things" have feelings, too—that we are not the only creatures that matter. As children, we love animals and learn from them because animals, like children, live for the now. No adult can ever share a moment with a youngster the way a pet can.

Children, of course, are not the only ones that love animals. We are a nation of animal lovers. We have forty million pet dogs in America and over thirty million cats. There are over five million aquariums and more than seven million privately-owned saddle horses. The pet food industry is even larger than the baby food industry.

What roles do these millions of animals play in our adult lives? The answers are as variable as our personalities and our needs. Some people need quiet and privacy. The cat serves them well, for it seems to care only for them. It is interesting that many people who have dreamed of power and conquest feared and hated cats. Religious leaders, artists, poets and scientists are often the greatest cat lovers.

Pure-bred dogs have been engineered into their more than 300 present forms to suit human tastes and requirements. Athletic people turn to the Labrador and Golden Retrievers, the German Short-Haired Pointers and the other more vigorous sporting animals. One of the charms of dogs like the Chihuahua, the Pomeranian and the Pekingese is that they are like children who will never grow up. They are meant to be spoiled. Thus they often appeal to the "nurturing" instinct in people.

Very often, dogs are an extension of the human personality. It is hardly an accident that the second most popular dog in America today is the German Shepherd and the fourth is the Doberman Pinscher. Watchdogs? Yes, but also an arm of a man or woman who envisions himself or herself combating crime on a personal level. Horses, too, fill various human needs. Most of the participants in horse shows are girls. The horse's appeal has been attributed to everything from infantile sexuality to the need of girls to outdo boys in athletic activity.

But other animals besides those we can reach out and touch play important roles in our lives. Animal watching is a national pastime. More of us go to the zoo each year than attend all spectator sporting events combined. More than 190 million people were logged into our national parks last year and one out of every 365 living Americans will visit the game parks in Africa this year alone.

Many people believe that we have a *(continued on page 212)*

Photograph by Walter Chandoha

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WHEN WOMEN FIND SEX DISAPPOINTING

continued from page 107

plowed through a dozen sex books and is awkwardly, amateurishly doing her best at erotic play. And here is Marsha, whose husband has become so proficient at the sexual arts that he'd surely get an "A" on a term paper on how to make bloom that whole garden of erotic delight. Yet she feels dissatisfied. *Why don't I enjoy sex more? What am I missing?* Casting about, we wonder if the fault is really ours. Perhaps our husband is to blame? What is so terribly discouraging is the enigma, the highly personal mystery: Why do *I* lie awake so many nights in this bed feeling cheated? *This* woman. *This* bed.

Psyche, in Greek mythology the personification of spirit, soul and mind, is at the root of many a woman's unhappiness. Psyche, the maiden beloved by Eros, represents inner experience, intimacy, psychic satisfaction. And women for over 2,000 years have been socialized to need emotional satisfaction in love-making. We hunger for it. Without it, we feel starved. Deprived.

Like Pavlov's dog, we've been conditioned. Our emotional requirements are high. By the time you and I were 18, we'd already begun to wonder anxiously, "Does he love me for *myself?*" Of course, sex and passion could make our breath run short. But we anticipated an even greater intoxication: Passionate sexual satisfaction combined with psychic intimacy—a fusion that creates fulfillment. The earth would move as it did for Maria in Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*

So what interferes with intimacy between man and wife? Hostility, for one thing. The bedroom as battleground is a matchless killer of intimacy. As a barrier against intimacy, it has the dimensions of the Great Wall of China.

Underlying bitterness

Our most frustrating bedroom battles are not really over sex. Sex is simply the battlefield. The hostile forces are underlying bitternesses, resentments, concealed angers—all ruinous to satisfying lovemaking. Even accumulated little irritations are spoilers. One woman, for instance, lately has become resentful that her husband drinks too much, drives too fast and forgets to pay bills. She doesn't register her anger; she simply no longer takes pleasure in their lovemaking. She is, you might say, a victim of "lost intimacy."

The battle for control, that classic battle of the sexes, is one of the fiercest. Agincourt pales. Waterloo was a skirmish. A man may even get revenge by losing his erection, if he feels the balance of power shifting away from himself. Yet, on the surface, the scene will often seem serene. That's because the battles we fight in the bedroom are guerrilla battles—the enemy hidden, masked, disguised. It *looks* like peace, not war.

Take this case: A friend of mine, married ten years, was delighted finally to experience orgasm for the first time. But alas, her delight so activated her husband's fears about "women's aggression" and being "out of control," that he delivered the ultimate punishment. Suddenly, he was always too tired for sex—or he was too preoccupied with business. When he grudgingly complied with his wife's urging, he'd lose his erection at a crucial moment. "A man can always punish a woman for being 'bad,'" says a psychologist friend of mine. "He simply becomes impotent." (Of course, there are many other, complex reasons for impotence, some of them physical.)

But some bedroom battles are fought over more immediate love-making resentments. One woman resents being on the Pill, and hates taking all the contraceptive responsibility. So she's hostile. Another woman, married eight years and still unable to tell her husband what she needs sexually, thinks bitterly, "He has all the fun, and I'm not getting anything out of this." Worse, her accumulated resentment prevents her from

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speaking up at this late date. She is afraid she might be tempted to explode into a "Damn it, we've been married eight years and you *still* don't understand what I need!" That's not the way to talk, so she keeps her mouth shut. But resentment eats at her secret heart. She longs for the intimate pleasures that seem forever out of reach.

Where does that leave us? Consider that woman who can't speak up about what she needs sexually. Where it leaves *her* is without a husband who knows exactly what excites and satisfies her.

Every woman (well, almost every woman) in this day and age, knows what women may want or need sexually. Sex therapists tell us. Masters and Johnson are inexhaustible on the subject. Sex books show us with illustrations in black-and-white and full color. As Dr. Helen Singer Kaplan, psychiatrist and sex therapist with the Sex Therapy and Education Program at New York City's Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic, sees it, "Basically, we know that a woman needs kissing and touching of non-erotic parts of her body. Or she wants clitoral stimulation. But she's timid, afraid to speak up, afraid to take the responsibility for her physical pleasure. She feels a man should know. But he doesn't always know. And unless she tells him, she has no way of getting the right kind of stimulation. If you don't speak up in the bedroom, you're likely to be disappointed."

But how do you speak up? We are not all blessed with the language of poetry. Besides, it all seems so . . . *scientific*. It appears to me that erotic dialogue is the closest we can get to poetry; at least it has some lyric quality. With erotic dialogue it is possible for a woman subtly to invite a particular caress, then show appreciation of what her partner is doing, and add a little guidance. There's a line between being pushed and turned on. Were a woman to say, "Put your hand there!" the man might well become offended, indignant. But, "I'd love it if you did that" . . . and "Oh, that feels good," is a turn-on to most men. In erotic films, much of the dialogue is that kind of thing: "Oh, that feels good, do it again. . . ." And, since men can be terribly insecure about their ability as lovers, such subtle advances may be infinitely more reassuring.

"Performance anxiety"

Sex therapists keep urging us to educate our men about our needs. Stop trying to keep up with a man's pace! Don't be ashamed of being slow! Women *are* slower to arousal; it is part of being female. And this is the most important thing women and men are learning from sex therapists: to slow down love-making, to relax and get more pleasure from each stage as it happens—instead of anxiously anticipating that future goal, the orgasm.

Still, which of us doesn't occasionally fall into the trap of what Masters and Johnson call "performance anxiety"? Here, for example, is a woman who is making love to her husband, caressing him, but meantime worrying anxiously, "Am I doing this skillfully enough to please him?" Another woman, while her husband is caressing her, thinks: "That book we read says the woman's nipples get hard when she's aroused"—and she anxiously sneaks a look, to check. "Oh, God, they aren't! He'll notice!" Gone is spontaneity. Gone, relaxation and a simple enjoyment of the moment. Helplessly, while making love, she keeps one apprehensive eye out for failure—and loses her chance for intimacy.

Ironically, like Professor Higgins in *My Fair Lady*, bemoaning, "Why can't a woman be more like a man?" plenty of women blame themselves for not being more like a man in bed.

But a woman is *not* a man. The way the male reacts, orgasmically, emotionally, physiologically, is *not* the model of how a woman should react. Yet, freakishly, for centuries, way back to Aristotle, society has assumed that the male is the real model of sexuality, not only for males, but for females as well. Woman has been viewed as some sort of deficient version of the *(continued)*

its time. Paul Masson



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WHEN WOMEN FIND SEX DISAPPOINTING

continued

male model, as though God, the Great Baker in the Sky, had accidentally turned out an incomplete gingerbread cookie.

A funny-sad example of how crazy this male model concept can get concerns a husband and wife who came to UCLA's Sexual Dysfunction Clinic. They complained that the wife was not truly orgasmic because she "never ejaculates." But the tragedy of the male model concept is that when a woman knocks herself out striving to emulate male sexual behavior, she limits her own sexuality. And her striving to "keep up" ruins communication between the lovers. Among my own friends are women who end up deceiving their husbands by faking orgasms—hardly the road to sexual ecstasy. Besides, the woman who fakes has the added anxiety that the man may discover her duplicity: dime-store glass never rings like crystal.

Plenty of women hang back about saying what they need sexually because their husbands *appear* to have sophisticated expertise. "Oh, Jack has read all the sex books, there's nothing *I* can tell him," a woman friend says to me. Yet her gaze slips away uneasily. Not even a thousand books can tell Jack about his wife. He needs to know the sexual make-up of this particular woman in his arms. Joan is not Marsha, Helen is not Eleanor, Deborah is not Nancy. And there are more variations in a woman's normal sexual response than there are species of butterflies. Witness, for example, these few basic facts we know, thanks to the indefatigable Masters and Johnson:

Most times when people make love, a woman doesn't have an orgasm. As for the myth of the simultaneous orgasm, we all know now that it's just that, a myth: The fact is that 50 percent of American women, *sexually normal and sexually responsive women*, can't even have an orgasm—much less a simultaneous one—during intercourse, without added stimulation. Knowledgeable therapists now consider this a perfectly normal variation of female sexuality.

Nor is there a standard "right way" for a couple to make love. In one airy outpost of ignorance lives a delightful couple I know. They were recently married and in their late twenties, and they were perfectly happy making love *their* way, which involved orgasm for her through non-intercourse stimulation—until they got the anxiety-making idea that this wasn't the "right" way. Thankfully, they have learned that the only right way is to do whatever pleases them.

Approved world of marrieds

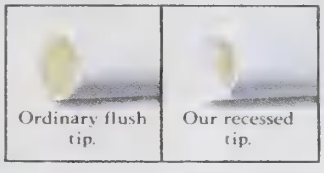
Some women stay locked in unfulfillment because unconscious psychological reasons clamp their mouths shut when they should speak up. Take, for example, the woman who, 12 years ago, married her lawyer husband, George, not because she was wildly, helplessly in love with him, but to get into the approved world of the marrieds, wedding ring on her finger, signing Mrs. on department store charge accounts, with home and furniture of her own. Actually, she was terribly in love with David, but David married somebody else, and George proposed. Anyway, by now she truly does love George. I mention this woman to New York psychiatrist Walter A. Stewart, who tells me, "Women like that never ask for enough in bed. Never! They feel too guilty. They should think: What's past is past. They should ask for what they want."

Those of us who grew up in the 40's and 50's or before, grew up as controlled virgins. Or we strove to be. We worked hard at repressing our sexual feelings, not just because we were terrified of pregnancy, but because sex, we were told, was a bad, dirty business. Some of us, now married 20 years or more, are still having understandable trouble switching to voluptuous abandon. We would like to escape past some watchful border guard into the land of sexual pleasure, but we fear we haven't the right credentials. *(continued)*

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WHEN WOMEN FIND SEX DISAPPOINTING

continued

There's another, very different, group of women who lose out on intimacy—those of us who don't dare say "No" to the *Joy of Sex* or other sex-technique advice. But it is goodbye to psychic satisfaction when a woman complies with erotic activities she doesn't really like. One woman feels manipulated, exploited, offended; another has inner conflicts because of her moral values; a third finds it simply not to her taste. But how many of us dare admit it? A woman often feels caught in a *Catch 22* situation: If we don't care for something that's supposed to be ecstatic, then there must be something wrong with us, we think—forgetting that there is a vast range of individual tastes and preferences, and that each of us is different.

We even get intimidated by statistics. Statistics tell us that since Kinsey's 1948 survey, the percentage of people engaged in such activities as oral sex has zoomed way up. But Dr. Lillian Breslow Rubin, San Francisco sociologist and marriage counselor says, "These statistics tell us what people do, not how they feel about doing it. . . . When in the course of a single lifetime, the forbidden becomes commonplace, people do new things, *but they don't necessarily like them*" (my emphasis).

Prude, moreover, is a word that frightens us to death. To be called a prude is infinitely worse than frigid. *(continued)*

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Meat Balls Español

- 1 pound lean ground beef
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- ¼ cup each finely chopped onion and celery
- 1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon garlic salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 can (16 ounces) stewed tomatoes
- 12 ounces zucchini, thinly sliced (about 2½ cups)
- ½ teaspoon each crushed oregano, basil and sugar
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 1 cup beef broth (canned or made with bouillon cube)
- 3 cups hot cooked rice

Combine beef, bread crumbs, onion, celery, Worcestershire sauce, egg, 1½ teaspoons garlic salt, and pepper; mix thoroughly. Form into 12 meat balls. Place in a greased shallow baking pan. Bake at 375° for 20 minutes. Meanwhile, combine tomatoes and zucchini with remaining seasonings and simmer 5 minutes. Blend cornstarch and broth; stir into tomato mixture. Pour over meat balls; continue baking 10 minutes longer. Serve over beds of fluffy rice. Makes 6 servings.

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WHEN WOMEN FIND SEX DISAPPOINTING

continued

To be frigid is some awful, inhibiting thing you got stuck with in defenseless childhood; presumably you couldn't help it; *they* (parents, religion, school, etc.) did you in. So frigidity at least rates some compassion, some tolerance. But *prude?* Prude implies a narrow primness that represents your very own, bigoted adult decision. Yet true sexual liberation means the freedom to say honestly what you *don't* want, as well as what you do. Who, then, is the bigot?

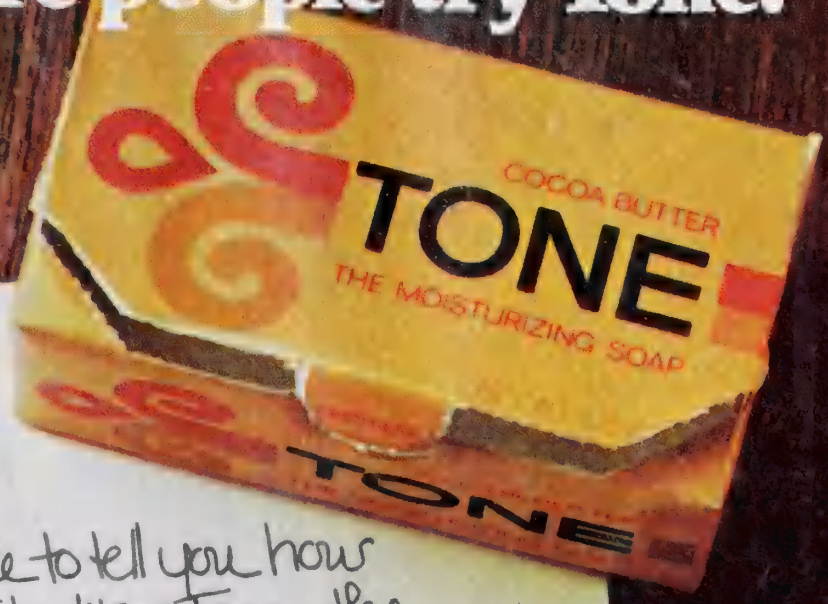
There is one bedroom farce that is, alas, more sad than funny: It is when a couple naively assumes that sexual techniques alone will unlock the door to intimacy. Yet the reality is that a man can work so conscientiously at sexual techniques that spontaneity gets lost, the woman senses it—and the technique itself becomes a turn-off. When someone starts at your ears and systematically works down to your toes, you may even get bored around the hips. Intimacy doesn't depend on virtuoso technique. When a woman feels emotionally close to, and satisfied with, a man, sexual boredom is rare.

"Did you?"

You would think, wouldn't you, that a sexually enlightened husband who cares about his wife having an orgasm would make her delighted and happy. After all, the 1970's are a dazzling improvement over medieval and Victorian times, when orgasms were pretty much for men; back then, when a woman had an orgasm it was a freakish gift. But a man can be so concerned that he interferes with his wife's spontaneity. "I wish Robert would stop asking me, 'Did you?' " a woman friend tells me unhappily. "I liked it better when he didn't know, didn't ask. I don't care that much if I do or don't have an orgasm. But now it just destroys Robert if I don't. I have to worry about it for *him*." She hates feeling obliged to deliver an orgasm not for her own pleasure, but for his: to reassure him of his manhood, that he can "satisfy" her. Were she to explain to him (and hopefully she will) that she can more easily relax if he'd stop questioning her, they'd more likely achieve the goal on which he feels his manhood depends. Meantime, she longs for that indescribable, ultimate fulfillment.

So do we all—in Denver, in Scarsdale, in Minneapolis, everywhere—long for, pursue and sometimes experience the indefinable something that is more than the flesh. It is the whole fruit of love—as in a peach, not just the sweet flesh, but its aroma, skin, pit, shape, color—the very peachness of the peach: the whole peach. **End**

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CHOWCHILLA

continued from page 115

abductors had gotten us off the bus and into the vans within five minutes, at the most. It was a precision thing, like a paratrooper drill.

There was no telling how long it would take to find the school bus in its hiding place off the highway. I wondered what the people in Chowchilla would think. As far as they would know we had vanished into thin air. It would seem like those spaceship stories you hear about from time to time.

Where could they be taking us? And what would happen when we got there? The trip was already tiring and I had lost all track of time. But the uncertainty was the worst part. It wasn't hard to let your imagination go wild. Arab terrorists had been in the news again. And, in California, whenever no unexplained crime turns up, someone can be counted on to suggest a devil cult or some revolutionary group.

The one thing that seemed unlikely was that the kidnappers had done it for ransom. There is no big money in Chowchilla. Most of us scratch a living out of the land. We're farmers, ranchers and cotton pickers—the kind of people who know their neighbors, leave their back doors unlocked and fix lunch for strangers. Our young people are tied to the land, and they are gentler than most and not much given to mischief—or so they seem to us. That anyone would actually harm, or even threaten to harm, our children, was unbelievable to me.

I grew up here myself, one of seven children of a dairy farmer, born in Le Grand, eight miles from Chowchilla. Five of my brothers and sisters and one of my two grown sons, still live within a couple of miles of my place. I used to own a small dairy, but gave it up during lean times. Now I farm 33 acres, mostly cotton and corn for silage, and I drive the school bus. Some of the kids I drove 23 years ago are the parents of the ones I drive now. I can't calculate how many miles I've driven my buses. But I've never been farther east than Colorado.

I'm not sure about all that I felt on that long, strange journey, but mostly I felt confused. I knew I had to keep the children from getting hysterical. I had to comfort them. But more than that, I was responsible for them. I had to find a way to free us, or to reveal what had happened to us.

But I still didn't know how to begin. I'm not an educated man, and I fussed at myself for not having more discipline. I couldn't even scribble a note, a message, a word, my name on the wall of the van, just in case someone would find it later. I didn't have anything to write with; my fountain pen was with my clipboard back on the school *(continued)*

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CHOWCHILLA

continued

bus, I tried once to pull on the handle of the door and found it locked. So I pressed my hands all over the door, trying to leave clear fingerprints for the police, when and if they found the van.

The kids were scared and exhausted, but they did real well. They dozed off-and-on and tried not to talk about what was happening. The little girls were bothered mostly by the fact that we had no bathroom, and they didn't want to wet their panties. They were embarrassed. I told them to go to the front of the van and relieve themselves on the rug. There wasn't anything else to do.

I had no idea how long we had been traveling, or where we were, but I had an impression of going downhill and around curves. I thought we had taken a road into the mountains. Finally, the van slowed and I felt the sides scraping against underbrush. Then the van stopped—and we faced a new danger: They cut off the air. Quickly it became stifling in the rear of the van. I thought there was a very real chance that we would suffocate. I crawled to the partition and pulled out a piece of the carpet. I could feel a wisp of air seep under the wall. We had to make do with that for the next hour.

There was no way of knowing it, of course, but we were parked at a rock quarry near Livermore, 100 miles from Chowchilla. The kidnappers had backed the vans up to an opening in the ground, about three feet wide. Both the opening and the backs of the vans were fenced off with a tarp, to conceal our view of anything around us.

One of the kidnappers called out, "Where's the bus driver?"

I said, "Right here, by the door."

He said, "You get out first."

A sense of dread

I stepped out and they asked my name and age and told me to take off my trousers and my boots. Those were the best boots I had and that was the last I would see of them. I was left feeling foolish in a blue, short-sleeved shirt and my undershorts and socks. The children had spilled out of the van and were standing around me. The kidnappers handed me a flashlight and two extra batteries and pointed me down a metal ladder. I hesitated. I had a sense of dread that if we went down there we were never going to come out. I turned to one of them and said, "I have grandkids and I want to see them again." He didn't answer.

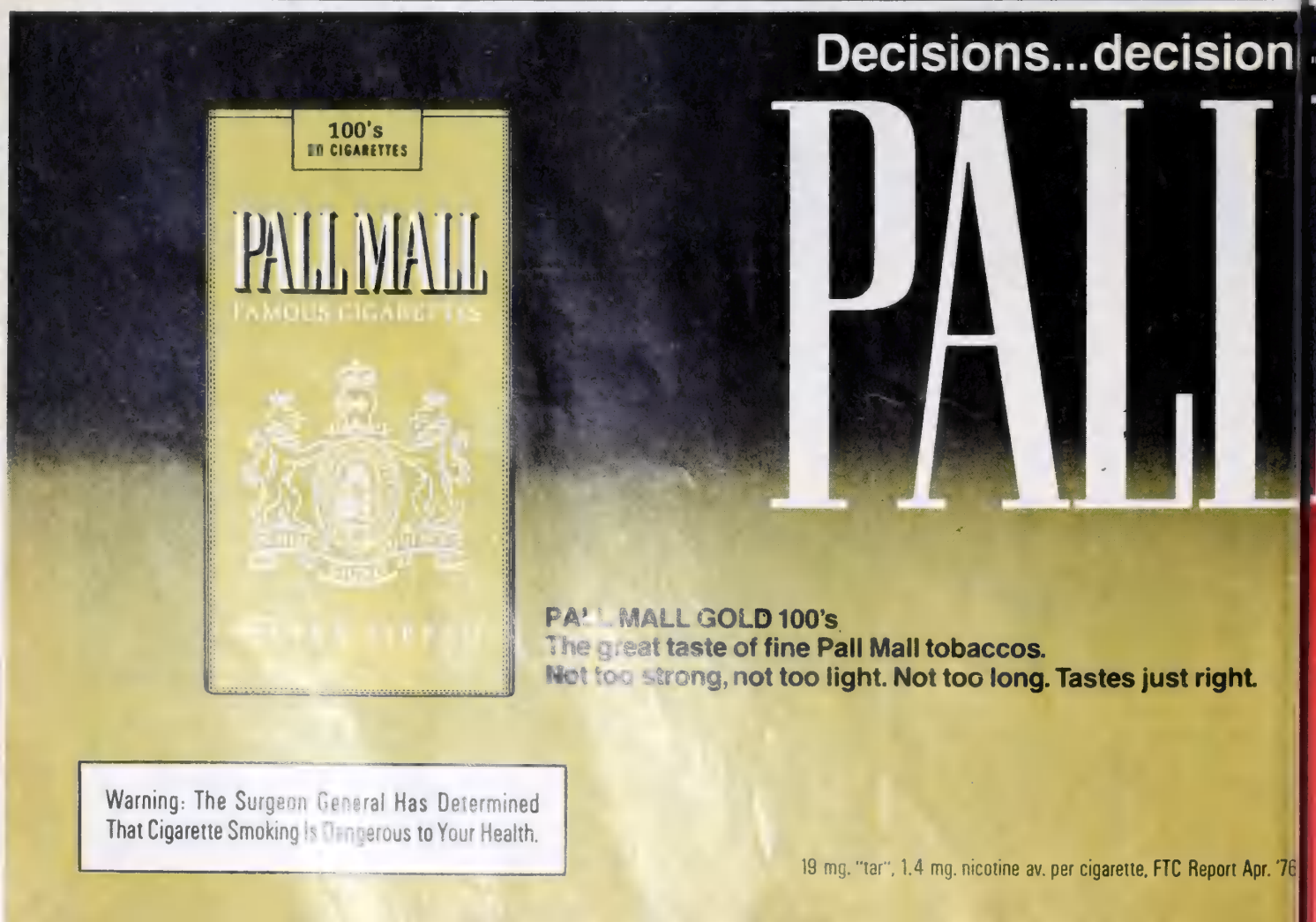
Barbara Parker spoke up then. She is eight and spunky, and she brushed back her long, blond hair, stringy from the heat, and asked them what they wanted. One of the men snapped, "Be quiet."

The other children started begging me to ask how long they would keep us down there. Finally, one of the men said, "Until tomorrow." Another one shot a look at him and said, "Twenty-four to forty-eight hours." They did not sound very reassuring.

As I started down the ladder into the pit, I could finally see my watch, by the flashlight they'd given me. It was 3:30 A.M., Friday. That meant we'd been gone for 11 hours.

I didn't know where the ladder led, but I was obviously climbing down a shaft. As I felt for the next rung with my foot I told myself to pay attention, so I could describe what I saw, if I ever had the chance. Once I reached the bottom I played the flashlight around, and I guessed that I was inside an old truck body. There were mattresses and box springs scattered around the floor, along with some old bedspreads and drapes to use as blankets. At one end they had left two loaves of bread, a jar of peanut butter, a box of Cheerios, two bags of potato chips and ten five-gallon, plastic jugs of water.

They had gone to some lengths, it appeared, to prepare our underground prison. The interior was shored up with timbers and the walls reinforced with wire mesh, I guess against the weight



of the dirt outside. Near the rear door were two makeshift toilets, round holes they had torched out of the metal casings over the tire wells. Two hoses at either end of the roof and two circulating fans provided us with air. But they were battery operated, and there was no way of telling how long the power would last. (Twenty-four hours? I wondered. Forty-eight?)

Above me I could hear our captors asking each of the kids their name and age before sending them down the ladder. The men were taking trinkets—bracelets and bits of clothing from them—to be used, in some way, as identification. Some of the kids said later that they were aware of a very bright light going on and off as they made their descent, an indication that the scene might have been filmed. That would have been no more bizarre than the rest of it. Or it might have been just my flashlight, guiding them down the ladder. I don't know.

When the last child was inside the van, the kidnappers pulled up the ladder, tossed down one roll of toilet paper and swung an iron lid over the opening in the roof. I could hear them moving around on top of us. It sounded as though they were cutting wires, maybe sealing us in. I became conscious of a deep sag down the length of the roof, and the right wall seemed to bulge inward. I had a feeling the whole room was on the verge of collapsing around us.

I believe that was as close to panic as we came. There is a horror, a helplessness, that is attached to being put in the ground—entombed—that is unlike anything else. The kids pleaded with them to let us out. So did I. But there was no answer. I don't think they could even hear us. I finally had to pinch a couple of the kids to quiet them down.

The first time we passed around the chips and the bread and the Cheerios they were gone. Within an hour or so we were out of food.

Huddled together

For the rest of the morning I moved around, partly out of nervous energy, partly to hug and encourage the kids who were the most upset. The older children helped out with the younger ones. Some of the girls huddled together. One or two started to get nosebleeds—from the dryness and tension, I suppose. A few felt faint, and some said they actually passed out. We splashed them with water. As the hours passed, the heat was taking a toll.

There was a lot of crying and calling for Mama as morning passed into afternoon. We had enough water for another day or two, but no food. I thought about all the risks of an escape attempt: What if the kidnappers were somewhere nearby and saw us? What if I found myself in rough mountain territory, in charge of 26 small children?

But the noises above us had stopped, and I really didn't think our kidnappers were still around. In fact, I didn't think they were coming back; I thought they had left us there to die. Even if I was wrong, it seemed to me that whatever they planned to do with us, it might as well happen outside as in that black pit.

I knew this much: we would need light. We were on the second and last set of flashlight batteries. In the 24 hours since we were taken off the school bus, there'd been no sign of rescue. Things might be worse above ground, but they weren't likely to get any better in this tomb where we'd been buried for 13 hours. It was nearly four o'clock Friday afternoon, and there were three hours of daylight left.

I turned to the kids and told them, "Keep quiet and be as still as you can. We're going to dig our way out of here."

To the front of the truck body was a two-foot rise in the floor, where it fitted over the highway tractor that pulls it. It occurred to me that we could use that as a platform to stack the mattresses and box springs, and try to reach the opening in the roof. That was the way we had come in, and it had to be our only way out. Our escape hatch *(continued)*

...Make your decision

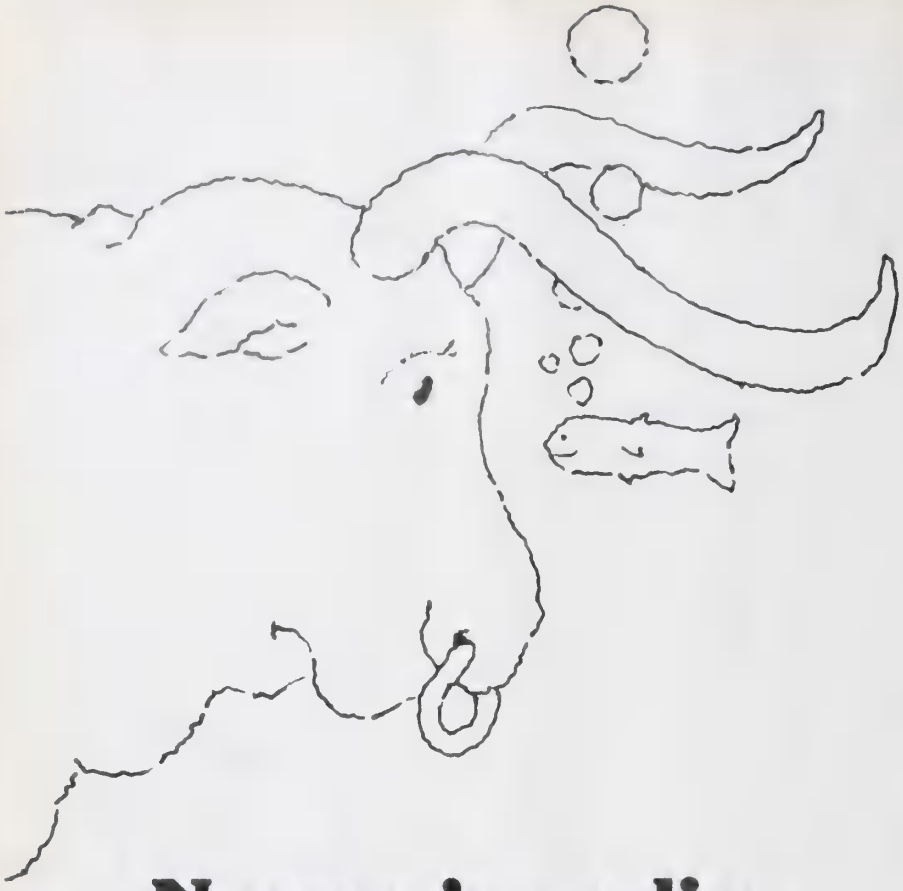
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Norway's sardine takes on America's sacred cow.

It seems Americans have always relied on beef as a prime source of nutrition. We practically worship the hamburger.

But consider the tiny sardines from Norway. They offer you unusually large amounts of many nutrients, including Calcium and Vitamin D.

Plus they have 89% as much Protein as ground beef. Over 66% as much Iron. And a savory, sweet sea flavor.

Of course, we don't expect you to give up the cow from Kansas City. We merely want you to try the sardines from Norway.

	3 oz. Norway Sardines	3 oz. Cooked Ground Beef
Protein	40%	45%
Riboflavin	10%	10%
Niacin	30%	20%
Calcium	30%	less than 2%
Phosphorus	30%	15%
Iron	10%	15%
Vitamin D	100%	less than 2%
Vitamin B12	100%	30%
Magnesium	10%	4%

%U.S. Recommended Daily Allowance



Sardines from Norway
One of the world's most nutritious foods.

CHOWCHILLA

continued

It was fortunate that I did not know then what was between us and freedom: a ceiling eight feet high, an iron plate, two batteries that weighed 100 pounds each, a three-foot shaft and a plywood roof hidden under six inches of dirt.

I called over Mike Marshall, a husky boy of 14 whose father is a rodeo rider, and we started piling up the mattresses and box springs so I could reach the lid. Robert Gonzales helped us, too. He's only 11, but wiry. Some of the others also pitched in. When I could reach the ceiling, I put my hands and my head against the lid and pushed. I couldn't budge it. My heart sank. For a moment I thought they might have locked us in and that we'd never get out.

But I spotted a block of wood, a three-by-four roughly 16 inches long. My first thought was that I could use it as a weapon. I actually *wanted* one of the kidnappers to climb down the ladder so I could smash him with it. Anger and hatred are emotions unfamiliar to me, and I hope I never feel them again. But the idea of revenge, of hurting one of them, felt pretty good at the time.

But that slab of wood turned out to be the key to our escape. I saw that I could use it as a punching *(continued)*

LONGING By Judy Epstein

Editor's Note: The following poem was accompanied by this note from the author: "My husband died ten months ago at the age of 33; I am six months younger. Our only son turned ten one month after his father's death. Recently I awoke at dawn, and, unable to sleep, found all my feelings taking form in the enclosed poem. It is short and to the point."

I dream of warmth and tenderness,
A loving smile, a sweet caress.
I waken to a cold gray dawn,
My beloved is forever gone.

His soul is alive, it is free at last,
While mine in this earthly body is held fast.
I long to soar, to meet him on high,
To bid this painful world goodbye.

But here must I stay, with the child of our love,
While he looks down from the Heavens above.
Why the Lord willed it thus, I do not know,
I must have faith, and accept it so.

Perhaps someday, when our son is grown,
When the lonely years have somehow flown,
The Lord will take pity, and let my soul soar,
To entwine with my beloved forevermore.

This Toast-R-Oven® toaster from GE bakes, broils and toasts 4 slices automatically. It's the only toaster oven that does all that.



If you want a toaster oven that oes all the things a GE Toast 'n Broil Toast-R-Oven toaster does, ou've got to get a GE.

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The Toast-R-Oven handles the ozens of small cooking jobs ou'd hate to heat up your ig oven for. Like top-brown- ıg sandwiches, baking casse- ıles, warming leftovers. And it orks in tandem with your big ven when you want to cook foods ıat require different temperatures.

It's a 2-steak broiler.

Separate broil setting lets you roil steaks, hamburgers, hot ogs, poultry, seafood—easily and onveniently. And because it oils, this Toast-R-Oven makes ore than two hundred dishes you ın't make in most other toaster vens!

The high-wall broiler pan helps otect the interior from splatters



and it pops into the dishwasher r easy cleaning.

It's an automatic toaster.

The Toast-R-Oven takes the



place of a 4-slice toaster. Toasts odd-size breads and rolls, both sides at once, and shuts off automatically. A bell rings when toast is ready.

It's a great energy saver.

The Toast-R-Oven uses less than half the electricity you might use to bake the same foods in your big oven. It pre-heats faster. So while it's saving energy, it's saving money, too.

Features! Features!

The thermostatically controlled oven has settings from 200°F to 500°F. Automatic Top Brown setting is great for melting, crisping and browning. And a signal bell rings when food is ready. Removable rack, oven tray, broiler pan and swing-open crumb tray make cleaning easy.

Head for your GE dealer's!

He has a selection of Toast-R-

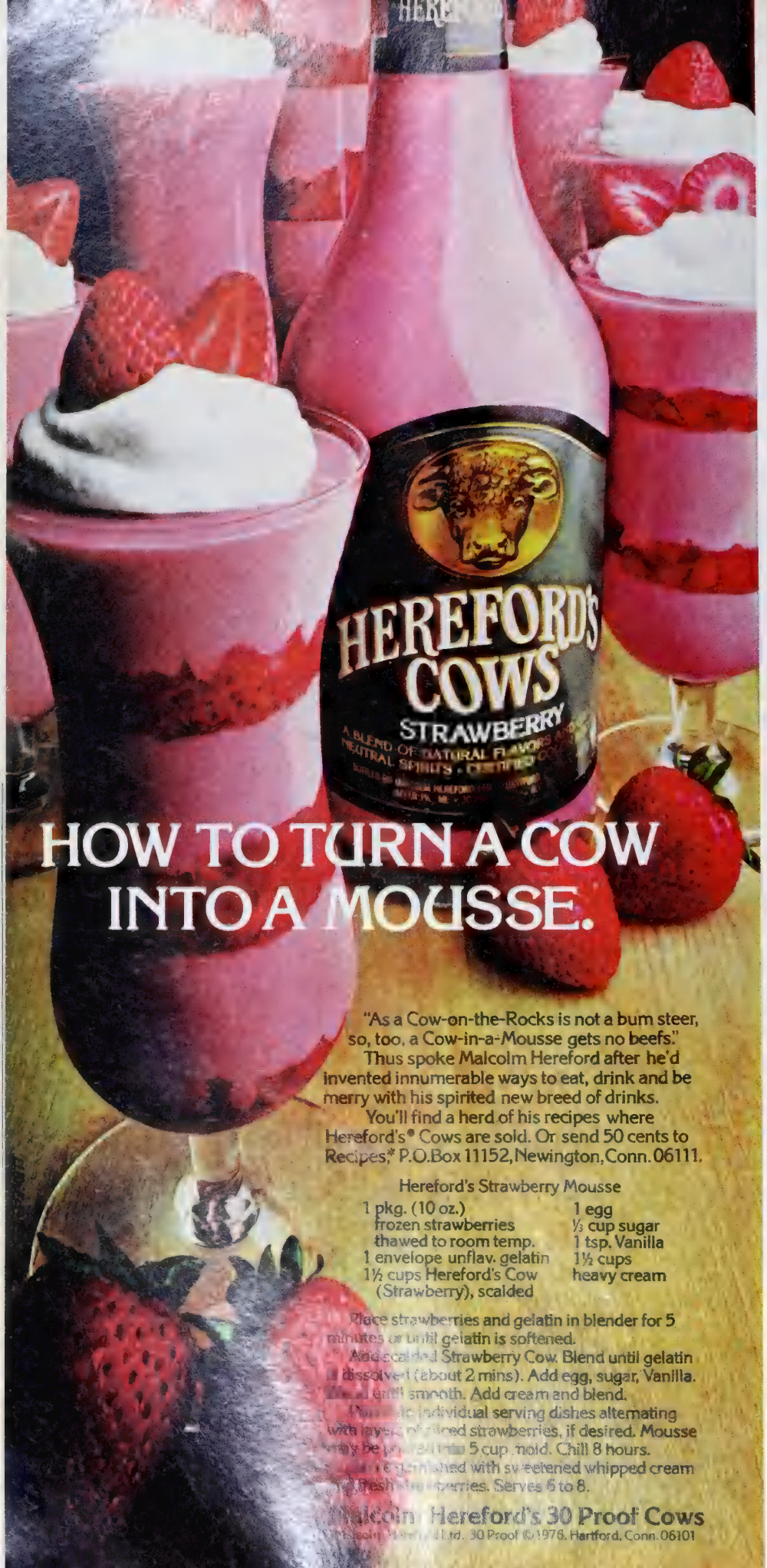


Oven toasters to choose from. The model featured here is the T26. Look over the T93B, T23, T94, T95 and T97 models, too. Once you own a Toast-R-Oven toaster from GE, you'll wonder how you ever managed without it.

TEFLON II

Other items made by General Electric use Du Pont Teflon® non-stick coatings.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



CHOWCHILLA

continued

stick. It had been used as a brace for the wooden supports under the ceiling, but it was loose and I pried it free. Without it we were finished.

There was a tiny gap, just a sliver of space where the metal plate didn't cover the hole in the ceiling. I managed to wedge the board in there and I was able to force the cover back a little. It was a three-eighth inch thick sheet of iron. I pushed it back enough to get my arm through the opening and feel around. I could tell how long the lid was and I found I could slide it a little.

I still didn't know what was up there. All I knew was that we had climbed down a ladder through a shaft, a kind of box about three feet high and three feet wide. They had sealed it with this iron plate. I had to find out what was on top of that plate.

Little by little, we were able to slide the lid back. Then I saw there were the two giant truck batteries resting on the lid. That's what the weight was. I groaned. But they had to be moved. I told Mike Marshall I was going to pull the batteries down, brace them against my belly, and for him to catch the other end. Then we would lower them to the mattress. We couldn't let them fall. I didn't want to risk spilling battery acid on the other kids.

That was how we got the batteries down. Then we carried them to the back end of the truck body.

First daylight

With the weight of the batteries removed, I could raise the plate a little more. Then I saw they had covered the shaft with a plywood roof, and dirt was packed around the corners. For all I knew, there was enough sand up there to bury us. But we had to keep going.

Using my piece of wood, I had broken some slats out of a box spring to poke at the roof and the sides of the shaft. It was possible now to climb through the opening, and to crouch on top of the truck body that was our tomb, using the iron plate as a platform from which to work. It was like being in a small chimney, and I had to hunch over, on my hands and knees, and try to push the plywood roof with my back. I could barely move it. But one of the boys managed to jab one of the slats into a corner, and suddenly we saw our first daylight in nearly 30 hours.

What a lift that gave us! The flashlight batteries were almost gone by then. It was hot and cramped and the work was slow and painful. We would crawl into the shaft and dig for a while with our hands and sticks, and then climb back down and splash our faces with water, before going back. *(continued)*



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Jambalaya

1 medium onion, sliced
½ cup sliced celery
½ green pepper, cut in ½-inch pieces
½ pound fresh mushrooms, sliced
or 1 can (4 oz.) sliced mushrooms, drained
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups water
⅓ to ½ cup HEINZ 57 Sauce
1½ cups cubed cooked ham
1 cup cubed cooked chicken or shrimp
2 medium tomatoes, cubed
2¼ cups MINUTE® Rice

Sauté onion, celery, green pepper and mushrooms in butter in a large skillet until vegetables are tender but not browned, about 5 minutes. Blend in flour and salt; stir in water and 57 Sauce. Cook and stir until mixture comes to a boil. Add ham, chicken and tomatoes. Cover and simmer 5 minutes. Meanwhile, prepare rice as directed on package. Serve Jambalaya over rice. Makes 6 servings.

"I am."
by Elizabeth Ashley



What kind of gratification do you get from being an actress?

"Singing for my supper is a good time. I also think we put back into folks some of the dreams and hopes that every day life takes away."

If you wanted to meet a man at a party, how would you go about it?

"We'd just find each other. An attraction is a gut feeling. It's animal. People just scout around and pick up the signals they like."

Do you wear fragrance?

"All the time. But not just because it makes me feel pretty, it also helps me relieve tension. I rub perfume on all the pressure points. When I get tense, my skin heats up. Instead of a headache, I get a good smell."

Je Suis is a new fragrance from Lentheric. It doesn't tiptoe into a room. It isn't shy. It doesn't whisper. Je Suis means more than "I am." It means, "I know who I am. And I want everyone else to know, too."



Je Suis
by Lentheric.
Let them know who you are.

Chowchilla

continued

If the kidnappers were out there, we would have known it by then. That meant we could work in some degree of security. It was just Mike and me on top of the truck body—and barely room for us. We moved just enough dirt to get a little more light at that one corner, but we couldn't dig enough at the edges to get the dirt to sift through and take the weight off the plywood.

We were like two men trying to move a city. I gave up on that side and began poking at the opposite corner. I could see the dirt was a little looser and drier there, so I kept picking at it with my fingers and jabbing with the end of one slat. It started to pour through, getting into our hair and eyes, forming a small mound of sand on the mattress below us. Mike and I started clawing faster.

Then it was reduced to a trickle, like sand coming out of an hourglass. But I kept pounding at the plywood with my block of wood and the dirt began to shift. As it did I was able to budge the plywood a little, raising it enough to rake off more dirt with our fingers, gouging out cakes of it from around the edge.

But we seemed not much closer to escaping. I finally had to stop. I staggered down and my legs buckled under me. I tilted one of the water jugs and took deep, desperate swallows. Then I let the water spill over my head and face and chest. Finally, I flopped over on a mattress. I didn't think I could keep going. Every part of me ached. We had been at it for two and a half hours.

But after a few more minutes, I pulled myself to my feet, and this time I stood on the topmost mattress and braced myself against the roof. I pressed against the plywood and I lifted with whatever strength I had left. And a piece of the plywood broke off at the edge, it was free from one side of the box.

Now we could reach up through the hole and scrape more dirt off the top. We did that, almost frantic, like two miners panning for gold. Then I managed to break off another, bigger piece of plywood that left a space the shape of a half moon. I told Robert Gonzales to see if he could stick his head out.

He could. I said, "Now, Robert, just look around. Take your time and let me know what you see out there."

He made one turn and said he saw a couple of old trucks off in the distance. That made my ol' heart leap. It meant we were not stuck in some mountain hideout, far from help.

I said, "Do you see anyone?"

He said, "No, sir, nobody."

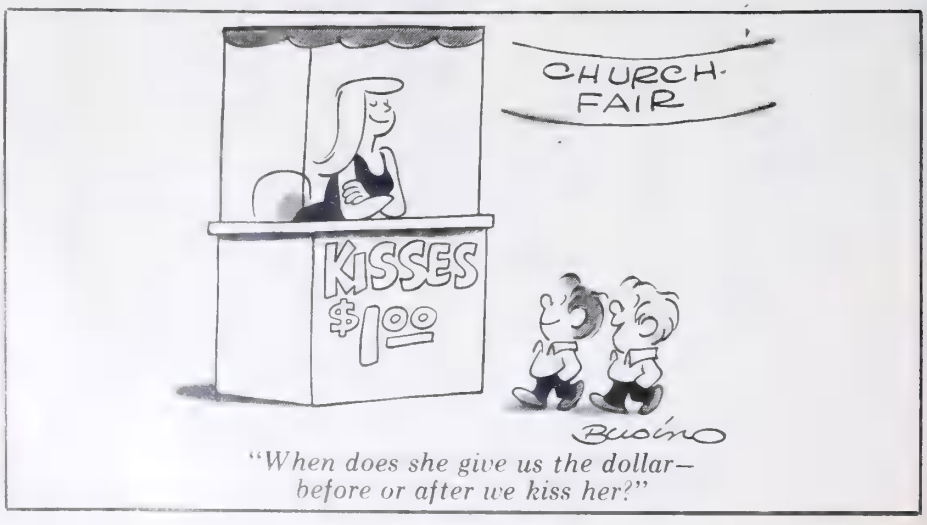
I told him, all right, then climb out and rake the dirt off that end of the plywood. As soon as he did I was able to lift it with my back and shoulders and flip it over. Then we flipped the iron lid out of the way. I could see that the kidnappers had spread the dirt over the plywood, six to eight inches deep, and leveled it off with the ground around it. You could have walked right over us and not known what was below.

I crawled back down into the van and told the kids I was going to start passing them up—from the mattress to Mike to Robert, waiting outside. There were no cheers, no joyful or even tearful reactions. We didn't have time. We didn't know yet if the danger was over.

Some of the kids wanted to take a blanket or a jug of water with them. But we were losing the light fast. I said, "We're getting out of here right now. We're not going to bother with water or anything else."

When the last child was out, I climbed up myself. I was wringing wet, shivering from my own sweat and the shirt that had gotten drenched from my frequent dousings. The kids were cold, too, with the wind hitting them after being cooped up in that big oven. But I said, "Aw, you'll be okay. We don't have far to go and you'll warm up if we keep moving. Let's take off and stay right together."

We had been buried alive for nearly 16 hours. I allowed myself one look back, and then I realized that the top of the van had been buried *(continued)*



"When does she give us the dollar—before or after we kiss her?"



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Sears Superplush Towels are Sears thickest towels. As thick as towels that usually cost much more.

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CHOWCHILLA

continued

under three feet of dirt. They'd drilled a hole toward the front of the roof with a shaft around it, leading to the surface.

We walked for maybe 200 yards when I saw the quarry and a welder standing on a stairway working under a roof. I ran and stumbled and hollered at him. He turned his head and saw me standing there in my undershorts and I think he was about as rattled as I was.

I told him who we were and his eyes got as big as saucers. "Yeah," he said, "I heard about it on the radio at noon while I was eating lunch."

He couldn't believe it when I told him we had been buried out behind the quarry. He pressed a button that signaled someone over at the main shop, and another man came running out of a building across the way. In a few moments we were inside the maintenance shop, and the men were passing out water to the kids. The next thing I knew there came a whole holiday of flashing red lights, as the sheriff's car and fire engines turned into the main road.

It was a little after 7 P.M. By now, about 27 hours had passed since the Chowchilla school bus had disappeared.

An FBI agent, Sheriff Ed Bates and a state trooper led me into a private room and began asking me questions. I didn't want to leave the kids. I was still worried about them. They were hungry and shivering, especially the ones who had been wearing bathing suits the entire time. But the sheriff assigned two deputies to stay with them—"Don't let them out of your sight," he said—and they phoned over to the prison at Santa Rita, a few miles away, and told them to grill a pile of hamburgers and get some fresh clothes ready. Then Sheriff Bates turned to me and said, "They'll be okay. Right now we need to talk to you, Ed."

Cheers and tears

One of the maintenance men in the shop had given me a pair of old, green coveralls to put on, in place of my wet shirt and underwear. I felt dirty and wrung out. But I told the police everything I could remember and, finally, they put all of us on a chartered Greyhound bus, and we started for home with a convoy of state police front and back.

Approximately 36 hours after it all began, we arrived at the Chowchilla fire station. The time was 3:52 A.M., Saturday, July 17. The whole town seemed to be there, all 4,500 people. We had to walk through a battery of blazing television lights to reach the building. They cheered as each of us stepped off the bus, and tears streaked the faces of our families and neighbors.

Odessa was waiting for me inside. She threw her arms around my neck and her eyes were all wet. I warned her that I needed a bath and smelled a little ripe, but she said she didn't care. We only had a minute or two together before they hustled me into a separate room for another police debriefing. Then someone asked if I would talk to the press. I had never done anything like that before in my life. There were over 200 people in there, most of them reporters, the rest FBI agents. One writer from New York had spent $200 to take a cab from Los Angeles to Chowchilla. I answered their questions as best I could. I fumbled some, and my voice broke once or twice when I talked about the kids. Someone told me later that the press gave me three standing ovations, but I wasn't aware of it. I guess that says something about the state I was in.

Some of what I now know about the case I learned from the police and the press: that the quarry where we were buried (the California Rock and Gravel Co.) was owned by the father of one of the three suspects; that the kidnappers had dug the hole in broad daylight and lowered the truck body into it (it was actually a moving van, with a sign on one side that said, *Look for Us First in the Yellow Pages*); that an alleged ransom note was found, demanding five-million dollars; and that *(continued)*



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Stops odors clay can't control.

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Venita has known a lot of suffering.



Venita is a shy little girl with big, dark eyes. You can see by her wistful expression that she has known much suffering in her short life in India.

She hardly remembers her parents. Her mother was in ill health when Venita was born. She died when Venita was only two years old.

Her father earned very little and lived in one room in a tenement in Delhi. He was unable to support and care for the frail little girl. He asked a children's Home, affiliated with the Christian Children's Fund, to take care of his daughter.

There is still a sad, haunting look that lingers in Venita's dark eyes. But she's improving. Gradually she's losing her shyness, and she smiles and plays with other children who share the same room at the Home.

Venita now has the care she needs. Her CCF sponsor here in this country is helping give her a better chance for a useful, happy life.

But there are many other needy children still waiting for sponsors.

You can sponsor such a child for only $15 a month. Just fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check.

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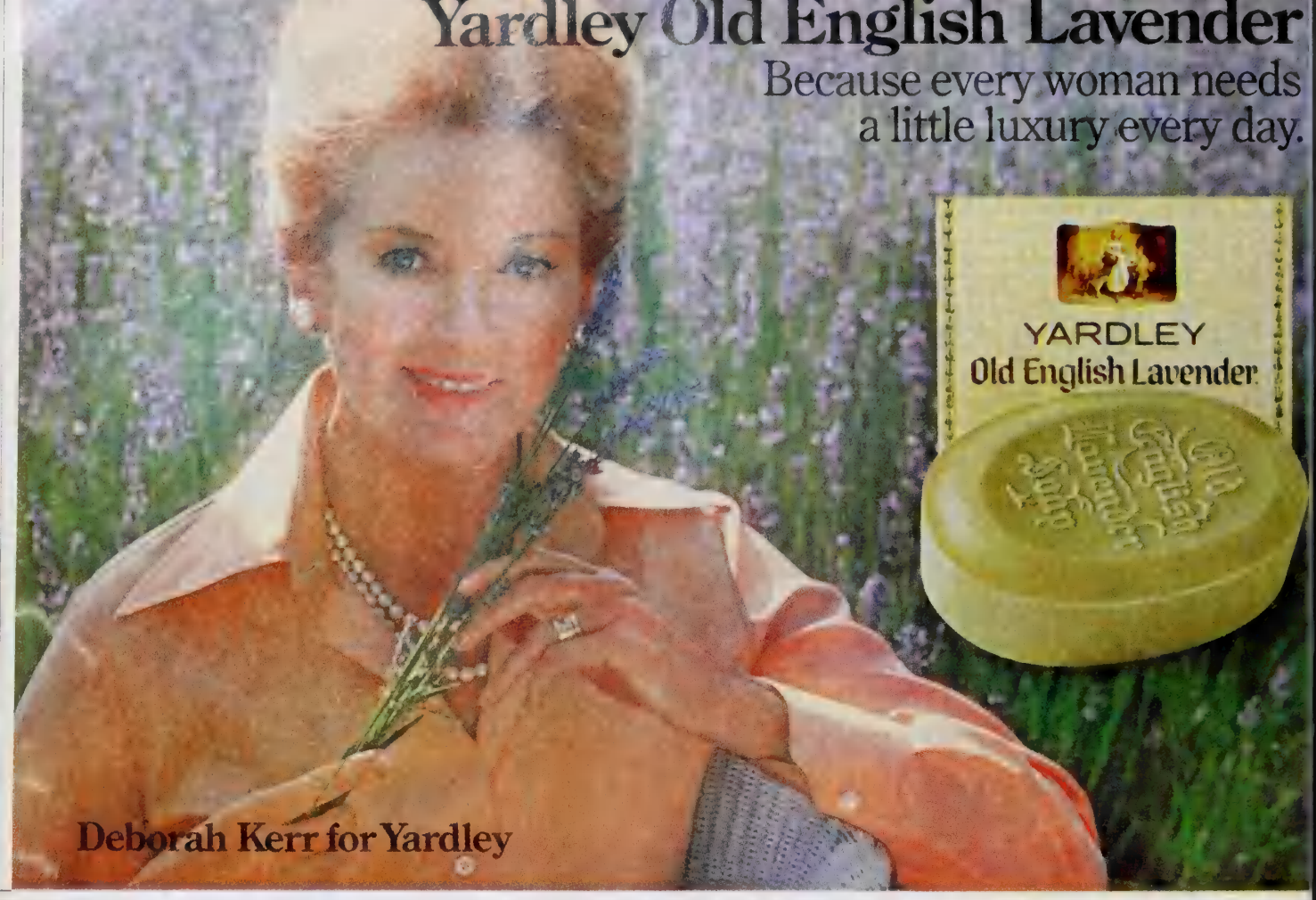
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CHOWCHILLA

continued

maps and notes indicated they had studied layouts of several other schools.

I was bothered by the fact that our descriptions of the kidnappers varied, mine and some of the kids. So I went home one night and got a pair of Odessa's pantyhose and put it over my head. I had my brother-in-law, Lloyd Danieli, do the same. Given a brief glance, we realized you might not recognize your own kin. The more we tightened the nylon, the weirder it was. But I got a long, *hard* look at two of the kidnappers, and I'm not likely to forget those faces.

If I ever need to remind myself that it all happened, that it wasn't a bad dream, I only need to look through the newspaper clippings my wife saved. They fill an entire drawer of our bedroom dresser. Or the thousand or so letters that came in from all over the country, including one from President Ford. Some envelopes contained small amounts of cash and checks, ranging from five to a hundred dollars. There are two funds in my name now, one for college scholarships for the 26 children and another for my retirement. But I don't expect to retire. I plan to farm the rest of my life, and I'll drive the bus as long as the school needs me.

In the aftermath of all this, some pretty human emotions were exposed. A few parents said they would probably send their kids to school in a car pool from now on. One child, Lisa Barletti, who would have been the next one off the bus, has moved away. One of the boys is said to be writing a book about the kidnapping. The mother of another has talked about giving up her part-time job and "representing" her child.

Some have argued over who helped and who didn't, who was brave and who wasn't. But I'm proud of all the kids. Try to imagine what it was like for 26 children, buried for 16 hours in a room with no light, little food, not much air and only the crudest toilet facilities.

Alarms and kisses

Generous things have happened, too. A company in Compton donated 23 citizen band radios to our school district. When a story got out that our home was unprotected, one man installed a burglar alarm, another a fire alarm, and a man in North Carolina shipped us a German Shepherd, named "Buddy." I have been honored by the state and the city and the Rotary Clubs, and my wife got a kiss from Governor Brown.

No, you don't come out of it unmarked. Two days after we got home, a strange sound woke me. It was the sound of a man crying—and I was that man.

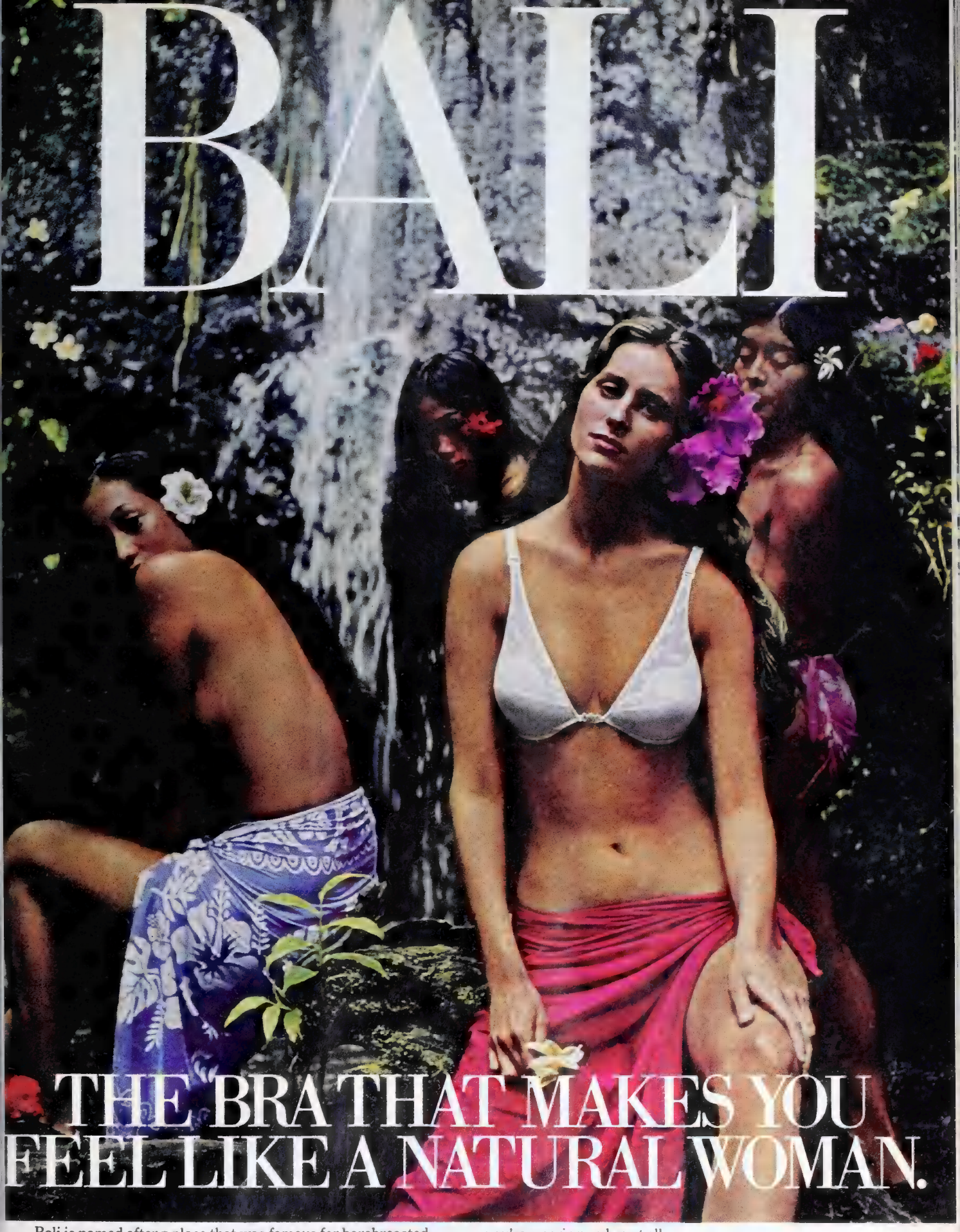
I slipped out of bed quietly, not wanting to disturb my wife. I put on my work clothes and rubber boots and walked through the kitchen, out the back door and into the fields behind my home. I walked for 45 minutes, and the more I walked the harder I cried.

When I got back home, my older son, Glen, was waiting for me at the kitchen door. He hugged me and led me into the house.

I had kept it all inside of me so tightly, had bottled up all those emotions, that finally I had to let it just pour out. It was the first real sign of what I had been through, and how deeply I felt it.

Small American towns are a kind of sanctuary. When their privacy is invaded, when one person is hurt, everyone suffers. What saddens us is knowing that Chowchilla will be famous now for an event that it will remember with great pain. Except for the trial, the story is over, but in a sense I know it will never end. I think about it a little every day. **End**

EPILOGUE: Two weeks to the day after Ed Ray and his busload of 26 school children were abducted, three suspects were in custody—Frederick N. Woods, 24, James Schoenfeld, 24, and his brother, Richard 22. They were charged with 45 counts of kidnapping, kidnapping with bodily harm and robbery.



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It's easy. Just introduce them to stamp collecting, an exciting way for your children to explore new places. They'll meet famous people, it's fun and lasts a lifetime. It all starts with Stamp Collecting Kits and Mint Sets from your Post Office.

Each **Stamp Collecting Kit** comes complete with everything your children need to get started. There are lots of colorful stamps to look at and an album to mount them in. Easy-to-read instructions and exciting stories about the stamps.

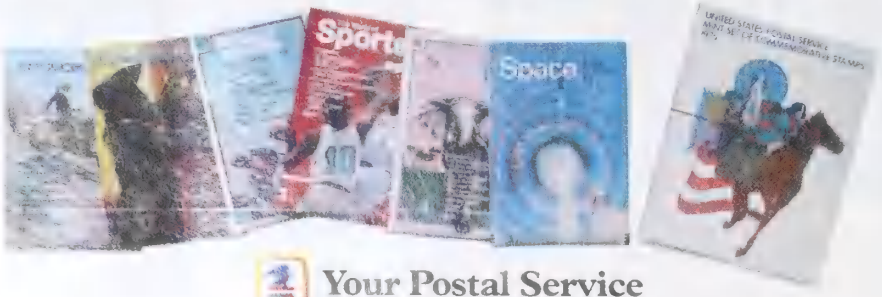
Stamp Collecting Kits come in a wide range of topics. There's an Animal Kingdom Kit with thrilling wild animal stamps. A Space Kit with stamps that explore the universe. And others on Sports, Art Masterworks, Birds and Butterflies and U.S. History. All for only $2.00 each.

Your children will also enjoy **The Mint Set,** a collection of all 29 of the U.S. Commemorative stamps issued in 1975. (Mint Sets are available for other years as well.) U.S. Commemorative stamps are a unique way for kids to explore the special people, places and events that have made America great.

The Mint Set contains a handsome display album in which to mount the stamps, plus the fascinating story behind each Commemorative issue. For only $3.50, it will start your children on an American adventure.

There is a world of things to see in stamps. So when you give your children a Stamp Collecting Kit or Mint Set, you're actually starting them out on a little adventure. One that never has to end.

Stamp Collecting—Opens new worlds of fun for your children.



Your Postal Service

© 1976 U.S. Postal Service

STENCIL FANCY

continued from page 123

TASSEL PROJECT

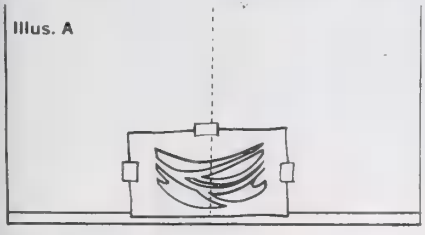
MATERIALS FOR WINDOWSHADE AND TABLECLOTH

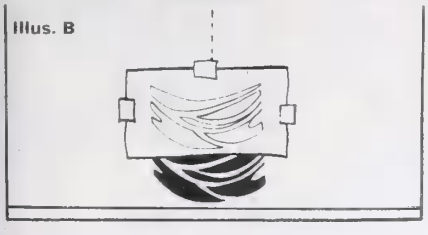
1 white windowshade, 48"x72"
1 natural linen tablecloth, 41"x41"
1 sheet graph paper, 18x24 inches with 1 inch squares
pencil
marking pen with a fine point
spray adhesive or white glue
1 piece non-corrugated cardboard, 18x24 inches
2 sheets of stencil paper, 18x24 inches
scissors
yardstick
masking tape
#1 X-acto knife with #11 blades
tailor's chalk pencil, any pastel color
acrylic tube paints in light gray, red-orange, red, yellow-green, dark green
paper plates
5 stencil brushes, four #5 and one #12
newspaper

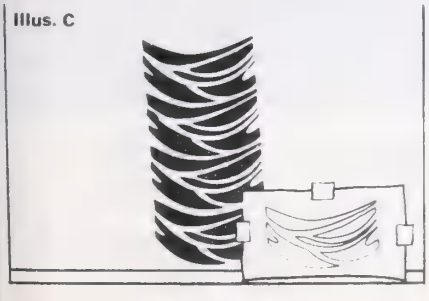
PROCEDURE FOR WINDOWSHADE

Make sure your graph paper has the same number of one-inch squares as the stencil designs on page 210. To enlarge the design, copy it square by square with a pencil onto the graph paper. The pencil line should always be in the same place in each large square as it is in each small square. Trace over the pencil lines with the marking pen and glue the designs to the cardboard; let glue dry.

Cut the stencil paper into 3 pieces measuring 12x19, 9x20 and 4x10 inches. Save the scraps of paper. If you have never cut a stencil, we recommend cutting a practice stencil. The most important thing to remember when cutting stencils is to have a new blade in your knife. Each cut in a stencil must be made in one, clean stroke. Going back over the cut lines more than once will result in a sloppy stencil. Hold the knife firmly and apply an even, steady pressure as you cut; always cut toward yourself. Remove all the sections that you cut away and discard them. The little areas of stencil left between the cut-out shapes are called bridges; they hold your stencil together and make it strong. Take special care when cutting along the fine bridges. If you should sever a stencil bridge, simply place a small piece of transparent tape on the wrong side of the stencil and cut away excess.


Illus. A


Illus. B


Illus. C

Tape the largest piece of stencil paper over design 1 and tape into place. Cut the stencil. Tape the next largest piece of stencil paper over design 2 and cut. Tape the smallest piece of paper over design 3 and cut stencil.

Cover the surface of a table with newspaper, or work on the floor. Unroll the windowshade and lay it flat. Using the yardstick, find the center of the windowshade and draw a line with tailor's chalk from the center bottom of the shade to the center top. This line will enable you to keep your stenciled design straight. Position and tape stencil A at the bottom of the shade, so that the chalk line appears through the center of the stencil as shown (Illus. A).

Squeeze a small amount of gray acrylic paint onto a paper plate. Do not add water to the paint; its consistency straight from the tube is perfect for stenciling. Dip the tip of the #12 stencil brush into the paint. Remove excess paint from the brush by dabbing it on several layers of newspaper, evenly distributing paint throughout the bristles. Begin stenciling by applying the paint with an up-and-down motion through the stencil openings. Remember that it is always better to have too little paint on your brush rather than too much. Excess paint on the brush will run under the stencil and result in a messy design. When all the openings have been covered with paint, gently lift the stencil straight up; let the paint dry for a few moments.

Reposition stencil 1 above the area you have just stenciled as shown (Illus. B).

Repeat the same stenciling procedure. Continue repositioning the stencil directly above the design you have just completed until you reach the top of the shade. Then position the stencil at the bottom of the shade, as shown (Illus. C).

Repeat the same positioning and stenciling procedure until the entire shade has been stenciled with design 1.

The next step is to stencil the tassels (design 2) onto the shade. The stenciling technique of applying color is the same as the previous steps, although *(continued)*

Problem itching is no joke.

There's nothing funny about problem itching. That's why we developed BiCOZENE.® (Say it "By-Co-Zeen.")

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Vagisil Creme Medication is delicately scented and greaseless. Available wherever feminine hygiene products are sold. **Vagisil**

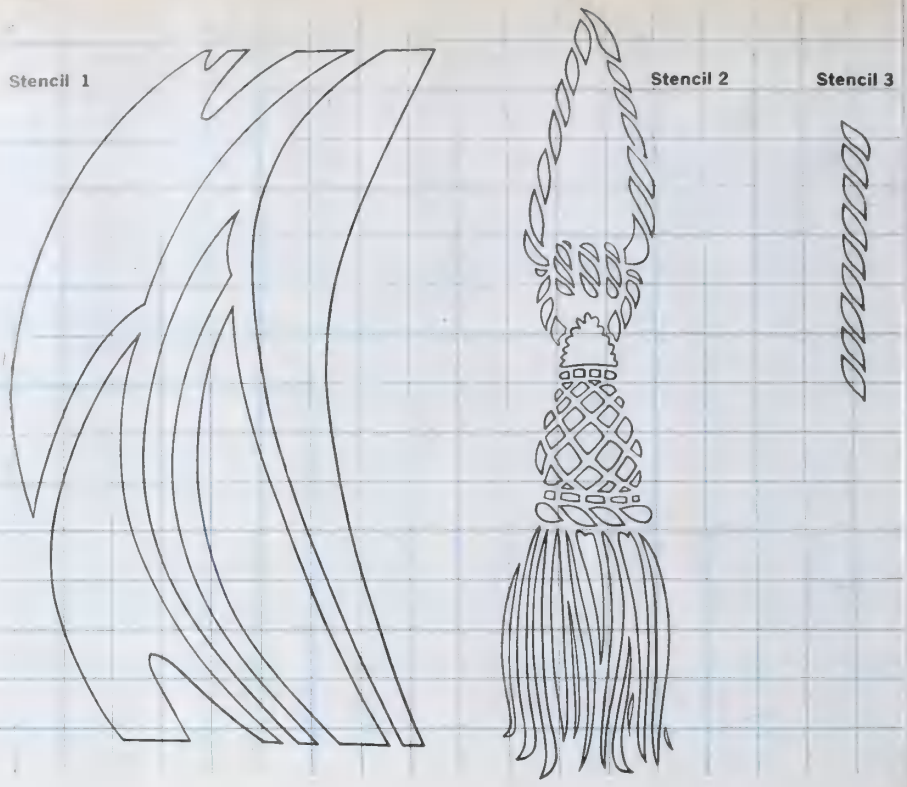
STENCIL FANCY

continued

you will be using #5 stencil brushes for the remaining colors. The picture on page 122 shows you where to position tassels.

Squeeze a small amount of red, red-orange, yellow-green and dark green onto separate paper plates. Position stencil (design 2) and tape in place. All four colors will be used in this stencil and here is a helpful hint to keep the colors within the area that you wish them. Cut two strips of stencil paper about 2x6 inches. Place them on either side of area that you wish to isolate for a particular color. Hold the strips of paper in place with one hand while you stencil that area with the other. Follow illustration D (page 212) for colors.

Stencil 3 is used next to create the cords from which the tassels hang. Position and tape the stencil to the top of one of the tassels. Apply dark green paint through the stencil using the same stenciling technique. After all the openings have been filled with color, carefully lift the stencil straight up and let the paint dry for a moment. Reposition the stencil directly above the section you have just stenciled. Make sure that you do not leave too big a space between the bottom opening of the stencil and the top of the design that you have just stenciled. Also make sure that the cord design is being stenciled straight up (you may want to make guidelines with the yardstick and tailor's chalk). Keep repositioning and stenciling until all of the cord designs have been stenciled. Wash your brushes with soap and water, let the shade dry for 24 hours and then remove tailor's chalk lines by lightly rubbing with a damp sponge.



PROCEDURE FOR TABLECLOTH

Cover the surface of your work table with newspaper; or you may find it easier to work on the floor. Spread out the tablecloth, making sure that it is wrinkle *(continued)*

Look into Betty Crocker® Snackin' Cake®.



They're extra moist and full of special things.

Banana Walnut is just one of eight great Snackin' Cake flavors. Each one's rich in real ingredients and extra moist. And it's so easy. Just add water, mix, bake and serve in the same pan. And try the easy recipes on all Snackin' Cake packages.

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MILK-BONE® Dog Treats. The hot dog shaped treat for dogs.

No dog is more special than your dog. And no treats are more special than MILK-BONE Brand Dog Treats. They look different—like miniature hot dogs.

They taste different—baked crispy outsides, meaty flavor insides. They are different. They're special. And your special dog deserves 'em.



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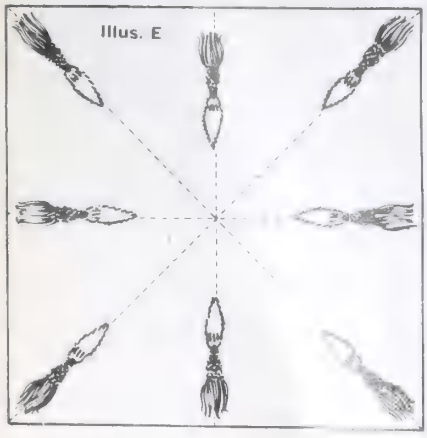
STENCIL FANCY

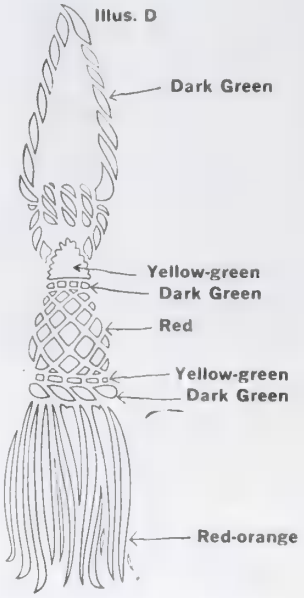
continued

free; press with a hot iron if necessary. Using the yardstick, find the center of the tablecloth and the center of each side at the hem. Make lines with tailor's chalk that run from the center of the tablecloth to the centers of each side and lines that extend from the center to the four corners.

With the same procedures and techniques that were used to stencil the tassel on the windowshades, stencil tassels on the tablecloth as shown (Illus. E).

When all of the tassels have been stenciled, use stencil 3 (the cord) and stencil along the tailor's chalk lines from the tops of the tassels to the center of the tablecloth.





Acrylic paint on material is completely washable but should not be dry cleaned. After the paint is thoroughly dry (several hours) remove tailor's chalk lines by rubbing briskly with a damp sponge.

WALL, HASSOCK, CHEST designs: Follow same general procedures outlined above, using colors of your choice.

HELPFUL HINT: If your stencil designs should begin to look fuzzy around the edges, you may have to cut additional stencils.

Pet journal

continued from page 184

return-to-the-earth movement in this country that explains our involvement with animals. Though that does play an important role, it is hardly new.

Animals, actually as well as symbolically, reflect the environment. There has been such a sharp awakening to environmental concerns that guilt over our treatment of animals is not surprising. Furs, for example, have become almost a reverse status symbol. Once, how well a girl married was measured by how young she was when she got her first fur coat. Women think more highly of themselves, and of animals, now.

No one can characterize simply what animals mean to us. The answers are not only different for each of us, but they change as we change. What is important is that we do need animals. We reflect it in our possessions, where we go, what we look at and by our involvement in conservation and animal welfare.

None of this is new. Man probably began keeping animals as companions at least 25,000 years ago. I am looking forward in the months ahead to discussing the many aspects of the animals in our lives, what they do for us and what we should do for them. **End**

The Kwikset 911™ Fire Alarm

You should get one. Before you need one.



Fire kills more than 12,000 Americans in their homes every year.

Smoke detector fire alarms save lives and homes that might otherwise have been lost.

You've probably read in your newspaper about a family being saved because they had an alarm that alerted them to a fire while they could still escape safely.

The Kwikset 911 Fire Alarm is an early-warning smoke and fire detector that can alert your family to a fire before it becomes an inferno.

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The Kwikset 911 monitors the air around it every second of every day. If it senses even a tiny particle of smoke or other element of combustion, the Kwikset 911 instantly sends out a loud warning signal.

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You can install a Kwikset 911 Fire Alarm in your home in a minute or two. There is no wiring necessary and mounting takes only two screws.

IN CASE OF FIRE —SURVIVE.



Kwikset 911 Fire Alarm, the early-warning smoke and fire detector for homes and apartments

Because the Kwikset 911 Fire Alarm is battery operated (a special, long life battery is included), it will give you fire protection even if outside electrical circuits are out of service.

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Compared to other things you do when remodeling your home, the cost of a Kwikset 911 Fire Alarm is a pittance. It's probably the cheapest life insurance policy you'll find.

Smoke and fire detectors like the Kwikset 911 are required by law in homes in many areas of the United States. That's how important they are.

Obviously, we hope you'll buy the Kwikset 911 smoke detector. But we'd rather you bought another alarm than none at all.

That's how important it is.

SEE AND HEAR FOR YOURSELF.

Look for this demonstrator display and package of the Kwikset 911 Fire Alarm at home centers, hardware and building supply stores





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America's Largest Selling Residential Locksets

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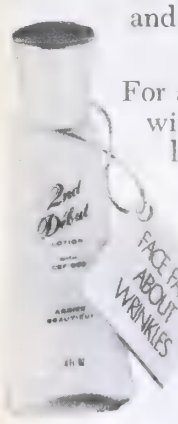


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Helps make old skin look years younger...without make-up

When your make-up starts looking artificial, turn fast to 2nd Debut®. This is a non-greasy emulsion that contains the discovery we call CEF®. 2nd Debut with CEF exerts a sort of lifting action. Lines and wrinkles due to dry skin fade and even disappear for a while . . . sagging chins and throats seem to tighten and firm-up . . . rough, dry, flaky, weathered skin again feels soft and smooth. Even without make-up you look years . . . years . . . years younger.

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The working woman

continued from page 90

crash diet, take diuretics, pop pills to lose weight. The airlines don't care how as long as you do. Otherwise you get laid off. They make you choose between job and health."

Once again, airline policy seems to be dictated by image not safety. A United official told *The New York Times*, "You run a $1.5-billion business, and it boils down to whether some chicks look good in uniform. If you have fat stewardesses, people aren't going to fly with you."

Maternity Policies

If "fat stewardesses" are an image problem, then pregnant ones really break the glamour barrier. Two questions remain: 1) Can a pregnant F/A be forced to take an unpaid maternity leave even if her doctor approves of her working?; 2) should airlines provide sick leave and disability benefits for pregnancy-connected disabilities to the same extent that they cover other temporary disabilities?

The second question will be decided soon by the General Electric case now before the Supreme Court. In this case, women claim that pregnancy should qualify for disability just as a man's prostate condition might.

But the first question raises the old issues of airline safety and image. Can a pregnant F/A safely perform her duties? If so, can the airline make her stop flying even if her obstetrician approves it? The FAA does not require airlines automatically to place pregnant flight attendants on leave. Many stewardesses feel this decision should be between a woman and her doctor. But thus far, only Northwest and a few small carriers permit F/A's to fly during pregnancy.

Last year, the New York State Division of Human Rights ruled that in the first 20 weeks of pregnancy a stewardess may fly if her own doctor approves. Up to 28 weeks, the airline doctor makes the decision, and after 28 weeks the stewardess may be grounded. At the hearing, Dr. Andre E. Hellegers, Director of the Kennedy Institute for the Study of Human Reproduction and Bioethics, testified that a stewardess in the first five months of pregnancy presents no greater risk than a non-pregnant stewardess.

An attorney for several airlines claims "clear-air turbulence" threatens mother and fetus. He also upholds a carrier's right to establish appearance standards, and presumably a pregnant woman is unattractive to passengers.

In my travels I've met only one pregnant stewardess. She assured me that she could still instruct passengers in the event of decompression or evacuation. And what's more, she now had *twice* the motivation to open that 747 door upside down and in the water!

End



"I find they're a lot more fun all day if you let them sleep till at least 7:30."



PARTY UP A STORM, FEEL LIKE THIS IN A CAREFREE PATTERN™ FROM McCALL'S



Dream Makers

continued from page 109

"It's time for breakfast. There's a pancake man on the griddle and he's running. You'd better hurry."

"Well, it's time to rake the leaves, I suppose." Time to sweep the snow from the porches. Time to look for a Christmas tree.

"Spring arrived in the middle of the night. It's time to hang the wind chime."

Fully awake in the bright morning, as the dream still clings to my skull, I am arrested by a pair of level hazel eyes that gaze without effort to the back wall of my soul—and know. He is six years old—and he knows. He knows that I will not leave him and that I will not weep.

My son is six, and I am six-and-twenty. Before I can catch my breath, I will be six-and-thirty, and forty and fifty, and so will he, and so will his small sister. They, too, will know dreams from the past. What will they dream of again and again through the flying years? What will hang about them like a secret fog as they wake to the mornings of their lives?

Things wear out and mingle with the planet. But dreams don't. The old yellow phaeton disintegrates under some dump which bulldozers have long since leveled, and maybe grass grows there. When I last inspected the old fur coats, I thought that if I gave anything so shabby to the Salvation Army they'd never speak to my family again. Stray dogs who wouldn't go away, slept on them for a time before I burned them and watched them go up in smoke. But dreams don't burn.

What will my two children dream of? What will the hazel eyes have seen looking into the soul; and the eyes of his sister, wide enough to take in the world? What is gathering in the caves of their memories to lie quiet until sleep holds them helpless?

"Me! I'm the one this time. I'm big now." My daughter runs before anyone can stop her to clatter up the attic stairs and take the wind chime from its nail on a low rafter. She returns triumphant. "I didn't break it." Her father lifts her so she can loop the red string over a hook in the back porch ceiling in celebration of spring. With a swat, she sets it swinging and singing of time as the wind tells it: of drifting leaves and the quiet smoke of their burning; of bitter gales and blizzards; of the winds of March and the herald sound of the geese going over. It will tinkle and rave and weep, and laugh in delight as children laugh. On still nights it will chime so faintly that it will not wake us as it mentions to itself that winds are moving and time is passing, though we only dream. *(continued)*

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There's a little Eve in every woman.

**Try today's Eve.
Flowers on the outside.
Flavor on the inside.**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter & Menthol: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

The Fisher-Price Movie Viewer.

It's like going to the movies. Only better. Because now ildren can run them all by themselves, just by turning a handle. slow motion, speeded up or backwards.

Each Movie Viewer comes with one film cartridge that ips into place. There's "On My Way to Sesame Street" with its opular characters, or Walt Disney's "Lonesome Ghosts" arring Mickey Mouse. You'll find the 16 other film cartridges own below, where the Movie Viewer is sold.

The Fisher-Price Movie Viewer can be used indoors or out. nd it runs on child power, not batteries.



dunes for reeds and grasses that will be trees, and I look for a deep shell that will be a pool. We are running and gathering and building until we have made a sea garden like no garden the world has ever known, with pools and places and avenues of trees. It is a great wonder—until the tide comes in and sweeps it all away. But there will be other sea gardens in other summers.

Autumn lies outside the great glass dome, the inverted bowl, which encloses summer: the summer place and the summer hours are sealed off from the rest of the world and the rest of the year. But somewhere there is an opening in the dome's base, because presently we will drive out from under it; and then we will enter the time of goldenrod and reflection that puts the year to sleep.

My children and I will choose to think, as we leave it behind us, that the summer goes on, even though we are not there: the mocking bird will reel and rave on the twig of the great hackberry tree; evening squalls will toss the boats like eggshells; summer rain falling gently through the night will give place to a clear morning that almost stops the heart.

My son sits beside me on the front seat as we start; the hazel eyes are lowered in contemplation: just before leaving the house he placed a cardinal's feather in the book. Last summer it was a luna moth found dead. Next summer he will go to the bookcase, top shelf, extreme left, and take out the book, *Haunted Homes and Family Legends of Great Britain*. He will open it—and behold! There will be the cardinal's feather.

We drive swiftly out the lane, we three, taking the bumps fast, passing wild morning glories still open, leaving tracks in the dew that holds down the dust, hurrying because time is racing toward another summer. We saw it begin. As always, just before we lock the house, someone always runs to the window sill where sits an hourglass—a *(continued)*

Dream Makers

continued

"This time I hung the wind chime. Me!" The hazel eyes regard his sister gravely and he nods. "But when it was Christmas," he looks at his father, "I helped bring the Christmas tree."

"Hush—listen. Shhh—listen. Shhh—" the ocean whispers along the dazzling strip of sand. If the gulls would stop their laughing and their mocking hard-luck cry, we could hear what the ocean is telling and telling, and we would know all there is to know. But laughing and wheeling in the airy bowl of the summer sky, they will not let us hear it. As the sun tingles over my skin, a fine spray of sand touches my back like a feather, and I raise my head.

"Look!" My son is in his ninth summer; his hand is still small, and on the palm lies a curious shell. We look at it and do not speak because it is so beautiful.

"Look!" His sister is running, her hair and face streaming. A wave grabbed her, but she held fast to the treasure and didn't break it. She opens her hand to show us a present she will take home to her father in the fall. It is a very small crab's shell. It once held life, but now is empty. The translucent chamber tells us what the life was like: it is a masterpiece of afterstatement, understatement, a whisper of principle. We are lost in it.

He looks up first and says: "A shed." I nod. "A shed?" asks his sister. He answers her carefully: "It grew a new shell, and then it got out of this old one." She is intrigued, almost comprehending. I say: "It took off the old shell on purpose. Like a coat." She understands. "Like a snowsuit," she says.

Suddenly she drops to her knees, makes a pyramid of sand and places the crab's shell on top; her brother runs to the

The Fisher-Price Movie Viewer Library

Slip-in cartridges featuring Walt Disney and Sesame Street films.



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Your puppy's not a puppy very long. Before you know it, he's full-grown. So you have to crowd a lot of care and training into one short year—and a lot of nutrition into one small body.

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Cycle 1 is specially formulated for growing puppies.

Pound for pound, your puppy burns up twice the calories he will as an adult. He needs about twice the vitamins and minerals. Extra protein for cell growth. Extra calcium for strong teeth and bones. It's all there in Cycle 1—concentrated so his developing digestive system can handle it easily.

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Cycle 1 isn't simply a puppy-sized version of an adult dog food.

It's just as specially balanced for growing puppies as Cycle® 2 is for young adults. As Cycle® 3 is for overweight dogs. As Cycle® 4 is for older dogs.

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GF GENERAL FOODS

Cycle® Nutrition...for the life of your dog.

DOG FOOD

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the lip specialist

Dream Makers

continued

three-minute glass never used but for this—and turns it. As the sand begins to flow, we lock the door, run for the car and go quickly.

We are not glad. We are not glad for hundreds of miles of goldenrod, and further north, wild asters, and further still the first few scarlet leaves. But at the end, they are glad when their father, not forgotten for a minute, holds out his arms and calls: "I'm so glad you're home." And I am glad because I wanted to forget him, and tried to, and couldn't.

We are waiting for the first snow and my brother arrives before it.

He intrigues my children, this uncle of theirs, dropping in as he does every few years, always unexpectedly. Amusing, handsome, never quite sober or quite drunk, he presents a parody of a charm once charming indeed, and a thin imitation of the beautiful manners that once sprang only from kindness. What is real now is the perplexity with which he examines the past once he embarks on the subject. He searches it, painstakingly, as if seeking a splinter of detail, long overlooked, which will explain it all to him, so he can be free of it, and can let his life, long held in check, start up in him again.

For the past hour, he has talked about our father and mother, and now asks me whatever happened to the beautiful cane with the gold head.

"Didn't he give it to you?" I ask.

Watching his uncle, my son's hazel eyes probe gently: at seventeen he is still a watcher and a listener; his sister has learned a listening way from him but her eyes are still wide, and will be until later when certainties will level them at last. They sit side by side on the floor, well back from the fire that is the only light in the room now. Their father, silent in deference to family talk, sits near them in a chair; I can't see him, but feel his glance from time to time, and wish I weren't alone on the davenport.

In an armchair by the fireplace, my brother shakes his head and murmurs: "No, I don't have it."

"But I remember his giving it to you just before he died."

He ignores this and narrows his eyes as he says: "There was something engraved on the head of that cane but it was too worn to decipher."

"I remember. There was his crest and a motto—"

"You have a good memory." Quickly he pays the thin compliment, and with a catch of his breath launches a new topic. "Do you remember the night he was drunk and she made him mad, and he swept all of his grandfather's crystal to the floor with that cane?" *(continued)*



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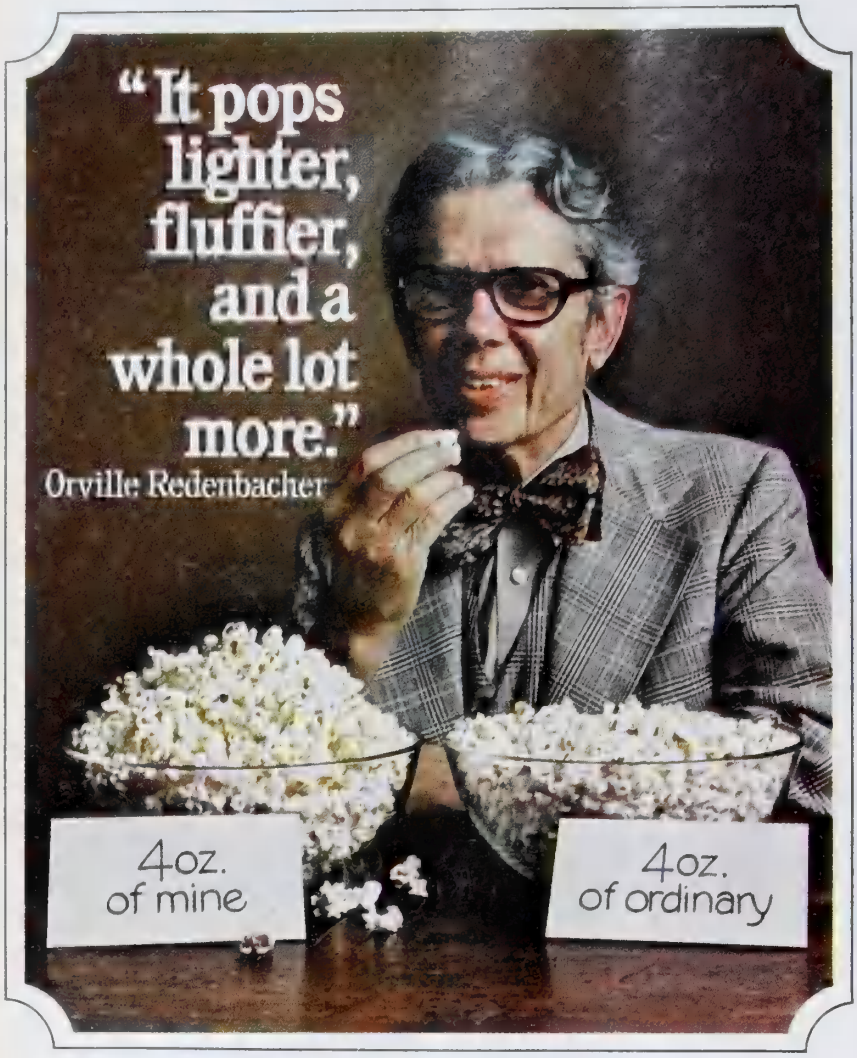
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Dream Makers

continued

"I remember. They made each other pretty mad sometimes."

He flicks a whip-like glance at me, and I realize it is because I smiled and my voice betrayed it.

"I can't imagine why all the glasses were on the dining room table at one time." He addresses the fire; he didn't care for my smile.

"I suppose there had been a party and she was putting them away. Or about to."

"God," he says softly. "Tiffany crystal. Monogrammed. Five dozen? Six?"

"Oh, not that many. Anyhow, he missed the claret glasses, all but two. I have ten of them. You can have them if you want them."

As if he doesn't hear me, he turns toward a small table at his elbow. When my brother drinks he doesn't sit holding a glass: he has a way of discovering it with faint surprise; he picks it up, drinks with a certain niceness and carefully replaces it just where it was.

"How they fought. My God!" he says, almost to himself.

"Hm." And laughed. (And wept.)

His perplexity intensifies until it seems unbearable, as if blades turned in him. "*What was the matter with them?*"

The atmosphere is like an iron maiden, closing slowly. I seek a phrase and it is difficult: "They were young."

"They never settled down. There was never any peace. Why couldn't they just get old?"

"For one thing—" I can't see my children without turning my head; I remain still. "For one thing, they were crazy about each other. They couldn't let go of that, no matter what happened. They couldn't settle for less."

The line of his lips is thin and bitter. "They weren't crazy about us."

Language is failing me. "But they loved us." My throat is dry. "They did the best they could."

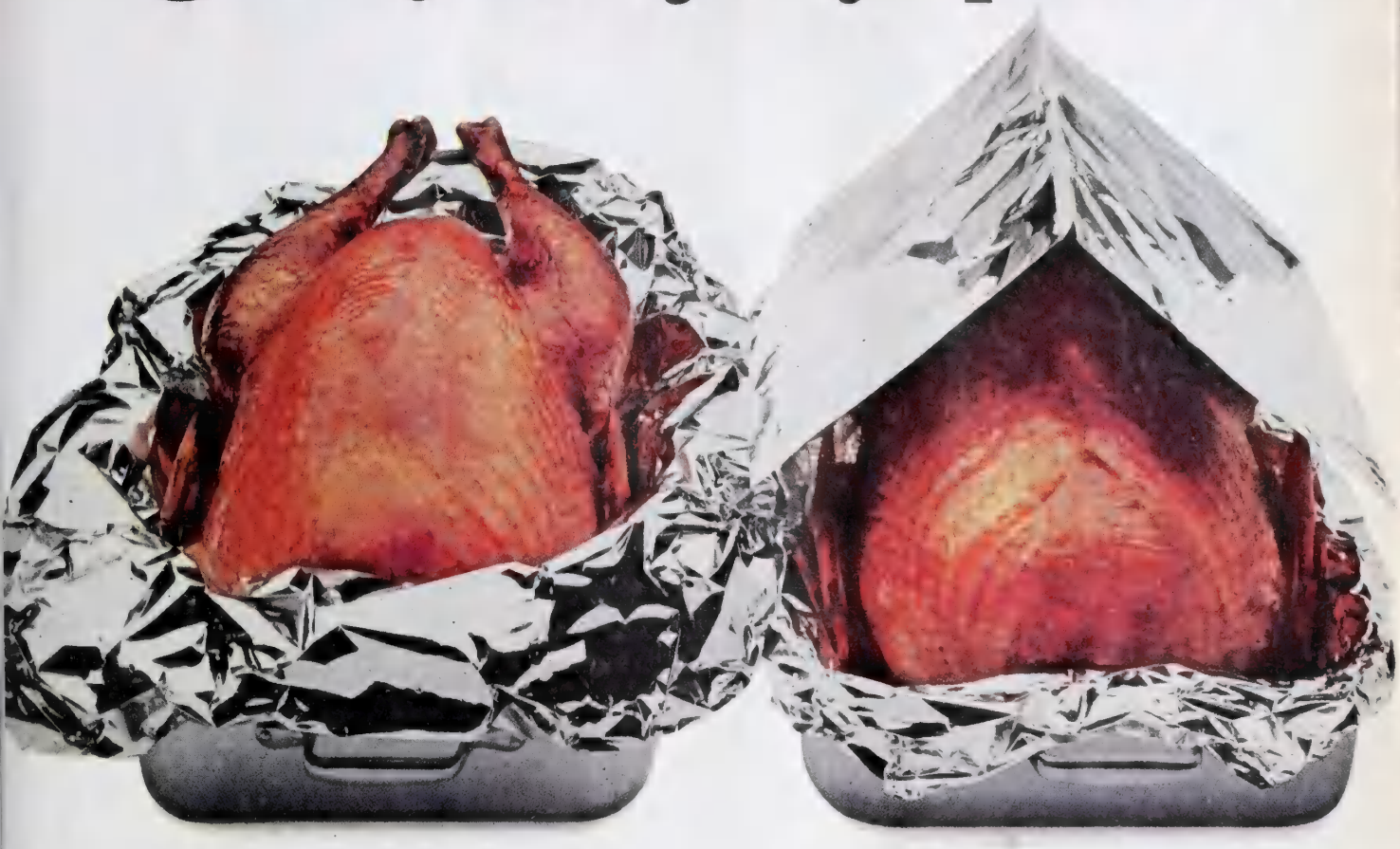
In a moment he dismisses it all with a lift of his eyebrows, as if it were all nothing instead of everything.

Standing on the porch, seeing my brother off, I find that the prolonged November cold has loosened its grip and the snow has begun to fall.

When I return to the living room, my children are still sitting on the floor, but close to the fire now. Their father has moved to the davenport and I sit down beside him. The laden silence shifts its burden from time to time.

Presently, my son withdraws his eyes from the fire and looks at his hands for a moment. Then he turns to me and says in his gently probing way: "He didn't want you to remember *(continued)*

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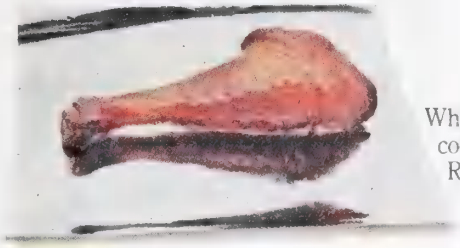
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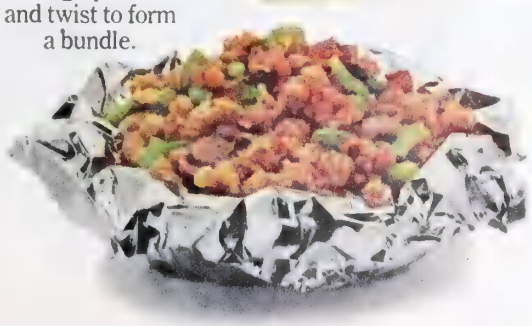
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Dream Makers

continued

what was engraved on the head of your father's cane."

"No. It was beautiful, that cane. The head was always bright; gold doesn't tarnish, you know. It was engraved with my father's crest and the motto: '*Fide et constantia.*' Faithful and constant."

As he looks down at his hands again, there is a pause and it is his: *And was he?* I hear it as clearly as if the words were spoken. As he continues to gaze at his hands, I watch him as he ponders the question, gently, without reproach.

My daughter turns from the fire and says to me: "When you said that your mother and father were 'young,' he didn't understand what you meant."

Does she understand what I meant? I can see only her silhouette against the fire. She continues to gaze at me.

Without selection or arrangement, words drift out of me: "Things happen to people. They happened to my mother and father, almost from the beginning. Dismaying things, losses; things that bewildered them, and almost killed them, poor children. Later they were unkind to each other at times—things were done that couldn't be undone, and they were very, very sorry—"

As I grab for the hand beside me it has already reached for mine, and my voice fails me as I am trying to say they did the best they could.

"Poor children," my daughter whispers to herself with her face half-turned to the fire. I notice that the beautiful line of her throat is no longer childish.

A summer rain begins to fall on some parched ground within me.

They came again last night. As the big yellow phaeton crunched to a halt in the snow, the doors flew open and they called gaily: "Hurry, darling! We can't wait!" They were merry and excited and snowflakes clung to their furs. I laughed and shook my head, and waved them on. As the phaeton disappeared into the falling snow and the clunk-clunk of the tire chains went faster and faster, the snow began swirling around me in dizzying, dazzling patterns, and I couldn't understand what was happening. But all at once I realized I was almost at the end of my dream and I was dancing.

End



"I don't know about him. His plants don't look too well."

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lake our Santa-and-reindeer ookie sled; page 94


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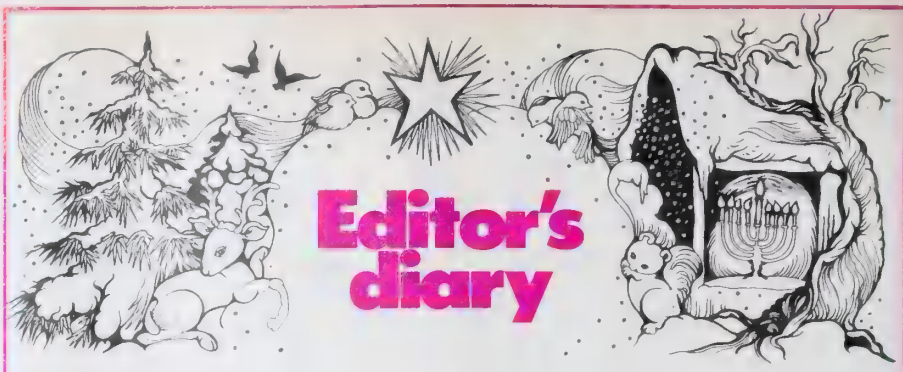
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Editor's diary

Last Christmas Eve, I had the good fortune to be in Israel passing through Bethlehem on my way to Jerusalem. I spent that night in a hotel room which, though not precisely a stable, was (because of poor reservations) cold, drab and inhospitable. But its window overlooked the old city of Jerusalem, lit by floodlights against a deep blue bowl of sky awesome with stars. Wrapped in a blanket, I stood at midnight in front of that window, my head spinning with immensities. Below me, down in the old city, were the shrines and symbols of Jews, Christians and Moslems, each grappling with the elusive but compelling quality of an unseen God. Above me were the same stars that had shone down 2,000 years ago, on the first Christmas. And around me, that day and for the days to follow were all the terrible conflicts that have turned this holy land into a place of turmoil.

For me personally, those few minutes at a window will remain a great and spiritual memory. As I approach this season's holiday of Christmas and Chanukah, I am reminded of my own emotions that night: a sense of wonder and gratitude that I was there at all, a deep awareness that I somehow was at the center of all humankind's mortal anguish and aspirations. Life, death and resurrection: these did not belong to any specific religion; they are shared by all people down through the centuries.

This year, the Middle East remains a storm center. Violence and terrorism stalk the whole world. And I grasp for a message which can transcend the flow of events rising from our combative and competitive instincts. I reach toward the bookshelf and find some words Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh wrote in his book, *The Humane Imperative*. "A new vision is needed if man is to create on earth the beauty this planet manifests from afar. The vision must be one of social justice, of the interdependence of all mankind." They are good words.

Vision and hope. May they shine in your candles, light your trees and fill your hearts. May peace and goodwill to men be the realities rather than the casualties of our time. Happy Holiday!

Lenore Hershey

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◄ STUFFED FRENCH BREAD

1 (20-inch) loaf French bread, cut in 4 pieces
1/2 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/2 cup chopped parsley
2 packages (8 oz each) cream cheese, softened
1 package (0.6 oz) Italian salad dressing mix
1 jar (4 oz) pimiento, drained and chopped

Hollow out bread pieces, leaving 1/2-inch thick wall. Spread interior with 1/4 cup of the Real Mayonnaise; sprinkle with 1/4 cup of the chopped parsley. Combine remaining ingredients; pack mixture into bread. Wrap in plastic film; chill several hours. Cut into 1/2-inch slices.

◄ STUFFED CHERRY TOMATOES

1/2 cup chopped radish
2 tablespoons chopped toasted almonds
2 tablespoons BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon grated onion
24 cherry tomatoes, scooped out and drained

Combine first 5 ingredients; spoon into tomatoes. Chill. Makes 24 appetizers.



▲ GUACAMOLE DIP

1 cup mashed avocado
1/4 cup finely chopped onion
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons finely chopped green chilies
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 small tomato, finely chopped and drained

Combine all ingredients. Cover; chill 1 hour. Serve with sliced raw vegetables and corn chips. Makes 2 cups.

▲ ZIPPY ONION DIP

1 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/4 cup chopped green onion
2 tablespoons finely chopped celery
1 tablespoon chopped ripe olive
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 small clove garlic, crushed

Combine all ingredients. Cover; chill 1 hour. Serve with sliced raw vegetables and crackers. Makes 1 1/3 cups.



◄ HOLIDAY MELBA DESSERT

1 can (8 oz) sliced peaches, drained and diced (reserve syrup)
1 package (10 oz) frozen raspberries, thawed, crushed and strained (reserve syrup)
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1/2 cup heavy cream
1/4 cup BEST FOODS Real Mayonnaise
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Add enough peach syrup to raspberry syrup to measure 1 1/4 cups. Sprinkle gelatin over syrup; heat, stirring constantly, until gelatin is dissolved. Beat in cream and Real Mayonnaise; chill until slightly thickened. Fold in peaches and nuts. Turn into 3-cup mold. Chill until set.



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VOL. XCIII, NO. 12
DECEMBER 1976

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Fine make-up / sensibly priced

What's happening



By Gene Shalit

Woody Allen, Bette Davis and Marcello Mastroianni make movie news this month. And there is special delight with a light-hearted kids' movie and a spirit-soaring love story.

When is a Woody Allen movie not a Woody Allen movie? When it is *The Front*, a movie in which Allen plays his first dramatic role. But even though this is not a comedy, his role has been written to preserve a good deal of the Woody Allen persona, and that's good. *The Front* is set in the early 1950's, when Senator Joseph McCarthy and the House unAmerican Activities Committee had much of the country convinced that there was a Red under every bed. Writers, performers and artists allied with the Left made headlines when they were fired and their careers went down in smoke. Many were blocked from working during this pinkomania because of secret blacklists—or, more precisely, red-lists—which intimidated cowardly executives in movies and television. *The Front* is concerned with a television writer (Michael Murphy), who is blacklisted. He asks an old high school pal (Woody Allen) to be his front—in other words, to pretend that he is the author of Murphy's scripts and to sell them to the networks. Woody's character is a schlep, a penny-ante bookie, a cashier in a hash-slingin' restaurant. Woody—willing to do his pal a favor, savoring the possibility of money and intrigued by the idea of this con game—agrees to do it. What's more, it *works:* The network accepts the scripts as Woody's own. He gets new clothes, switches living styles from garret to garish, even falls in love with a girl who thinks he's a writing genius—a girl played vapidly by Andrea Marcovicci. He also runs into other cardboard characters—straw men set up by the script for easy knocking down: Zero Mostel as an oppressed comic and Herschel Bernardi as a television producer who might have the courage of his convictions if he knew what his convictions *were*. By story's end, Woody, hounded by a congressional committee, must make a decision: To keep what he considers the good life (by taking money under false pretenses), or by going back to the bad life (by betraying the men who are paying him the money he is taking under false pretenses). *The Front* is insubstantial—a thin gruel that evaporates when Woody isn't on screen. He is terrifically persuasive in the role, but the movie is hackneyed and weak-kneed, a didactic pamphlet cranked out by an overinked mimeograph.



Only the softest, smoothest cowhide is used in a Rolfs French Clutch. And with Rolfs features like a framed pocket for bills and coins, a zippered pocket and a case for credit cards, it puts everything right at your fingertips. When we designed the Rolfs French Clutch, like all our quality products, we started by thinking of you, first.

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FOR SITCOM ADDICTS

Norman . . . Is That You? is an example of what movies would be like if television programs were shown in theaters. This comedy has been culled from Broadway, where it opened in 1970 and died after 12 performances. Is there life after death for failed Broadway comedies? George Schlatter thinks so. He was one of the creators of *Laugh-In*, and he has turned *Norman* into a movie starring Redd Foxx, Dennis Dugan and Michael Warren, with a small appearance toward the very end by Pearl Bailey. The movie dangles precariously from this plot: A man whose wife has run off with his brother needs comforting so he goes to Los Angeles to visit his 23-year-old son. Entering the apartment without warning, he discovers that his son is a homosexual. What follows is 90 minutes of weak jokes about the father refusing to understand his son, weak jokes about the father bringing home a six-foot hooker for his son, weak jokes about his son's ultra-feminine roommate trying to win over father with gourmet cooking, and finally Pearl Bailey (Redd Foxx's contrite movie wife), showing up at the end to justify her name in the ads. Redd Foxx fans may find a few amusing moments, but this is essentially a one-set set-up for one-liners on one-note. *Norman . . . Is That You?* is for sitcom addicts whose television set is being repaired.

(continued)



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Now Sears has a ribcord bedspread that's *really* strong. Sears Toughcord.™

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The experience of douching isn't something you reserve for special times. You douche whenever you want to feel clean, fresh, and feminine.

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What's happening

continued

FLUNK-OUT

If the people who put together *America at the Movies* keep this up, their next production may be called *America Stay Home*. Here are two hours of scenes disconnected into a splice of lifelessness, a sort of giant previews of coming attractions—except these are all *past* attractions. Some 81 films have been ransacked and 85 actresses and actors carried off in their scenes, all shown out of context. Imagine somebody taking 81 famous novels, snipping out a sentence here, a paragraph there and running them together into incomprehensible hodgepodge. You don't know what's happened before, what happens after, and in most scenes, you don't know what's happening *during*. In a futile attempt to give this film some form, there is a sporadic and soporific narration thinly written by Theodore Strauss and droned by Charlton Heston. Heston is hardly to blame. Having looked over the script in advance, he was probably talking in his sleep. *America at the Movies* is a paste-up that in publishing would be called an anthology, in the theater would be called a benefit, and in film school would be called "flunk out on the final."

WHAT FUN!

Would you believe that everyone in *Bugsy Malone* is a kid? The average age is 12, and the kids kid Hollywood gangster movies in this musical story set in the prohibition days of 1929 New York. Fat Sam runs the rackets and a lavish speakeasy. The star of his pack-em-in show is Tallulah, played with spit curl and style by 13-year-old Jodie Foster. (Keep an eye on this child. She may be the exception to the rules of precociousness: judging from *Taxi Driver* and this film, she may be a true actress who could have a long and rewarding career.) Their rival gang is run by Dandy Dan, the classy cur who's cornered the market in splurge-guns, which shoot marshmallows. Which of the two gangs will control the rackets? Fat Sam turns in desperation to sweet and crafty Bugsy Malone, who is in love with the star-struck hick, Blousey Brown, who wants to sing in Fat Sam's show. (Are you following this?) Bugsy yearns to button up Blousey, and in the end love triumphs. The cast of kids spree through a story that's cheerful with an earful of musical numbers composed by Paul Williams. The singing voices sound dubbed, but who cares?—it's all a lighthearted lark. Alan Parker wrote and directed these 94 minutes-of-smiles, a G rated spoof that disarmed me. What fun! *Bugsy Malone* is gangbusters.

(continued on page 16)

Of all menthols:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***1**	***0.1**
Carlton 70	***1**	***0.1**

(lowest of all brands)
*Av per cigarette by FTC method.



No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine; Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.


"I look better today
than I have in years."
Another fine product of Maxell Corporation

New! Makeup that helps skin over 25 look younger.



Introducing Cover Girl®
'MoistureWear'

When you're under 25, a smooth, natural look may be all you want from makeup. But over 25, your makeup should do more. Smooth out tiny, dry skin lines. Add a warmer depth of color to put a few more roses in your cheeks. That's why Cover Girl created 'MoistureWear'™ Makeup. Makeup with a balanced blend of special moisturizers, and fresh, fresh color to instantly improve the look of skin over 25. And help you look better than you have in years. 'MoistureWear' is pre-moisturized. So dewy you need no moisturizer underneath. Wear it and you can look the way you want to look —younger, fresher, prettier!



THE 'MOISTUREWEAR' MAKEUP COLLECTION:

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MOISTURE ENCAPSULATED POWDER. Pressed powder with sealed-in moisture—freshly released everytime you make up, touch up.

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something useful,
Cosco's handy serving cart caters to holiday parties. And folds neatly away when the party's over.



something uplifting,
Cosco step stools have dozens of practical uses. When you're stuck for a gift idea, they help you rise to the occasion.

something collectable,
Gifts for people with plants, or objects of art. Cosco has a collection of stands that will add a touch of fashion to any decor.



something entertaining,
You'll want to be a party to a gift like this. Our adjustable counter stool is always a conversation piece.

something youthful.
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Cosco Home Products
Columbus
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Nobody makes it like Cosco and nobody but **Cosco makes it all.**

What's happening

continued from page 12

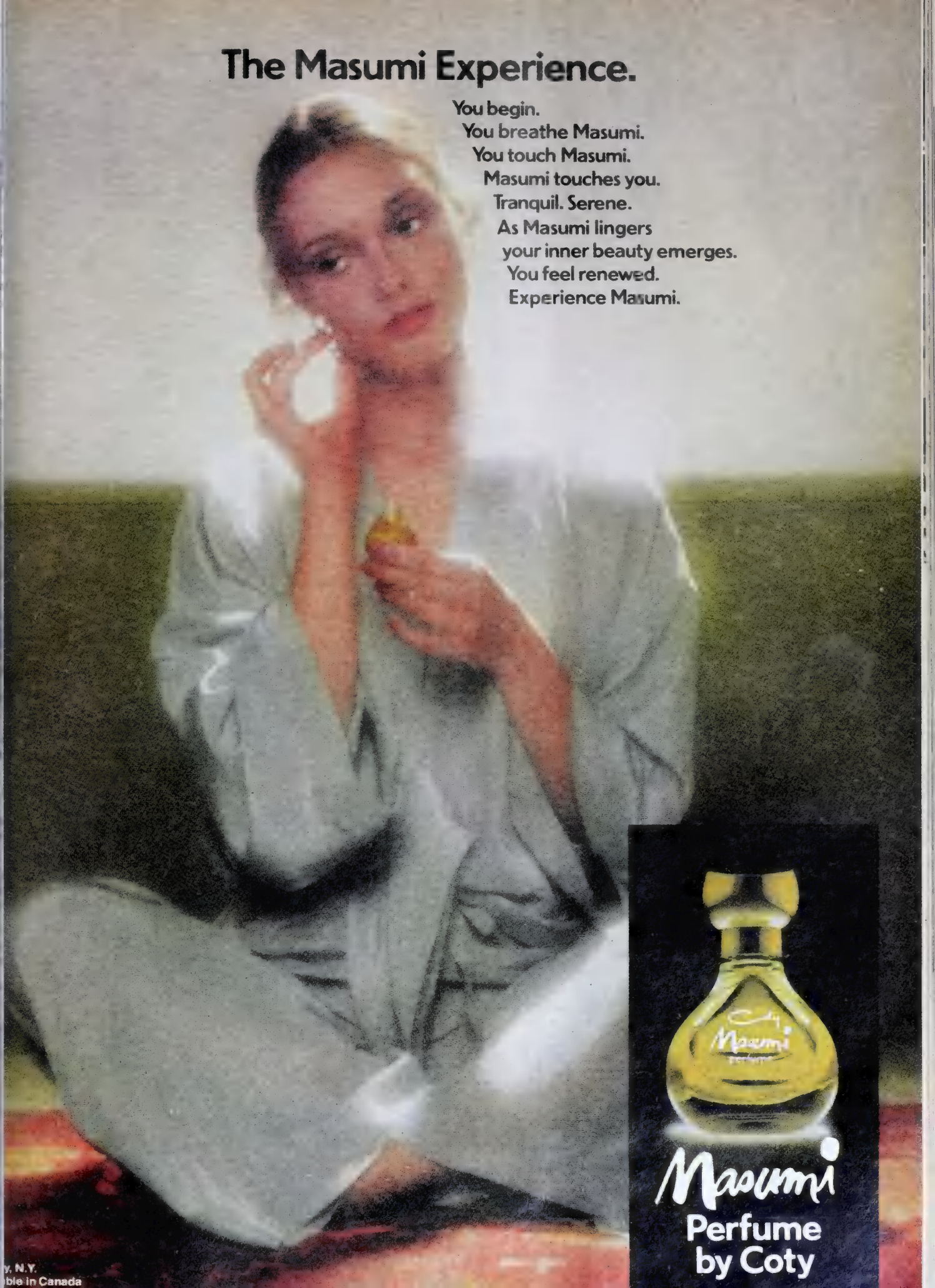
TEETER AND COLLAPSE

Bette Davis is *such* a marvelous acti
isn't it a nuisance that she is undermi
by a movie as wobbly as *Burnt O*
ings? First of all, the title has nothin
do with the story, and the cast has n
ing to do. In the highly skilled cast
Miss Davis, Karen Black, Oliver R
and Burgess Meredith. If only th
were a director, a script writer and
idea. *Their* idea of an idea is a far
renting a lavish estate for the sum
and not being suspicious about (a)
ridiculously low $900 price and (b)
85-year-old woman living in an a
suite whom they are to see after but
see. Everyone in the audience instan
knows that this family is in for it: Fat
and mother (Oliver Reed and Ka
Black), their tyke-year-old son (
Montgomery) and Aunt Elizab
(Bette Davis). Spooky incidents occ
Father, who clearly adores his son, t
to drown the little fellow in the sw
ming pool. Bette Davis *(continu*

GENE SHALIT REVIEWS

All the President's Men is quite simpl
smash. If there were a Pulitzer Prize
movies, *Men* would win.
Buffalo Bill and the Indians circles lik
nervous horse with a new rider, but ha
refreshing originality I liked. Not for k
Family Plot is the newest Hitchcock,
this time horror is on hiatus. It's all just
fun, with a Hitchcock wink.
Gator is another Southern adventure starr
Burt Reynolds. The script is boring and
informed. *Gator* is a croc.
Idi Amin Dada is a rare look at the dicta
of Uganda—a man who is part buffoon, p
menace. A remarkable record.
Logan's Run doesn't *star* Peter Ustinov,
his small role is the only memorable part
this 23rd century sci-fi confusion.
The Man Who Fell to Earth is a troubl
and densely complex sci-fi movie, starr
David Bowie. For sci-fi fans, enormously
sorbing.
Midway is about that turning-point WW
Pacific battle starring everyone—Fon
Ford, Mitchum, Heston, etc. Not the wo
—nor the best.
Murder by Death is the latest work by N
Simon and it adds up to the wittiest myste
movie in years. A super spoof with a sup
all-star cast.
Obsession—a non-Hitchcock mystery tha
romantic, confounding and weird. The c
is splendid. Enjoy.
Ode to Billy Joe was uninspired by the so
A swath of boredom on a field of hype.
The Omen, despite the presence of Grego
Peck and Lee Remick, is trash.
The Outlaw and Josey Wales begins as t
Civil War ends. Clint Eastwood is out f
vengeance. The movie runs 2 hours, 17 mi
utes. Two hours too long.
St. Ives stars Charles Bronson. If you enj
him (as I do) you'll enjoy this private e
movie with Bronson in charge all the way.
The Shootist is touching and strong, with
exceptional performance by John Wayn
Jimmy Stewart and Lauren Bacall also sta
Silent Movie really *is* silent and really *is*
comedy treasure, thanks to the inspiration
Mel Brooks. A film for everyone.

The Masumi Experience.



You begin.
You breathe Masumi.
You touch Masumi.
Masumi touches you.
Tranquil. Serene.
As Masumi lingers
your inner beauty emerges.
You feel renewed.
Experience Masumi.

Masumi
Perfume
by Coty

y, N.Y.
ble in Canada



It's a natural for fresh breath

One of the little secrets of Susan's self confidence is knowing her breath is clean and fresh. She keeps it that way with Doublemint Gum. Its cool, fresh flavor helps her breath stay attractively fresh and nice to be near. It can do the same for you.
Doublemint Gum... it's a natural for fresh breath.



What's happening

continued

dies mysteriously (she may have been suffocated by the ou landish makeup). And the house begins to fall apart. Ar my goodness, whatever has gotten into Karen Black! Sl announces that only *she* will visit the unseen spook in th attic. She is consumed by the house, which becomes mo important than her family. In short, her brain begins match her eyes. And then, with a rush of unreality, the sen story begins to teeter, and collapses into a bloody end. It all nonsense. You know who'll be burnt? The people who pa to *see* this offering.

TASTELESS, WITLESS

Bette Davis has it *good* compared with poor Giancarlo Gia nini, the notable Italian actor who has scored such an in mense success in *Swept Away* and *Seven Beauties*. Now h is in a movie *not* directed by Lina Wertmuller, and the c lamitous result is *How Funny Can Sex Be?* Not very. In th tawdry little number, eight disconnected incidents are hun together until dead. In the words of Peter Schickele, it is story in eight unnatural acts. It is tasteless, witless and th English dubbing has Giannini sounding like a fugitive fro the Bronx.

ENCHANTING AND JOYOUS

What America needs is a healthy, wholesome, spirit-soarin love story, and now we have it, a gift from France that all c us can cherish. In 1966, the French romance *A Man and Woman* swept Americans off their feet and into each other arms. Now this new French film—*Cousin, Cousine*, the stor of the love of a husband and a wife—has captivated America One moment: they are not each *other's* husband and wife To begin, the wife (Marie-Christine Barrault) is married t a quantity-hungry philanderer. Wife is fed up. One after noon, at a wedding, she meets Victor Lanoux, who is marrie to a kooky woman who frequently dashes off to a clinic fo sleep cures. So suddenly Marie-Christine and Victor ar together—a new man and a woman. They chat, they are at tracted, they make a pact to keep it platonic, they break th pact, they fall in love. Time passes, another family gathering together again, they dance openly, adoringly. Then—spurn ing conventions—they go off on their own. Jean-Charle Tacchella has written and directed a blossom of a film, en chanting in its exultation of romance and its respect for chil dren and young people. *Cousin, Cousine* is a joyous movi —a love story that will leave you with a grin in your heart

HO-HUM WHODUNIT

Two of my favorite actors in all the world—Jean-Loui Trintignant and Marcello Mastroianni—are together in a film called *Sunday Woman*. She is Jacqueline Bisset. This time we have Mastroianni as a police official striving to solve a murder in which the other two stars (see above) are im plicated. Miss Bisset is the bored wife of a millionaire in dustrialist. Her plaything is Trintignant, also wealthy, also at ease. They pass their time by playing intellectual word games, arguing about the American pronunciation of Boston and slyly mocking the non-upper classes. Since they are ol the local aristocracy (the scene is set in Italy), the police must handle these two with the utmost delicacy. Are they really capable of murder? If not, who did it? What of the stone cutter who concocts erotic objects (exactly like the one wielded by the murderer)? What of the fat-lipped art dealer? What of the lady with the blond hair seen emerging from the dead man's dwelling? It's a ho-hum whodunit, with an ending that's bland. But I do like the cast, and when Mastroianni and Trintignant are together on screen, I wouldn't dream of passing them up. **End**

The Emerald Bath.



The opulent and sensual experience of bathing in a liquid jewel.

Emeraude fragrance, the liquid jewel as mysterious and provocative as the emerald for which it is named, is now a beautiful way to bathe and care for your skin.

Emeraude now has four rich new facets: Bath Soap, Bath Oil, Creamy Lotion Bath, and after-bath Really Rich Body Cream.

The Emerald Bath. A luxurious, sensual way for a woman to get in touch with her body. And prepare it for whatever beautiful things may follow.



Emeraude by Coty.

w York
in Canada

Can this marriage be saved?

By Dorothy Cameron Disney

Julie was a "rescuer"—always there when people needed her. But she couldn't help Phil if he wouldn't let her know what was wrong.

This series is based on information from the files of the American Institute of Family Relations of Los Angeles, a nonprofit educational counseling and research organization with a staff of 70 counselors. It is the oldest and largest counseling center in the world. The true stories reported here are drawn from counselors' reports of interviews. Names, geographic locations and other minor details have been altered to conceal identities. The counselor in this month's case was Ruth Johnson.

Paul Popenoe, Sc. D.
Founder and Chairman of the Board
American Institute of
Family Relations

JULIE'S STORY

"I've always tried to do more than my share for other people," said 30-year-old Julie, a tall, thin honey-blonde wearing a custom-made, imported, tweed pantsuit her wealthy father had given her. Married for nine years to Philip, an industrial sales engineer who earns $16,000 a year, Julie is the mother of eight-year-old Beth and seven-year-old Jimmy, who has a severe hearing impairment. "But for some reason my life has never run smoothly.

"Things between Phil and me have been bad for a long time—mainly because of Jimmy. Phil takes no interest whatever in him or his education. Jimmy and his sister need their father—and *I* need a husband.

"Phil is out of town at least three weeks out of five, and even when he's home in body, he's absent in spirit. Either he's busy at his desk, which dominates the living-room, or he's on the phone.

"He seldom talks to me except to criticize and he *never* talks to our children. According to all his teachers, it's vitally important for Jimmy to be exposed to a constant flow of conversation, especially within the family. Jimmy's private school is one of the best in the country—my father pays the $2,500 tuition—and I think we should take their advice.

"But there are no pleasant family gatherings at our house. Phil doesn't do anything with the children—he rarely even eats with us. Frequently, he arrives from the airport late on a Friday night, long after I've practically given up waiting. I've spent much of the weekend with Jimmy for two hours, fed and put him and Beth to bed. By then I'm exhausted, but I'm so starved for adult communication and so frantically eager to share my latest problems with him that I wait up. The minute he walks in the door I start talking a blue streak, but he never listens. Often he brushes past me with a cool hello, flops into bed and falls sound asleep. Our sex life has virtually passed into history.

"Jimmy's school is forty-two miles away and I drive him to and from the school five days a week. Moreover, the school is a non-profit co-op and the parents are expected to help raise funds.

"Since Phil refuses to become involved with the school in any way, I work twice as hard to make up for him. To me, the effort seems worthwhile. Jimmy's highly specialized education has improved his language skills to such a degree that eventually he should be able to go to public school with normal students."

Julie sighed. "Not only do I carry the whole responsibility of raising Jimmy and Beth, but I've been pushed to the limit this past year by my brothers and sisters. I come from a mixed-up family with divorced parents and five brothers and sisters who are always in trouble. In January, my youngest sister Ellen was gravely ill, and since I couldn't visit her in Boston, I wrote or telephoned her every day that she was in the hospital. All Phil did was complain about the phone bills.

"In March, my oldest brother Ralph quit Alcoholics Anonymous and was arrested for drunk driving. In a marathon phone call I persuaded Daddy to give Ralph one more chance. Then in April, Daddy sent my sister Ann to visit us so I could talk to her about her third divorce. She spent her entire visit on the sofa crying.

"Two weeks after Ann left, Daddy flew in from Boston to talk over the family problems with me, but also to celebrate his sixtieth birthday. Unfortunately, I forgot to bake a cake. He was terribly offended and flew straight back home that night, leaving my youngest brother Ben with us. It turned out that Ben had hepatitis and had to be hospitalized. As usual, Phil did nothing.

"I can understand Phil's impatience with my family. But I can't understand his indifference to our own son and his handicap. Basically, Phil is a considerate, gentle person—at least he used to be. When we met, he was twenty-two and nobody could have been kinder and more generous to me, a twenty-year-old world traveler with no worthwhile knowledge about anything.

"My parents were divorced when I was twelve and the lawyers decided that the children could choose the parent we preferred to live with. My sisters and brothers chose my mother, and I might have done the same, but my father looked so sad (Daddy is a genius at attracting sympathy) that I chose him.

"Until I was nineteen, I trailed around Europe with him, unless he had a new girlfriend—at which point I would be popped into a boarding school for a few months. When we came back to this country so he could speculate in U.S. real estate, Daddy put me in a convent. The nuns decided that I lacked a vocation and Dad's lawyers told him *(continued on page 24)*


Don't ask me why I smoke.
Ask me why I smoke
Winston Longs.
Winston
FILTERS
Longs
There's only one reason to smoke: taste.
Not length. Not looks. Winston Longs give me
the real Winston taste I like and the extra
length I want. Taste is what smoking's all about.
For me, Winston is for real.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

For 1977 some car maker narrower, lighter full-size car





ill offer you only shorter, ord has a better idea. Choice:

Ford LTD. The full-size car that kept its size.

his year some car makers are mak-g their full-size cars smaller. But ord believes that people who want e traditional full-size car they're ed to should have that choice. So e 1977 Ford LTD hasn't been re-uced by a single inch!

You'll find Ford LTD has a *longer* heelbase than cars like the down-ed Olds 98 and Buick Electra and out the same size wheelbase as adillac de Ville.

And Ford LTD now has a longer heelbase than Chevrolets (both mpala *and* Caprice) which have me down to the same wheelbase the *mid-size* 4-door Chevelle.

Ride, room and trunkspace—unchanged

ord LTD has retained its tra-tional smooth, quiet ride. Inte-or spaciousness, deep-well trunk, owerful V-8 performance, long heelbase and 3½-ton rated towing capacity (with optional trailer tow-ing package) *are all unchanged.* Keep all this in mind when you go shop-ping for a new car this year.

"Down-sized" cars don't have "down-sized" prices.

Down-sized cars have full-size prices. About the same as a compa-rably equipped *full-size* Ford LTD. Test drive and compare Ford LTD and the down-sized competition. What you may really want is the quiet ride and roominess of Ford's full-size 6-passenger car: the 1977 Ford LTD.

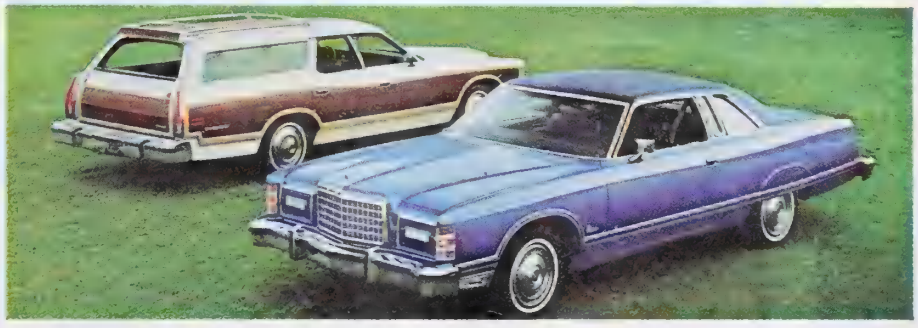
SIZE COMPARISONS

Cars with full-size wheelbase

4-DOOR MODELS	1977	1976
Ford LTD	**121.0"**	**121.0"**
Cadillac de Ville	121.5"	130.0"

Cars with mid-size wheelbase

Ford LTD II	**118.0"**	—
Caprice	116.0"	121.5"
Impala	116.0"	121.5"
Chevelle	116.0"	116.0"



Ford LTD Country Squire: the full-size wagon that kept its size. *Elegant Ford LTD Landau 2-door.*

And the new trimmer, sportier LTD II.

you prefer a 6-passenger car that's mmer in size than LTD and trim-er in price than the cut-down mpetition, Ford gives you that oice, too. Ford introduces a orty new line of cars for 1977—doors, 4-doors, station wagons called LTD II.

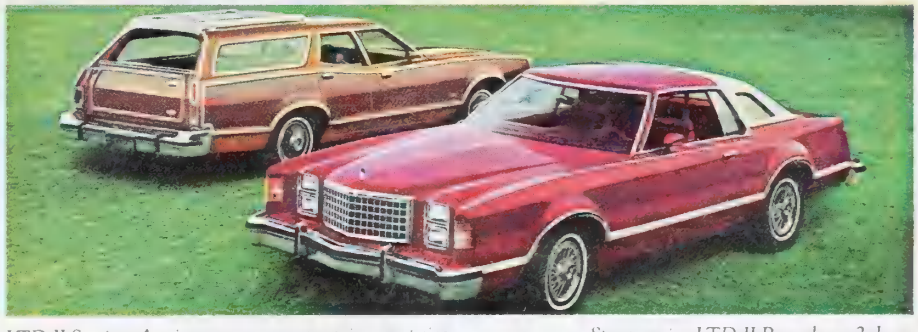
A new idea

ord's new quiet-riding LTD II mbines LTD's traditional high-vel of workmanship with a unique orty spirit that's all its own. The sult: a comfortable new car that's mmer in size and price than LTD.

A new kind of value

ord has priced LTD II to strongly allenge all competitors. So com-re LTD II value, space and fea-res not only with other mid-size rs, but *with GM's cut-down "full-e" cars like Impala.*

And you should know that all LTD II and Ford LTD 1977 prices *include* V-8, automatic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, *steel-belted* radials, Dura-Spark Ignition system, and more.



LTD II Squire. A trimmer wagon at a trimmer price. *Sporty, trim LTD II Brougham 2-door.*

Shop where you get a choice

Full size or trim size? Some car makers don't give you this choice of car sizes in 1977. But Ford does: full-size LTD or trim-size LTD II.

So this year, before you decide on the car size that's best for you and your family, take a comparison test drive. And compare prices at a dealer who offers you a choice: your local Ford Dealer.

FORD

When America needs a better idea, Ford puts it on wheels.



Compare microwave oven features... and you'll buy the incomparable

Amana® Touchmatic™ Radarange®

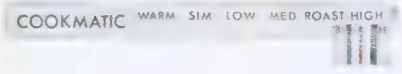
MICROWAVE OVEN

The First Microwave Oven with a Memory! You tell it what to do by touching the words and numbers on the solid state Control Panel. It "remembers" and performs your cooking program—in sequence. Takes food from the freezer to the table—simple as 1-2-3! *And what a memory . . .*



- It "remembers" how long to defrost.
- It "remembers" to wait for food temperature to equalize.
- It "remembers" exactly how long to cook—with split-second accuracy.
- When cooking's done, it "remembers" to shut itself off and call you with a "beep."
- At the same instant, it "remembers" and displays the time of day.





- COOKMATIC POWER SHIFT™ puts you in full control of everything you cook. Just slide the shift lever to select the cooking speed you want—even shift as you cook. Choose "High," "Roast," "Medium," "Low," "Simmer," or "Warm."

Quality and Convenience Features

- **675 Watts of Power.** At the "high" setting on the Cookmatic Power Shift, cooks almost everything in about one-fourth the usual time.
- **The one you can build-in.** (Extra cost build-in kit available).
- **Energy Saving!** Cooks almost everything with 50% to 75% less electricity than a conventional electric range.
- **Stainless Steel Interior** will not rust or corrode. And unlike painted steel, it does not absorb a significant amount of cooking power, so it allows faster, more energy efficient cooking.
- **Large Oven Capacity.** Big enough for even a family size turkey.



- **Chrome-Plated Zinc Diecast Door** with jewel-like finish is the only one of its kind. Pull-down design permits easy entry from either side.
- **Quick, Easy Cleanup.** The oven stays cool, so spills don't bake on. Just wipe with a damp cloth.
- **See-through Window**—plus an interior light so you can see what's cooking.
- **Automatic Electric Door Lock.**
- **Operates on ordinary, 115-volt household current.**
- **Removable Glass Oven Tray** catches spills. Dishwasher proof.
- **FULL 5-Year Warranty on the Magnetron.** Amana gives you 5 years of *FULL* warranty protection on the magnetron. That means we cover magnetron cost, labor charges, even the serviceman's travel expenses for five years. It pays to check the warranty because many manufacturers offer *only* a one-year *FULL* magnetron warranty.

Ask your Amana Retailer for a demonstration of the remarkable Amana Touchmatic Radarange—the first microwave oven with a memory, or write Ann MacGregor, Dept. 580, Amana, Iowa 52204.

If it doesn't say Amana®—it's not a Radarange®

MICROWAVE OVEN

SOLD AT FINE RETAILERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Amana Refrigeration, Inc. • Amana, Iowa 52204

A Raytheon Company

Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 20

I needed a solid education if he wante me to support myself, so I was enrolle in college. I met Phil in the college l brary. I knew nothing about America boys, and I was actually afraid I'd b raped or seduced at any moment.

"The first time Phil spoke to me, was as if we'd known each other forevei He was a second lieutenant in the Ai Force.

"During Easter vacation, I met hi parents in their hometown in Iowa. Phil' mother was an invalid and his fathe was darling to her; I liked them and the liked me. That weekend Phil and I be came engaged. Surprisingly, Daddy ap proved of our marriage.

"In the beginning our sexual relation ship was a little awkward, as I had mor or less expected. I grew up in a sexuall sophisticated environment, but I was virgin and terribly fearful of sex. To my surprise, Phil was as sexually inexperi enced as I was. We never talked muc about sex or our emotions. It makes him too uncomfortable. At any rate, ou sexual relationship soon worked out sat isfactorily, and for a three-month honey moon, spent at his Air Force base everything was fine. Then, to my joy, I became pregnant with Beth. Almost immediately, Phil left for Vietnam.

"I was miserably lonely while he was gone, and on his return I was delighted to introduce him to his baby daughter, a six-month-old charmer. Phil professed to be proud of Beth, but I doubted it. Jimmy's conception was an accident, and Phil was unenthusiastic about him even before we discovered his handicaps.

"For the last three years I've felt as if I were raising two fatherless waifs. I don't see how our marriage can survive unless Phil can adjust to Jimmy's problem and be a father to both our children as well as a husband to me."

PHIL'S TURN

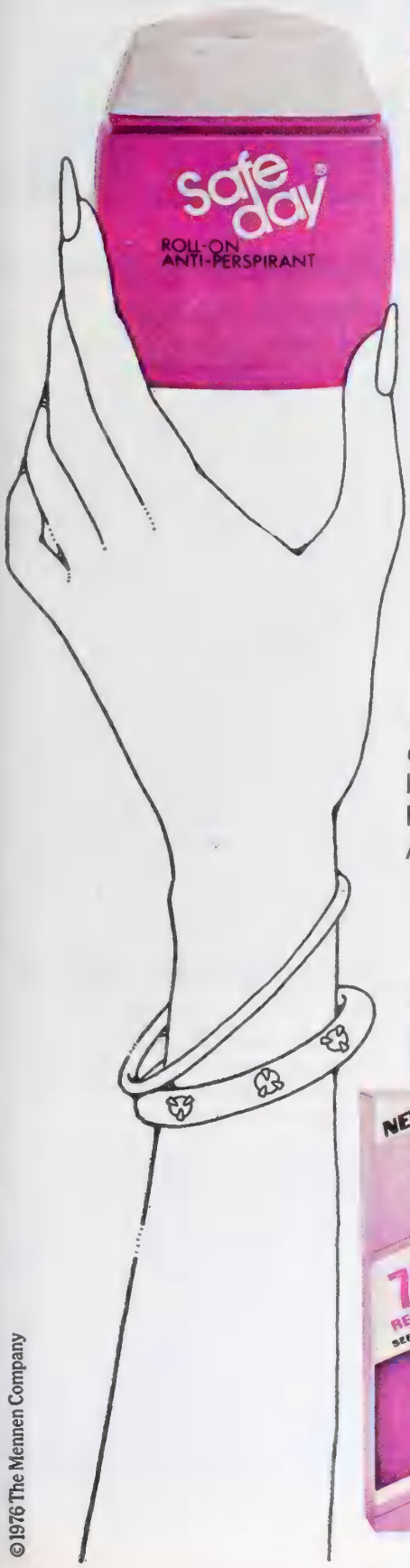
"Julie thinks I've abdicated my role as a father—and she is probably right," said 32-year-old Phil, a red-haired, six-footer. "I know that I'm the bad guy in my marriage, but frankly, I didn't want to be a father. I didn't even want to be a husband. It's true I married Julie of my own free will. I fell in love with her, a possibility I hadn't really planned on. My father is a great guy who wasted his life waiting on my mother while supporting her with underpaid, brutally hard work in a small town print shop. My life was *not* going to be like that.

"When I was a kid, Mom suffered every ailment she ever heard about—especially if it required 24-hour attention.

"She claimed that my head was so

continued on page 28

Wake up to new Safe Day!®



Experience the 1st anti-perspirant that really strokes on lasting protection.

Safe Day gives you a whole new way to keep dry. Because it's wider, it strokes on! In solid or roll-on. Just a couple of gentle strokes and you're covered. Feels smooth, not sticky. Without stinging or staining.

And with plenty of protection. Safe Day has three times the level of the stuff that keeps you dry as the leading aerosols.

New Safe Day. Wake up to it. All you've got to lose is wetness.



And at solid savings.

(Look for these specially marked "Refund" packages.)



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The Exxon for Women.

OIL SUPPLY:

THE OLD DAYS OF THE GUSHERS ARE GONE, BUT THE CRY IS STILL, "MORE OIL!" HERE'S WHY IT'S VITAL WE KEEP IT COMING.



America's first oil well may have looked primitive, but it proved to be revolutionary.

The American oil industry had its rather inauspicious beginning back in 1859, when Col. Edwin L. Drake began drilling for oil near the little Pennsylvania town of Titusville. Folks called it "Drake's Folly" because nobody had ever heard of drilling for anything but water.

Drake's project wasn't folly, though. After two months, he struck oil and the well started producing 15 to 20 barrels a day. A new industry was born.

AMERICA LEARNS TO RUN ON OIL.

Subsequently, oil was discovered in several states, including Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Ohio, and California, and America learned to run on that oil.

Henry Ford turned the automobile into a way of life. Railroads switched from coal to diesel oil. Industries found oil cheaper and more convenient than coal, and very plentiful. Between 1900 and 1940, oil was becoming the energy mainstay of the country and the U.S. was an exporter of oil.

WHEN JOHNNY CAME MARCHING HOME.

Shortly after World War II, the U.S. began importing foreign oil. It wasn't necessary, but it was less expensive. And as America entered a new era of postwar prosperity, we were using more and more oil.

We needed it for the millions of new homes springing up—homes that used oil for heating and oil-produced electricity. Industry now began turning out millions of oil-hungry automobiles and began using oil to produce new products like plastics.

AMERICA OUTRUNS ITS OWN ENERGY.

Eventually, the U.S.'s *need* for oil caught up with the available *supply*.

New sources of U.S. oil have become more and more difficult to find. Most of the easy-to-reach oil under our oil-producing states has already been found. So we have to drill deeper and go to offshore locations to find new oil reserves. This has drastically increased the cost of drilling for domestic oil. In the past two years the cost of oil producing equipment has increased by 50% and the cost of offshore drilling platforms has increased by 90%.

Oil wells in the U.S. have been producing at capacity since 1972. Despite this, the U.S. must import more than 40% of our total oil needs to make up the difference between the oil we have and the oil we use.

TRYING TO CLOSE THE GAP.

Exxon is doing all it can to locate new sources of oil and natural gas. The search has led us to some of the most remote and forbidding places on land and at sea.



Difficult environments like this make efforts to find new oil a constant struggle

Energy Course Topic #3.

Significant amounts of oil have been discovered on the North Slope of Alaska, where temperatures can plummet to 60° below. Right now, Exxon is working with other companies to bring the 800-mile Trans-Alaska Pipeline to completion. Soon after the pipeline goes on stream, it will supply America with an estimated 1.2 million barrels of oil a day. This will equal about one-sixth of the crude oil we now import, and while we'll continue to need imports, Alaskan oil will be an important new resource for the U.S.

The continental shelf is a most promising frontier for oil exploration. This enormous undersea ledge extends in some places over 100 miles beyond our shores. To date only a few areas, including the Gulf of Mexico and a relatively small area off the California coast, are producing offshore oil. But geologists say that two-thirds of the attainable oil yet to be discovered is probably offshore.

Exploration has not been limited to the U.S. coastline. We've also discovered oil in the North Sea, where storms lash offshore platforms with 75-mile-an-hour winds and 65-foot waves. This oil too will help close the energy gap.

MAKING THE MOST OF WHAT WE HAVE.

Even with the continental shelf yet to be fully explored, most experts agree that future discoveries of oil will not keep pace with growth in energy demand.

So, in order to assure a sufficient oil supply in the future, Exxon is working today on ways to conserve the oil we now have. In addition to conservation, we're working to develop alternate sources of energy.

For example, the U.S. has more coal than any other country in the free world. Exxon is currently operating one coal mine, and is constructing three others. We are also investing in technology to turn coal into synthetic oil and gas.

In addition, Exxon is mining uranium and fabricating nuclear fuel, and we're developing ways to make solar energy more practical and economical. We are investing funds in such important areas of research and development because they are vital to America's energy growth.



Researchers continue to search for new forms of energy, and new ways to use existing ones.

In the future, we hope these and other kinds of energy will serve to extend our oil supplies, and make the oil we have—and the oil we discover—last for a long time to come.

The Exxon Energy Course for Women is designed to help every woman find out about the most important energy issues of today—and tomorrow.



Growing up on a farm gave Arlene Bush an early preference for working outdoors. So after a short indoor career as a nurse's aide, she traded her uniform for the hard hat of an oil field roustabout. Working first for an oil construction company, she then became the first woman roustabout in Exxon's Pensacola, Florida, district. (Roustabouts maintain oil field equipment and machinery.) Miss Bush now helps operate a separation plant near Exxon's Jay, Florida, oil field. There she is responsible for monitoring equipment which separates crude oil into its oil, gas and water components before it enters the pipeline for transport to refineries.



Energy for a strong America.

We left Nature alone. She gave us Villa Banfi.

Possibly the purest, most natural wine you'll ever taste. Imported from Italy's premier vineyard estates.

Before the end of the year you may be able to enjoy all these fine Villa Banfi wines, each an extraordinary value:

Roman White
Soave Classico Superiore
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Verdicchio di Jesi
Roman Red and Rosé
Bardolino Classico Superiore
Valpolicella Classico Superiore
Chianti Classico Riserva

If Villa Banfi is not at your favorite store, call toll free: 800-645-3113.



When it pours, it reigns.

©1976 The House of Banfi, Farmingdale, N.Y., Fine Wine Merchants Since 1919.

Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 24

large (I wear an average hat size, by the way) that delivering me left her bedridden for the rest of her life. Pop has always refused to discuss the subject with me out of delicacy, but I think Mom caught him in the sex trap and thereafter deprived him of sex. I'd be amazed if they ever had relations after I was born.

"Sex was never the be-all and end-all for me. I wanted to get away and get ahead and Julie was my only serious girl. I thought she was sexy in an innocent, reserved sort of way, and she was tall—unlike my tiny mother. But Julie's real appeal to me was her wish to look after me, her unselfishness, competence and ability to stand on her own feet.

"The Easter after we met, we had an important date, but Pop had a mild heart attack and I had to break the date and fly to Iowa. Most girls would have been furious. Not Julie. She packed my bag and drove me to the airport. At the last minute, I jokingly suggested that she come along. She took me seriously, bought a ticket and boarded the plane.

"I was flattered—and my parents were impressed by the way she fit in. She cooked for the four of us, gave Pop his medication, changed and aired my mother's bedding, scrubbed the kitchen floor—she charmed everyone.

"At that time, I didn't realize Julie was enjoying a temporary respite from the demands of *her* family. In fact, I imagined that a rich father-in-law might be an asset to me after I completed my military service. Six months later, when Julie and I got married, I came up against my father-in-law J.D.'s colossal ego and changed my mind. I was stationed in Florida, waiting to be shipped to Vietnam, and under orders to remain within three hundred miles of the base.

"Julie and I planned a simple wedding in Atlanta, safely inside the three hundred-mile limit. Instead, we had an elaborate wedding in Boston, J.D.'s bailiwick, with both families in attendance. I flew north that weekend in civvies at the risk of court martial. No doubt the risk was minimal, but I sweated gallons as I exchanged my marriage vows.

"After the ceremony and reception, a company plane flew us to Atlanta, courtesy of J.D., a company limousine transported us to a fashionable hotel where he had reserved a suite with a refrigerator full of champagne. The phone was ringing as we entered the suite—it was J.D. expecting thanks, which my bride obediently delivered. By then I knew my father-in-law was an arrogant tyrant and I intended to steer clear of him. Of course, rather than hurt Julie, I kept my sentiments to myself.

(continued on page 64)

I don't like gray. Or peroxide. Somebody, please come up with another idea.

I've got a sinking feeling.
's just dawned on me that the
ays are coming in faster
an I can pluck them out.

Another day. Another gray.

The grays keep coming
hile I consider the alter-
atives. Becoming the first
rl in my class to make it as a
ay haired lady. Or using a
aircolor and having people
y, "What a pretty color your
air is now," as if it were a new
ress or a new lipstick—
stead of something that is
art of me. The thing is,
ike my natural color and
on't want it changed.

Another day. Another gray.

I'd better do something.
uick. But I'm scared. I think
haircolors have peroxide.

Just in time, my friend,
umantha, tells me about
airol's Loving Care® lotion.
has absolutely no peroxide.
it works differently from
ost other haircolors. It
covers only the gray without changing your natural color. And Loving Care comes in 15 shades to make it easy to find yours.

I like the idea.

Better still, now that I use Loving Care, I like what I see. And feel. Crazy as it sounds, Loving Care is actually good for my hair. It makes it softer, yet gives it more body than it had before.

Now, let the grays come. I won't see them. Neither will anybody else.

Thank you.





It's good for your hair.

968-76 Clairol Inc.

Mothering

The latest news, information and ideas for parents and children.
By Geraldine Carro



BUYING TOYS: THE MOST FUN FOR THE MONEY



Buying toys can cost big money. Add up the price of items on the kids' list for Santa, plus the baseball mitts you bought for their birthdays. The figure you've arrived at is probably close to $85 per child—the amount the toy industry says a typical family spends annually on playthings.

Since the largest chunk of the $85 is usually spent at Christmas, what better time to explore ways to get the most fun for the money? That, after all, is the name of the toy-buying game.

One good way is not to buy too many toys at once. Toy manufacturers, as well as child psychologists specializing in children's play, wish parents would spread their toy purchases more evenly throughout the year, rather than splurging at Christmas. Faced with too many toys at one time, children are overwhelmed. And some of the toys get lost in the confusion.

Psychologist Gary Bridges, a toy industry consultant, offers another reason to space out the buying. "Toys are like clothes," he says. "Kids outgrow them every few months."

Here are other toy-buying tips:

1. Buy toys designed for your child's age level. If the toys are too complex or too simple, they won't hold a child's interest. (If you're unsure what toys your child is ready for next, check those of a slightly older child.)
2. Select toys for your *child*, not for yourself. When buying, take into account your child's particular interests and temperament.
3. Toys with a variety of functions and uses hold a child's interest the longest.
4. Toys that get the most use span several age levels. Blocks and other building toys, dolls and balls can be used by the same child in different ways at different ages.
5. Know what you're buying. Look for a well-informed salesperson. Choose toys and games that are clearly described on the box. Better yet, look for those toys that come in cellophane-windowed packages; they let you see what's inside.
6. Buy good-quality, sturdy toys. Toys that break easily, says Rutgers psychology professor Arlene Tucker, are more than a waste of money. Children end up feeling disappointed and guilty because they broke their toys. If you can't afford the good-quality badminton set, don't buy a cheap one. It's usually better to look for a less-expensive, but well-made, gift. A tip from a toy-design engineer: Simple toys are usually more durable than complex ones. On the other hand, one has to be realistic: you can't expect a 50¢ model airplane to last forever—but then it doesn't cost much.

SANTA: TO BELIEVE OR NOT TO BELIEVE

"Ho, ho, ho," said the big man in the white whiskers to the small child on his lap. "Have you been a good boy this year?"

The response was tears.

In the eyes of a young child, Santa Claus sometimes cuts a frightening figure. "Often Santa is more fun for parents than children," says The Center for New Ways in Early Childhood Education, a Clayton, Mo., psychological consulting group. The group recommends that parents do not force children to sit on Santa's knee if they're reluctant. Some children are also frightened by the idea that Santa will come down the chimney and prowl around the house when they are asleep.

Children's fears are one reason the Center would rather see Santa presented as an imaginary figure, like, say, Cinderella. Another reason the group wishes parents wouldn't perpetuate the myth of Santa's existence: "By telling children Santa is real," says the Center, "we're also teaching them that it's all right to lie."

A few children are deeply upset when they learn the truth. They feel betrayed by their parents and begin to question other things adults have told them about, such as the existence of God. However, most youngsters take the loss of innocence in stride. But their new discovery is bound to prompt other questions.

"I suppose there's no Easter Bunny, either," asked one bright 5-year-old. "And no tooth fairy?"

HOLIDAY BOOKS FOR KIDS: POTATO LATKES, CANDY CANES AND CRECHES

A Pumpkin in a Pear Tree has something for everyone twelve months a year. For December, the holiday how-to projects run from Mexican Christmas piñatas to Potato Latkes, the crisp potato pancakes that are what childhood memories of Chanukah are made of. The easy-to-follow recipe is a classic:

Potato Latkes

YOU NEED: 4 potatoes, grated; 1 egg; 1 small onion, chopped; salt; 1 Tb. flour.

YOU DO: Mix ingredients well; drop by large rounded spoonfuls on a hot skillet—greased generously with melted margarine. Fry on both sides until brown. Serve piping hot with sour cream or apple sauce.

A Pumpkin in a Pear Tree by Ann Cole, Carolyn Haas, Elizabeth Heller, Betty Weinberger. Little Brown: 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02106. 1976. $4.95° in paper. Ages 4–12.

The Christmas Book, Dick Bruna's appealingly illustrated story for the young has been reprinted with a companion piece, **The Christmas Crib**, a collection of characters from the *Christmas Book* to punch out and color.

Christmas Book, $4.95 hard cover, $1.95° in paper; *Christmas Crib*, $1.95°. Both by Dick Bruna, from Two Continents: 30 E. 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10017. 1976. Ages 2–6.

Happy Birthday, Baby Jesus by Charles Mee, Jr. "A young girl named Mary and a carpenter named Joseph discovered they loved each other . . ." begins this simply told tale. Ken Munowitz' drawings.

Happy Birthday, Baby Jesus by Charles Mee, Jr. Harper & Row: 10 E. 53 St., New York, N.Y. 10027. $4.95. Ages 3–10.

Chanukah. This gift volume retells the heroic tale of the Maccabees.

Chanukah by Howard Greenfeld. Holt, Rinehart & Winston: 383 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 1976. $5.95. Ages 7 and up.

The Hanukkah Book. Published last year, this volume of holiday lore and crafts is special enough to include on our this year's list.

The Hanukkah Book by Mae Shafter Rockland. Schocken: 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1975. $10. Ages 7 up.

°If purchasing from publisher by mail, add 50¢ handling charge.



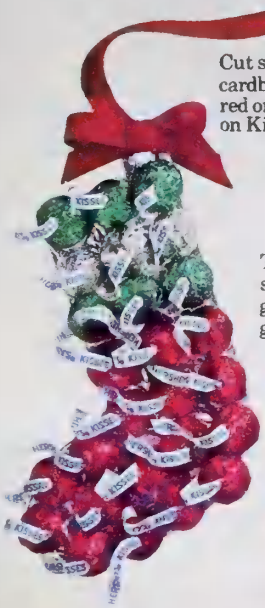
Graphic from Mae Shafter Rockland's *The Hanukkah Book.*

MAILBOX

Do you have ideas to share with other parents? What topics would you like us to cover in this column? Write Mothering, LHJ, 641 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

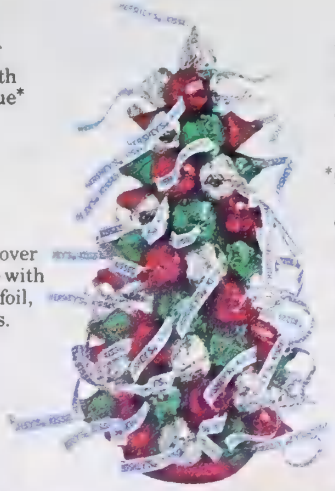
Merry Kisses from Hershey

Now Kisses are Christmasy in green and red and silver foil. What fun to make a wreath of Kisses. A tree of Kisses. Stocking ornaments of Kisses. Then the whole family can enjoy the merriest treat of all. Delicious, real milk chocolate Hershey's® Kisses.



Cut stockings out of cardboard, cover with red or silver foil, glue* on Kisses.

To make tree, cover styrofoam cone with green or silver foil, glue* on Kisses.



To make wreath, form circle with pipe cleaners 5 rows thick. Twist ends together, cover with foil. Glue* on Kisses.

Confectioners' glue recipe:
1 large egg white, 1¾ cups confectioners' sugar. Blend in small mixer bowl. Beat 2 min. at high speed. Yield: ¾ cup.



HERSHEY'S

The Sears-O-Pedic Imperial

If you can find any other mattress with all these firmness and comfort features, buy it!

There is no other mattress built like the Sears-O-Pedic® Imperial. It has many built-in exclusives no other mattress offers.

Just check these quality features. Then shop and compare. We think you'll agree — that there is no other mattress and box spring set built with the same good marriage of comfort, firmness and durability features.

Individually Pocketed Coils

The incredible comfort of the Sears-O-Pedic Imperial starts down deep with strength. The responsive strength of individually pocketed coils.

Rugged, resilient steel is coiled into hundreds of unique barrel-shapes that can never tangle in themselves. Then each power-packed coil is tucked inside its own protective pocket of spun-bonded olefin. And Sears pocketed coils are made from the heaviest gauge steel used in any pocketed coils.

Since the coils act independently of each other, they only respond where you compress. And since they're insulated with six layers of pure comfort you never feel them. Except to stay snuggled firmly against their constant support.



Sears Exclusive Mattress-Within-A-Mattress Concept

It's one secret to the Sears-O-Pedic Imperial's incredible durability. And you find it only at Sears. This cutaway of the mattress can show you what we mean. Edging the core of individually pocketed coils are border coils of extra-firm heavy-gauge steel. These border coils are in turn supported by an exclusive double-border wire construction.

Why this care for the edge of the mattress? Because the edge gets the most punishment. Sears exclusive mattress-within-a-mattress concept means that no matter how much sitting or "sock-putting-on" you subject the edge of your mattress to, the edges are designed not to sag.



Six Layers of Comfort

The top side and the bottom side of every Sears-O-Pedic Imperial mattress is covered with six sigh-soft cushionings. Each has a special purpose. First a ¼-inch layer of polyester to further insulate the coils away from you. Then several alternating layers of polyurethane foam and polyester fill for a feeling of firmness and comfort at the same time.

Stretched smoothly over all sides is the elegant cover. Lustrous polyester damask in an Oriental willow quilted design.

Built-To-Match Boxspring

Every size Sears-O-Pedic Imperial box spring is engineered to match and enhance the firm support and comfort of its mattress. No other box spring will give you the same desired effect.

Because 100% of your body weight and your mattress is actually supported by the box spring and frame, we use the strongest combination of box spring coils, stabilizers and border wire we know of.

The steel grip of four stabilizers anchors the coils to the heavy gauge box spring border wire. This prevents shifting and swaying when you move. As does an exclusive double-wire center support. And reinforcing this strong box spring is a rigid 12-slat base frame.

The Little Extras

You won't find stronger handles on any other Sears mattress. Backed by steel plates for added strength.

Eight air vents. Only the best mattresses give you so many.

Thickly quilted side edges. More protection for the coils. More comfort for you.

The Sears-O-Pedic Imperial. It's a Sears Best. *We* think it's the best mattress you can buy anywhere. *You* can prove it for yourself. Available in twin, full, queen and king sizes. All with built-to-match box springs. All right now at larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and in the catalog.

Sears * Best

Only at Sears



Beauty Journal

Now in December it's nice to remember beautiful ways of giving . . . and taking care of yourself.

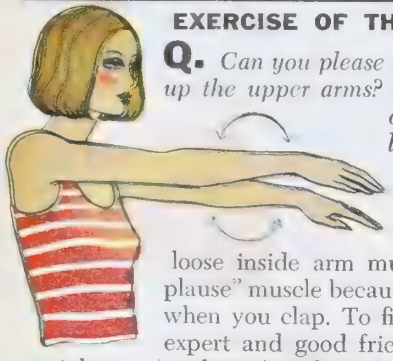
TEEN ANGELS

We've lit upon three gifts that seem quite heavenly for girls, ages 11 or 12, on through the teens. First, a stocking stuffer—Bonne Bell's Lip-Smacker, a jumbo tube of lip gloss. It does good works on the lips in cold weather—and the new flavor, peppermint, smacks of crunchy candy canes. There's a built-in loop for a chain to wear it schooling or skiing. $2.50. • For dress-up times or experiments, a pallette of powder eyeshadows (12 colors) in a sleek tray arrangement. Aziza Shadow Boutique, Prince Matchabelli, $8, with three applicators for playing around. • And for a project, Coty packs two Sweet Earth colognes (Hyacinth, Clover) in a flowerpot set. Included, a clear glass pot, miniature trowel, rake and spade, all set in a wicker basket for planting ivy on a bedroom windowsill. $6.50.

LAST-MINUTE GIFT

Why is it that there's always someone you've overlooked at the last minute before Christmas? (Whether your in-law's mother or a neighbor dropping by.) A fast, save-your-face (and-their-feelings) idea springs half from the kitchen, half from the sewing basket. . . . Spicy, clove-scented sachets. To make: cut scraps of fabrics into 2″ squares; pink edges. Stitch two squares together (wrong sides facing), leaving ¾″ slit on one side. Lightly crush whole cloves with a rolling pin and spoon a few tablespoons into opening; stitch up. Spruce with a little ribbon bow. Set of 4 sachets takes about a half hour and tied together will make a charming gift.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH



Q. *Can you please suggest an exercise to firm up the upper arms? Mine are so flabby that I can no longer wear sleeveless dresses. D.L., Clarksburg, W.Va.*

A. We once heard the loose inside arm muscle nicknamed the "applause" muscle because you could feel it "jiggle" when you clap. To firm, Lydia Bach (exercise expert and good friend) suggests: Hold arms straight out (as shown) and quickly cross hands one over the other, keeping hands close together. Repeat this fast movement 12 times. Relax. Repeat another 12 times at double the speed. For extra emphasis, hold two 2 lb. weights (or cans of food). When you feel warmth in the area, it's working. Be sure to keep shoulders relaxed.

THE FLU BLUES

If that low-down bug bites (usually during the drab winter months), here are a few tips on how to feel better when under the weather and stuck in bed: Keep everything within arm's reach (tissues, magazines, cologne) to avoid any energy drain. • One of the on-hands should be lip gloss or petroleum jelly since chapped lips often run with a fever. • It's a perfect time to give yourself a meticulous manicure. • Consider plunging into a shower (even if you feel rotten). It's refreshing, plus the steam helps clear your nasal passages. • Ditto for changing sheets. Fresh bed linens give you a lift. • Soothe your psyche with things that smell good—light cologne, powder, body lotion. • If skin is dry, dip into moisturizers. As spirits rise, add some blusher.

MASCARA OFF!

Someone we know told this tale of how she takes off her mascara. Our friend steps up to her bathroom sink, soaps up a facecloth and scrubs. Aghast at the rough treatment she inflicts on her eyes (not to mention the stinging and redness, which she claims "doesn't last *that* long"), we launched into saner alternatives: eye makeup removers, perfectly designed to do their task. • If you use waterproof mascara, it's generally oil-based. Therefore, one of the oil-based removers is probably the fastest, most effective. If you wear non-waterproof mascara, the water-based (or non-oily) removers will work. Truth is, in most cases, both types work on both types of mascara—differing only slightly in time and effort. • Your habits may dictate your choice. For example, if you read yourself to sleep (after removing makeup), opt for the non-oily product since the oil residue of some removers might blur the printed word. Or, if you're taking off your makeup to reapply it for an evening date, reach for the non-oily type. Otherwise, the fresh makeup might smudge. • Oily removers have two benefits. They work quickly on tough waterproof mascara and leave an oil film that's a good emollient for the dry eye tissues. • Eye makeup removers come in every form, but some we've tried and liked are: oily liquid, Maybelline; non-oily liquids, Aziza, Chanel, Charles of the Ritz, Revlon; oil-soaked pads, Andrea, Almay, Germaine Monteil; non-oily pads, Ultima II; creamy lotion, Revlon, Helena Rubinstein; stick form, Max Factor.

INSTANT GLAMOUR



We're intrigued with hairpieces as the easiest way to switch from an everyday hairstyle into evening. But for many women who color their hair, there's been a problem finding one close enough to their shade. Coming to the rescue—hairpieces and wigs in 30 colors of Monsanto's Elura fiber to match 30 Miss Clairol salon colors. For information on salon locations, write Monsanto Co., Wig and Fiber Div., Dept. LHJ, 1114 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Once color-matched, follow our trick to make the piece secure. Brush hair back; divide into 3 or 4 sections. Twirl into fat curls and bobby-pin twice (as shown) for a firm understructure to "grab" onto.

Border by Julia Noonan. Drawings by Thea Kliros.



Clairol introduces Luminize.*
The shade-of-difference conditioning treatment.



After Luminize, hair is just a lively shade or two lighter. In great condition, too.

Luminize is a brand new, bright new idea from Clairol. A conditioning treatment that turns on the lights in natural hair.

How? By lifting the color just a bright, lively shade or two. Just a shade of difference that makes *all* the difference.



Before Luminize, hair lacks lustre & life.

And Luminize is so special, you can only get a treatment at your beauty salon. Now your hairdresser can give blonde hair a little lift of sunshine. Make redheads radiant. Get drab hair glowing again. And it's convenient, too. Because a full treatment takes only 5-10 minutes.

And Luminize conditions hair at the same time. Gives it a silky, super new texture you can actually feel. Plus a gleaming new shine.



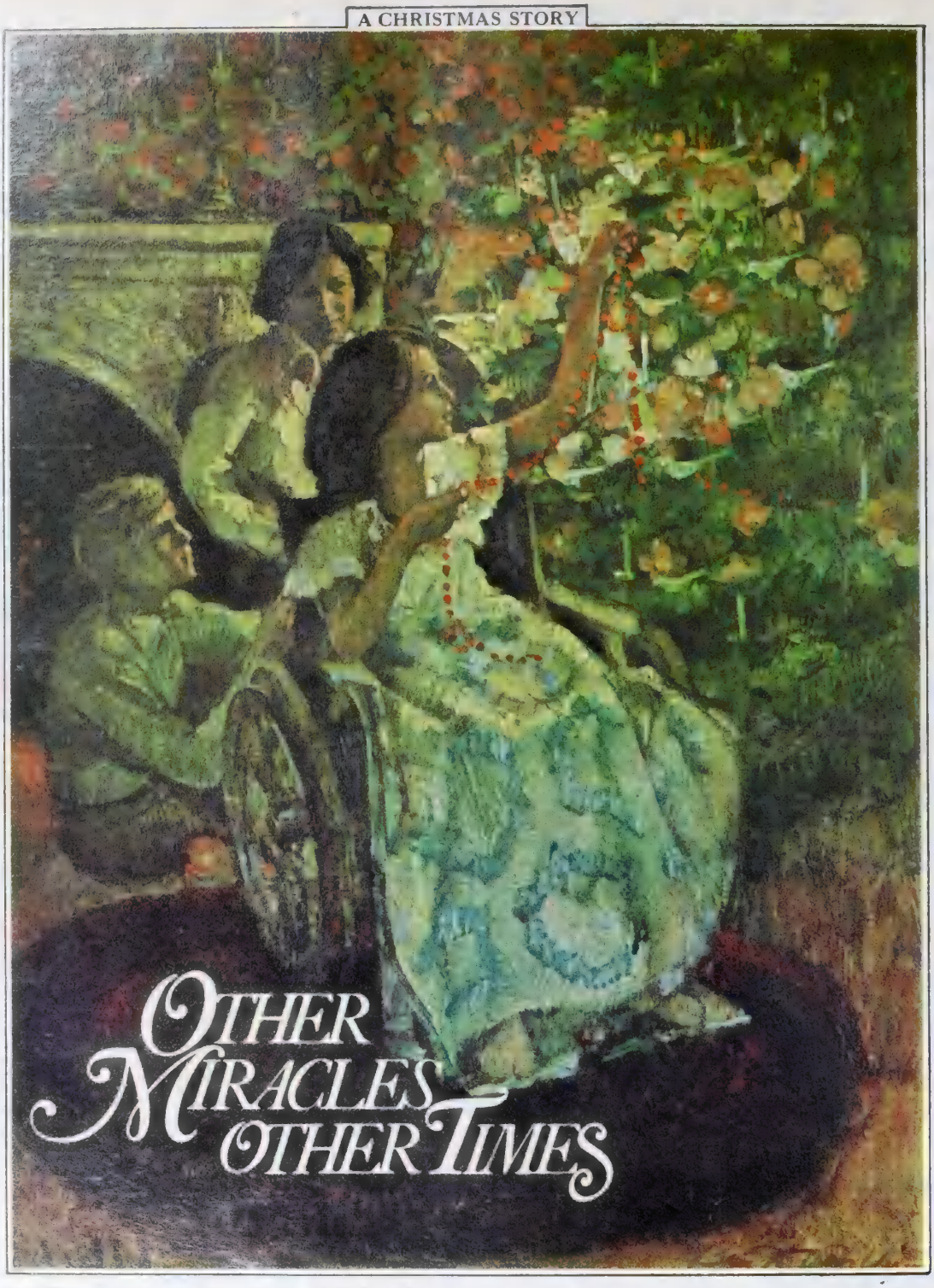
Luminize is so unique, only your hairdresser can give you a treatment.

Let your hairdresser brighten you up. With a revolutionary new Luminize treatment. (In fact, it's so revolutionary, there's a patent pending.) Ask for it next time you're in your salon. You'll love it.

CLAIROL

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Luminize. The conditioning hair-lighter.
Available only at your beauty salon.



OTHER MIRACLES OTHER TIMES

Painting by Ben Wohlberg

Times and families move on. But love and the Christmas spirit have a lasting radiance. By Kaatje Hurlbut

What is more curious than the stronghold that is each person's memory? Experience and impression, the true and the untrue are smoothly cemented by our own mercurial logic. The result is a fortress with a thousand gates, a place where straight corridors of dread hold us motionless, and of labyrinths through which we fly on winged feet to look back, laughing. Storerooms of dull trivia open into chambers of astonishment, and in the gallery of faces there are no dead.

But most curious of all, most true and untrue, is the place of pain we creep back to again and again in order to discover if, even now, something cannot be done. When we tell others of this place, is it with the hope that together we can find the way back and undo what was done there?

When I was a little girl, there had been someone my family called Aunt Alexandria, though she was only a remote connection by marriage. She was born about 1850 on Gibraltar, where her father was an official of the British government. How she came to New York or when the last of her family died, I never knew. I met her only once when she was old and living in one of those hushed boarding houses in which impoverished gentlewomen often ended their days. Deathly afraid of the streets, she would not leave her rooms. My mother always called on her Christmas Eve, and the time she took me with her I was about eight. She received us sweetly if vaguely, and after a few pleasantries, huddled in a high-backed chair and recited in the clear sing-song voice of a child:

"I was born, you know, on the Rock of Gibraltar and lived my first years in the Mediterranean sun. *(continued)*

And when I was five years old, my father sent my older sister and me home to England to school. In the middle of an English winter, he sent us there to stay. I had never been cold, and I had never been away from home. I almost died of homesickness and the cold."

It meant nothing to me that my family said she had never been entirely normal; that she had always clung to people and quarreled with children and wouldn't bathe; that she wept at imagined slights and was perpetually frightened. What I knew shut out all else: at five years old, her heart had frozen in the middle of an English winter. For long years after she was dead, my adult mind probed for her with reason and experience and a sense of proportion, but she remained ever out of reach, huddled and weeping.

Ten years ago on Christmas Eve morning I told my own children the story as I stood rolling out cookie dough. After all the years of silence, I don't know why I spoke of it. Perhaps the children drew it from me. Michael was 16, Caroline three years younger. At that age they maintain a magnetic quietness now and then; you almost hear it —*speak, tell us*—and they wait. And because at those times they do not want to be instructed or to be challenged—nor did I want challenge (Michael had been on a karma kick for months)—it was easy to tell them something far removed from the present and from them, if not from me.

I was a shocking cookie maker; but since a bicycle accident the past spring, Caroline's movements had been much curtailed and I had taken up a number of indoor activities. She was sitting in the wheelchair at the other end of the table, stringing cranberries. It was her earnest wish to deck the tree that year with red berries, straw flowers and white birds. The birds, I only discovered that morning, had been accumulating since August when she had left the hospital. She had been sending Michael to buy a few each week.

Michael was in a hanging-around, fiddling mood: examining things, breaking them and sighing shortly in contempt of their shabby construction. He was making progress with an eggbeater when he remarked that cutting down trees for Christmas was as wasteful as hanging a lot of cranberries on them. The cranberries should be cooked and eaten, he said, and added: "Waste can result in bad karma. A lot of people who are starving probably wasted food in their past lives, you know."

Caroline replied mildly: "Well, they have needle holes in them now, so we might as well hang them on the tree."

"Do holes matter?" His blue-eyed stare challenged me. I winced. He was so determined that Caroline not be weakened by over-protection, that her spirit remain intact, that he was sometimes harsh, even cruel, only to be in anguish with remorse a moment later. I replied truthfully, as I had to, that it didn't matter much. While he stared steadfastly out the window toward the woods, Caroline slipped the cranberries off the thread and dropped them thumping into a pan. With a brief glance at Michael, she said to me: "Can we use those nice, heavy cranberry molds of your grandmother's?"

"You're a remembering child. I'd forgotten we had them. Where are they?"

She said casually: "They're at the end of the top shelf in the pantry, Michael."

After I had washed the berries and put them on to boil, I scoured the dun-colored molds with their fluted sides and wheat patterns in the bottom, and returned to rolling out the dough. It was then that their quietness compelled me and the story of Aunt Alexandria slipped into words. When I had finished Caroline was silent. Michael, selecting a cookie cutter for inspection said:

"Was it all that cold in England in winter?"

"Well, there was no central heat or storm windows in the 1850s. Only fires in grates, I suppose. It must have been bitter at times." *(continued)*



Loser

Even "winners" are losers if they buy T-shirts that shrink and shrink and shrink.

So if you want to beat the "shrinks" and come up with a winner, look for the knit underwear with Pak-nit shrinkage control. They're the ones that shrink less than 1% in length according to U.S. Government Standard Test 7550 (CCC-T-191b). And they keep their fit after repeated machine washings and dryings.

Most leading brands of men's and boys knit underwear have Pak-nit shrinkage control. One way to make sure is to look for the Pak-nit trademark...or ask your dealer to be sure.

Pak-nit takes shrinkage out ...puts comfort in

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OTHER MIRACLES OTHER TIMES

continued

"Did they go home for Christmas?"

"Of course not. Gibraltar is at the bottom of Spain."

He drew in the corner of his mouth. "Well, in a past life she probably did something gross like that to her kids, so she had to learn what it's like. She was just working out her karma."

If it is bad to be so tired of hearing about divine justice that you want to slap a child for it, then it must be very bad indeed to understand the child so well you could weep, and *still* want to slap him.

"Don't break that, Michael. It's the only star we have."

He put down the cookie cutter and began carving something in the dough with a paring knife. Presently Caroline spoke:

"Do you always have to suffer to learn something?"

He frowned and finished the eagle he was making. "Maybe not, but it helps." He turned abruptly, got his coat and went outside.

Just before dark he returned with his pockets bulging with red berries, brighter than cranberries—mountain ash, perhaps—and after supper he and Caroline strung them. While Michael looped them over the branches, and added the straw flowers and the birds, Caroline instructed him, and wheeled excitedly round and round the tree.

Before she went to her room, which was on the ground floor then, she paused by the windowsill to inspect the crèche she had made from scratch and had worked on for the past week. She sighed with great satisfaction.

When I went to help her into bed—not that she needed much help, she was amazingly able and determined—she said:

"What do you think about what Michael said? About that poor little girl and her karma?"

I said I thought karma was boring; that helping people seemed more to the point.

She nodded. "You have to help yourself, too," she said. "Do you think she tried to help herself?"

"I don't know."

When her father went to say goodnight to her, she asked: "Do you remember when you taught me and Michael to ski?" He said it wasn't so long ago. She laughed and said: "Do you remember how I kept falling down?" He nodded. "I thought I'd never learn. I really thought that. But I learned, didn't I?" When he left her she was still smiling to herself.

"Have you seen this?" I asked him. He came and stood beside me at the windowsill and looked at the crèche. It was a strange affair; not exactly slap-dash, but its intensity skirted art. The stable's slat roof was deeply pitched. Inside, Mary and Joseph and the others were brilliantly attired in bits of cloth pasted to their cardboard figures. The animals and the infant, a rubber baby doll, had been fished out of a box that stored her abandoned toys. There was an angel who sat on the roof in an adamant attitude—it might have been on a sit-down strike—in an outstretched hand it held a staff from which a stiff paper banner streamed, neatly printed: "His name shall be called Wonderful." It was an angel you'd think twice about arguing with. Flowers blossomed around the manger. Days before while she was making them out of snips of silk glued to wire stems, which she stuck in modeling clay, Michael remarked: "Flowers don't grow in stables; it's too dark." She had gazed at him as if coming out of a reverie. "They're part of the miracle," she said. That was all ten years ago.

Two years later, when Caroline was 15, a letter came from Michael three weeks before Christmas; he wrote from Vietnam where he was in combat. His letters had *(continued)*

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Something for smokers to think about.

There are cigarettes and there are cigarettes. And if you're a smoker you certainly know by now which brand you really enjoy smoking.

So what makes us think we'll ever get a crack at switching you?

Well, we're going to try.

A lot of cigarette smokers smoke menthol. But they're probably just as concerned about the 'tar' and nicotine stories that all cigarette smokers have been hearing these days.

Frankly, if a cigarette is going to bring you flavor, it's also going to bring you smoke. And where there's smoke, there has to be 'tar.' In fact, in most cigarettes, the more flavor, the more 'tar.' Except for Vantage.

You must know that Vantage cigarettes have a special filter which reduces 'tar' and nicotine without destroying flavor.

What you may not know is that Vantage is also available in menthol.

Not surprisingly, what separates Vantage Menthol from ordinary menthols is that Vantage Menthol gives you all the flavor you want, with a lot less of the 'tar' and the nicotine that you probably don't want.

Now Vantage Menthol is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine menthol you'll find. It may well be the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

Since you're the best judge of what you like about menthol cigarettes, don't just take our word for it.

Try a pack of Vantage Menthol and then you'll know for sure.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.



If you take your freedom seriously- Conceptrol.* Birth control as easy as the tampon.

Conceptrol™ Birth Control Cream is designed for women who want one of the most convenient birth control methods available. Yet, who also want their birth control method to be highly effective. And Conceptrol answers their needs.

Each applicator is hygienically wrapped and disposable, like a tampon, to provide maximum cleanliness. Each pre-measured, pre-filled applicator contains the right amount of spermicidal cream accurately measured for you in our laboratories. With Conceptrol there's no schedule to keep. Nothing to wear. No prescription needed.

Statement of Effectiveness

While no method of contraception can guarantee against pregnancy, a research study conducted in six separate centers with 425 women participating for a total of 4,071 months of use showed these positive results: seven became pregnant when using Conceptrol regularly and correctly. An additional 12 became pregnant when they did not use Conceptrol regularly or according to directions. If the women who participated in this study had not used a contraceptive, it is estimated that from 200 to 270 would have become pregnant. Therefore, Conceptrol Cream is an effective method of contraception, but remember, to afford maximum protection, Conceptrol must be used according to directions.



Pre-measured, Pre-filled. Disposable

Ortho The world's largest laboratories devoted to family planning research.

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OTHER MIRACLES, OTHER TIMES

continued

become very brief. It said: "Tell Caroline if she could see the crap that goes on out here, she'd think herself lucky to have some legs just to look at when she feels like it." At the end was a postscript: "Do not, repeat not, send me a Christmas box or anything like that. Peace is very scarce on this part of the earth—about in proportion to men of goodwill. Speaking of which, pick out a pretty card for my congressman. Tell the creep to have a merry Christmas."

Caroline went to her room after she read it. Whether or not she cried, I did not know. She was too old for me to go and find out. Next morning, she wrapped for mailing a beautiful yellow raincoat she had been given on her birthday in October. It had not been worn. She enclosed a note: "Dear Michael: I meant to send this ages ago. Granny gave it to me but let's face it, I don't go out in the rain that much. Some girl you know there could really use it during the rainy season. Love, Caroline."

Two days before Christmas, she received a package with a note from Michael: "Dear Caroline: The raincoat will be much appreciated. This package is not, repeat not, a Christmas present. A girl about your size had it made for me in Saigon some time ago. I just got around to mailing it. Hope you like it. Girls here look good in these. It's an *aodai.*" It was a pair of white silk trousers and a long, fitted tunic, slit up the sides; on a background of deep blue were flights of white birds.

Caroline wore it on New Year's. She was able to stand alone by then, and in another five months she was walking a little. Doctors' and therapists' grave doubts to the contrary, she had always known she would walk. And I had always known she knew.

Michael came home at last in midsummer. Looking at his face was like looking at a padlocked door. Other than answering questions with impersonal accuracy, he seldom spoke; and he didn't do much except take walks with Caroline. Not long ones. But each day they walked a little further. That was five years ago.

It is incredible what you forget about very young children; the mind apparently refuses to believe for long how enormous the eyes are and how small the rest is. It is now 1976. Caroline's little girl arrived here this afternoon almost entirely hidden under a tri-cornered hat. A gawdy Bicentennial item, she wears it to bed, her parents tell me, and removes it only at mealtime out of neces-

sity. I knew Michael's little boys would be miserable with envy when they saw it, so we made one of those mad Christmas Eve dashes; we found two of them and got to the airport just before their plane arrived.

Tonight is the first time Michael and his family, and Caroline and her's have been together under one roof. Dinner was early in order that the children be in bed at a reasonable hour, and that their parents have time to drop in on a party in the neighborhood. At the table the children abandoned themselves to the lunatic performance by which people between three and five become acquainted. Their parents attempted to behave as adults, but their grandfather and I indulged ourselves to the unrestrained appreciation of things we had not considered at all funny twenty years ago.

As they trooped upstairs behind the grandfather, stumbling under the tricornered hats like part of an elves' revision of the Continental Army, I turned to kitchen matters. When I finished there, I went upstairs to tell the story I had promised. I removed the children from their grandfather and helped him up from the floor for which he earnestly thanked me and fled.

With the lights off, we sat by a window so we could see the stars. As they gazed at me, waiting, I sorted the stories in my memory. There were so many, and so many long galleries of faces and chambers of astonishment. Uneasily I searched for the boy with the padlocked face and found him laughing at his children; by the habit of years, I probed sadly for the cold little ghost who had huddled and wept through so many of my private Christmases, but she had vanished, and in her place was a tough angel on a sit-down strike.

I decided I would tell them about shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night. They were young enough to understand tidings of great joy and the wonderful baby. I would save the stories of other miracles for other times. **End**

TEATIME ON A SNOWY AFTERNOON

By Dorothy Shaw Lamb

Soft as a pear petal falls the snow
Thick with furred silence.
The silver kettle chitters
An accompaniment to a Chopin étude
Turned very low.
Fragrance of freesia scents the room.
Teacups, fragile as slipper shells,
Encircle Spode plates,
And fiddleback spoons
Reflect the brandy-blue flame
Of simmering cherry logs.
The clock chimes four . . .
I listen for your step.

That picture of me with Santa made me lose 44 pounds.

By Dorothy Barlow — as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

Every year at Christmas time, I used to take my children to have their picture taken with Santa Claus. During one trip, he promised my youngsters so many toys, I climbed on Santa's knee and asked him for a check to pay for them all. As we both laughed, "click" went the camera, and I looked at a photograph of me that was to change the course of my life. You see, for the first time, I saw myself as others did—a fat 170 pounds.

Strangely enough, I had never before thought of myself as being that fat. Perhaps because my figure had been hidden so many times under maternity clothes. Then, too, with each new child, I spent more time taking care of them than I did taking care of myself.



It's a wonder Santa could keep smiling with 170 pounds of me on his knee.

Oh, don't get me wrong. I enjoyed doing the "motherly" things—like popping popcorn and picnicking with the kids, which, of course, helped put the pounds on me. But like most women, I was bored with the daily cooking-cleaning-washing routine. So as soon as my youngsters were old enough for school, my sister and I started a business—a day-care nursery.

Unfortunately, at the peak of success, we had to shut down. The state laws changed and I needed a degree instead of just a license to keep operating. This depressed me so, I began eating heavily and gained more pounds.

But the desire to overcome was so strong in me that I finally enrolled in a community college and started studying nights. At the same time, I began working on my figure. I tried nearly everything but reducing drugs. I was afraid of them. These attempts at losing weight, however, weren't very successful.



Now that I'm down to a trim 126 pounds, my horse has more reason to smile than Santa did. As for me, I'm just as happy as I can be with my new figure.

Then one day a friend, who had lost 20 pounds on the Ayds plan, suggested I try it, too. I had seen those Ayds ads for years and I remembered reading that Ayds® Reducing Plan Candy contains vitamins and minerals, but no drugs. So I decided to give them a whirl.

I went to my local drugstore (in New Haven, CT), bought a box of the chewy vanilla caramel kind and started on the Ayds plan. I took one or two Ayds with a hot drink before each meal and those Ayds really helped satisfy my appetite. When I sat down to eat, I ate less because I wanted less. It was great. But truthfully I had to be on the plan myself before I fully understood the way Ayds helps people lose weight — whether they want to lose a lot or a little.

My goal was to shed 44 pounds. And I did—with the help of the Ayds plan and one thing more, a tiny bikini. Once a month, I tried it on until the bikini fit beautifully. The day it did, I weighed 126 pounds, which gave me all the "credentials" I needed for wearing it.

In case you're interested, I also earned my credentials for re-opening our child-care center. But somehow, with my slim new figure, I was ready for a change.

Now I'm an assistant administrator-secretary at Yale-New Haven hospital. And when anybody there says they can't believe I was ever fat, I just take out the picture of Santa and me and tell them about the Ayds plan.

WEIGHT AND MEASUREMENTS

	Before	After
Height	5′5½″	5′5½″
Weight	170 lbs.	126 lbs.
Bust	38″	34½″
Waist	30″	25″
Hips	39″	32″
Dress	14	7-9

Spending your money

By Sylvia Porter

Claiming a just-married daughter as a 1976 dependent. Straight talk about straightening teeth. Should a wife set up her own Individual Retirement Account? How to save money on holiday food shopping.

My wife and I have been looking for a house for almost six months. She still insists on house-hunting, because she says she wants to be certain before she buys. I've seen so many houses I've gotten to the point where I don't care what she does or doesn't like. Is she typical?
Definitely not! The average couple looks at seven to nine houses, and the happiest buyers stay within that range. The unhappiest are people like you—people who go to extremes, either look at so many houses that they cannot settle on one (and finally buy out of utter frustration), or inspect only one house and buy in far too much of a hurry.

I'm 30 and I want desperately to have my teeth straightened. What procedure should I follow? What will the costs be?
Ask your dentist to recommend an orthodontist. Even though you are an adult, the chances are that your teeth can be straightened. The treatment is likely to take two years and to cost around $1,500—but the time and price will vary, depending on you and your individual problem. Before you choose an orthodontist ask him about the treatment, the charges, the payment schedule. If you decide to proceed, your initial examination, X-rays, etc., will probably cost up to $100, which will be included in your total fee. You can probably pay in installments.

Our daughter, a college senior, is getting married over Christmas vacation and we are planning an elaborate (and expensive) wedding. Will we lose her as a dependent when she is married?
Not if you have provided over half her support for 1976—and this includes the cost of her wedding (ranging from her clothes to the wedding reception, flowers, etc.). Just be sure that she and her new husband do not file a joint return for 1976. If they do, you'll lose the exemption for her.

My husband's corporation has a pension plan that covers him but not me. I have a part-time job that will pay me about $3,500 in 1976. Can I set up an Individual Retirement Account under my own name, so that I also can accumulate funds for my own protection when I'm older?
You certainly can. And you definitely should act before year's end to create an IRA. This will enable you to contribute and deduct from your annual income tax 15 percent of your earned income, up to a maximum deduction of $1,500 a year. Your contributions are deductible from your gross income, whether you itemize your deductions or just take the standard deduction. Then, as the dollars you put into your IRA earn more dollars, the earnings accumulate tax-free until the accumulated funds are distributed to you. The age limit on this distribution is no earlier than age 59½ without paying a penalty, no later than age 70½, and usually at age 65. This is an extremely valuable tax and savings strategy for you. With $3,500 of gross earnings, you can put away $525 for 1976 in your own name and your own tax shelter. As you earn more, you can contribute and deduct more, up to the maximum permitted by law. It's a tax break you should not overlook.

Both my husband and I contribute to our family income and I am extremely skeptical of figures I've seen indicating that the average wife's contribution to the total family income is only about 25 percent. Judging from my own experience and the experiences of my friends in similar positions, our contributions are much higher—maybe even 50 percent. Incidentally, my husband and I are black.
Probably the statistics quoted for "the average wife's" contribution applied to white families only, and were from the U.S. Department of Labor. Latest studies show that in white families where the wife is also a wage earner, her contribution averages out to 26 percent of the total. But the most recent study also shows that the black working wife's financial contribution to total family income is 9 percent *GREATER* than that of the white working wife's. Specifically, the black wife's earnings average out to 35 percent. In dollar totals, the comparisons are: For the white family in which the wife is also a wage earner, family income averages $15,954 (in contrast to $13,536 for the white family with a non-working wife). For the black family, the corresponding figures are $11,731 and $8,331.

Last Christmas holiday, we had all our children home and my family came over for several meals, too. In 10 days I spent more for food than I usually do in a whole ordinary month. But when it was all over, I did notice how much money I had wasted on foods that became leftovers or that I eventually threw away. I have determined not to repeat my errors this year. Can you help?
At this holiday season more than at *(continued)*

"Dear General Foods, I always have to have my son explain those food labels to me. He's a chemistry major."



How would you like to start your
y with a cup containing, among other
ings, 3 gases, 60 fatty acids, 12 salts,
igments, 17 vitamins, 8 nitrogenous
mpounds, and lactose?

This isn't some new lethal poison.
uite the opposite: it's milk. And it
ustrates something interesting about
e way people look at food.

There is something very sinister-
unding about the chemical ingredients
at make up our foods, even when these
gredients add up to a food as innocent
d trustworthy as milk. You couldn't
semble all these ingredients, put them in
glass, and end up with something as
licious as milk, which is why we get our milk from cows instead of laboratories. Yet the effect is essentially the same. As *The FDA Consumer,* a publication of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration, puts it, "If all chemicals are poisonous, then people should stop eating, because all foods are chemicals."

Chemists aren't poets; or, Why salt is more "wholesome" than sodium chloride.

Actually, sodium chloride is every bit as wholesome as salt; because sodium chloride is salt. But somehow it doesn't sound as wholesome.

Nor does di-hydrogen-oxide. But you cook in it all the time: it's water.

It isn't surprising that food has chemical names, since food *is* ultimately chemicals, and the only names available in many cases are those devised by chemists. While "sodium chloride" will always lack the elegance and simplicity of "salt," it's a useful name to chemists and food specialists since it identifies what's in it (sodium and chlorine).

But, you aren't a chemist. So you feel at a disadvantage when reading these names on labels. There isn't room on labels for lengthy definitions, so we'd like to provide you with a few here.

Butylated hydroxyanisole and other terrible-sounding things that are good for your food.

Butylated hydroxyanisole usually appears as BHA on our packages. It's there to prevent foods with fats or oils from going rancid.

Ascorbic acid is Vitamin C. You'll find it listed on the labels of Orange Plus® and Awake® frozen orange breakfast beverages—and in some places where you might not expect it, such as Birds Eye® frozen peaches, where it's used because it's also a good preservative.

Thiamine mononitrate is a B Vitamin. (Actually, it's a special form of Vitamin B_1, which is more stable and therefore longer-lasting in certain foods.)

Lecithin (a naturally occurring ingredient in milk) is used in various foods to enable ingredients to mix well and to stay blended—in foods such as puddings. For the same or similar reasons, we use ingredients like mono- and diglycerides, sorbitan monostearate, and polysorbate 60.

These chemicals present an array as unappealing as you're likely to find—about as unappealing as those that make up milk. But they're all beneficial, or else we wouldn't use them.

And in those cases where chemicals are put there by us (instead of nature), the amounts used are carefully controlled—both by us and the U.S. Food and Drug Administration. General Foods only uses additives recognized as safe by the FDA—and then only in the smallest amounts necessary to fulfill the purpose for which they're intended.

About those "Artificial Flavors."

It's ironic that one of the ingredients on our labels that's easiest to understand—artificial flavors—is also one of the easiest to misunderstand.

The name itself suggests some inferior approximation of the real thing. Not so; many ingredients that make up artificial flavors are *identical* to those found in naturally occurring flavors.

Jell-O® brand strawberry gelatin, for example, contains two "artificial" flavorings called ethyl butyrate and diacetyl. Nature puts both of these in natural strawberries; we put them in Jell-O strawberry gelatin to give it the same strawberry flavor. Without these flavorings, neither strawberries or our gelatin would taste as strawberry-ish.

For more information.

This quick course in food chemistry obviously can't tell the whole story, but we hope it helps a little.

To help you better understand the subject, we've prepared a booklet, *Today's Food and Additives.* For your free copy, write: Miss Peggy Kohl, V.P., Consumer Affairs, G.F. Consumer Center, White Plains, N.Y. 10625. (One to a family, please.)

Our reasons for telling you all this are a mixture of helpfulness and pride in our products. The more you understand about food, the better off you'll be. And the more you understand about our foods, the better off we'll be.

GF
GENERAL FOODS

© General Foods Corp., 1976

Do You Really Look as Young as You Think?

True, you're a very involved-with-life person. You try to play a few sets of tennis every week, both to keep in shape and for the fun of making new friends at the courts. You wouldn't miss the evening news because you feel more interesting when you're well-informed. Sometimes, to keep yourself open to new experiences, you go to movies you don't expect to like. Since you're involved in so many things, you feel vibrant and young. And you assume you look that way.

So it can come as something of a surprise when your mirror catches you unaware one morning and you realize you don't really look as young as you thought. That's the very moment for you to discover the secret of a mysterious beauty fluid that can help you look younger. The beautiful secret, shared by women in many different parts of the world, is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.



Oil of Olay penetrates your skin remarkably quickly. Pure moisture, tropical oil and precious emollients work to help you look younger by easing dryness . . . that dryness that can so easily make you look older than you like. Older than you thought.

Within moments after smoothing on Oil of Olay, you'll notice your skin grow softer and smoother. You'll be able to see a renewed lustre and radiance. And starting the very first day, little wrinkle lines (which are accented by dryness) show less. You'll be able to notice the difference. And the change will be apparent to other people. Do you suppose they'll comment?

Oil of Olay, in its mysterious way, is a partner with nature in helping maintain your skin's moisture balance as let your complexion become softer and smoother. Is it any wonder that Oil of Olay can help you look younger?

When would you like to apply Oil of Olay? If you're like most dedicated users, you'll choose to gentle on the beauty fluid at least twice each day. At bedtime, to pamper your skin into quiet nocturnal hours. Again in the morning, either before you do your face (Oil of Olay doesn't leave a greasy



afterfeel so it's marvelous under makeup) or alone to provide your skin with a beautifully moist climate. Some women who like a dewy, naturally glowy look use Oil of Olay instead of makeup.

Any time your skin feels dry is a good time for Oil of Olay. Smooth it on after coming in from drying wind or sun. Or when you've been exposed to excessive central heating or humidity-lowering air conditioning. Your skin will tell you when.

Do you really look as young as you think? That's a question that shouldn't be unpleasant to answer now you know that Oil of Olay can help.

Beauty Secret

An active person like you should have Oil of Olay with you all the time. Tuck a small bottle in your purse. Keep some with your tennis gear to use after playing. And be prepared to share the secret of Oil of Olay.® It's very likely someone will ask what you're using to help you look so glowing.

Spending your money

continued

almost any other time, impulse buying is a threat to your pocketbook. Even if your children are home, insist on going shopping by yourself. Before you leave the house, eat a hearty meal. Under no circumstances go to the food stores even a little hungry, because if you are, you'll be tempted to make utterly unnecessary (and probably expensive) purchases. Prepare a shopping list in advance—and omit the foods that were leftovers last Christmas. Stick to that list. Dried fruits, nuts and legumes (treats associated with the season) are nutritious, but you need not pay the higher prices often charged for them in the health food shops.

I've just received a big check from a client. I'm planning to hold the check and not cash it until January, 1977 because I don't want to pay more taxes than is now required on my 1976 income. The check won't be taxable until I cash it, will it?

If this money is yours for the asking, it's taxable in 1976, even though you don't cash it until 1977. The Internal Revenue Service reasons that you could have had the check cashed before year's end, and therefore it's 1976 income.

Where we live, the roads are extensively treated with salt during the winter and the corrosive damage to our cars has been substantial. What can I do?

Look into a special rustproofing and undercoating job. Some processes use heavy, tar-like substances, are guaranteed for at least five years, and cost $100 and up. Others use oily coatings, must be repeated annually, and cost $10 to $30. Which is best for you depends on what you prefer and also what is available in your neighborhood.

For 25 years, I scrimped and saved money my husband gave me, which I then invested in stocks. I put them into both our names. A few months ago, my husband died. Now the government says that the stocks I bought with *MY* money belong in his estate and I have to pay a Federal estate tax on my own savings! His lawyer says he's sorry, but that's the way it is.

I'm sorry, too, but precedent and tax court decisions are against you. But for other women who are following the same course, let this be a warning. If you manage to save out of your household funds, put the savings in a bank account in your *OWN NAME*, or in other investments in your *OWN NAME*. Do *not* put it into any form of joint account with your husband and risk the same anti-wife tax fate. **End**

101 toys guaranteed to make ittle kids merry.

Preschool



MATTEL®

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Mattel Preschool. A merry squeals, chuckles





If our toys survive our test they'll survive anything. Even preschoolers.

You don't see a kid laugh when his favorite toy falls apar

That's why we put sample of our toys through all kinds o terrible tortures before we send the finished product out into the world.

We bang them. Twist and pull them. Drop them on the floor. And there are those we

Kids have been laughing, learning, and happy with us for a long time.

We decided years ago to make toys just for kids. That may sound strange, but think of it this way: kids and grown-ups have their funny bones in different places. Yet lots of toy companies make toys for adults. Because it's adults who buy them.

We're different. Our 101 preschool toys appeal to kids, they give them giggles, laughs, educate them, hold their interest. Stir up their imaginations. And above all, entertain them.

We make toys for kids.

That's been our philosophy since the beginning. And we expect we'll never change.

After all, knowing how to entertain kids has helped make us the biggest toy company in the world.

With over 200 million happy kids as our testimonial.





collection of grins, giggles, whoops and tee-hees.

ven bite with mechanical jaws
our laboratories.

Each toy is tested in ways
at simulate children playing
ith it. And not just conven-
onal play—we test for just
out every situation we can
agine.

So if anything happens to a
attel toy, we want it to happen
our place.

Not at yours.

And chances are, our toys
ll last as long as they are loved.

Kids tell us what to do.

To make sure your kids will
thrilled and delighted with our
s, we let lots of other kids
y with them first. And watch
m react. That way we can tell
sure if they really like our
s.

And if they don't, we go back
work.

We'll shorten pull strings.
fix knobs to turn more easily.
make handles more comfort-
le to hold.

And if we see a kid losing
erest after a few minutes, we
ke the toy more interesting.
we don't make it at all.

By the time a toy leaves us,
can guarantee grins and
ggles and a satisfied child.



Each of our toys has a secret ingredient.

Kids can have fun with almost anything they can push or bang around. But there's more you can do with their amazing energy.

So we think up unique ideas, and then add fun.

That's why we invented See 'n Say® toys that teach, amuse and have conversations a little kid can understand.

And why we make lots of different Putt-Putt® toys that don't need a parent's help and Tuff Stuff®—toys that let little kids play grown-up.

And why we just created a new exciting world of imagination for kids: our cute little Hub-Bubs® animals and the Happy Hollow™ Set they live in and work in.

And why we have 101 ways to keep a kid involved, stimulated and happy. All at the same time.

Mattel.
200 million happy kids can't be wrong.





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Mattel's Hub-Bubs. When it comes t letting kids use their imagination Hub-Bubs really work.

Imagine a charming storybook land where all the little people are little animals. Where every little animal person has a specific people job to do. And seems very happy doing it, too.

This is the world of the Hub-Bubs, where make-believe is an endless source of creativity.

Put the Hub-Bubs animals in place in their own building, turn the handle and each animal moves busily at its task. Or, take any of the Hub-Bubs and bounce it up and down—Mrs. Cat will rock her baby, Mr. Bear waves his stop sign, Mrs. Owl shakes her ruler.

Kids invent all kinds of imaginative ways to play with Hub-Bubs. It's a whole enchante land a kid can set in motion.

The Hub-Bubs come alone or with buildings that connect together. Build a town, collect Hub-Bubs, and keep kids playin happily ever after.

Happy Hollow™ Set
All the buildings join together. Put the animals in place, crank the handle and watch the Hub-Bubs move! Includes Schoolhouse, Family Home, Fire Station, Mail Truck, seven Hub-Bubs animals and accessories.

Mr. Dog
is a fireman.

Mr. Beaver
is a carpenter.

Mrs. Bear
sweeps her broom to tidy up.

Mr. Raccoon
holds a hot dog and whips up short orders.



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Mattel's talking and musical toys. Because kids like toys that have something to say.

It's not just what you say. It's the amusing way you say it. And our talking and musical toys really know how to speak a kid's language. With good conversation. Friendly sounds. Even an introduction to music. No batteries, of course. We don't want good talk to run down.



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* PEANUTS CHARACTERS © 1950, 1952, 1958, United Features Syndicate, Inc.

Mattel's Putt-Putt®
For kids who like to go chug-chug, beep-beep and vroom-vroom.

Putt-Putt toys toddle along with just a little kid power. No batteries ever! Pert and perky, they're rugged hardwood vehicles with colorful plastic trim. Some work with sturdy spring-wound motors that set them in motion. Or, you can rev up the power Putt-Putt vehicles by pressing down and pushing forward. Watch them go, followed by a trail of giggles!



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* People and track for use with all Putt-Putt vehicles.

Mattel's Tuff Stuff.® Because when little kids play grown-up, they play hard.

The younger we are, the older we want to be. It's human nature.

So kids love Tuff Stuff toys. Sturdy, brightly colored, slightly glorified replicas-of-the-real-thing.

Perfect for pretending.

They're made to take tough treatment. Extra-hardy plastic with nearly-impossible-to-tear-apart parts.

After all, as long as your kids' imagination is still going, you want to be sure our Tuff Stuff is going strong, too.

Preschool



Play Vacuum
Even if it didn't pick up things, they'd get a kick out of it. But since it does, it's even better.

Stroller
Holds the biggest to the tiniest doll in the family. Let's all take a walk!

Play Golf Cart
For big shots under 5 who know you're never too young to start working on your game.

Drill
Pull—and it drills a make-believe hole.

Saw
Pull—and you'd swear it was ready to cut that board in half. But it can't. Safe for little fingers, too.

Shoppin' Basket
To kids shopping is not a chore. It's the most fun ever—especially with a sturdy cart filled with brightly colored groceries.

Play Calculator
No more relying on fingers and toes when counting can be this merry.

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Merry-up your Holidays

Brighten up your Holiday table with t
Krispies Marshmallow Treats recipe. (
or while still warm, form into snowme
coconut, cherries, cinnamon candies,
to treat you to a savings on the Rice I





Put fresh-perked flavor into yo

Add a special touch to your holiday treats whe
Dried Coffee. Regular or Decaffeinated. Taste
Coffeenog, Crunchy Crust Coffee Pie, Mocha
These special recipes are from our free Coffee
30¢-off coupon makes it even more tempting.

STORE COUPON

Save 10¢

on Kellogg's® RICE KRISPIES® cereal
(any size package)



Holiday Recipe Treats

10¢

STORE COUPON

Save 10¢

on a bag or box of ORE-IDA Tater Tots,® Regular or Flavored



Holiday Recipe Treats

10¢

STORE COUPON

Save 10¢

on Minute Maid® 100% pure lemon juice... the only pure lemon juice in a bottle.

Taste the difference.



Holiday Recipe Treats

10¢

Get your free copy of Coffee Recipe Delights from the makers of Taster's Choice®

Recipes for the four featured holiday treats plus others made with Taster's Choice® 100% Freeze-Dried Coffee can be yours simply by mailing in the completed form on the reverse side.



Details on other side of this card

STORE COUPON

Save 30¢

on any size jar of Taster's Choice® 100% Freeze-Dried Coffee.



Holiday Recipe Treats

30¢



Bacon Tater Bites

According to the number of snacks yo need, cook half strips of bacon until lightl browned but still limp. Meanwhile prepar frozen Ore-Ida Tater Tots according t package directions. Cut slices of America cheese into thirds and wrap a strip of chees around each hot Tater Tot. Wrap limp baco around the cheese and secure with toothpick. Broil, turning once, until bacon i crisp. Serve hot with this mustard sauce Blend together ½ cup mustard, ¼ cu brown sugar and ½ tsp. ginger.

This recipe may also be prepared witl Ore-Ida Tater Tots with onions or with Tate Tots with bacon flavoring (bacon flavore vegetable protein).



Tater Tots.®

They complement whatever you're making. And so will everyone else.

Ore-Ida Tater Tots® brand frozen potatoes are bite-sized potato nuggets that go great with just about everything. Serve them with your holiday meal, dress them up to make hors d'oeuvres, or enjoy them every day, even as a snack. Here's a 10¢ coupon to give you your first taste of fast, easy-to-prepare Tater Tots. When your family and friends try them, they'll go like hot potatoes.

New Minute Maid® 100% Pure Lemon Juice.

Taste the difference in all your holiday recipes.





"Minute Maid" is a registered trademark of the Coca-Cola Company

Now, for the first time...pure lemon juice, the easy way. Minute Maid® is the only 100% pure lemon juice in a bottle. No preservatives like the other bottled brands. Try it in holiday treats like this festive punch.

LEMON SNOWBALL PUNCH

Thaw 1 (7½ oz.) bottle Minute Maid 100% pure lemon juice and 1 (12 oz.) can Minute Maid frozen concentrated grapefruit juice
Combine juices, 1 quart ice cold water, ½ cup strong tea, and 1 cup super fine sugar; stir well. Pour over ice in punch bowl. Add 1 quart ginger ale. Form or scoop 1 pint lemon sherbet into balls; float on punch. Makes about 30 (½ cup) servings.


Hanes
ultra sheer pantyhose
Gentlemen prefer Hanes
Sensuously smooth. Luxuriously sheer. Unmistakably Hanes.®
available in a variety of colors and sizes at fine department and apparel stores.

CECIL BEATON'S WOMEN



GLORIA SWANSON *appears surprisingly small in real life. Her neck is less than classically long and her head almost seems out of scale with her diminutive body. But she has the personality and intelligence to turn all disadvantages to advantages. By accentuating the very features that prevent her from becoming a beauty in the classical sense, she has made her face alluringly seductive and impossible to forget. The disgrace is that she was not used more in films. But is it too late? She becomes more exotic, more mysterious and more appealing all the time.*

MARGOT FONTEYN, *the world-renowned dancer, has given to ballet an elegance of style and an exquisite simplicity of gesture that is breathtaking to behold. Even offstage, when she sits in a box watching the ballet—her hair pulled tightly back from her face, her expression serene, her eyes large and innocent—no move is superfluous; every action is gracefully controlled. Next to Fonteyn, even the most refined of women can seem fussy and awkward.*



No woman ever refused to be photographed by the illustrious Sir Cecil Beaton. On these pages are five of his glamorous admirers. Text by Jim Sirmans. Photos and captions by Cecil Beaton.

When Cecil Beaton was three years old, he would nestle close to his mother "while she sipped an early morning cup of tea and opened her letters. One morning, during this customary treat," Beaton recalls, "my eyes fell upon a postcard lying on the pink silk eiderdown, and the beauty of it caused my heart to leap."

What caught the impressionable child's eye was a photograph of the current rage of London, the star of *The Merry Widow*, the utterly devastating Miss Lily Elsie.

"Here she was with the Greek line of her profile proffered in the fashion of the time. Her neck, in its full, swan-like glory, was surrounded by an elaborate filigree of diamonds, while her hair was piled in billowing clusters of curls. To make the whole effect more unbearably beautiful, the photograph had been tinted.

"From that thrilling moment, I no longer considered engine drivers or soldiers to be figures of importance. Unlike other children, my heroine was not the Maid of Orleans or the Lady of the Lamp, but Lily Elsie. My passion for Miss Elsie and my interest in photography were engendered at that moment." *(continued)*


N° 5
CHANEL
PERFUME

"Maybe if you spend
you can make a be



less time sewing
er dress..."

My name is Ann Person. d I might never run for esident. However, I am npted to because I ented a way to liberate men from sewing till ee in the morning and ding up with a 'Grapes Wrath' looking dress.

nvented Short-cut ewing. Only It Is ore Than Sewing. Is a New Method f Making Clothes.

Women who have rned it suddenly cover they can make thes as beautiful as the st designer ready-to-ar and in half the time ordinary sewing. You learn how to fessionally cut, fit and asure. You learn to plify armholes, ulder seams. You can up a T-shirt in 15 nutes and pants that guaranteed to fit your ly. Jackets. Men's suits. athtaking fur look ts. A whole world of freshest fashion looks ours easily, and, with appearance of being igner-made. You learn quickly what so many men spend lifetimes trying to achieve.

You don't need any special kind of sewing machine or newfangled attachment.

And you can learn the basics of Short-cut Sewing in eight lessons.

And the cost of each lesson is less than five dollars.

It's a Super Sewing Center...It's a Fabric Center.

We go to London, to Rome, to Paris to bring back the finest fabric ideas at the same time they are coming out in ready-to-wear. Every season you will find the most liveable and the most luxurious fabrics. Richly fluid to touch. Softly radiant to wear. Fabrics that run the gamut from the most silken to the most supple leather looks.

And we are fanatics about quality. I wouldn't settle for an imperfect fabric. I don't think any woman should.

This Is America's First Total Sewing Center.

There are over 200 Stretch & Sew® stores across America. They are staffed by people who are as passionate about sewing as I am. You can stop in on the spur of the moment and get advice on an armhole problem, a back pleat. They will show you how to fit...how to adapt a pattern.

You don't have to sign up for anything. You don't have to buy anything.

I began Stretch & Sew so that women across America could have a total sewing center. Here you can find everything (everything coordinated, even) and learn everything. And enjoy being with people who enjoy being with you.

We Are That Sewing Center.

With Stretch & Sew going for you, there's only one reason to sew till three in the morning: you want to.

Stretch & Sew®

America's Fabric and Sewing Center.

For the Stretch & Sew nearest you, Call (800) 547-2515.
In Oregon (800) 452-6091.

CECIL BEATON'S WOMEN

continued

Thus begun what critic Kenneth Tynan calls Beaton's "quest for ideal womanhood." Tynan describes Beaton, now Sir Cecil Beaton and one of the world's foremost photographers, as "a rococo pilgrim, permanently in search of a shrine. Glamour, whether in the form of his own mother or the Queen Mother, has always intoxicated him. It is the first and the last of his loves."

Sir Cecil once said his taste in beauty tended toward "the super-pretty and the exotic." But he agrees with Francis Bacon that "There is no beauty which hath not some strangeness in its proportions."

In Sir Cecil's youth, "it was enough," he says, "that a beautiful woman should be gracious and charming. Beauties were seen rather than heard. The Grecian goddess, however dumb, justified herself. Today, it is more essential to be bright and attractive. Personality is more important than looks.

"Women today are fed up with being photogenic. Today's beautiful woman goes by in blue jeans, unnoticed. Today's beauty is someone who looks real in a way you can recognize. Beauty today is casual, understated, because women place more emphasis on their ability to impress in other ways. There is no longer the need to be beautiful, to be glamorous, to be noticed."

Sir Cecil believes this tendency towards fashion understatement encourages women to develop their own personal style. "It takes a real sense of style for a woman to stand out in a crowd these days when everyone's wearing the same simple, basic kind of daytime clothes," he says. "But the same women who have been labeled best-dressed through the years manage to do it. Their personalities seem to come out stronger than ever in their shirts or sweaters with pants."

The elegant Sir Cecil most enjoys photographing royalty, especially if they're royally rigged for the sitting. In 1939, when he was summoned to photograph Queen Elizabeth, mother of Britain's present queen, Beaton asked Her Royal Highness to wear as much jewelry as possible. He says the queen had a wry look in her eyes when she replied, "The choice isn't very great, you know."

No woman has ever declined to be photographed by Sir Cecil, and the only *man* he wanted to photograph and did not was George Bernard Shaw. Shaw turned up one day at Beaton's house without an appointment, only to find Beaton out.

"Pity," Shaw told Beaton's secretary. "I thought photographers were always in."

Though Beaton may not always be found at home, all of the gorgeous women shown on these two pages (the photos and captions are by Beaton himself) were "in" when Sir Cecil came to call.

Who could resist being photographed by a man who consistently evokes the glamour, beauty and mystery inherent in all women?



AUDREY HEPBURN, *beneath her child-like head, has an incredibly long neck. She would appear inordinately tall were it not for her natural grace. But the expression in her eyes is melting and her calm quality of purity is rare. I treasure this note from her: "Dearest CB: I have always wanted to be beautiful. Looking at these photographs last night I saw that for a short time at least, I am (beautiful), all because of you. Audrey."*



GRETA GARBO *has true "royalty of form"—an alliance of classic beauty with a dazzling healthy litheness and a perfect honesty. One sunny afternoon Greta's complexion took on a sort of incandescence, like porcelain lit from within. The effect was of such immortal beauty that I shall never forget it.*

Looking Your Best For The Camera

1. Your attitude is very important. For best results, you must *want* to be photographed.
2. Choose your photographer with care. Select one in whom you have confidence and in whose presence you can relax. Choose a good *portrait* photographer. Some photographers are superb at shooting landscapes but unless they know how to put a human subject at ease, the result may be less than gratifying.
3. If you are to be photographed at home, have the photographer drop by for a preliminary look at the premises. The two of you can decide on the background and the photographer can determine whether he or she will need special equipment.
4. Discuss in advance your dress, makeup and hair, all of which should blend with the setting.
5. Have at least one change of costume ready just in case your original outfit is not right for the setting or is accidentally stained or torn during the shooting.
6. When the photographer says, "Don't move," don't move. If you shift position even slightly, a marvelous effect might be lost forever.



INGRID BERGMAN *has a sweetness of character and an obvious integrity that shine through today as strongly as when she first appeared on the screen. When I saw her in Hollywood, she seemed to have very little makeup on compared with the other stars and as she gets older, she grows more naturally beautiful.*



Wherever you feel like being marvelously provocative. The infinitely beautiful fragrance. Ecusson.

JEAN D'ALBRET Paris Londres New York



Ronson
The Table Lighter

Pick up any table lighter, anywhere, anytime, and chances are that it will be a Ronson.

Ronson has more styles and more finishes to blend with any decor...to please any taste. Ronson. The Table Lighter... a great gift for any occasion. **RONSON®**

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WINE WITH DESSERT

By Pamela Vandyke Price

Many sweet dishes that are delectable in themselves do not need any wine, and some may overwhelm or actually spoil the taste of a very fine or delicate dessert wine. Where a liqueur is used, either in the recipe, whipped into an accompanying cream or used to flame a dish, as with pancakes, a fine wine is wholly superfluous; but the same liqueur or a not too sparkling wine might be served. Sparkling wines are traditional for toasting, but most people would probably find a very dry one far too acid at this stage of a meal; a fuller, rounder type of sparkling wine is preferable, and this might be a sweetish champagne, an Asti or a similar sparkling wine with a pronounced fruity flavor. A sparkling wine can be good to alleviate too much creamy richness, but it must be fruity enough to cut through the cream. Egg-based sweets, such as most custards, crème brulée, rich pastries or concoctions made with plenty of cream and eggs, require a definitely assertive wine. With the supreme examples of egg-based sweets, such as zabaglione or sabayon, I would suggest that the type of wine with which such recipes are made should or could be drunk with them. If a suitable Marsala or sweetish Madeira is not available, a not too fine, sweetish Italian or French wine is possible, notably anything made from the Muscat grape.

Certain fruits can be awkward with wine, notably the citrus and the pineapple and anything particularly acid, such as gooseberry and lemon. However, as fruits are often combined with cream, the acidity is diminished; apples, many berries and stone fruits can be good with the classic sweet wines, although if the great German sweet wines are to be served, the sweet course should be as simple as possible so as not to blur the impression that these subtle, fine wines can make. The sweet Loires and Bordeaux and many Italian sweet wines, however, are sufficiently robust to withstand fruity sweets.

Wines do not go well with ices; liqueurs do. Sorbets and water ices are usually served between courses to cleanse the palate and possibly to prepare it for some fine wine with the sweet course. But the sugar content of the food must be taken into account before deciding on a dessert wine. If the food is very sweet, the wine may seem acid and unbalanced. Sugar in concentrated form makes it very difficult for the details of any fine wine to be appreciated side by side with extremely sweet food.

The real enemy to wine with the sweet course of a meal, however, is chocolate. Chocolate virtually nullifies the flavor of any wine, both with the food and for some while afterwards. Spirits and liqueurs flavored with chocolate, coffee or fruit, especially orange, may be served, but no fine wine should be wasted on a chocolate sweet.

Desserts

Ices. A liqueur is probably the best choice although a fruity type of sparkling wine might be served. If the ice cream is part of a concoction of various other things, such as pastry, meringue or fruit, a medium-range sweet or sweetish wine is possible.

Egg-based sweets. Liqueurs of spirit of some kind are often included in the recipes, and the same rules apply as for ices. If the wine flavoring is slight, an assertive, medium-range sweet wine may be served; alternatively offer the same type of sweet wine as used in the recipe.

Pastries and cakes. The ingredients determine which wine, if any, should be chosen. Cakes that are mainly chocolate or liqueur-flavored cannot take a delicate wine. A robust, sparkling wine is possible, but a great champagne would be a waste with such a dish; a non-vintage champagne might be suitable or a fine, sweet sparkling wine if the cake is fairly simple. With rich cakes, such as milles feuilles, profiteroles and éclairs, as well as any petit fours served at the end of the meal, a digestive in the form of some spirit would probably be welcome.

Fruit-based sweets. The finest sweet wines can be served with recipes involving fine fruit of a simple nature. Apples, dessert pears, berry and stone fruits are usually the best fruits with wine. With bananas and pineapple, spirits and especially rum, are possibly best. With fruit salads, steeped in a kirsch, maraschino or similar syrup, no wine should be offered, but if the syrup is based on a sweet white wine, such as a small-scale sauternes, the same wine can be served.

Puddings. Heavy, everyday sweets such as boiled, steamed or sponge puddings and dumplings do not go with wines of any type. With the traditional Christmas pudding, which has usually been flamed with a spirit, an inexpensive sparkling wine might be offered or a dessert wine after the pudding. The Malmseys, sweet Marsalas and Tarragona are usually too rich. **End**

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Tia Maria

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BETWEEN PARENT AND TEACHER

When there's trouble with children and school, parents have a tendency to blame teachers . . . and teachers complain about the lack of support from parents. If you have a question about your school-age child, why not ask Mary Susan Miller? Write to Between Parent and Teacher, Ladies' Home Journal, 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. We regret that only letters selected for use in the column can be answered.

By Mary Susan Miller

Dear Mrs. Miller: I have a boy in 8th grade and a girl in 6th who think it is smart to use four-letter words. I ignore it because I think they will outgrow it, but their teachers disagree with me. What do you think?—Mrs. T.

Dear Mrs. T: Children go through stages when they use words that shock the adults in their lives—usually to impress their peers. And you are right: they usually outgrow it. However, there are two points to consider:

1. Words are merely symbols that express feelings and thoughts. What are your children feeling and thinking that makes blue language so important to them? Can you help them gain peer acceptance and a feeling of importance in more constructive ways?

2. Your children's language is obviously hindering their learning experience in school. Help them face the reality of the situation, which—no matter how you and they feel—is that their teachers are not going to accept it. There are many times when we comply with rules with which we disagree.

Dear Mrs. Miller: The girls in my daughter's seventh grade class whisper behind backs, and make fun of each other. My daughter comes home crying some days, and yet she is just as mean as the rest of them. I am horrified; what can I do to stop it?—A Panicky Parent

Dear Parent: Maybe your panic will lessen if you remember that not everything a child does represents a trend. Some of it is merely a stage. Seventh grade girls have been notoriously mean ever since there have been seventh grades . . . and probably ever since there have been girls. They are insecure about themselves in a social situation: they think they are unlovely, unlovable and unloved. That does not mean I condone their behavior. After 18 years in schools, I am still horrified by it too. Point out to your daughter what effect her behavio has on her classmates. Try to make he accountable for the hurt she inflicts· relate it to the hurt she feels when the are mean to her. If there is a guidanc counselor at school, you might ask he to tackle the problem with the class as whole. Don't give up, interpersonal re lations improve only with time, effo and growing self-confidence.

Dear Mrs. Miller: Our son's teache phoned to inform us that Tommy (ag 12) copied answers on a test. She insiste that Tommy and I come in to discuss with her. My husband and I feel parent-teacher-child conference woul make a big thing of it.—Mrs. J.

Dear Mrs. J: Face to face communica tion never makes a big thing of a situa tion; on the contrary, it brings life-siz perspective. If Tommy did *not* copy an swers, you and he will learn why th teacher thought he did, and he will b able to explain. If he *did* copy, you an he will hear and see the teacher's ev dence and face the reality. In either case Tommy will learn two valuable lessons one about cheating and the other abou the adult way to solve problems.

Mrs. Miller is author with Samm Sinclai Baker of *Straight Talk To Parents: Hou You Can Help Your Child Get The Bes Out of School* (Stein and Day).



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BEAUTY & THE BABY

Wilhelmina. The name is legend in the fast-paced fashion-beauty-modeling business, a business where names usually flare up, then fizzle out in a year or two or three. Many would agree she was the greatest model of her time. Twenty-eight *Vogue* covers. A statistic for the *Guinness Book of Records*. Wilhelmina today is the intensely active and involved director of one of the biggest model agencies in the world, and still—probably for always—a great beauty. She is also one of our favorite sources of down-to-earth, common-sense advice on how to look your best.

"Willy," as those close enough call her, is married to Bruce Cooper (who co-directs the model agency); they live happily with their children in Connecticut. When Willy was expecting her second child, we thought it a good idea to talk to her before and after the event. We asked her to pass along appropriate tips for good looks during this special time when the more usual rules simply don't apply. Willy agreed and gave generously of her advice, which we've arranged in various categories for both During and After pregnancy. Herewith her suggestions:

DURING PREGNANCY

Weight. Try to keep slightly under what the doctor recommends. During the eighth month you're almost certain to experience rapid weight gain.



Photographs by Curtis Williams

Hair. Resist cutting in a drastic new style, since short hair on a big body is not flattering. If you want a new look, try new makeup and a new hairstyle, but with the hair you have—chignon, French twist, etc.

Makeup. Stick to gray and brown eyeshadows. Bright colors are too startling while you're existing in your new shape.

Skin. Keep it scrupulously clean, even if you experience some "breakouts." It's even a good idea to carry cleansing products with you for emergency help during the day.

Mood. It's more than likely you'll feel down during the third and fourth months when you first begin to look pregnant. Keep busy! Try not to spend too much time alone. Plan a party; be with people.

AFTER PREGNANCY

Weight. Willy lost 20 of the 39 pounds she gained in the first two months after the baby was born. It took eight months for the other 19. For her, it was a strict diet of eggs, cheese and *(continued)*

Wilhelmina (above), just two weeks before the baby was born, with husband Bruce Cooper, daughter Melissa, 8, Blitz the dog, in the driveway of their Connecticut home.

Willy worked at her model agency (left) until two days before the baby was born. Here she goes over pictures with a prospective model.

Arpege.
Very simply, the most beautiful gift in the world.



Arpege by Lanvin

Promise her anything, but give her Arpege.

Two ounces of Arpege in the classic presentation you see above is $70. But you can overwhelm her with gift sets of Arpege that begin at $5.

BEAUTY & THE BABY

continued

seafood. Don't expect to be reed-thin when you come home from the hospital. Keep those maternity dresses, and pamper yourself every way possible—except for your diet.

Hair. Don't rush it. Wait till you've lost most of the weight you should—then go to a stylist. Proportion of hairstyle to figure is vital.

Makeup. Get out the rosy foundations and blushers. You're apt to be pale. You can also afford to try brighter lipsticks.

Hair loss. It's temporary. It will grow back within six months, though it may take a year for complete fullness. Consider a style that covers the loss, if it bothers you that much, such as a cut that is centered down from the crown.

Skin. It's likely to be dry, so keep it well lubricated, especially the face. Your hands will probably be okay because of the lotions you'll be using on the baby.

Exercise. Getting your figure back is more than dieting. Exercise as much as you can every day as soon as the doctor gives the okay. Willy leaned to miles of walking, swimming and bike riding.

Sleep. A new baby is all-consuming. Sleep whenever the baby naps. Your looks directly reflect the amount of sleep you get. So does your temper. **End**





In the hospital with new-born Jason (top), who weighed 7 pounds, 3 ounces. Willy chose to wrap her hair in a French knot rather than cut it.

Wilhelmina (right) eight months after, her figure back to model weight, thanks to careful diet and exercise.

Hairstyle by Pierre Michel, makeup by Joey Mills, dress from Basha Boutique.

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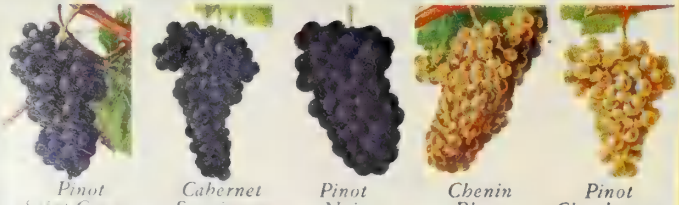
For here within this tiny space are areas that challenge almost every fine winegrowing region in the world. There is a cool zone for the Pinot Noir, noble grape of Burgundy. A few miles away the Chenin Blanc of the Loire can take its time basking in a warm sun. The Riesling of the Rhine has found a home. There is a spot for the Gamay Noir of Beaujolais. Each of these has gained superb new characteristics which make them taste uniquely of the Napa Valley.



Our vines are pruned carefully each spring to control the yield and increase the quality of the grapes.

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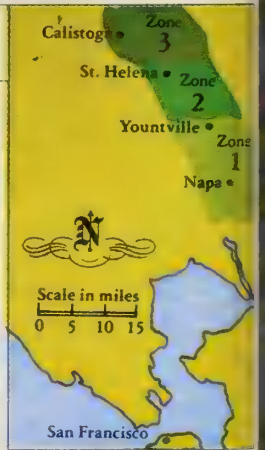
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AND THERE IS AN AURA OF TIMELESSNESS.

In The Christian Brothers cellars, nemaking is an art that demands plenty ime, and we have found it in the quiet he Napa Valley. Here, each wine can ne to life in its own venerable oaken k—for one must never be in a hurry get the best from nature. And our fine nes—from the careful choice of the grapes to the sealing of the casks with beeswax—are made using the best of all things natural and good.



Each wine is tasted many times before it leaves our care.

To make our wines, we blend harvests and vineyards, bringing the best qualities of each together. For we find grapes from the various vineyard areas in the valley are quite individual in character. One may have richer varietal quality. Another more fragrant bouquet. And though we think our valley nearly perfect, nature rarely exactly duplicates a harvest. After careful cask aging and bottling we lay each bottle down in our cellars until we know it is ready for your table. It must have a fragrance and body, and complexity—the characteristics we demand. A few of my Special Selections, chosen as particular rarities, are laid down for extra years and receive a special neck label to set them apart.



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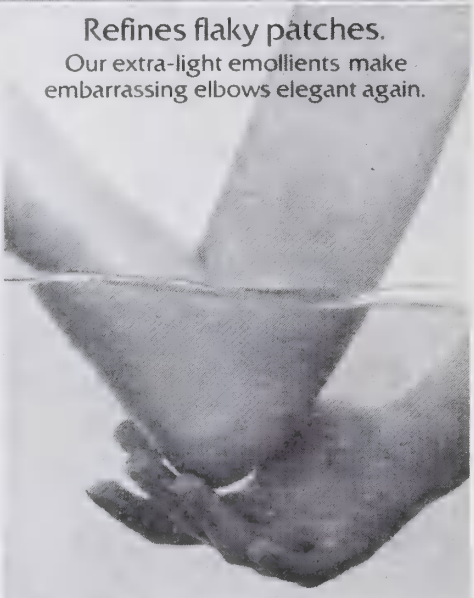
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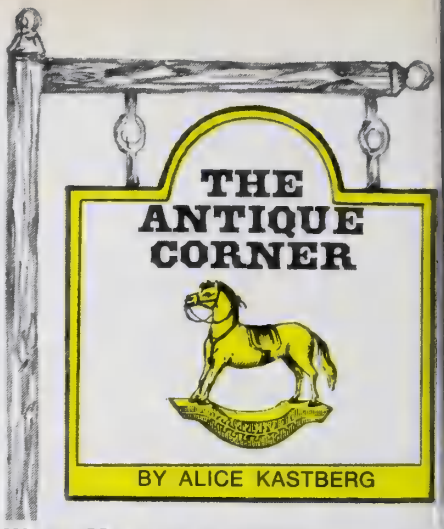


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Water Marks on Lacquer

Q. *Is there any way I can remove a large, brownish ring from my black lacquer tray? It was caused by moisture from a pitcher of iced tea. Because I have used a set of old black lacquer bowls for years, washing them in the dishpan along with china and silverware without any apparent damage to the lacquer, I was not aware that moisture would discolor this old black and gold tray that I recently acquired.*

A. Since your bowls are old ones, they are most probably the true Japanese lacquer made from the sap of a Japanese tree. Another type of lacquer, which was a paint-like or varnish-like formula that dried to a hard, shiny finish and resembled Oriental lacquer, was used at a later date, particularly in Europe. Your tray is the latter type. Pour some Liquid Gold into a saucer, and with a brush, paint it on the ring; allow it to remain five or six hours before rubbing it in with a soft, dry, cotton cloth. This will not restore the black completely, but it will minimize the brownish color so that it is visible only in bright light. Repeat this treatment at intervals for it is possible that eventually enough of the oil might be absorbed into the finish to make the ring almost invisible.

1835 R. Wallace Silver

Q. *We have in our family a silver punch ladle that my great-great-grandmother gave to my grandmother when she married in 1909. On the back is the stamped impression "1835" and "R. Wallace." We have wondered if 1835 is the date of manufacture or of the pattern design or what. Can you give us any information?*

A. Your ladle was made by R. Wallace & Sons Manufacturing Co. of Wallingford, Conn. This company was founded in 1835 by Robert Wallace in a converted grist mill on the banks of the Quinnipiac River. The 1835 R. Wallace impression was used about 1900 and the 1835 date refers to the founding of the factory. This is the company known today as Wallace Silversmiths. **End**

Parfums Rochas 1976.



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A solitary Noel can be as blessed and fulfilling as a family Christmas. By Marjorie Bruce



I really only have Perfect Fun with myself. Other people won't stop and look at the things I want to look at, or, if they do, they stop to please me or to humor me or to keep the peace. —Katherine Mansfield

People who lead adventurous lives inevitably find themselves spending at least one Christmas entirely alone. I've spent three Christmases alone: last year, the year before (when I was traveling through Spain) and a decade ago, because a deep family sorrow had made me unfit company. (This year I shall be alone again on the great day because there is a deadline to meet and I would rather keep my word than celebrate.) Reflecting on these solitary Noels, I find them unique and therefore memorable.

Happy Christmases are all alike—to paraphrase. They belong largely to children and department stores. Those of us who are not children and think that Christmas has a way of coming round too often, might have tried to flee the festivities by escaping into the less emotional world of strangers. Consider the popularity of Christmas cruises, for example, or holiday ski vacations.

But temporary companions can be as trying as permanent ones. There is a rare dignity in spending Christmas Day totally alone, a dignity that should be respected—even honored. The sanctimonious jollity imposed by well-meaning but insensitive strangers is an odious form of vulgarity. It implies that any company is inevitably better than your own. That solitude at this most holy of times should be considered a sort of secret shame speaks rather ill for the soul of man.

Reams have been written about the trauma of enforced holiday pleasure—of having to "chin-up" and act as if you are having a good time. But so insidiously is this seasonal ritual forced into our beings that many people who might for personal reasons actually prefer solitude, choose instead face-saving frivolity. Frivolity forced upon the consciousness and carried to extremes inevitably leads to a letdown. It is easy to understand why some consider December 26th the worst day of the year. But solitude brings with it an enhanced appreciation of society. While others were frolicking, Moses climbed the mountain and Jesus sought the quiet of Gethsemane.

So to those of you who will be alone on Christmas, I say: "Court again the true Christmas joy. Whatever your reason for solitude, rejoice." Plan your solo day in advance to ward off self-pity. It is true that self-pity can make being alone at Christmas the most severe, indescribable, unendurable sort of anguish. If you were to spend the day with loved ones—that would require planning. To stave off the gloom when alone also requires a bit of planning. Don't go unshaven or unkempt. No need to stay indoors, hiding. Go for a walk or, better still, for a long hike. While the rest of the world speeds up, slow down temporarily to enjoy the blessings of nature. Look for and find your own private miracle.

When I was alone in California on Christmas, I found an absurdly early-bearded iris thrusting itself through the three-inch blacktop at the side of the freeway. I shall never forget the thrill it gave me to see that life is stronger than death and to be reassured inside my damaged self that great joy can press upward through great sorrow.

Keep your Christmas by editing out for this one solitary day your hurts and disappointments.

Reflect upon the good things that have happened to you in your lifetime.

Remember the love you have given and the love that has been so joyously given to you. Life can be a series of great victories or cunning triumphs or sensational good fortune. But the memories of love overshadow everything. The trouble with Christmas is that it is often simply too much. Abundance can be redundance, and for this one year less can indeed be more if you let it. The feeling of peace on earth is a solitary feeling. Goodwill toward men is a private, inside-the-skin emotion. Court your own joyous privacy on this solitary day.

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MAKING THEIR MARX



A noted Broadway columnist recalls his friendship with the funniest brothers in the world. By Leonard Lyons

During all the years I knew the Marx brothers—Groucho, Chico, Harpo, Zeppo and Gummo—their personalities were the same off-camera as on: Groucho was witty and insulting; Chico was always gambling or chasing women—when he was awake. Harpo, whom I knew best, was cherubic, fun-loving and impish. The only real difference between his on- and off-camera personalities was that off-camera, he talked.

The Hollywood fad for Sunday painting did not at first include Harpo, although he did eventually succumb. He went out one day and rented a studio, bought paints, canvasses and other equipment, and engaged a model from an agency. She arrived and startled Harpo by immediately disrobing. A half hour later she stepped off the stand to glance at the canvas. The nude woman shrugged scornfully when she saw that Harpo had begun to paint a landscape of the Texas plains.

At the Stork Club one night, I introduced Groucho to a World War II correspondent who had recently returned from Europe, and we both questioned him about the campaign in Russia. The correspondent commented: "I think Russia will retreat and we'll see a stalemate." Groucho said, "I'll thank you, sir, to keep my wife out of this."

Chico's retirement from show business had been reported several times. This was an annual rumor because of the Marx brothers inability to find a suitable movie story, and because of Chico's gambling.

In Lindy's, I once asked Chico how much he had lost betting. "I lost $1,832,047.62." I asked him how he had arrived at that exact figure. Chico explained, "Because that's how much Harpo *has*."

At a Hollywood buffet party, Groucho noticed Abe Burrows devouring an extra portion of some delicacy and cautioned him: "Abe, eat your head off. As a matter of fact, you'd look better that way."

Some of the Marx brothers material was written by humorist Al Boasberg. When he died Irving Brecher took his place. During their first meeting Brecher was closeted with the Marx brothers for almost 18 hours discussing material for them. He finally emerged wild-eyed, held his hand to his forehead and yelled: "Boasberg isn't dead—he's hiding from these maniacs!"

When Harpo was in New York he visited the tiny Times Square-area offices of small-time theatrical agents. Although he was already an established star, he couldn't get past the secretaries in most of these places because in all of them he filled out the questionnaire by answering "Type of Performer" with one word: "Nondescript."

Hollywood's film and radio stars once organized a baseball team that played benefit games to raise money for local charities. Groucho was the team's manager. When it was Jack Benny's turn at bat, Groucho told him, "Get up there and hit a home run." Benny struck out. When he returned to the bench, Groucho berated him: "Why didn't you hit a home run like I told you to? If you're not going to do as I tell you then what's the use of my being manager?"

George S. Kaufman was distressed with the Marx brothers' ad-libbing while they were playing on Broadway in *Coconuts*. Kaufman once interrupted a conversation backstage and ran to the wings to listen to the brothers. "Excuse me," he later apologized, "but I thought I'd heard one of the original lines."

Kaufman lectured Groucho about the importance of timing in getting the laughs and that ad libs ruined this delicate timing. "Laughs, laughs," Groucho shrugged. "They laughed at Edison, too, didn't they?" "Yes," Kaufman agreed, "but not at Wednesday matinees."

Groucho was trying to drum up business, clients that is, for his agent, brother Zeppo. Groucho talked to an actor about it and the actor warned, "I have a neurosis." Groucho, never fazed, replied, "Well, whatever it is Zeppo'll sell it."

In *Coconuts*, Groucho had a line he thought was funny. Chico tried to sell him some ice cubes for 40¢ and Groucho replied: "For 50¢ I can buy my own Eskimo and make my own ice." Nobody ever laughed at this line in the show. Years later, when he was famous, Groucho revived the line altering it slightly. He entered a hat shop, admired a gray felt, and the salesman told him it cost $20. Groucho said, "For $20 I can buy my own Eskimo and make my own hats," and the salesman was convulsed with laughter—only because Groucho said it. He used the line about groceries or a car—always mentioning the Eskimo and, although the line really made no sense, people always laughed at it.

Harpo once stopped his car on Wilshire Boulevard alongside an auto in which two prim ladies were riding. pointed to the right and asked the "Pittsburgh?"

Harpo had a long and close friends with George Bernard Shaw. On one v to the great man's house, Harpo ne took his eyes off Shaw's beard. Wl the playwright stopped talking for a r ment, Harpo reached over, par Shaw's beard and said: "Ha! Just a thought: No collar."

Groucho rarely took anything s ously. At a seance he attended, medium invited questions about l death and the world beyond. Grou asked, "What's the capital of So Dakota?"

Groucho once invited the displeas of Harry Cohn, then head of Colum Pictures. When Groucho went to movies one night, he sat through newsreel and waited for the feature begin. When "COLUMBIA PICTUR Presents" was flashed on the scre Groucho turned to his companion a said, "Drags, don't you think?"

In 1941, the Marx brothers decid to go their separate professional wa I asked Zeppo whether this decis would curtail his agency's activiti "Not at all," he began. "For examp yesterday I had to get a book for Har a herring for Groucho and a girl Chico."

Chico, the gambler, was either wag ing, checking the results of a horse r or playing cards. His expertise in c games came from the many years show tours, during which he play bridge and poker on trains, in hotels a in dressing rooms. After he had had long losing streak, he wrote a letter the American Playing Card Compa asking a question that had been both ing him for a long time. By return m Chico received a letter from the pre dent of the company, reading:

"Dear Mr. Marx:

In answer to your inquiry, yes, we still manufacture Aces and Kings, and herewith enclose samples."

Harpo was a chronic deviser of sho cuts. He delighted in them. And som times they worked. He offered to dri George Burns from Beverly Hills Palm Springs and said he knew a sho cut. Four hours later Harpo concede that he was lost. "What makes you thi that?" Burns asked. "Because," Har said sheepishly, "it's snowing." En



Holidays that memories are made of so often include DRAMBUIE



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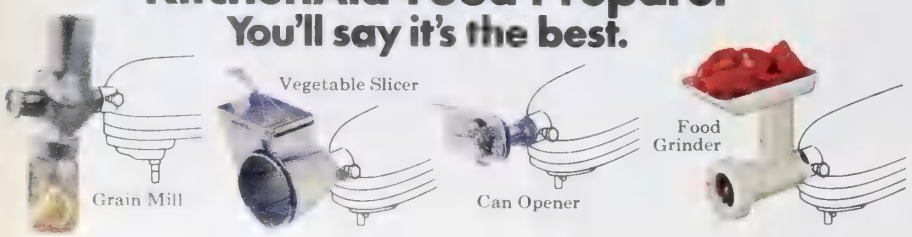
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Scallops

By Jean Anderson and Elaine Hanna

Down the centuries, scallop shells have been as cherished as the tiny sea animals inside them. It is from a scallop shell that Botticelli's Venus rises; it is the scallop shell that became the emblem of St. James, patron saint of Spain; it is the scallop shell that chefs found the perfect size and shape for baking creamed seafood (hence the term "scalloped," meaning "creamed"). Scallops were so rare, in fact, that fish markets sometimes counterfeited them out of haddock and cod. They were little known in this country until vast beds of them were found off the coast of New England in the 1930s. Although Europeans eat everything inside the scallop shell and relish particularly the bean-shaped coral of the female, we eat only the "eye" or firm, marshmallow-shaped muscle hinging top and bottom shells together.

Kinds of scallops

There are two: *ocean or sea scallops*, dredged from deep in the North Atlantic, and *bay scallops*, harvested in tidewater bays and sheltered inlets up and down the East Coast. Scallops are also found on the West Coast, but these are not as good as the Eastern variety.

Sea scallops: Measuring from 1″–1½″ across, these are tannish, firm and nutty. They can be tough, however, and are best sliced across the grain or diced and used in casseroles.

Bay scallops: These are tiny, sor times only ½″ across, creamy pink, a so sweet and delicate they can be ea raw with only a drizzling of lemon lime juice. The most delectable of all those dipped from the chilly insh waters of Long Island, New Engla and Canada. Some gourmets rank th gastronomically with the finest cavi Because of their extreme tenderne they should be cooked as quickly a carefully as possible.

About buying fresh scallops

Season: sea scallops: September to Ap *bay scallops:* Autumn.

Amount needed: ⅓–½ pound per pers

For top quality: Look for sweet-smell scallops packed in little or no liquid.

About frozen scallops

Sea scallops are available fresh froz frozen breaded and frozen precook Bay scallops, unfortunately, are alm never frozen.

To cook frozen scallops: Thaw u cooked scallops in refrigerator just u they can be separated or, if you pref thaw completely (1 pound will take 3 hours to thaw), then cook as you wo fresh scallops. Breaded or precook frozen scallops should be prepared package directions.

How to open scallops: Occasionally y may find scallops in the shell (or perha dip them up yourself). If so, here a two ways to open them.

1. *To pry open:* Hold scallop in c hand, dark side of shell down, slip sharp knife into hinge and slip und neath large muscle, severing it as cl to shell as possible. Cut muscle just u derneath top shell the same way, op and remove scallop. Wash well in c water to remove grit or bits of shell.

2. *To roast open:* Scrub scallops cold water, place dark side down i large, shallow roasting pan, set in a 30 F. oven and let stand uncovered abo 5 minutes until shells open; discard a that don't. Remove from oven, cut c meat and wash well in cool water.

How to cook scallops

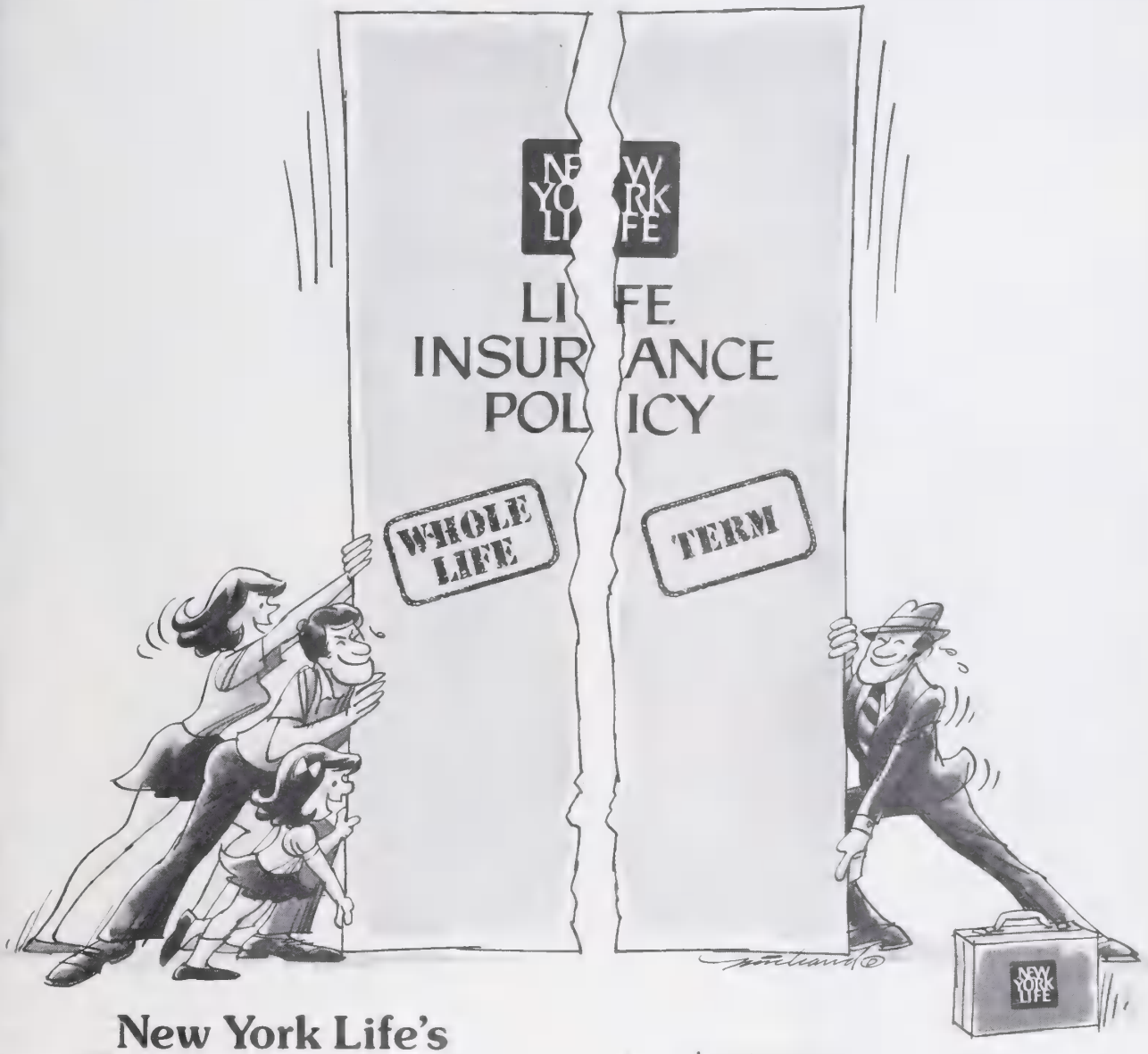
Scallops are wonderfully adaptable—s perb when cooked simply, sensation when dressed up. Here are the best ba ways to prepare them.

General preparation (for all cooki methods): Wash well in cold water remove bits of shell and grit.

To oven broil: Preheat broiler. F scallops dry on paper toweling, dip melted butter, margarine or cooking c arrange in a single layer in a shallo baking pan and broil 3″–4″ from t heat 5–7 minutes, without turning basting, until lightly browned. Sprink with salt and pepper and serve wi lemon. For extra flavor, dip scallops lemon, parsley or herb butter instead plain butter. **Er**

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How To Make Love (Not Sex)

A psychiatrist's guide to happiness and pleasure

BY DOMINICK A. BARBARA, M.D.

Love is an art—it is not a mechanical, computerized performance. Love is based on experience, feeling and a desire to grow and to be human. The sexual encounter and the passion of the orgasm are only a small part of the sexual experience, which includes love, intimacy and touching.

Today, many men and women are afraid to be close to each other. They are so involved in how they perform in bed that true intimacy is lacking and without intimacy sex becomes alienated and voyeuristic. Partners learn to watch and wait for each other's orgasm. In many cases, out of fear, the woman learns to "fake" orgasms. Sex becomes so mechanical that, when it is over, both participants leave it exhausted, bewildered and confused.

Sexual activity is an important and exciting way of communicating loving feelings, but as two people in love grow and mature together, sex begins to play a secondary role. But as they learn to respect each other's wishes and desires, to care for each other and to relate to each other as human beings, romance, love and sexual pleasure need not diminish.

Two people seeking greater sexual happiness need an open and spontaneous exchange of feelings. The reason for sexual dissatisfaction may not be too little physical activity, but instead, not enough unfolding of feelings. Couples must learn to communicate not only with words and sexual routines, but also with touches or glances. Above all, as Masters and Johnson state, "a man and woman must learn to be present to each other—not just to look, but to see; not just to hear, but to listen; not just to talk, but to commune."

Success in any artistic venture requires *discipline*. It is essential, writes Erich Fromm, "that discipline becomes an expression of one's own will, a pleasant, self-confident form of behavior to which one slowly accustoms oneself. It is imperative that we put ourselves in the mood to want to love. In disciplining ourselves to love, it is best to devote a period of each day to serious communication with our loved one so that we can learn to relate to each other.

Concentration is a second requirement for successful loving. Most of us, in this hectic society, have difficulty concentrating. We take a peculiar pride in doing a number of things at once. We watch television, read a magazine, talk, smoke, eat, drink—all at the same time. The lack of ability to concentrate is a symptom of a fear of intimacy and a fear of being alone with ourselves. We find it almost impossible to be silent, ar serious—to concentrate on somethi specific for any length of time.

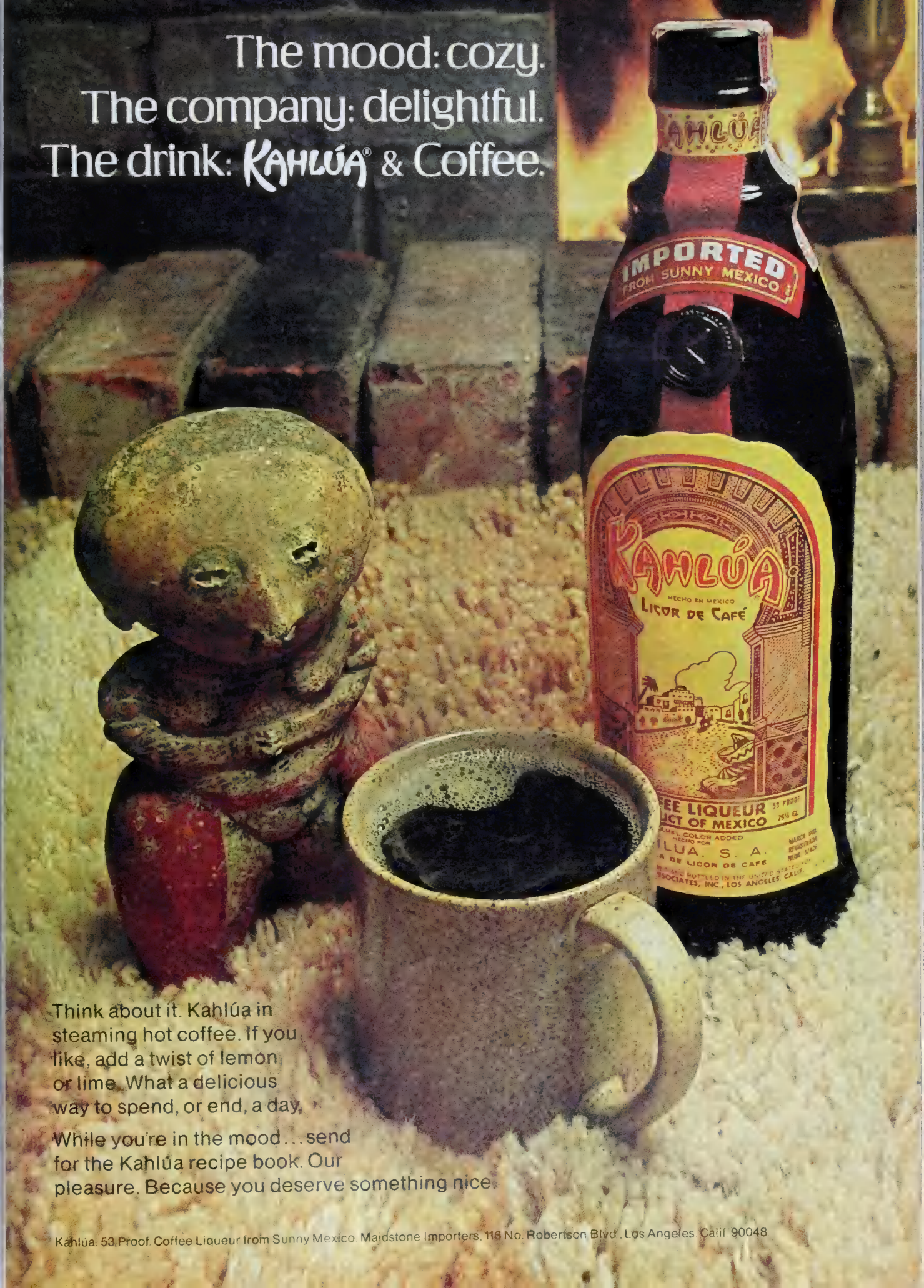
Along with patience, *timing*, too, crucial in the art of loving. If you are a tuned to your mate's nonverbal signal you will be able to time verbal cor munications appropriately. The time discuss an increased household budg is not when a person comes home tir and frustrated about business difficultie An opportunity to rest will give appare problems a chance to be seen in a mo optimistic light.

Equally important as timing and p tience is *clarity* in communicating o feelings of love to someone else. Whe John says to Mary, "Are we havi chicken again tonight?" what he real means is "Why don't you cook somethi else for a change?" Instead of bei honest and direct in his wish for a chan of menu, John creates hostility and di cord in his relationship with Mary b subtly implying that she is an uninspire person. When we say one thing an mean another, the message we actual want to get across almost always com through as a criticism of some sort.

Before speaking, think about exact what you want to say. If it sounds u constructively critical, it may be bett left unsaid. On the other hand, if, upo reflection, it is something that must b said, see if your timing is good. If no try to keep it in check for the mome and bring it up for discussion on anoth more appropriate occasion.

There are those times, however, whe you are so angry or upset that you ju can't wait. When this is the case, instea of making some snide remark full hidden meaning, or screaming out muddled accusation, say outright th you are very angry. Tell your mate ho you feel and, instead of harshly accusin him of any wrongdoing, give your re sons as clearly as you can under suc highly charged emotional conditions. I many instances your mate will immed ately recognize what it is that upset yo and will either offer his or her view i the matter or apologize. If you start b attacking, your mate's natural recours will be to strike in defense.

Listening in the love relationship is a important as talking. Good listening in cludes being open and sensitive. I means giving your mate the opportun ity to be himself and to present himsel as he sees fit, without jumping to prema ture conclusions or reacting emotionally Listening also entails an acceptance o more than one point of view and hav ing the courage to be flexible *(continued)*


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and objective without letting too many prejudices interfere. When listening to a loved one, it is essential that we give our fullest attention, interest and respect.

Most people rarely listen to one another. They are so involved in their own needs and desires that they have little time or patience for anyone else.

In learning to concentrate or listen effectively, it is imperative that distractions be removed from the path of hearing. Lower the sound of the radio; stop reading the newspaper for the moment; sit up and try to listen attentively. To listen a person must also have the courage to be alone with, and to give his full interest and attention to his own innermost feelings and thoughts. Finally, to ensure productive feedback it is essential we develop not only the ability to open our minds to the feelings of others, but also ability to admit when we are wrong.

To love with purpose, responsibility must be shared by both partners. Each must recognize the necessity of facilitating successful communication. Unfortunately, many couples short-circuit the feedback cycle through duplicity, deception or overt hostility and criticism. Other attempts at sabotaging the feedback cycle are sullen silence, indifference and negative withdrawal. Unless you indicate what is wrong, your mate will not know how to proceed further and communication will tend to break down.

With the establishment of proper feedback, we strive toward mutual communication and mutual understanding.

With productive communication established, we can now move on to real self-disclosure. This in turn further solidifies the love relationship and implements growth. We change and grow dynamically by reformulating concepts of ourselves and of those we love through our own disclosures and through our mate's feedback to us. The cycle of love is now set in motion and, with a real and sustained effort, can result in a successful relationship.

The art of loving requires the practice of *faith*. In the realm of human relations, faith is an indispensable quality. Having faith in another person, according to Fromm, "means to be certain of the reliability and unchangeability of his fundamental attitudes, of the core of his personality, of his love." This does not mean a person cannot change his mind; it means his basic motivations remain the same. Having faith also means having a basic belief in our inherent desire and potential for love and growth.

To love, one must show as much human understanding as possible. If someone is constantly on guard against others, thinks solely of his own interests and interprets any demand as an imposition and any criticism as humiliation, *this is not love*. As psychiatrist Karen Horney puts it: "The difference between love and the neurotic need for affection lies in the fact that in love the feeling of love is primary, whereas in the case of the neurotic the primary feeling is the need for reassurance, and the illusion of love is only secondary."

Love is an activity. To love or to be loved one must be actively concerned with another person. Two people in love work to achieve purposive communication and communion. They attempt to utilize and channel their energies in order to listen and feel to their fullest capacity and at the same time remain actively involved and curious. Love that is allowed to remain static dies.

Loving is a very active process that demands participation. One person must enter thoroughly into the train of the other's thoughts and emotions, exploring unchallenged areas together, suggesting means for further development and making evaluative responses. The good lover asks questions with his eyes, with a concerned glance, a soft or tender touch, a kiss, most of all, the expression of trust, concern, respect and acceptance. The good lover works incessantly toward facilitating and improving the feedback mechanism. His or her alertness to faulty feedback circuits leads in turn to better discussion and understanding and thus to a healthier love relationship.

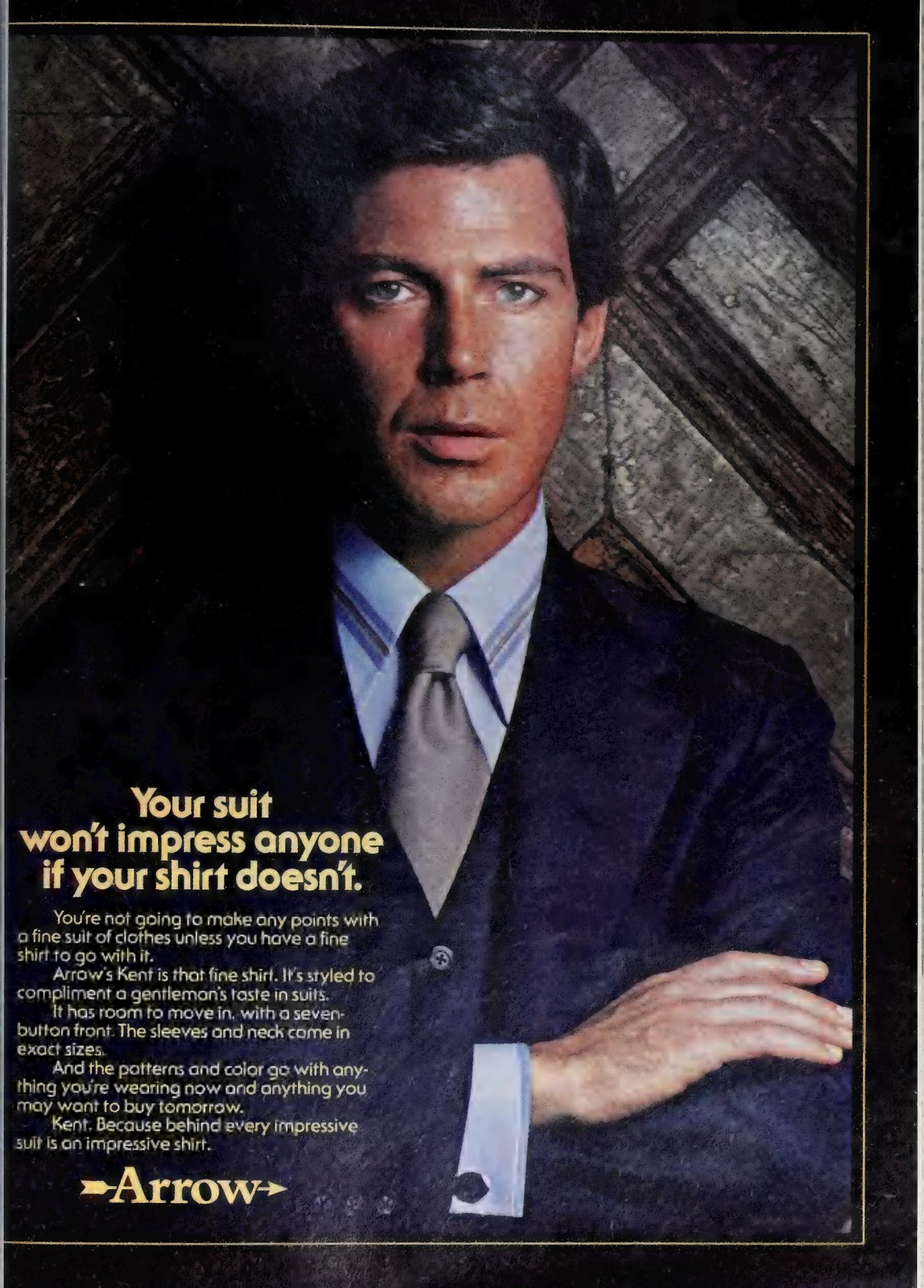
With all the changes in love and sex occurring today, we must emphasize the fact that there is no longer one "right" or "ideal" way of having sex. We must also accept the fact that two people who love each other can have different sex drives. However, despite the fact that sexual liberalism is being strongly advanced, in the end, sex with love is the only enduring sexual relationship.

Goal-oriented sex puts too much stress on performance and overemphasizes the orgasm. Gratification is immediate and attained only by the achievement of specific sexual goals. At first there is an intense and passionate sensual experience, but what ensues is a gradual diminishing of excitement, leading in most cases to feelings of alienation.

For sex to be truly fulfilling it must be experienced in a warm, emotionally committed relationship. Even in such an ideal setting, sex may not always reach the highest peaks of excitement. If each partner works at maintaining and enriching the relationship, sex is no longer a duty, but rather a joyous, spontaneous gesture. Both the male and female feel free to take the sexual initiative with equal frequency. Finally, each partner remains active, alive and free enough to discover his or her own unique means of spontaneous, natural expression. **End**



From the book, "Loving and Making Love," © 1975 Dominick A. Barbara, M.D., F.A.P.A., published by Farnsworth Publishing Company, Inc.


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75 Years Ago in the Journal

Did you know that curling irons went back to 1901? Here's a woman doctor's good advice.

Do you think it unwise for a girl to use a curling-iron on her hair? I feel that I look so much better when my hair, which is naturally very straight, is curled a little.

Do not use a hot curling-iron. A hot iron will injure anything that has life. A warm iron may be used occasionally. As the structure of the hair makes it curly or straight, there is little or nothing that can be done to change matters. There are various devices, however, that will keep the hair in curl longer than if nothing is used, and one of these is a decoction of quince seeds. About three teaspoonfuls to a pint of hot water and the whole allowed to stand for several hours. This mucilage may be thinned a little with water or cologne, and a few drops of violet or any other essence may be added. Use about two tablespoonfuls of cologne for this mixture. The hair may be moistened with this fluid before curling. It is said that water in which enough soap has been dissolved to make a lather, and to which have been added a few grains of potassium carbonate to the quart, will make the hair fluffy.

Here's a problem that still plagues English students.

Like or as? You may properly say, "He walks like his father," but not, "He walks like his father does"; for the use of "like" as a preposition is legitimate, but its use as a conjunction is not legitimate. So you may say "She looks like her mother"; but if you add a verb to "mother" and thus make the last part of the sentence a clause, you must substitute "as" for "like": "She looks as her mother did at her age."

Has there ever been a 15-year-old whose mother wasn't old-fashioned?

I am fifteen, and treated like a child. Mother refuses to let me go to parties, and objects to my walking up and down in the street with the boys on our block. Other girls do this. My mother is very old-fashioned.

One of the greatest boons a young girl can have is a sensible, old-fashioned mother. At fifteen you have enough to occupy you, without parties, what with school and helping with the housework, and your mother is quite right in refusing you the liberty which you say other girls enjoy.

We see mistletoe above all our kisses during the Christmas season. Did you ever wonder where it comes from?

The story of how the mistletoe, which forms wisplike growths on oaks, gets on the trees is a most interesting one. Covering the mistletoe twigs are pearly white berries. These come in the winter season when food is comparatively scarce, and hence some of our birds eat them freely. When a robin eats a cherry, he swallows simply the meat and flips the stone away. The seed of the mistletoe the bird cannot flip. It is sticky and holds to his bill. His only resource is to wipe it off, and he does so, leaving it sticking to the branches of the tree on which he is sitting at the time. This seed sprouts after a time, and not finding earth—which indeed its ancestral habit has made it cease wanting—it sinks its roots into the bark of the tree and hunts there for the pipes that carry the sap. Now the sap in the bark is the very richest in the tree, far richer than that in the wood, and the mistletoe gets from its host the choicest of food. With a strange foresight it does not throw its leaves away, as do most parasites, but keeps them to use in winter, when the tree is leafless.—Deborah Pines

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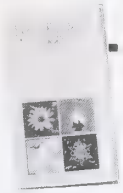
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By Maureen Lynch, Health and Beauty Editor.

1. Western leather cigar box packs a threesome: Hidalgo Cologne (3½ oz.), After Shave (4 oz.) and Spray Deodorant. By Myrurgia, $30.

2. Handsome decanter draped with a medallion and filled to the brim with Braggi Cologne (10 oz.), by Charles Revson, $19.

3. Squared-off decanter to deck his bar later—now occupied with 12 oz. of Aramis Cologne, $25.

4. Sturdy canvas overnight sachel tennis or country jaunts tote 16 oz. bottle of Yves Saint Laur for Men Cologne, $



5. Signature travel kit, ready to go with Eau Sauvage Cologne and After Shave, 1.9 oz. each. Christian Dior, $37.50.

8. Neat and tidy travel kit packs away 2 oz. each of the essentials: Brut Lotion, Shampoo and After Shave Cream Lotion. By Faberge, $10.

6. Collector's coin, a pewter-finish glass decanter hoards Old Sp (6 oz.). Limited edition by Shulton.

7. Nuts and bolts, silvery hardware (could be a paperweight) holds Deep Woods or Wild Country After Shave, 2 oz., by Avon, $4.

Photograph by Alan Vogel



When they remember the gift they remember the giver.

6 Proof

WILE NEW YORK

Lasting pleasure-gifts for women

Since we're all collectors at heart, how much nicer it is to give a gift that never has to be discarded. No fleeting moments of fancy but a host of beautiful ideas—fragrances and lofty scents encased in objects to keep and use for lasting pleasure.

1. French country look, a porcelain jardiniere filled with a golden candle to waft the air with Youth-Dew. By Estée Lauder, $12.50.

2. Hand-decorated planter holds hand lotion (4 oz.) and a bar of soap in Blue Grass. By Elizabeth Arden, $15.

3. A "cameo" amidst swirls graces this frosty vanity box. Inside, Cerissa Velvet Dusting Powder, Ultima II by Charles Revson, $10.

4. Etched crystal vase, with silvery trim, cups a long-burning, scented peach candle. Geminesse by Max Factor, $12.50.

5. Rose-strewn porcelain s dish comes with one p bar of flower-ca soap (not sho By Merle Norman

6. This trove of pe is really bat capsules, rich mink oil. Lucite holds 500. Mi Pearls by Jovan, $1

7. Victorian charm, a cut g and silvery-lid jar capt Chantilly "Softissimo" B Moisturizer by Houbigant, $

8. Disk-to-initial on a golden wire brac conceals solid perfume in a choic four scents. By Faberge, $

9. Classic shell design, a golden compact elegantly carries Givenchy III solid perfume, $10.

10. Oriental red—a carved miniature flacon on a chain, with the look of cinnabar, offers drops of Estée perfume. By Estée Lauder, $15.

11. Mysterious jade chips (real!): a locket on an 18" chain clasps Crêpe de Chine solid perfume. By F. Millot, $5 with any other Crêpe de Chine purchase.

12. Contemporary blue lucite music box harmonizes with Eau de Parfum Spray Mist of Heaven Sent (.25 oz.). By Helena Rubinstein, $7.50.

13. Based on an antique cream pitcher, this bottle pours out a creamy perfume for the skin. Here, Emeraude, by Coty, $3.25.

Photograph by Alan V

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For Better Candies

By Jean Anderson and Elaine Hanna

First, the weather. Choose a dry, cool, clear day. If you must make candy on a damp day, cook 2° higher on the candy thermometer than recipe specifies so candy will harden.

Measure ingredients precisely.

Do not double or halve recipes for cooked candies and do not make substitutions. Follow recipes to the letter; candies are critical (apt to fail) and do not take to improvisation.

Use a heavy, deep, straight-sided pan about four times the volume of combined recipe ingredients so candy has room to boil up without boiling over.

Use a wooden spoon for stirring—less chance of the candy turning to sugar and less chance of burning yourself. And make sure spoon is clean and dry each time it is put into the candy.

Use a candy thermometer. Clip to side of pan, making sure bulb is immersed but does not touch bottom. Some cooks recommend inserting thermometer after candy boils (to reduce risk of crystallization), but the wait isn't necessary except for fondant. Moreover, a cold thermometer may break if shoved into boiling syrup. Keep an eye on the mercury; it will climb to 220° F. at a snail's pace, but race on thereafter and, unless watched, overshoot its mark. Read thermometer at eye level and, if in doubt about its accuracy, also use one of the tests described below. *To test accuracy of* *mometer:* Insert in a pan of cold and bring gradually to a boil; b minutes. Temperature should be 21 If not, note difference and adjust temperatures accordingly.

Candy-making temperatures and te

Thermometer Reading	*Candy Stage*	*Test (us water fo test*
230–34° F.	Thread	Syrup dr from a will form thread.
234–40° F.	Soft Ball	A drop c up forms ball in water tha tens on r al.
244–48° F.	Firm Ball	A drop c up forn firm, p ball in co ter that its shap removal.
250–65° F.	Hard Ball	A drop c up forn hard but pliable b cold wate
270–90° F.	Soft Crack	Syrup dr in cold forms p strands.
300–10° F.	Hard Crack	Syrup dr in cold forms strands.

Use a marble slab for working c or a heavy metal tray.

To simplify beating at the end, u portable electric mixer.

To help keep creamy candies turning to sugar:

If candy contains butter, cook buttered pan; also butter end of mometer.

Brush down crystals that collec sides of pan and thermometer wi damp pastry brush (just one crystal turn a whole batch of candy gritty)

When making fondant or other si water-sugar candies, cover and about three minutes after sugar is solved; steam will wash away crysta

Do not stir after sugar's dissolve

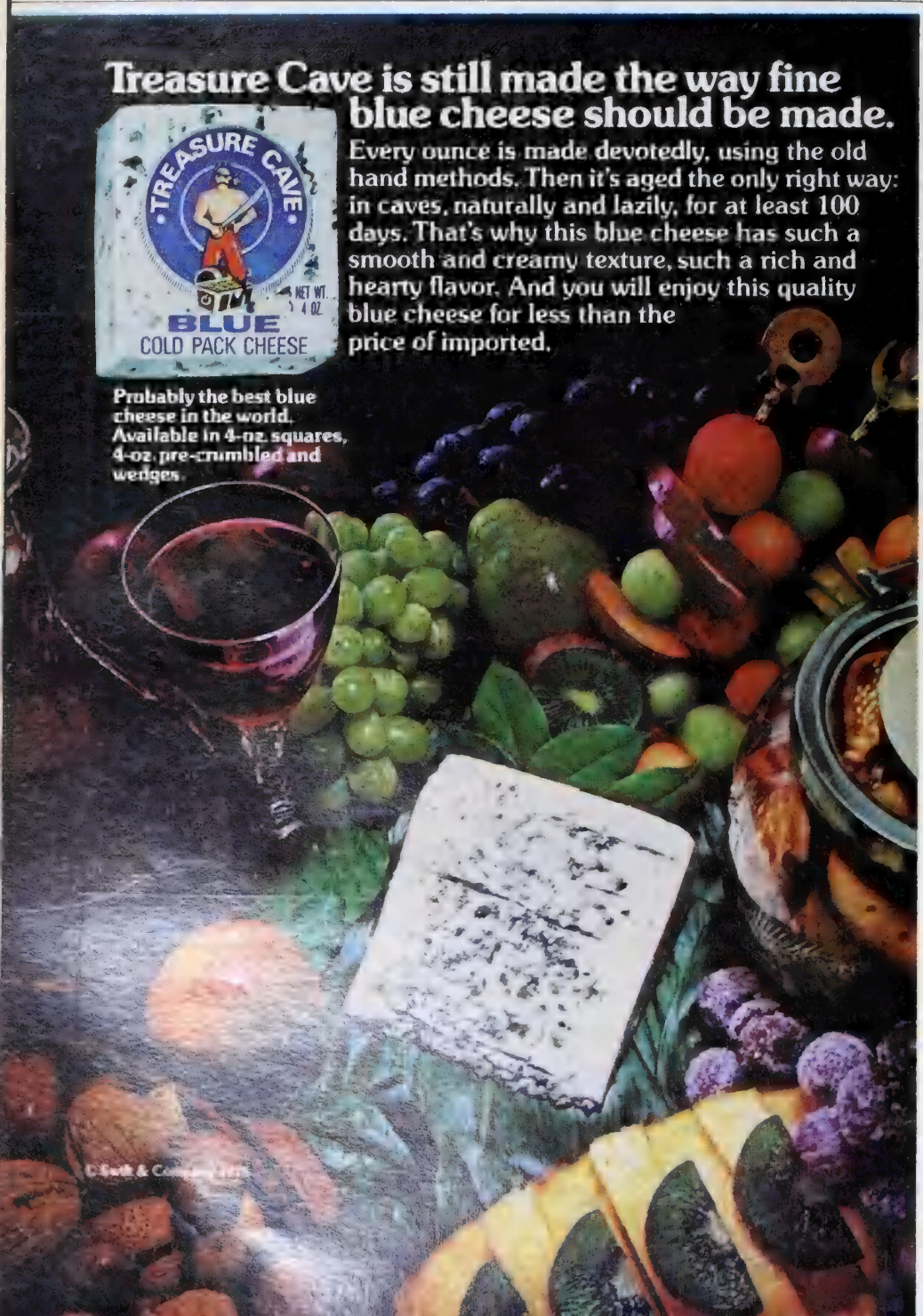
Do not hurry cooking; let syrup to 110° F. before beating.

Do not scrape pan when tur candy out.

Knead cooled, cooked candy to re size of sugar crystals and work in nuts afterwards.

Do not overcook candy; use a cl dry spoon each time you make a tes

Do not overbeat candy before t ing out; it should be about the co tency of a butter frosting and just lo its gloss. Once candies begin turn they turn fast, so you must work quic If candy becomes too hard, pick up pan with your hands and slice.



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"The Doubleday Cookbook: Complete Contemporary
ing," by Jean Anderson and Elaine Hanna.

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Slice frozen Sara Lee Pecan Coffee Cake in two layers. Cut 1 pint butter pecan ice cream in 5 slices; overlap on bottom layer. Replace top. Garnish with sliced red and green candied cherries.

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COSTUME CAREERS

Some people don a Santa suit or a clown costume before they head for work. You can, too. An excerpt from a new book on offbeat careers. By Kathy Matthews.

Santa Claus

Skills: patience, love of children.
Location: large department stores and shopping centers.
Investment: none.
Income: varies with the store, from $2.50 to $5 an hour.

The store Santa Claus has a demanding job. He (or she!) must maintain a cheerful exterior while hundreds of children ask for outrageous gifts and try to trap her into admitting that she's not really Santa Claus. But being a store Santa can be rewarding fun when a little girl who, as she climbs from your knee, gives you an incandescent smile that promises you'll be in her dreams for weeks to come.

Store Santas usually work the two or three weeks before Christmas, but the time varies with the store. They sit in a Santa-like habitat and chat with children about their Christmas wishes. Many stores offer a brief orientation for their Santas, explaining exactly what is expected of them. The store usually supplies the costume, although Santa may be responsible for her own makeup.

If you call your local stores sometime in November, asking about their Santa situation and telling them you're the best Santa to have stuffed a stocking since *Miracle on 34th Street*, you may have a good chance at the job. You might even be able to convince a store that never had a Santa, that if they hire you as Big Red, you might well bring in more customers.

Many store Santas also do Christmas entertaining. They hire themselves out to parties, restaurants, etc., to get in a few moonlighting ho-ho-ho's—and a few extra dollars.

If you have no luck with local stores, you might contact the American Photograph Corporation, 130 Steamboat Road, Great Neck, N.Y. 11024. They operate "Be Photographed with Santa Claus" studios in about 400 department stores and shopping centers throughout the United States. Sometimes the stores provide the Santas, but many times American Photograph has to. You might try writing early to see if they'll be needing anyone in your neighborhood at Christmas.

Clown or Magician

Skills: an outgoing personality, theatrical inclinations.
Location: anywhere, although you will find more work in a well-populated area.
Investment: from $20 for a homemade costume to $100 if attending clown college.
Income: sporadic and variable; can range from $25 to $100 per performance.

All the world loves a clown. And you can be one—either an amateur or a professional, depending on how much time you want to invest. Basically, all you need is a lively nature and an understanding of people, especially children.

Bob Allen, alias Happy the Magic Clown of Gaithersburg, Md., has put his flair for performing and his love of clowns to work to earn a substantial income. He wears a colorful costume—including oversized shoes and a large polka dot tie—masks his face with greasepaint and heads out to gatherings that include kids, especially birthday parties. As Bob says: "Parents hold a party on their child's birthday with the thought in mind of cake and ice cream and . . . and then what? Most don't know. When it comes to entertaining ten or twenty youngsters, they are lost. So what could be better than a Magic Clown in their own home?"

Bob charges about $35 for a 30- to 40-minute magic show, and about $50 for a total party plan. His performance is based on simple magic tricks, but you don't have to be an expert magician. If you keep the right slapstick attitude, the kids will love it even when your tricks fail. Bob also delights the children by twisting balloons into animal shapes. (If you're interested in clowning at children's parties, figure into your fee the distance you traveled to the party and favors such as balloons.)

In addition to private birthday parties, a clown can work at shows sponsored by organizations, such as women's clubs, the Jaycees, etc. Though these appearances involve more work and more time, the pay is much better than at children's parties. Attend performances of magicians and clowns in your area to see what's done at such shows and watch for small events at which you could perform as a springboard to bigger things. Fees for this sort of on-stage professional work should range from $50 to $100 per day or a rough hourly rate of $10 or more.

Opportunities for freelance clowns are limited only by your imagination and ability. In addition to the examples cited, clowns are welcome at company picnics, Christmas parties, banquets, conventions, church picnics, flea markets, even store openings in shopping centers (many parents will be dragged into a new store by their children who are eager to watch a performing clown, and store owners know this). Be alert to the possibilities in your area, advertise in likely places (such as the classifieds of local newspapers), and aggressively follow leads on openings and events.

After performing at a few functions, you might enjoy "clowning" so much that you will decide to make a career of it. There are about 35 circuses in this country hiring almost 300 professional clowns. The Ringling Brothers & Barnum and Bailey Circus hires about 55 of these clowns. In fact, in 1968, Irvin Feld of Ringling Brothers established Clown College in Venice, Fla., the world's only professional school devoted exclusively to the training of potential circus clowns.

Clown College is in session for 11 weeks during September, October and November, and the courses include pantomime, acrobatics, nutrition, plate spinning, circus jargon and the hazards of wild circus animals. There is no tuition for Clown College, but students must pay for transportation from their homes to the college, a medical exam, makeup and room and board while classes are in session. If you are interested in applying, write: Clown College, P.O. Box 1528, Venice, Fla. 33595.

For more information on clowning in general, contact Clowns of America, 717 Beverly Road, Baltimore, Md. 21222. They can make available books such as *Introduction to Clowning* by Karl "Whitey" Hartisch ($3.50). They also publish a magazine on clowning called *Calliope*.

Magic Incorporated, 5082 North Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60625, will send you a catalog for $2. It lists their magic supplies and books on such subjects as how to make balloon animals and how to be a clown. For $2.95 you can get a book on balloon animals *(LaMonica's Balloon Sculptures)* from Joseph LaMonica, 435 Memorial Parkway, Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14303. Another magic outlet that will send you a catalog for $3.00 is Lou Tannen, 1540 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036. Dover Publications (180 Varick Street, New York, N.Y. 10014) publishes a number of helpful books, including *New Magician's Manual* by Walter B. Gibson. **End**

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Photography by Susan Wood





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CAROL BURNETT

WHY HER MARRIAGE WORKS SO WELL

Hollywood couples who work together seldom stay together. But Carol and her producer-husband Joe Hamilton are exceptions to the rule. By Alan Ebert



Photograph by Steve Schapiro

Said Carol Burnett in 1962, shortly after her divorce from actor Don Saroyan, "I want to marry again, but not an actor. Two performers in one household leads to ego problems. I need a man in show business who is successful in his own right—a guy who won't be threatened by my success and who will be dominant in our home. I also want children, a houseful, and if my career goes as planned, I'll only be on stage (Broadway was then her goal) three hours a day and thus won't be an absentee mother or wife."

Fourteen years later, Carol Burnett, 43, has gotten what she wanted. She is in her thirteenth year of marriage to Joe Hamilton, a successful TV producer. They have a houseful of kids: three of their own—Carrie, 12, Jody, 9, and Erin, 7—and eight children from Hamilton's previous marriage. Carol has time to be their mother because she has disciplined her life so that she is more an absentee TV star than an absentee parent.

That Carol Burnett has made her 1962 dreams come true is something of a miracle, particularly in Hollywood, where husbands and wives who work together—Joe has been producer of *The Carol Burnett Show* since it started ten years ago—seldom stay together. But then the Hamiltons are hardly your average Hollywood couple. They don't collect foreign cars, own yachts, or safari in Africa after they've skied in the Swiss Alps.

"I'm really very dull," says Carol. "I'm not a Marisa Berenson or anyone of the jet set. Just an ol' married lady who happens to have her own television show and thus some fame. Mine is really a very average life."

Home, hearth and Hamilton mean more to Carol than any Neilsen rating or Emmy award. "The kids come first, period," says Carol. "That's instinctual. Since the kids come first with Joe, too, there is nothing to be managed—nothing with which I am at odds. My life is centered around my family."

To make sure she has plenty of time for her family, Carol works "bankers' hours"—only no banker ever had it so good. Except for Friday, which is a dawn-to-dusk TV taping day, Carol works three, at most four, hours every weekday. At her insistence, she has every fourth week free and takes a summer vacation (which is usually spent with the family).

Thus Carol sees as much of her children as most "at-home" mothers do. Dinner in the Hamilton home is served promptly at 6:30, and all members of the family are present and accounted for. Unless Carol and Joe are invited to a friend's place (they rarely go to nightclubs or premieres), Carol is home to put her girls to bed, beginning with the youngest at 8 P.M. and ending with the eldest at 9. Here, children receive the care, attention and stable environment that Carol never had as a child—because her mother, an alcoholic, was unable to provide such things.

"Few mothers give the quantity and quality of time to their children that Carol gives to our girls," says Joe, a handsome man who speaks softly but forcefully. "Even though she is the star of the longest-running variety show on television, Carol tends to all our kids' needs—except, unfortunately, the disciplining. That," says Hamilton, feigning annoyance, "she leaves to me."

According to their friends, there is much Carol Burnett leaves to her husband. Mitzie Welch, a special music coordinator for the show, has known Carol for about 20 years. "Carol never wants anyone to think she runs the show or that Joe hangs on," Mitzie says. "She actually goes out of her way to let people know who is boss—which is really unnecessary, since Joe is a strong person by nature. His very presence commands respect. He never was, or will be, Mr. Burnett. But Carol, most definitely, is Mrs. Hamilton."

Nevertheless, Carol doesn't play the shrinking violet so that Joe can appear to be the blooming rose. "I don't have to make Joe feel important—because he *is* important," she says. "Joe has a very strong sense of who he is. We don't have to play at that."

"I don't feel like Mr. Burnett," says Joe, "because I have been a successful producer for 17 years—long before Carol appeared on the scene. Remember, I'm the guy who hired her for *The Garry Moore Show* (which elevated Carol to stardom). Also, I have projects apart from Carol, both for television and film. I am not and never have been threatened by Carol's success."

Joe handles most of the business connected with *The Carol Burnett Show*. "The buck stops with Joe," says Tim Conway, one of the show's co-stars and a close friend of the Hamiltons. "Everyone on the staff knows this. His decisions are final." Adds Artie Malvin, who has been with the show ten years as a special music coordinator: "One learns quickly not to go to Carol for special favors because she instantly defers to Joe."

Finances are yet another area in which Carol defers to her husband. "She has no idea how much she earns per show or per year," says Hamilton. "She doesn't want to know. That she leaves to me. Not that Carol doesn't have a head for figures. It's just that she would rather put her mental energies where she feels they are most needed—which for her is herself, her children and her marriage."

"And not her stardom?" I ask.

"No," says Hamilton. "If the show were canceled tomorrow, Carol would be depressed for a week or two, then she would find other work. Probably *(continued on page 50)*



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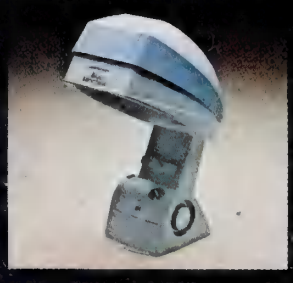


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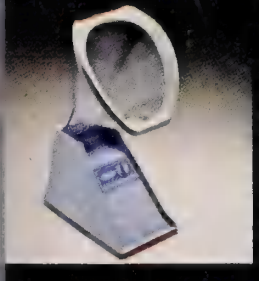
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CAROL BURNETT

continued from page 46

it would involve children, ours and others. Carol's got a thing about kids. She'll do anything for them."

Joe is as crazy about kids as Carol is, according to Mitzie Welch. "The Hamiltons are the only people in this business who actually schedule rehearsals around PTA meetings," says Mitzie. "Just look at the walls around the office. They're filled with drawings done by the Hamilton kids." Adds Harvey Korman, a friend and co-star, "The Hamiltons are very old-world and old-fashioned parents. They raise their children together. They are intent on teaching the girls to respect themselves and the rights of others."

The Hamiltons shield their children from the press. They refuse to let them be photographed or interviewed. "It is hard enough for an adult to handle success and publicity," Carol explains, "without foisting it on a child. I don't want my children getting a false sense of importance from seeing their pictures in a magazine or newspaper. Nor do I want them being ostracized or teased by children whose pictures do not appear in print, but who think it would be special if they did. My children are special as *people*, not as celebrities. When they go out and earn their own television shows, they can be photographed to their hearts' content. But now I want them to live as normal a life as possible. As I've told the girls, fame is nothing to be distressed or impressed by because it comes and goes. The only thing that remains is *you*—and that's important."

Fame came rapidly to Carol and then just as rapidly disappeared. When *The Carol Burnett Show* premiered ten years ago, Carol was more "out" than "in," and television and advertising experts considered the show one of the *least* likely to succeed. In other words, Carol has experienced that "fickle finger of fate" and thus will never be, as Joe Hamilton says, "a slave to her stardom."

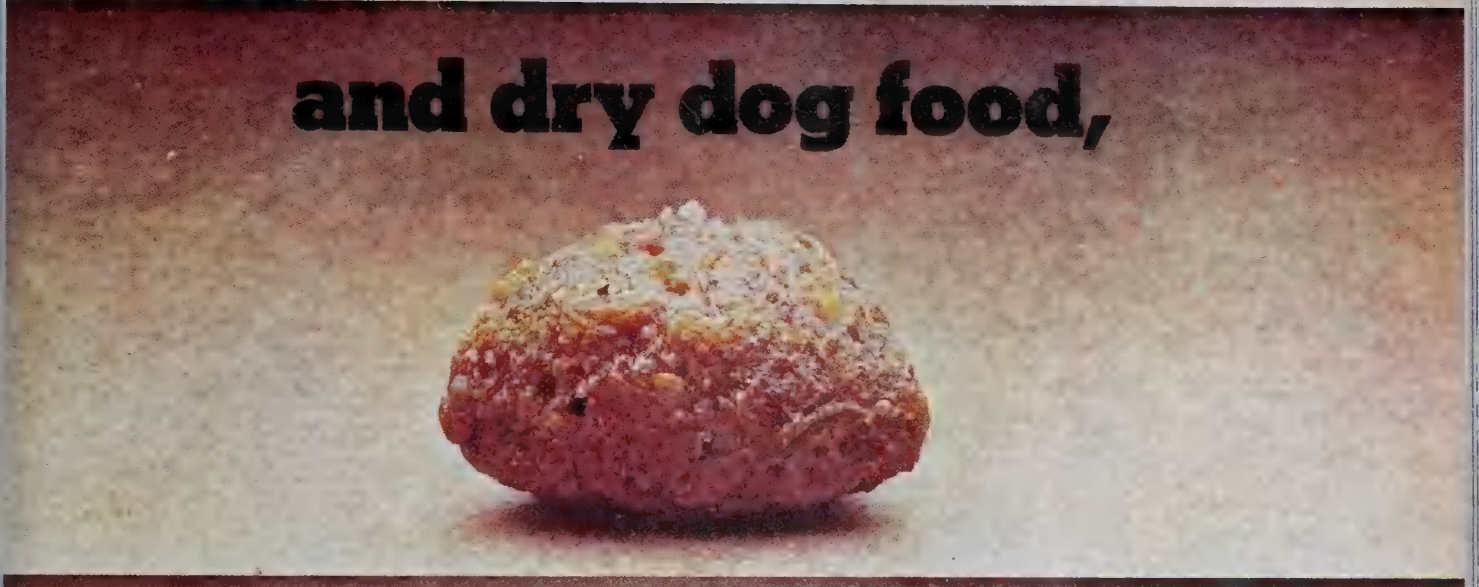
She doesn't gush and goo about what she owes to her public: "A public doesn't own a performer and no performer owns a public. For either to think otherwise is dangerous. My worth doesn't change with an Emmy award or a cancellation notice. I love my work but I'm not about to put all my eggs into that basket. If I had, both the eggs and I would have been pretty well scrambled by now."

Thus Carol is trying to give her girls "a sense of their true selves and true worth." But, she admits with a sheepish grin, she and Joe have the makings of "impossible parents." They both are rather prudish, "with Joe being somewhat worse than I am," says Carol. "He had a fit when I took Carrie to see *Paper Moon*. He didn't think the language Tatum O'Neal used in the *(continued)*

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And when you add warm ter to Chuck Wagon, you'll something very special. e red chunks become soft with a meaty flavor and a special texture that dogs love. The crunchy brown nuggets stay crispy and a delectable gravy is formed. So when your dog takes a mouthful of Chuck Wagon, he'll find a lot more to like than in any other leading dry dog food.



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the lip specialist

CAROL BURNETT

continued

movie was fit for a child to hear, let alone speak. He is also very selective about what they may read and even worse about what they may wear.

"Now I'm a nut of a different kind," she laughs. "Like I just know when the girls begin to date, I'm going to want to go along to make sure nothing 'funny' happens. I'm also going to want to wait up for them at the door, with a list of questions. Joe promises if I do any of those things he will lock me in the closet. So I'm thinking about getting all the locks removed, like very soon."

Carol worries about how her girls will react to the new sexual freedom. But, she says, "our kids are very sound physically and emotionally. They know they are treasured and trusted. Each will make the right decision for herself. Actually, I worry far more about losing the most precious gift I have with the girls—our open dialogue. You know how kids are: one day they're all grown up and think their parents don't know anything anymore. Funny, when I was growing up, I so much wanted feedback from my mother, but she couldn't give it to me."

Very tuned in

Though Carol worries about losing communication with her girls, she has no such worries about Joe. "One of the strengths of our marriage is that we are sit-down-and-talk people," says Carol.

"We're not likely to hold things back," says Joe. "From the day we met, we kind of had this sixth sense with one another. We're very tuned in to where the other is coming from."

Friends and associates believe the Hamiltons have a shot at a lifetime marriage. "They so obviously enjoy one another," say Tim Conway.

"I'll say they do!" says Harvey Korman as he recalls how "the Hamiltons were like a couple of teenagers, holding hands and smooching," at his Palm Springs golf tournament. Says Artie Malvin: "It's a quiet thing—a look that will pass between the two or a casual touch. You know, Carol lunches each day in Joe's office in order to be with him."

"The hell she does!" says Hamilton. "She hides in here to watch *All My Children*—and my presence is strictly incidental."

According to Mitzie Welch, "Joe may be the only person who is allowed to see the total person that Carol is. Don't let the saccharin surrounding the Hamiltons fool you. Both are very deep. Carol, through meditation, has plumbed her depths. She takes full responsibility for her own life. She doesn't ask Joe to make her happy. She asks that of herself. Neither makes demands that can't be fulfilled." *(continued)*

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RELAX



CAROL BURNETT

continued

At times, Carol needs to turn to Jo for support and protection. "She is n always happy-go-lucky," says Joe. "Sh still cannot stand with ease on a stag and sing as Carol Burnett. She still ca not take a compliment with grace. Sh still does not believe that she is pret —no, not pretty—beautiful, from with and without, and that's always been tru Carol still has her depressions. In oth words, she has her problems, but the are private. She still has her pain."

And what is Carol Burnett's pain Hamilton shrugs and is purposely vague ". . . her childhood, the lack of parenta attention and love . . . the trust she pu in others, which was often misused Despite her years in this business, Car remains thin-skinned, hypersensitive naive and easily hurt. She cannot unde stand that some people have a need t lie or distort the truth. I never interfer in her press or personal relations, but do react when she is hurt."

Does Carol Burnett need protection "Yes," says Hamilton, slowly, "some times. Like if someone is rude or ob noxious on the show or in public, Caro instead of speaking out, goes into herself She is not much good at expressing ap propriate anger. She's afraid of hurtin that other person. My wife cannot b attacked or treated gruffly. She is gentl and there are times, because she is gen tle, when she needs protection."

Answered needs

When I ask Carol to explain wha needs her marriage fulfills, there is long pause and then . . . "My need t have a date for Saturday nights!" sh laughs. "Wouldn't it be awful to hav to go through all that dating stuff again wondering who would call and woul he have a car and would he try to ge fresh? Ugh! The thought is awful!"

Then Carol becomes serious: "We al low one another to be—just to be," sh says. "We ask nothing of one anothe that we first don't ask of ourselves. Thos are gifts, you know. Gifts. There ha never been a doubt in my mind that Jo and I could make it forever. I can imagine a problem arising in our live that would be insurmountable. Yo asked what marriage fulfills in me. How does anyone really answer such a ques tion? It's an anchor, a comfort—compan ionship of the kind I wish for everyone

"I know," says Carol, "that this wil sound horribly 'itsy-poo,' but there i nothing lacking in my life, nothin further I could wish for. I have every thing. And I'm not talking about money or fame, but about Joe and the children Knowing someone cares for you, love you—someone who you care for and lov —what else is there?" **En**

n "She Touched Me" used by permission



Gifts of Gadgets, bright inventions to fiddle with all year long. • New Flame. Portable butane gas stove the size of a 1 lb. coffee tin for picnics, patio or tableside. GAZ Instaflam, about $27. • Teatime. Handsome ceramic teapot with throwaway paper filters to catch the leaves. By Bay, $17.50. • Going Round. Bread baking in a glass tube for perfect homemade loaves. With metal rack. Bake-A-Round by Corning, about $10. • For Bird Lovers. Outdoors bird feeder shaped like a rustic covered bridge. By Rubbermaid, about $10. • French Fries for One. Fast, electric mini-deep-fryer cooks a portion of anything from fish sticks to eggrolls. Fry Baby by Presto, about $22. • Solo Burgers. One patty per minute in a handy electric cooker. Burger Quick by Van Wyck, about $17. • Cookie Tins to fill with treats (see pages 94-103 for our cookie suggestions) for holiday giving. By Hallmark, $2.75 each. • Fancy Cookery. Quiche/flan pan with three varied bottoms and recipe booklet. By Wear-Ever, about $6. • A Passion for Popcorn. Lightweight, long-handled popper that puffs corn even without oil. Fireside Corn Popper by Christen, Inc., $10.

Seasonal Spills. If "Home for the Holidays" is at your house, be prepared for minor calamities. What will you do when Stu drops his drumstick? Or Clara dribbles the gravy from boat to plate? Firstly, any spot will disappear easier and faster if attended to immediately. After emergency action, use a degreaser or stain remover; then launder as usual. With thick gravies, scrape away completely, then treat. For eggnogs, whisk away solids with lukewarm water. Cranberry sauce? Sponge off with cold water first. About wines: White wines will lift with lukewarm water; the heartier reds need a spot remover. Alternative: soak stain in cool water, then a solution of ½ cup chlorine bleach to 1 gallon of hot sudsy water for 5 minutes. Rinse and wash. Lastly, evergreen sap. Sponge up as much of the tacky residue as possible, then spot treat and launder until clean.

Impromptu Presents, last-minute wrap-ups culled from a common stomping ground—your neighborhood supermarket. • Everybody-Loves-Popcorn-Kit. Pull together cans of varied popcorns, oils and seasoned salts for surprise munching. Try taco (chili powder and salt); sweet (cinnamon, sugar and salt); herb (basil, oregano and garlic salt). • Inexpensive-but-Impressive-Caviar-Kit. Steer clear of costly Beluga and head for lumpfish and red salmon grains instead. Pair with small toasts and black bread, lemons, onions and hard-cooked eggs. For extra splurge, tuck in a bottle of vodka. • A World-Of-Teas-Kit. Select a range including Chinese, Jasmine, hearty Irish Breakfast and Constant Comment teas. Complete with a tin of butter cookies; perhaps muffins and marmalades (lime, grapefruit, lemon). • TV-Munch-Kit. All good things for evenings before the tube. Giant pretzels, peanuts in the shell, imported beers; a healthful mix of dried fruits and nuts. • Ample-Antipasto-Kit. Instant appetizers in one basket. A jar of marinated mushrooms, artichoke hearts, olives, sardines, a pepperoni and a ball of provolone cheese.

Cookbooks of the Year, a sampling of some of the newest and best—to give, to own. • *Craig Claiborne's Favorites from The New York Times,* Volume 2 ($12.50) explores faraway places, other chefs in this well-known food writer's chatty style. Everything from cutting sushi to truffle soup. • *Many Hands Cooking* by Terry Touff Cooper and Marilyn Ratner ($4), for girls and boys, ages 8-12. Simple international recipes, with UNICEF. • *The Chinese Menu Cookbook* by Joanne Hush and Peter Wong ($9.95) teaches a course in Chinese cooking, step-by-step, including a short-cut Peking duck. • *The Complete Book of Preserving* by Marye Cameron-Smith ($18.95) is a large, lush book with down-home recipes and beautiful photographs. • *The Unabridged Vegetable Cookbook* by Nika Hazleton ($14.95). A two-in-one guide to the care and preparation of America's favorite fresh vegetables. Over 250 recipes complete enough to go from artichoke purée to fragrant stuffed zucchini.

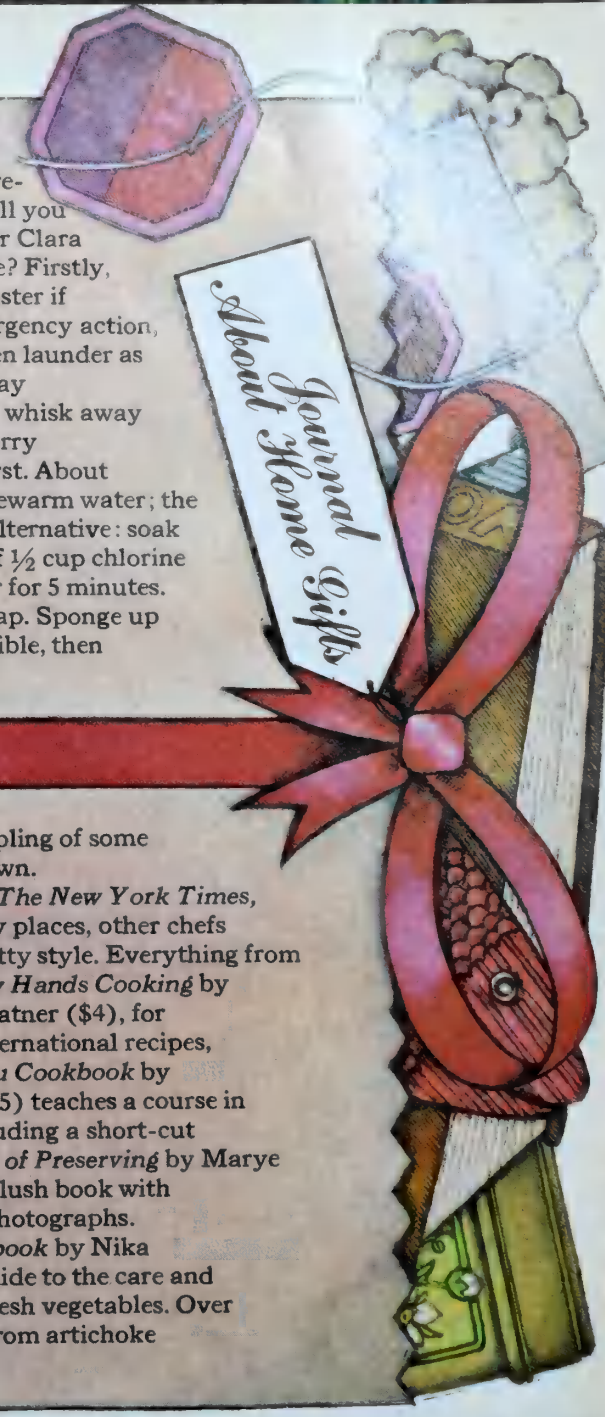


Illustration by Jacqueline Adato

A very merry dessert you can make in a twinkle.





1. Drain cherries, reserving syrup. Add water to syrup to make 1 cup; bring to a boil. Place cherries in individual glasses.



2. Combine gelatin and boiling liquid in electric blender container. Cover and blend at low speed until gelatin is dissolved, 1 minute.



3. Add crushed ice; then blend at high speed until ice is melted, 30 seconds.



4. Pour into glasses. *Do not stir.* Chill at least 15 minutes, or until set. Makes 4 cups or 6 servings.

Start with Jell-O®

Layered Cherry Whip

1 can (8 oz.) pitted dark sweet cherries
1 package (3 oz.) Jell-O® Cherry Gelatin
1½ cups crushed ice

Note: A deep narrow-bottomed bowl and portable electric mixer may be used.

cherry ARTIFICIAL FLAVOR JELL-O gelatin dessert

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The working woman

By Letty Cottin Pogrebin

Change your salary, change your job, change your mind—change your life if it needs changing. This gift list is dedicated to you and to the growth experiences you can give yourself.

• **Get your MBA**—Expand your business horizons with an independent study program plus on-the-job experience leading to a Masters in Business Administration. (The Women's Institute for Higher Studies, Box 3471, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93105.)

• **Flexible jobs**—Job-sharing, permanent part-time work, flexible schedules may open new options. (New Ways To Work, 457 Kingsley Avenue, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301.)

• **Career guidance workshops**—Eight weekly sessions cover assertiveness techniques, résumé writing, skill assessment, job interviews, negotiating for a raise, finding work whether or not you have a degree. (Victoria Associates, 200 East End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10028.)

• **Unite for change**—A coalition group dedicated to humanizing work schedules and creating new job alternatives. (Committee for Alternative Work Patterns, 807 Independence Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.)

• **Budget job counseling**—From $1 rap sessions for the unemployed or the underemployed, to private exploratory interviews for $25, to $30 career change forums. (Counseling Women, 655 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021.)

• **Everything the job hunter needs**—Career and educational counseling, internships, workshops, resource library, affirmative action plan assistance, job listings and supportive advice. (Resource Center For Women, 499 Hamilton Ave., Palo Alto, Calif. 94301.)

• **Women wanted for space program**—The National Aeronautics and Space Administration is accepting applications until June 30, for pilot candidates and mission specialists. Pilot candidates must have bachelor's degree in engineering, physical science or math and a minimum of 1,600 hours flight experience. Mission specialist candidates require no piloting background. (NASA, Houston, Tex.)

• **Sisterhood of construction workers**—Get information on apprenticeship programs, job leads in construction, legal advice, skills training from these four organizations: Advocates for Women, 256 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif. 94108; Women Working in Construction, Box 3045, Washington, D.C. 20010; National Association of Women in Construction, c/o J. S. Gladysz, 2800 W. Lancaster, Fort Worth, Tex. 76107; Womens' Apprenticeship Outreach Service, 819 North 6th St., Milwaukee, Wis., 53203.

• **Help for you (or your boss)**—Counseling, confidence and job placement for you; management awareness seminars to make your boss more sensitive to women's goals and problems. (Options for Women, 8419 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19118.)

• **Free group counseling**—Also referrals for job seekers, vocational counseling for high school students, work-training program for low income women. (Wider Opportunities for Women, 1549 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.)

REWARDING READING

• "Complete Women's Classified" lists 120 women-owned businesses in the New York area. (95¢. Karen Olson, 200 East 42 St., New York, N.Y. 10017.)

• "The Balancing Act: A Career and a Baby," edited by Sydelle Kramer. Five women discuss the all-too-familiar conflicts. ($8.95, Chicago Review Press, 172 E. Walton, Chicago, Ill. 60611.)

• "Women, Money and Power" by Phyllis Chesler and Emily Jane Goodman. A perceptive discussion of the "psycho-economic condition of women" that will make you think about money in a new way. ($8.95, Morrow, 105 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.)

• "A Married Feminist" by Angela Barron McBride. "The Job" chapter and all the other chapters acutely describe our dilemmas and offer a visionary glimpse of our best selves. ($8.95. Harper & Row, 10 East 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.)

• "Women and Their Work 1890-1920." An annotated bibliography for serious students of women in the labor force. ($1. Penny Wolfson, Women's Studies, Sarah Lawrence Library, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708.)

• "Exploitation from 9 to 5." This report of the Twentieth Century Fund Task Force on Women and Employment offers practical ways to combat sex discrimination. ($13.50. D.C. Heath, Lexington, Mass. 02173.)

• "The Working Mother: A Survey of Problems and Programs in Nine Countries." ($3.25. School of Industrial and Labor Relations, Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850.)

• "Working Women, Homemakers and Volunteers." A bibliography of books and articles documenting how and why full-time homemakers average 53 hours of volunteer work per week. ($1. Jenrose Felmley, Business and Professional Women's Foundation, 2012 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D.C. 20036.)

• "How to Succeed in Company Politics" by Edward J. Hegarty. This revised edition helps women learn the power game. ($11.50. McGraw Hill, 1221 Ave. of Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020.)

• "Momma: The Sourcebook for Single Mothers" edited by Karol Hope and Nancy Young. When personal work and child care problems defeat you, this book represents salvation. ($3.95. New American Library, 1301 Ave. of Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.)

• "Not Servants, not Machines: Office *(continued)*



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The working woman

continued

Workers Speak Out!" by Jean Tepperman. For white-collar workers who are "questioning, organizing and demanding their rights." ($2.95. Beacon Press, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108.)

• "Choosing Child Care" by Stevanne Auerbach and Linda Freedman. An invaluable handbook for working parents who seek dependable child care, checklists, hints and how-to's with the child's best interests at heart. ($3. Parents and Child Care Resources, 1855 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103.)

• "I Can Be Anything: Careers and Colleges for Young Women" by Joyce Slayton Mitchell. Many careers seen with a feminist eye, which doesn't overlook the lifestyles that come with each career and the lowdown on women's advancement in every field. ($4.50. College Board, Box 2815, Princeton, N.J. 08540.)

• "How to Negotiate a Raise" by John J. Tarrant. Despite the masculine bias, there *are* a few women's case histories—and the approach should work for either sex. ($9.95. Van Nostrand, 450 West 33 Street, New York, N.Y. 10001.)

• "Federal Laws and Regulations Prohibiting Sex Discrimination" by Denise Brender Leary. Rights are useless unless we know we have them. ($1.25. WEAL, 377 National Press Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20045.)

• "Words and Women: New Language in New Times" by Casey Miller and Kate Swift. When you see how language reinforces women's lesser status at work or at home, you'll watch your tongue, and everyone else's, too. ($7.95. Anchor Press, 245 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.)

• "The Woman's Guide to Starting a Business" by Claudia Jessup and Genie Chipps. How to raise money, choose a location, set up books, hire experts, publicize yourself, be a fair employer and learn from others' mistakes. ($4.95. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 383 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.)

• "Family Day Care: A Practical Guide for Parents, Caregivers, and Professionals" by Alice H. Collins and Eunice L. Watson. Child care in a home setting can be arranged communally, or on a co-op or fee basis. ($8.95. Beacon Press, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108.)

• ". . . To Form A More Perfect Union . . . Justice for American Women." This final report from the International Women's Year Commission is crammed with information about your life and mine. ($5.20, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.)

• Resumé Preparation Manual." Use this to organize your achievements, educa-

(continued on page 78)

Your family's health

By David R. Zimmerman

Why can't a man be more like a woman? New heart research suggests it might help. And much more.

HEART-SAVER. Women suffer fewer fatal heart attacks than men, and one startling reason seems to be that women have one to two-thirds *higher* levels of a fatty substance in the blood plasma called HDL (for high-density lipoprotein). The HDL, new research suggests, seems to lower the level of another, cholesterol-rich fatty substance called LDL (low-density lipoprotein), which sticks to and blocks blood vessels of the heart, causing heart attacks. "It seems worthwhile," says an editorial in the British journal *Lancet*, "to encourage measures that increase the concentration of HDL in plasma and avoid those that have the opposite effect." According to the writer, a carbohydrate-rich diet should be avoided. He *encourages* physical exercise, which raises HDL and lowers LDL—thus, it is hoped, sparing the heart.

ECTOPIC PREGNANCY. One woman in 50 has an ectopic pregnancy, in which the embryo grows in the wrong place—usually in one of her fallopian tubes. These embryos are dangerous because they may rupture the fallopian tube, causing internal bleeding, and even death.

Surgical treatment usually means removal of the entire fallopian tube, which seriously impairs a woman's ability to conceive—and if her second tube is already blocked by injury or illness, she is left sterile.

A bold new surgical approach to this problem has been pioneered by infertility specialist John J. Stangel, M.D. and his colleagues at New York Medical College in Manhattan. They remove only that portion of the tube attached to the out-of-place embryo. Then, using fine forceps and hair-thin sutures, they re-attach the open, cut ends. The first two women to receive this treatment—women who each already had lost one tube—conceived and gave birth to normal infants.

SEVEN-YEAR ITCH. Scabies and body lice ("crabs") are on the rise, leading some observers to ask if Americans are less clean than they once were. The standard treatment for both intensely itchy skin infestations is a preparation sold as Kwell, or Gamene. Its active ingredient is gamma benzene hexachloride, another name for lindane—a potent pesticide related to DDT. In a recent "alert" to doctors, the Food and Drug Administration warns that using these products more often than is recommended on the package—which is *once*, with a single repeat dose after four days, if needed—can be dangerous, particularly to children.

DO-IT-YOURSELF ABORTION? Women soon may be able to administer abortions to themselves, at home, using a new method now being tested by obstetricians. It consists of a plastic device that slowly releases abortion-inducing hormones called prostaglandins when inserted into the vagina. Within 16 hours, nine out of ten women abort, says obstetrician William E. Brenner, M.D. of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. The method is not very painful to women up to 12 weeks pregnant, he says. At 16 weeks, all women ask for at least one dose of pain-killing drugs. Other side effects are vomiting and diarrhea, which Dr. Brenner believes can be controlled by drugs. The device was developed at the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology in Massachusetts. **End**

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THE FASHION PLACE

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Pet journal

What's the perfect pet for a working woman? An elderly relative? A horse lover? Advice from an expert on how to pick a living Christmas gift. By Roger Caras.



Every year, hundreds of thousands of Americans give pets as living Christmas gifts. Unfortunately, if the animals are clumsily chosen, they can't be tucked away in a drawer. The allergic child who falls in love with a long-haired cat will end up brokenhearted; the puppy who lives with a working woman who's rarely at home will be lonely. Pick the pet to match the person or family.

Never give a pet to people who can't afford the upkeep. In these days of pinched pennies, don't forget that food, grooming and veterinary care all cost money. Your gift may be a strain instead of a blessing.

Make sure there's room in the home—and the life—of the new pet owner. A crowded apartment, with no room to roam, is an unhealthy environment for large dogs such as Golden Retrievers or Irish Setters. And people who are never home should not have companion animals that need a lot of love and attention as dogs and cats do.

Finally, don't forget that there are those who simply do not like animals, or any other dependents. Try to be sure *they*, not you, want an animal. Otherwise, after the first flush of novelty, they will probably unload your adorable gift—and resent you for putting them in that position.

Is there a restriction on pets for allergic people?

Most definitely, yes. It is not true that people "get used" to animals that give them allergic reactions. Every January, I hear of gift pets that must be given up because they were placed in homes where they could not be medically tolerated. Some experts believe that people who are allergic to dogs may find breeds that do not shed, like the poodle, less troublesome. But most allergists agree that if a person's allergic to one dog, he'll be allergic to all. Remember, however, that a person who's allergic to dogs may not be allergic to cats, and vice versa.

What animal is right for elderly or sedate people?

People whose activities are restricted need an animal that doesn't require a great deal of exercise. Cats are ideal; once altered they are happy never to leave the hearth. They are affectionate, possessive, need never be walked and are extremely clean given the opportunity to keep themselves that way.

Some of the toy dogs, like the Chihuahua, the Maltese, the Pekingese and the popular Yorkshire Terrier, are content to spend all day in a small apartment. They can be trained to use paper in a plastic "kitty tray" at night or when the weather is unpleasant. Though they enjoy a walk or a romp when it's offered, they don't suffer without it.

Should people who are rarely home have pets?

For working people who are away all day and often in the evening, neither a cat nor a dog—both of which need a great deal of attention and love—is a suitable pet. Small rodents, birds (preferably more than one), terrarium animals and fish are better choices. An aquarium, for example, might be the perfect gift. Aquariums come in a wide range of prices, are simple enough for a ten-year-old to handle and gadgety enough for a graduate engineer to play with for years.

If your working friend is a frustrated green thumb, how about a terrarium? A glass container filled with small plants and little crawlie things —harmless tarantulas, snakes, frogs, lizards and insects—might be ideal.

What about a horse?

A horse is expensive to buy and to maintain so be sure you *and* the recipient can afford such a gift. Though cheaper in the fall than in the spring, a horse can range from $75 to $25,000 (ponies are only slightly less expensive) with board costing as much as $300 a month.

Before making such an investment, have a qualified veterinarian examine the animal; horses are subject to all sorts of ailments that only a trained specialist can detect.

Where should I buy a cat or dog?

Be wary of pet stores. There are exceptions, of course, but owners generally know little about the health and background of the animals in stock. Try to buy from a professional breeder—a man or woman who devotes his or her life to the improvement of one or two breeds of dog. Write The American Kennel Club for a list of qualified breeders in your area. Visit the breeder's premises; examine the kennels and take a look at the parents of the puppy you are buying. Know your puppy's past to insure a healthy, happy future.

Remember, too, that animal pounds and humane shelters have millions of random-bred and pure-bred puppies and kittens, dogs and cats, waiting to be loved. These humane societies have an especially good supply of mature animals, trained and ready to love (I call them *instant-pets*). People too often think puppy and kitten when they think canine and feline. But if an owner is advanced in years, a frisky pup can be too active and too demanding to housebreak and train. Also, an older animal is suitable for those who might worry that their pet will outlive them and be left alone in the world with no one to care for it.

I repeat: don't ignore your neighborhood shelter. What a lovely thing to do at Christmas time: save an animal's life and give a friend a gift of love at the same time.

End

Photograph by Walter Chandoha



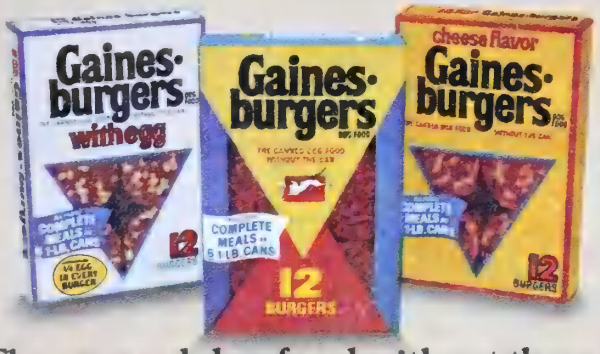
"Pardon us, sergeant," we asked. "What kind of dog food does your dog eat?"

"Pearl here is the pride of the precinct," he replied. "She gets nothing but the best—canned dog food." And there was general agreement among the other "experts" in the station house.

"Why canned food?" we asked.

"You gotta understand dogs," the sergeant explained. "Dogs like food that's moist and meaty." And there was more general agreement among the "experts" in the station house.

"Well, Gaines·burgers are moist and meaty,"



we pointed out. "And they taste terrific."

"Really? Show her you won't eat 'em, Pearl," the sergeant replied.

At which point Pearl began gobbling up the Gaines·burgers. And there was general amazement around the station house:

"Wow, Pearl really likes 'em," one patrolman said.

"Look at Pearl eat!" another said.

"Hey, Pearl likes those Gaines·burgers," another said.

"Don't you guys have anything better to do?" the sergeant asked his patrolmen, who then vanished, as did Pearl's Gaines·burgers.

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Can this marriage be saved?

continued from page 28

"To me, our sexual beginning seemed okay, but although she never said so, I think Julie was disappointed. She was crazy to become pregnant right away. I didn't want a kid—but with Vietnam looming in my future, I didn't see how I could decently refuse."

Phil paused. "When I got back after a rugged, thirteen-month tour of duty —I was wounded twice—all set to celebrate, I found Julie all wrapped up in domesticity with a six-month-old baby, a cute little girl, but forever needing a diaper change. I hardly got accustomed to Beth before Jimmy was on the way. Maybe Julie's second pregnancy was an accident, as she has always contended, maybe it wasn't.

"When I received my discharge, I fought off my father-in-law's attempts to hire me as a glorified errand boy and grabbed the first available job—far away from Boston. I was rapidly working my way up the ladder when we learned that Jimmy was almost stone deaf.

"Julie was harder hit than I was. My pride was hurt, mostly. We had to accept J.D.'s financial assistance, move to Los Angeles and enroll Jimmy in the right private school for his particular problem. I also had to change jobs and start at the bottom again.

"I don't mind hard work, but my home life has become intolerable. Julie is a slave to her father and her sisters and brothers, a slave to Jimmy and his school. His speech is vastly improved, I'm glad to say, but he behaves like a little king, with his eight-year-old sister his unwilling courtier. At meals he carries on a monologue with no interruptions from anyone permitted.

"Julie is too soft with both our kids and far too partial to Jimmy. Her sisters and brothers swarm in and out of the house like bees. My father-in-law doesn't pay their board bills or long-distance calls. Nor does he pay Julie's gasoline costs. Julie has no sense of money, no notion that credit cards and charge accounts must eventually be settled. I'm up to my ears in debt.

"Julie is just too overburdened to think of me. On Friday nights I arrive home dead beat, anxious to unwind. She meets me at the door babbling about such an accumulation of problems—I can hardly sort them out.

"Recently my best client offered me a chance to buy into his business in Santa Fe. It might be a good opportunity for me to travel less, but I haven't even mentioned it to Julie. I'm sure she'd consult her father and he would immediately try to make my decision for me. Unless my marriage improves, I'm inclined to think I prefer a peaceful, quiet, hotel room on the road to life at home."

THE COUNSELOR'S TURN

"Jimmy's deafness definitely complicated this marriage," the counselor said. "But Julie and Phil were in trouble long before Jimmy's birth. They began marriage ignorant of the other's wants, needs and personalities.

"Julie was a 'rescuer'. She needed to please everyone all the time. Choosing to live with her father was a clear example: Daddy looked 'sad and lonesome' and needed her. Although aware that J.D. exploited her outrageously, Julie felt helpless to fight him out of fear of hurting his feelings.

"Phil subconsciously regarded all women with a mixture of anger and dread. Domesticity frightened him and so did sex—'the sex trap' was his phrase. He felt that all women were whining hypochondriacs like his mother.

"Phil was drawn to Julie because she was a loving, caring person who was not in a greedy search for attention. He wanted a wife who was devoted to his interests but one who would let him be free. He wanted a patsy—and he didn't want to share his patsy with anybody else, including his own children.

"In counseling, Julie soon admitted the necessity of breaking her ties to her father and her siblings. When she declared her independence to them, she was relieved but disconcerted by their generally placid reaction.

"Julie began to recognize the vital importance of her approach to Phil. Once she understood his inner feelings, she softened her requests for assistance. Frequently, if there were numerous requests, she made written lists, which he was able to study later in a more relaxed mood. She came to understand that a sharp demand inevitably swept Phil's emotions back to his boyhood past. Phil felt that his mother's constant demands had virtually emasculated his father and, as a result, left Phil himself forever wary of female domination.

"With Julie's consent, Phil closed her charge accounts and he now pays all their bills. Once his needs and anxieties were considered, Phil was able to interest himself in the needs of Julie and the children. Beth had borne too much responsibility for Jimmy and was never allowed to cross him. She benefited greatly from her daddy's company as did Jimmy. Nowadays, Jimmy is encouraged to talk at mealtime, but also to listen.

"Phil was reluctant to accept individual counseling, especially in the sexual area. In group counseling though, he met other couples with complex sexual difficulties—and he and Julie were able to discuss their own problems without false notions of delicacy. As a result, their sexual relationship was resumed on a much improved basis.

"Several months ago, Phil bought into his client's establishment and the family moved to New Mexico—without consulting J.D. In a recent letter Julie said that Jimmy is now enrolled in a public school and is doing fine. He and Beth have become good friends, not a little king and a resentful follower. 'All four of us,' wrote Julie, 'are feeling fine.' " **End**

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11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Louis E. Porterfield, Publisher
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Louis E. Porterfield, Publisher

"My town voted 4 to 1 in favor of building a second nuclear power plant because they liked the way the first one saved money and didn't pollute."

Kristy Vantrease.

"When we moved to Plymouth last November, we tried to buy a house right across from the nuclear plant where my husband works, but nobody wanted to sell.

"It helps that the air is very clean around the plant. You just don't get air pollution with nuclear plants and that's important to me.

"I guess the most appealing thing about nuclear power to the people of Plymouth is the money-saving aspect. The plant is one reason the taxes are low here and I understand the average family in the Boston area saves $2 a month on their electric bill compared to what it would be if the plant used oil instead of nuclear fuel.

"So when it came to a vote on whether to build a second nuclear plant or not, the town voted 4 to 1 in favor of building it, which seems to speak pretty well for the first one.

"I believe the more people learn about nuclear power, the more they appreciate the money it can save and the way it doesn't pollute the air."

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Kristy Vantrease, Plymouth, Massachusetts, with daughters Holley and Kimberly.





COOK-BOOK WITH A HEART

This month, a festive collection of appetizers that benefits a very special cause.



Top: Holiday buffet prepared by the Sioux Falls, S. Dak., Crippled Children's Hospital Auxiliary, including (from left) Pete Reagan, Bunny Howes, Leni Johnson (our hostess) and Betsey Evans. Recipes are all from their book Appetizers. *Left: Santa passes out presents during our Christmas party at the hospital.*

A common denominator of all the cookbooks in this series is that the books are written and sold to benefit a worthy cause—church, school, symphony orchestra, civic projects of various kinds. We've seen many of these good works in our travels, but one of the most worthwhile is certainly the Crippled Children's Hospital and School in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, the beneficiary of monies brought in by the Hospital Auxiliary and their cookbook titled, simply, *Appetizers.* The 118-page, 200-plus recipe book, which we feature this month, is an uncommonly good collection of appetizers, hors d'oeuvres, finger foods, dips, cheese balls, etc.—all at the uncommonly attractive price of $2. As they say, "A real buy."

We approached our trip to Sioux Falls with some diffidence. Planning months ahead for this *(continued)*

Photographs by Ken Regan, Camera 5.



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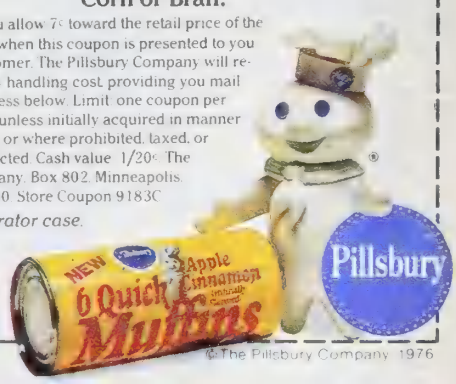


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In the refrigerator case.



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COOKBOOK WITH A HEART

issue, we felt that there would be special pertinence to photographing in the hospital itself, to dramatize how the efforts that go into a community cookbook can be so very rewarding. As we made plans with the Auxiliary and with the hospital staff, we quickly realized that we were going to have to stop being overly sentimental about the children and their disabilities. The fact of the matter, as we learned, is that with the help of the staff and with their natural youthful exuberance, these children act much as other children do.

Proof of this came with the highlight of our trip, a Christmas party at the hospital, complete with decorations, a tree and a Santa with a sackful of presents. Several women from the Auxiliary—including Betty Cahill, cookbook originator, and Irene Coon, founder of the group—served punch and pizza appetizers (from the book, of course). The 14 children who attended were all curious as to why there was another Christmas party so soon (we visited in early January) and why it was that Santa had come back. I hoped they were satisfied with the explanation that Santa had returned because he'd forgotten some things. In any case, everyone seemed to have a good time and it all seemed remarkably like any kids' party. Sue Huffman, Ken Regan and I were enormously impressed at how easily hospital staff and women from the Auxiliary managed things. Resourceful, too. In making arrangements for the party by phone, I'd asked about the availability of a Santa Claus. No problem, the director said. When we arrived, the staff had indeed come up with a Santa—a statue, life-size. When I suggested that we'd been thinking about a live Santa, the director shrugged easily and said, "We didn't know which you wanted, so we got both." And within 10 minutes, one of the staff appeared in the best outfit and beard you can imagine.





Top: Bunny Howes serves Inola Hill at buffet. Bottom: A scene from the hospital's Christmas pageant.

After the party we were treated to a scene from the hospital's annual Christmas pageant—Santa's Toy Shop. The cast included a Santa, of course, three worker elves, and two reindeer poised to whisk the toys away. Joshua and Jamie, the two reindeer, stole every heart in sight—but then every pageant has its hams, just as every pageant has its moments when one is forced to take a deep breath and swallow hard to regain composure. Nobody talked much as we packed our photo equipment and said our good-byes. Sure, these were kids like all kids but for their handicaps, and nobody's asking for sympathy—just understanding. But still, and yet. . .

Earlier in our stay in this bustling city (South Dakota's largest) at the southeast corner of the state, we'd had a holiday cocktail party at the home of Leni Johnson. The table was a spread of 13 recipes from *Appetizers;* there would have been 14, but Leni's dog discovered one of them sitting (temporarily) on the floor and found it to be irresistible.

Talk at the party ranged wide and, of course, we were most interested in hearing about the book. First published in 1965, it is now in its fourth edition and represents the Auxiliary's major effort for the hospital–school, a private, non-profit facility serving the state on both an in- and out-patient basis. We take extra delight at this season in saluting the women of Sioux Falls for their ambitious efforts in support of such a worthwhile cause. To order your cookbook and in turn lend your support, check the coupon on page 70. Along with sample recipes.—John Stevens

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1 package (6-serving size) JELL-O® Vanilla Flavor Pudding and Pie Filling
2½ cups milk
1 baked 9-inch pie shell, cooled
⅔ cup BLUE DIAMOND® Blanched Whole Almonds
3 tablespoons brown sugar
1½ tablespoons butter or margarine

Prepare pie filling mix with milk as directed on package for pie. Pour into pie shell. Chill at least 4 hours. Meanwhile, chop almonds coarsely and toast in shallow pan at 350° for 3 to 5 minutes. Combine brown sugar and butter in a saucepan. Heat over low heat until butter is melted; stir in nuts. Remove from heat and stir with a fork to cool. Sprinkle evenly over pie filling.

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COOKBOOK WITH A HEART

continued

All recipes pictured on page 66

CRAB MEAT BROCHETTE

If you like, make these in advance a refrigerate. Bake just before serving.

3 packages (6 oz. each) frozen crab me thawed, drained and flaked
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1½ tablespoons freeze-dried chopped chives
1 to 2 tablespoons sherry wine
1 cup white bread crumbs
½ pound sliced bacon
1 package (1½ oz.) Hollandaise sauce mix

Preheat oven to 350°F. In medium bow mix crab, salt, mustard, 1 tablespo chives, sherry and crumbs togeth Form mixture into walnut-sized bal Cut bacon in half crosswise. Wrap bac slices around crab mixture balls. Secu with toothpick. Bake in oven on broil pan rack or on rack in roasting pan un bacon is browned on all sides, about minutes. Drain. Serve with Hollandai sauce sprinkled with ½ tablespoon fine chopped chives. Makes 22 balls. Abo 60 calories each.—*Velva Howlett*

SPANAKOPETES

A simplified version of the classic Gre appetizer.

Pastry
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese, softened
1 cup softened butter
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
Filling
1 onion, finely chopped
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 package (10 oz.) frozen chopped spinach, thawed and well drained
1 teaspoon salt
¼ pound feta cheese, crumbled
½ cup cottage cheese
1 egg, beaten

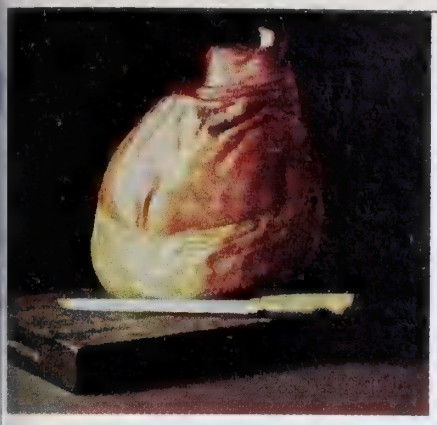
Pastry: With fork, combine cheese an butter. With pastry blender, cut in flou Work dough with hands until it holds t gether. Make a ball; wrap, chill ove night. On floured surface, *(continue*

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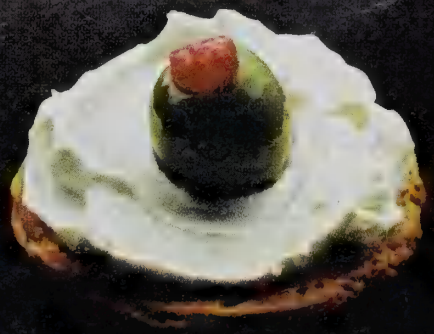
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COOKBOOK WITH A HEART

continued

roll dough out to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut into 2-inch circles. *Filling:* Sauté onion in oil until softened. Add spinach, salt. Cook over low heat until tender; remove from heat. Mix cheeses together and stir in egg; stir into spinach-onion mixture and blend well. Place ¾ teaspoon filling on each circle. Moisten edge and fold over. Press edges with fork and prick center. Place pastries on greased cookie sheet. Bake at 425°F. for about 15 minutes until golden brown. Serve warm. Makes about 100 pastries. About 40 calories each.

Note: These freeze well. Prepare, but do not bake. Freeze in tight containers. Bake as you need them.—*Betty Cahill*

HERBED CHIPS

One of the best ideas for potato chips we've seen.

3 ounces large potato chips (about 5 cups)
½ to 1 teaspoon marjoram
½ to 1 teaspoon thyme
½ to 1 teaspoon basil

Place chips on baking sheet. Sprinkle with spices. Heat in 350°F. oven about 5 minutes. Very good to serve with soup or salad. About 110 calories per 10 chips.—*Spud Hall*

HOT CRAB MEAT APPETIZERS

A classic combination—extremely easy to prepare.

1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese
1 package (6 oz.) frozen crab meat, thawed and drained
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 tablespoon milk
½ teaspoon cream-style prepared horseradish
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
⅓ cup sliced toasted almonds

Preheat oven to 375°F. Blend all ingredients together. In oven-proof bowl, bake 20 minutes. Serve on crackers. Makes 2 cups. About 40 calories per tablespoon.—*Astrid Stoakes*

LIPTAR

A recipe that will be a mainstay for holiday guests.

3 packages (8 oz. each) cream cheese
½ cup butter or margarine, melted
1 tablespoon finely grated onion
1 tablespoon anchovy paste
1½ teaspoons prepared mustard
2 tablespoons capers
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish
Dash of garlic powder
¼ cup sherry wine

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Serve as dip for crackers. This may be served with salads spread on small rounds of buttered bread. It may be kept in the refrigerator or frozen. If it becomes too hard, add more wine. Makes about 4 cups. About 55 calories per tablespoon.—*Mrs. K. J. Benz*

PIZZATIZER

Teenagers in your house? They'll flip over this one.

1 package (13¾ oz.) hot roll mix
3 cans (6 oz. each) tomato paste
1½ teaspoons pepper, freshly ground
1 teaspoon sweet basil
1 teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup olive oil
2 cups mozzarella cheese, coarsely shredded (8 oz.)
2 or 3 cans (2 oz. each) anchovy fillets, drained
3 ounces thinly sliced pepperoni
1 cup capers, drained
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Prepare roll mix as label directs. Let rise once, push down and roll out thinly on greased 17x14-inch cookie sheet. Combine tomato paste, pepper, basil, oregano, salt and olive oil. Heat in saucepan just to boiling. On dough, sprinkle on some cheese, a brushing of tomato mixture, then more cheese and tomato mixture. On half put anchovy; on other *(continued)*

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COOKBOOK WITH A HEART

continued

half, pepperoni. Sprinkle with capers and Parmesan cheese. Bake in preheated 375°F. oven until dough is cooked through and cheese is melted, about 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into small squares. Makes about 50 servings. About 55 calories each.—*Mrs. P. C. Van Lier*

SIMPLE SAVORIES

So simple—and they're delicious.

½ pound Cheddar cheese, cut in chunks
8 bacon slices, raw
2 small onions, quartered
1 teaspoon dry mustard
2 teaspoons mayonnaise
60 slices French bread or other bread rounds

Put cheese, bacon and onions through food chopper using fine blade. Stir in mustard and mayonnaise. Spread on bread rounds. Toast under broiler until golden brown. Serve hot. Makes 60 savories. About 30 calories each.—*Margaret Witte*

IMPRESSIVE STEAK

Our test kitchen staff was mad for this.

1½ to 2 pounds beef sirloin steak, cut about 1½ inches thick
1 cup plus 2 tablespoons red wine
¼ cup olive oil
1 garlic clove, crushed
½ cup butter or margarine
1 tablespoon dry mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon garlic salt
Dash aromatic bitters
Dash freshly ground pepper

Marinate beef in 1 cup red wine, oil and garlic for at least 1 hour, turning meat occasionally. Broil meat to medium rare doneness. Cut into ½-inch squares. Be sure to save the drippings.

In saucepan, heat drippings and the remaining ingredients, including the 2 tablespoons reserved wine, to boiling. Pour over beef cubes and keep hot in chafing dish. (Note: these will be popular! If you don't feel extravagant, try a round steak and marinate longer.) Makes 16 servings. About 260 calories per serving.—*Charlotte Van de Waa*

BROCCOLI DIP

Try this with fresh vegetables as well.

2 packages (10 oz. each) frozen chopped broccoli
½ cup butter or margarine
1 cup green onions with tops, sliced
1 cup chopped celery
1 cup chopped fresh parsley
2 tablespoons flour
1 can (10¾ oz.) condensed cream of mushroom soup, undiluted
1 can (4½ oz.) sliced mushrooms
1 roll (6 oz.) garlic cheese, cubed
1 teaspoon creamy-style prepared horseradish
French bread cut into slices *(continued)*



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2 lbs. ground beef
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2 teaspoons salt
1 cup dry bread crumbs
2 eggs
¾ cup milk
3 tablespoons parsley flakes
1 small onion, minced
¼ cup shredded carrot

SAUCE:
Mix 2 tablespoons A.1. Steak Sauce
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce

Mix all meatloaf ingredients together with one-half sauce mixture. Blend well. Pat meatloaf into 9 × 5 × 3" loaf pan, or shape into loaf in shallow baking pan. Spread remaining sauce mixture over top of meatloaf. Bake in 400° oven for one hour.

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In fact, once you start using it you won't know where to stop.

For example, Cake Mate icings can help you add a little bit of color or a lot of color.

Cake Mate decorating tips can effortlessly make you a star. A rose. Or just about anything else you can think of.

And Cake Mate colored gels can make writing a holiday greeting, on any pastry, a piece of cake.

You also have a choice of candles and candle holders. Not to mention all the good things you can sprinkle on for a little color. A little flavor. And a little fun.

So, look for the whole line of Cake Mate products from the people at McCormick/Schilling.

For years, they've been making the food you eat taste good. Now they're making it look good, too.



McCormick/Schilling

McCormick/Schilling flavor makes all the difference in the world.

COOKBOOK WITH A HEART

continued

Cook broccoli as directed on package. Cool. In skillet, melt butter. Add onions and celery and sauté until tender. Add parsley and flour and stir until smooth. Stir in soup, mushrooms, cheese cubes and horseradish. Heat until cheese melts. Gently fold broccoli into sauce. Serve in chafing dish. Spoon onto bread slices or crackers. Makes about 5 cups. About 25 calories per tablespoon.—*Pete Reagan*

HOT CALIFORNIA CHEESE DIP

Add more pepper sauce if you want a hotter dip.

3 jars (5 oz. each) sharp cheese spread
1 can (6½ oz.) minced clams, drained
2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
4 green onions, finely chopped
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 drops bottled red pepper sauce
Garlic salt to taste
Melba toast rounds

Preheat oven to 300°F. Mix all ingredients except toast together in baking dish.* Place in oven until melted, about 20 minutes. Serve in chafing dish with Melba toast rounds. Makes about 2½ cups. About 40 calories per tablespoon.—*Bea Matteson*

*Or, in top of double boiler, combine ingredients and cook until melted, stirring occasionally.

CANTON-TEASE BALLS

A pleasant change from the run-of-the-mill meatball.

Meatballs
1 pound ground beef
1 egg
1 tablespoon cornstarch
½ cup chopped onion
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash monosodium glutamate (optional)
2 tablespoons salad oil

Sauce
1 can (20 oz.) pineapple chunks in own juice
1 tablespoon salad oil
3 tablespoons cornstarch
⅓ cup water
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 tablespoon soy sauce
½ cup sugar
2 large green peppers, cut in strips

Meatballs: Combine all meatball ingredients except salad oil. Form into 1 inch balls. Fry in large skillet in the 2 tablespoons of salad oil. Drain.

Sauce: Drain juice from pineapple chunks to equal ¾ cup. In saucepan, heat pineapple juice and oil. Add mixture of cornstarch, water, vinegar, soy sauce and sugar. Cook over low heat until sauce thickens, stirring constantly. Add meatballs, pineapple chunks and green peppers.

Being careful not to cook, just HEAT through. If mixture is allowed to cook, color and crispness of peppers and pineapple will be lost.

Provide picks for guests to use for dipping meatballs from the sauce. Makes about 40 meatballs. About 60 calories each. —*Gladys Holman*

PECANS SHO WUNG

An unusual munchy that's bound to be a hit.

3 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 teaspoons salt
1 pound shelled pecans (4 cups)
3 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
Dash bottled red pepper sauce

Preheat oven to 300°F. Melt butter in baking dish. Stir in salt. Add nuts; toss until nuts are thoroughly coated. Add Worcestershire sauce, cinnamon, pepper and pepper sauce; toss again. Bake for 30 minutes until nuts are slightly browned and crisp. Makes about 4 cups. About 195 calories per ¼ cup. —*Dorothy Woods*



NOW CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® SPAGHETTI DINNER IS EVEN BETTER.

Chef Boy-ar-dee® complete Spaghetti Dinner. Everything you need to make a delicious spaghetti dinner is right in the package.

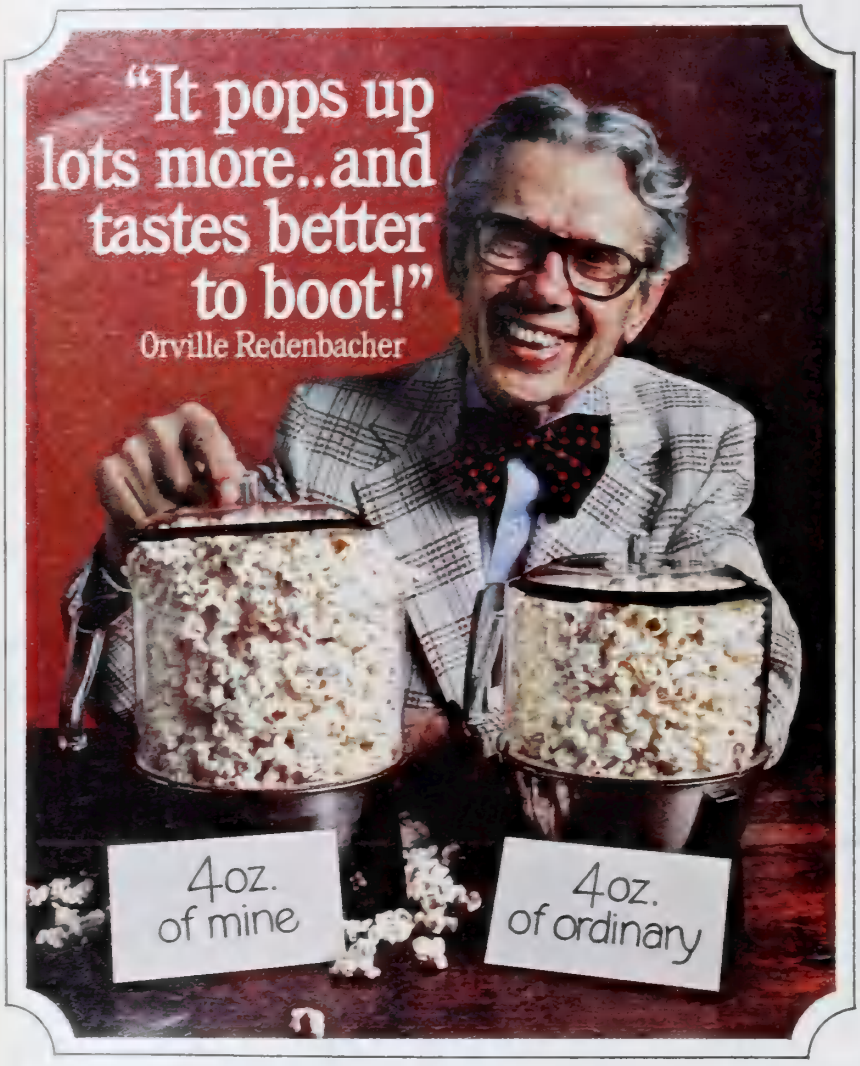
It's complete with a rich meaty tomato sauce. Italian-style grated cheese. And our spaghetti is now made with 100% Durum Wheat. It's a superior wheat that gives spaghetti a rich golden color and it cooks to a nice firm texture.

That's why our Chef Boy-ar-dee Spaghetti Dinner is now even better.



CHEF BOY-AR-DEE SPAGHETTI DINNER. EVERYTHING YOU NEED IS IN THE PACKAGE.

"My Orville Redenbacher's® Gourmet™ Popping Corn will blow your top!"



It's true. My Gourmet Popping Corn will give you a heap more popped corn than you'll get from ordinary kinds. In fact, it pops so light and fluffy, I suggest you start with fewer kernels. (Or you could "blow the top" right off your popper!)

You won't find a bunch of unpopped kernels in the bottom of your bowl either. We harvest and select only my special Number One Quality kernels...so every one should pop up perfectly.

But the best part is how good it tastes. So tender, crisp and light, you'll say it's the best popped corn you ever put in your mouth. Try my Gourmet Popping Corn.



You'll like it better...or my name isn't Orville Redenbacher.

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The working woman

continued from page 60

tion and experience into a persuasive résumé. ($3.50. Catalyst, 14 East 60 St., New York, N.Y. 10022.)

- "Women: The Recruiter's Last Resort" by Dina Portnoy. A rough-edged set of stories about the use and abuse of women in the military. (75¢. Recon, Box 14602, Philadelphia, Pa. 19134.)
- "Women and the Workplace," Edited by Martha Blaxall and Barbara Reagan. Scholarship and statistics on occupational segregation. ($3.95. University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill. 60637.)
- "Women in the Labor Movement." Negotiating women's issues, organizing the unorganized, working women and the law. ($2.75. Union W.A.G.E., Box 462, Berkeley, Calif. 94701. Also, subscription to bimonthly newspaper for union women, $3 per year.)
- "A Woman's Book of Money." A guide for married or single women who are tired of leaving money matters up to men. ($4.95. Doubleday, 245 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.)
- "All Work and No Pay: Women, Housework and the Wages Due," edited by Wendy Edmond and Suzie Fleming. Eye-opening essays on the real silent majority: the working homemaker. ($1.95. New York Wages for Housework Committee, c/o Federici, 491 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217.)
- "Seeking, Finding and Enjoying Your Career: Some Practical Advice by Patricia Sanderson Port. ($2. Resource Center for Women, 499 Hamilton Ave., Palo Alto, Calif. 94301.)
- "Mature Women Workers." A profile of the over-45 wage-earning woman; heavy on statistics. (Free. Women's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington, D.C. 20210.)
- "The Hidden Job Market" by Tom Jackson and Davidyne Mayleas. A unique system to locate better jobs and get hired. ($12. Quadrangle, 10 East 53 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.)
- "The Law for a Woman: Real Cases and What Happened" by Ellen Switzer. Don't wait for legal trouble, anticipate it. You may already have a case. ($3.95. Scribner's, 597 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.)
- "Guidelines for Contemporary Employment Interviewing." Targeted to a university situation but applicable almost anywhere. ($1. Affirmative Action Office, University of Wisconsin—Stout, Menomonie, Wisc. 54751.)
- SPECIAL CHANUKAH BONUS! Subscribe to *Lilith*, the new quarterly magazine for Jewish women and fill your year with *nachas*, *mazel* and positive energy. ($6. *Lilith*, 500 East 63 Street, New York, N.Y. 10021.) **End**

Introducing Stir 'n Frost. It's everything you see on this page. The cake mix, the frosting, even the pan. Everything.



Betty Crocker® introduces new Stir'n Frost. The super moist cake that's just the right size for a family snack. Or a bridge party. Or an after school treat for the kids.

It comes complete. Cake mix, creamy frosting that's already made, and a 5"x7" foil lined pan.

And it's so convenient. Just add water, stir, and bake. Then frost from an easy-squeeze pouch.

Try all four flavors: Yellow Cake with Chocolate Frosting, Chocolate Cake with Chocolate Frosting, Spice Cake with Vanilla Frosting and Lemon Cake with Lemon Frosting.



Louise loved the lobster salad.

Ann was crazy about the china.

Judy asked for the cheesecake recipe.

And Gertrude noticed the spotty glasses.

If you have spot problems...

Get the Cascade look virtually spotless.

For virtually spotless dishes, nothing can beat Cascade.

Most detergents can leave spot problems, but Cascade's sheeting action fights drops that spot. Give your glasses the Cascade look: bright...shiny... virtually spotless!

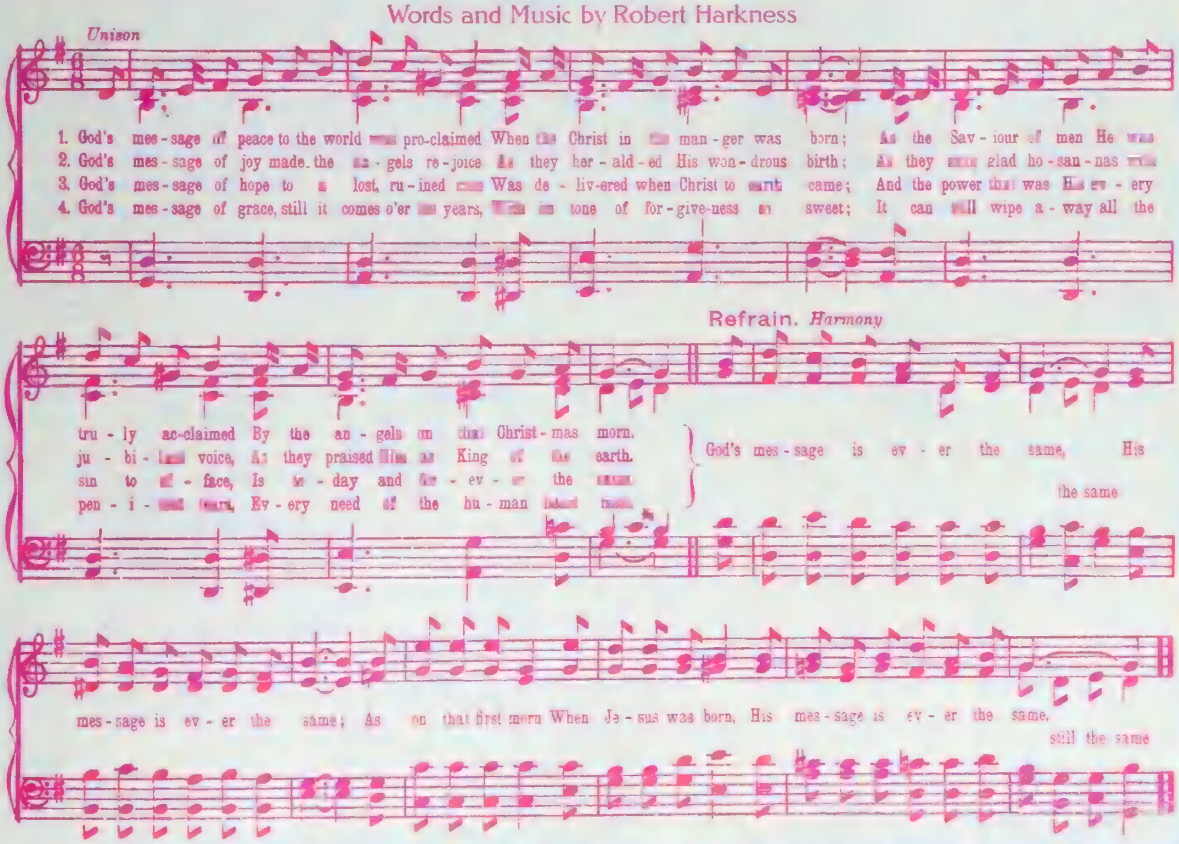


The Message of Christmas

Every year since 1883, Ladies' Home Journal, with constancy and loving purpose, has prepared a special Christmas issue. From the pages of the December Journal of 1910, we reprint this simple hymn with its universal theme: "God's message is ever the same." May the spirit of faith and love touch all our readers, of all faiths, in this, the holiday season of 1976.

The Editors

Words and Music by Robert Harkness



A CHRISTMAS ROYALE

Christmas is the coronation of the year, yet its richness should be based on generosity of spirit, not the wealth of kings. The season should be measured by thoughtfulness and treasured with the whole family's joyous participation. On these pages, we show how ordinary things can be transformed imaginatively into regal trappings—to give with love and jubilation. By Nathan Mandelbaum, Director of Interior Design.



A TREASURY OF RIBBONS

The aristocratic touch of rich, gold-threaded ribbons changes simple household accessories into courtly gifts. For special presentations, tie on these miniature tapestries—turning stemmed goblets into enchanted sweetmeat holders; hurricane globes into princely lights; supermarket oranges into festive ornaments. Even mundane cigar boxes become lavish little chests, splendid enough to hold the crown jewels. *Details on page 164.*

Photograph by Lynn St. John. Brunschwig & Fils fabric; Grayblock ribbons; Lenox candles





THE MIDAS TOUCH

A CHRISTMAS ROYALE

There's a king's treasury in your larder—awaiting your golden touch. Simply spray on the mellow glow of gold, turning commonplace objects into bright extravaganzas. Below: Everything that glitters—from walnuts, eggs and breads to vegetables out of a shined-up paper bag. Right: a gilded wreath of pinecones. Far right: flashy fruits of your imagination. For how-to's, turn to page 162.



Photographs by Charles Gold



THE PRINCE &...

A noble blanket fit for your bonnie prince charming. Easy-to-make, yet destined for greatness (to be passed down as a family heirloom). His, generous stripings of ribbons and imperial braids, tassels and heraldic crests.

Photographs by Judy Lewis



THE PRINCESS

Nothing but the best for the littlest angel with royal airs. Sweet finery for an outing or baby's Christmas portrait. Hers is bound in scarlet ribbons, deep Venetian-type lace and eyelet, strewn with exuberant flowers. Instructions, page 164.

Heidecrest blankets; Wrights trimmings.



romps through "Life is a cabaret, old chum," wearing Halston's famous front-tied strapless with a cascading hemline. Here, in look-at-me red silk chiffon with matching floaty shawl (not shown). Academy-award winner Liza's upcoming film is "A Matter of Time," co-starring Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer, directed by father Vincente Minnelli.

Your Night to Star

Turn on the spotlights and strike up the band. Here come the superstars. Four top-talent movie actresses sing, dance and strut their stuff in smash one-woman shows. Here they show off this season's dazzle looks for holiday evenings. In soft chiffons and clingy jerseys—some big night, you too can shine like a star.
By Trudy Owett, Fashion Editor.

Fashion and accessory information on page

Photograph by Charles William Bush,
hairstyle by Sidney Guilaroff, makeup by Christine


Shirley
belts out her theme, "Gypsy in my Soul," gowned in a twinkling chiffon toga over a strapless tube of matte jersey. By Anthony Muto for Marita. Next for Ms. MacLaine, a film, "The Turning Point," co-starring Anne Bancroft.
Photograph by James Moore.
Hairstyle by Hans Schroeder at Elizabeth Arden, makeup by Sandra Lintner.



Raquel rocks to "Boogie Fever," all afire in a brilliant blue matte jersey gown. The sashed wraparound plunges to a deep V. By Jeannene Booher for David Morris.

Having just finished her first one-woman road show, Raquel Welch stars in her upcoming film, "The Prince and the Pauper."

Photographs these pages by Charles William Bush; hair style and makeup by Lennie Lindstrom.



torches "Stand By Your Man," drifting in coral evening pajamas. Soft matte jersey, an asymetrical overblouse draped over full flowing pants, by Holly's Harp. Best Actress Nominee for the rock film, "Tommy," she next plays a tongue-in-cheek role in "The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

Hairstyle and makeup by Carrie White.

Fashion and accessory information on page 155.



The Cookie Book

At the Journal, we believe a Christmas without cookies is like a world without love. Therefore, we're offering a host of sweet holiday treats—old favorite recipes and new twists on tradition—to make together, to munch, to give away by the tinfuls. Here, in dashing flight, a cookie-dough Santa, his sleigh and eight tiny reindeer (plus Rudolph with his nose so bright)—varnished to keep and delight. Instructions and patterns, page 104.

By Sue B. Huffman, Food Editor.

Photographs by Nick Samaridge







A Forest of Cookies

Here is a forest of sweets, filled with murmuring pines and hemlocks, a beautiful cookie wonderland of 36 trees that is edible, quick and easy-to-do. Follow our inspiration or your own creative visions. The flat trees are cut out of basic dough into different sizes and shapes (by knife or cutters) and decorated freehand with one frosting that's tinted infinite colors. The round trees are ice cream cones, branched with almonds or extra dough. We propped them up with candy sticks "glued" on by melted caramel.

Recipes, page 147

The Cookie Book

Twenty All-Time Winners

Who could ever choose just one favorite cookie? Here we've narrowed the field to twenty of the most delectable holiday treats. Some are traditional— invoking memories of familiar drifting aromas. Others are more unusual, yet destined to become part of your treasured cookie collection. Recipes, page 109.



HOLLY WREATH
A circle of cornflakes and marshmallows tinted green; red hots.



JOE FROGGER
Giant molasses cookie with dark rum, ginger and tangy spices.



ROSE'S CRESCENT
Delicate butter and nut flavoring; dusting of cinnamon and sugar.

PEANUT BLOSSOM
Crackling peanut butter cookie, centered with a chocolate kiss.



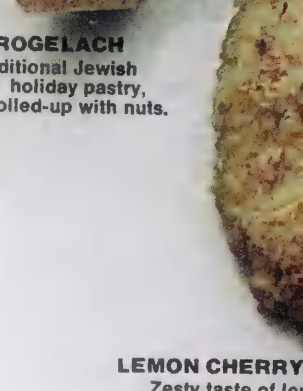
SCOTTISH SHORTBREAD
Time-honored recipe for the buttery, unadorned flatbread.



FILBERTINE
A butter cookie bristling with filberts. Secret spice: cardamom.



PFEFFERNUESSE
Powdery cookie, aged with an apple slice for a few weeks to soften.



ROGELACH
Traditional Jewish holiday pastry, rolled-up with nuts.



LEMON CHERRY
Zesty taste of lemons flavor the dough; tossed in chopped pecans.

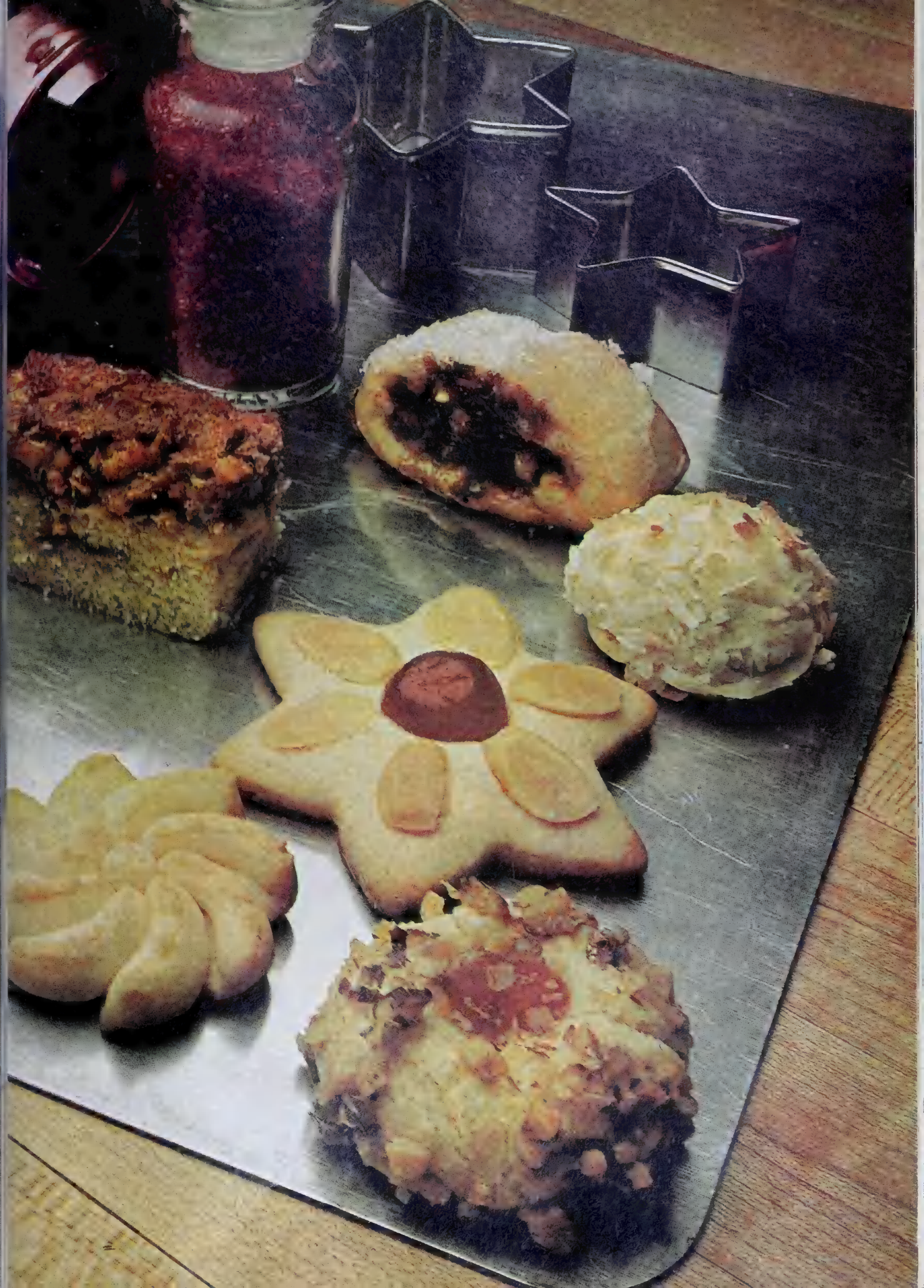

ALMOND COOKIE
Subtle sugar cookie with browned edges; an almond for top show.
CHOCOLATE MERINGUE
A biteful of rich lightness. Airy and chocolate-y to delight all ages.
MADELEINE
The French classic, made in a mold the shape of an elegant shell.
SPRINGERLE
German, molded cookie, crusty and anise-flavored. Improves with age.
LACE COOKIE
A fragile wafer, cooled around a rolling pin; drizzled with chocolate.
CASHEW NUT
A dark, nutty cookie, frosted with pink icing and topped with a whole cashew.
BERLINERKRANSER
From Norway, an easy loop with candied fruit. Brushed with egg and sugar.
CARAMELITA
A chewy bar of chocolate chips, nuts and caramel sundae topping.
SWEDISH CONE
A crèpe-like pastry molded around a cone-shape or spoon.
SESAME WAFER
A crunchy round, abundant with sesame seeds and brown sugar.
TEA CAKE
Melt-in-your-mouth goodness from many lands, laden with confectioners' sugar.



One Dough —Eight Delicious Ways

It takes just one basic dough to make these eight different cookies. That's the way our sugar cookie crumbles. Start off with the mainstays of the baking world—sugar, flour, eggs, butter, vanilla and baking powder. Then roll, press, cut or pat into any shape. Choose different flavorings or fillings for more variation. Clockwise from the top: date raisin roll; malted milk ball with coconut; Christmas star; nutted thumbprint; spritz; Viennese baton with chocolate and nuts; black and white pinwheel; walnut bar. Recipes are on page 149.

The Cookie Book







Fun Cookies—Christmas Child's Play

Children, given these easy recipes, will plunge ten fingers into the fun of cookie making and finish up with slews of tasty homemade goodies. All, of course, with your helping hand. Opposite page: Candy cane twists with crushed peppermint. Above, from left: Cookie Lollipops with gumdrops and icing; Chocolate Loves (no-bake balls); more candy canes; Butterscotch Peanut Chews; Sugar Plums. Below: Kookie Brittle and Myrtle Turtles. Recipes are on page 152.

The Cookie Book

SANTA & SLEIGH

continued from page 95

SANTA CLAUS, REINDEER AND SLEIGH
pictured on pages 94 and 95

This takes time, but the result—as displayed both on our cover and pages 94 and 95—is spectacular. Read all the instructions completely before beginning.

Dough **(Prepare three times. See editor's note)**
½ cup margarine, softened
½ cup light brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg
¼ cup light corn syrup
¼ cup light molasses
3½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
Beaten egg for glaze

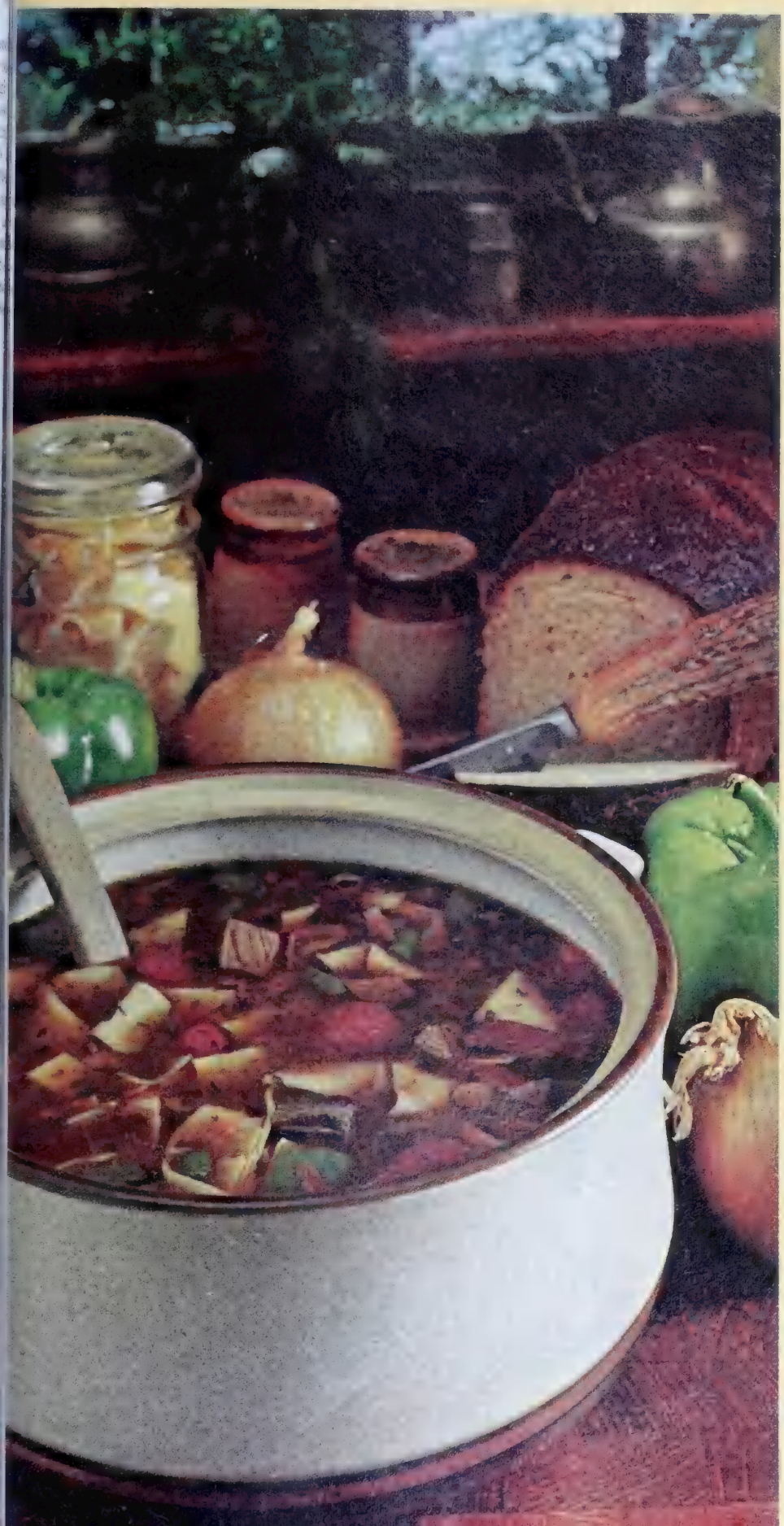
In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, beat margarine, sugar and egg until light and fluffy. At low speed, beat in corn syrup and molasses until smooth. Gradually add flour, soda and salt, beating until well combined. Turn out on a lightly floured board and form into a ball. Wrap and refrigerate until firm, about 3 hours or overnight. *Editor's note:* To be positive you have enough dough, we suggest making three batches. (Prepare each batch separately.) Most likely you will have some dough left over that can be made into cookies for the kids so they'll keep their little hands off the reindeer.

On heavy cardboard or corrugated paper, use patterns on this page to trace reindeer, Santa and sleigh; cut out. The patterns shown below are half size and can be enlarged on graph pape photostatically. (There is no patter packages. Use cookie cutter or sl packages to your liking.) Trace again onto waxed paper and cut glue to cardboard pattern. When cut always place waxed paper side dow dough to prevent sticking.

For reindeer: Remove one batc dough from refrigerator and divid quarters. Work with ¼ of the dough time; keep remaining refrigerated dough becomes too soft and difficu work with, rechill. Between two sheets of waxed paper, roll dough ¼- thick. Remove top sheet of waxed pa reserve to use again for rolling out a tional dough. Place pattern for rein on dough; with sharp knife, cut out reindeer. (You should get 2 rein from each quarter of *(contin*



Give me main-dish soups I don't have to start from scratch.



Start with Campbell's for all the flavor you want. Without all the work.

BEEF NOODLE MAIN-DISH SOUP

1 medium onion, sliced
2 tablespoons dried parsley flakes
½ teaspoon salt
Dash garlic powder
Dash pepper
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 cups cubed cooked beef
1 can Campbell's Beef Broth
1 can Campbell's Old Fashioned Vegetable Soup
2 soup cans water
1 can (16 ounces) tomatoes, cut up
1 cup uncooked wide noodles
1 small green pepper, diced

In large saucepan, cook onion with seasonings in butter until tender. Add remaining ingredients. Bring to boil; reduce heat. Cook 10 minutes or until noodles are done. Stir occasionally. Makes about 9 cups.

CALICO MAIN-DISH SOUP

1½ pounds ground beef
½ cup diced green pepper
⅓ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons chili powder
1 teaspoon ground cumin seed
1 teaspoon salt
2 cans Campbell's Golden Mushroom Soup
1 soup can water
1 can (16 ounces) tomatoes, cut up
1 can (about 12 ounces) corn, undrained
1 package (10 ounces) frozen cut green beans
1 cup quick-cooking rice, uncooked

In large heavy pan, brown beef and cook green pepper and onion with seasonings until tender. Stir to separate meat. Add remaining ingredients. Bring to boil; reduce heat. Cover; simmer 20 minutes or until rice is done. Stir occasionally. Makes about 11½ cups.

Cookbook Offer: Get more than 600 exciting recipes in Campbell's "Cooking with Soup" Cookbook. Send $1.50 and any two Campbell's Soup labels with your name, address and zip code to: COOKBOOK, BOX 494, Maple Plain, Minn. 55348. Offer good only in U.S.A. May be withdrawn at any time. Void where prohibited or restricted. Allow six weeks for delivery.

Give me the Campbell Life.



SANTA & SLEIGH

continued

dough.) Remove scraps and reserve. Don't remove bottom sheet of waxed paper. Instead, cut waxed paper apart leaving 2 to 3 inches around each reindeer. Transfer reindeer, still on waxed paper, to large cookie sheet. (You can actually bake 2 or 3 reindeer at a time on a cookie sheet, with the waxed paper underneath.) Smooth rough edges of dough with fingertip. Roll small piece of dough scraps into 6-inch long rope about ¼-inch thick. Arrange on head of reindeer to form antlers (see photograph for how to decorate); trim. Roll small piece of dough into ball (size of pea) for eye. Place on reindeer. With sharp point, poke a hole in center for pupil. With sharp knife, make a slit for mouth. Roll small amount of dough into a rope for collar. Preheat oven to 350°F. Brush 3-dimensional trim (antlers, eye, nose, hooves and tail) with beaten egg for glaze. Bake for 15 minutes. Remove from oven, cool completely on sheet. Repeat, making a total of 9 reindeer, rolling out additional dough as needed.

For Santa: Roll out about ¼ of a batch of dough between 2 sheets of waxed paper to ¼-inch thickness. Remove top sheet of waxed paper. Place pattern for Santa on dough. Cut out with sharp knife. Remove scraps; reserve and chill. Transfer Santa, still on waxed paper, to large cookie sheet. Roll small pieces of dough scraps to accentuate fur trim and pom-pom on hat, arm, hem of jacket, top of boots; eye. Bake for 15 minutes at 350°F. Cool completely on cookie sheet.

For sleigh: Between two long sheets of waxed paper roll about half a batch of dough ¼-inch thick. Remove top sheet of waxed paper. Cut out 2 sleighs. Remove scraps; reserve and chill. Cut apart bottom sheet of waxed paper. Transfer, still on waxed paper, to large cookie sheet. To make sleigh more sturdy, roll dough scraps into two 10-inch ropes; place on runners of sleighs. Then roll 4 small pieces of dough for supports (between runners and carriage).

To decorate: Roll small amount of dough to ⅛-inch thickness. Using your favorite cookie cutters, cut out dough pieces. Place on *one* unbaked sleigh to resemble wooden molding. (See photograph.) Brush molding and runners with beaten egg. Bake for 15 minutes at 350°F. Cool completely on cookie sheet.

For packages: Between 2 sheets of waxed paper roll additional dough and scraps ¼-inch thick. With cookie cutters or freestyle, cut out packages. Roll dough scraps to ¼-inch thick rope. Place on packages for ribbon and bows. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes at 350°F.

When completely cool, peel waxed paper from baked reindeer, sleighs, Santa and packages.

cookie creation edible, when all pieces are thoroughly cool, brush reindeer and sleigh cookies with light corn syrup. Allow to dry overnight.

To shellac: If you prefer to preserve your cookie sleigh, we recommend shellacking. (Do not eat if shellacked!) Brush both sides of reindeer, sleigh, Santa and packages with clear gloss shellac. (It's best to buy a pint so you'll have plenty.) Let dry completely (about 2 to 3 hours); shellac again. Allow to dry overnight. Santa and packages must be shellacked *before* decorating.

TO DECORATE ALL

Icing
2 egg whites
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
2½ cups confectioners' sugar
Food colorings

In small mixer bowl, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until frothy. Gradually add confectioners' sugar and beat for 5 to 7 minutes, until thick and smooth. Cover with a damp cloth or plastic wrap until ready for use.

To decorate Santa. Use ⅓ cup icing and completely frost his front side with white icing. Let dry completely, about 2½ hours.

For red coat: Stir 3 tablespoons red food coloring into ⅓ cup icing to tint bright red. Spread red icing on hat, coat and mittens. Let dry. (Be sure to paint one reindeer's nose red—for Rudolph.)

For belt: Tint 2 tablespoons icing brown by adding 3 drops red, 2 drops yellow and 2 drops green food coloring.

For face: Tint 1 tablespoon icing 3 drops red and 2 drops yellow coloring. Spread on face. Paint on eye and rosy cheek.

For whiskers: Place 3 tablesp icing in pastry bag with small w tip or waxed paper cone. Make a cur motion on face. Let dry.

To decorate packages: With ren ing icing, divide and tint to de colors. Spread on packages; use trasting color for ribbons and bows.

TO ASSEMBLE: On back of reindeer, sleigh and Santa glue wo toothpicks vertically with 1-inch ext ing at bottom. For reindeer, glue t picks on each leg. For Santa, gl toothpicks on boot. For sleigh, gl toothpicks (2 at each support). packages, glue 1 toothpick on e Allow to dry.

NOTE: If you're making your coo edible, use caramels instead of glu secure the toothpicks. Melt about vanilla caramels in a small bowl over water. Dip toothpicks into melted c mel and glue on the back of cookie instructed.

Assemble by placing sleighs, d rated side in front, into a 36x6x1-i piece of styrofoam, inserting toothp into styrofoam. Then place Santa sleigh. Arrange team of reindeer, abreast, with Rudolph leading. P packages in back of sleigh. Drape licorice around necks of reindeer reins, taping licorice at back of neck lace is not long enough. Suddenly! 'T the night before Christmas . . .



"Well, if these aren't my permanent teeth, why bother brushing them?"

lew Hunt's Prima Salsa.® It's thicker and zestier than Ragú."

We're delighted when spaghetti sauce lovers like Boston's Mr. Joseph D'Amelio tell us, "New Hunt's Prima Salsa® is thicker and zestier than regular Ragu® Spaghetti Sauce." That's because he's pretty fussy about his spaghetti sauce. If new Hunt's Prima Salsa pleases him, imagine how it will please you!

The fact is, among people who really like their spaghetti sauce, most preferred new Hunt's Prima Salsa to Ragu.

Next time you're looking for spaghetti sauce, try delicious new Hunt's Prima Salsa. You'll find it thicker and zestier than Ragu.



Joseph D'Amelio
4 Prince Street
Boston, Mass.

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GU—See how the regular Ragu ghetti Sauce begins to come ugh the strainer in a matter of a seconds.

HUNT'S PRIMA SALSA—It's thicker and zestier than Ragu. It even looks better—it stays in the strainer.

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FILTER CIGARETTES
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LIGHTS
Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.
And still offers up the same quality
that has made Marlboro famous.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '78

Twenty Winners

continued from page 99

All recipes pictured on pages 98–99

HOLLY WREATHS

sy to make and appropriately festive for the holidays.

cup butter or margarine
large marshmallows
teaspoon vanilla extract
teaspoons green food coloring
½ cups corn flakes
d cinnamon candies (1 to 2 tablespoons)

large, heavy 2-quart saucepan, melt butter or margarine d marshmallows over low heat, stirring constantly. Add nilla and food coloring and stir until well blended. Fold in rn flakes. Grease tablespoon. Drop by rounded tablespoonls onto waxed paper-lined cookie sheets; shape into 2-inch eaths. Decorate each with cinnamon candies. Makes about wreaths. About 80 calories each.

JOE FROGGERS

uge molasses cookies created years ago by a Marblehead, assachusetts character called Uncle Joe, who lived on the ge of a frog pond.

cup butter or margarine, softened
cup sugar
½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoons ground ginger
teaspoon ground cloves
teaspoon ground allspice
teaspoon nutmeg
cup light molasses
teaspoon baking soda
cup dark rum
tablespoons *hot* water

large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, eam butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. ir flour and next 5 ingredients together until combined. radually add to creamed mixture. Combine molasses and da. Add to flour mixture and beat until well mixed. Comne rum and water; pour into flour mixture and continue eating at low speed until well mixed. Cover and chill at ast 2 hours.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease two cookie sheets. Divide ough into quarters. Work with one dough quarter at a time; ep remaining refrigerated. Roll out dough on pastry cloth well floured surface, to ¼-inch thickness. Cut into 4-inch rcles. (Use a 4-inch plate as a guide.) Transfer to cookie eets. Bake for 15 minutes. Cool on wire racks. Continue lling out remaining dough and scraps. Makes 18 giant okies. About 265 calories each.

ROSE'S CRESCENTS

agile, rich and fantastic.

ookie
⅔ cup blanched almonds, whole
½ cup unsalted butter, softened
½ cup margarine, softened
⅓ cup sugar
1⅔ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
opping
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon

ace almonds, half at a time, in blender container. Blend ntil finely chopped; remove. Repeat with remaining alonds; set aside. In large bowl, combine butter, margarine, gar and almonds. Beat with electric mixer at medium speed, ntil light and fluffy, scraping bowl occasionally. Sift flour nd salt together; beat into creamed mixture until well mixed. Vrap and refrigerate until firm, about 2 hours. *(continued)*



BRUSH ON KITCHEN BOUQUET.

The special touch for juicy-tasting meat with a rich, brown crust.



Kitchen Bouquet® is for the cook who cares. It makes every cut of meat more tempting—even economy cuts. Brush it on *before cooking* for a crisper, more appetizing look on the outside. Kitchen Bouquet also helps bring out meat's own natural, juicy flavor.

IT HELPS MAKE GREAT HOMEMADE GRAVY, TOO. Add Kitchen Bouquet to the natural meat juices for delicious, savory gravy.

KITCHEN BOUQUET.
NO KITCHEN SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.



HAM ALMONDINE

Easy holiday elegance from Cure|81® Ham and Blue Diamond® Almonds

While your dependable Cure/81 ham bakes, make this flavorful glaze with crunchy Blue Diamond Almonds.

Mix together ¾ cup honey, 18 oz. orange marmalade, 10 oz. diced maraschino cherries (save 3 cherries), juice and grated rind of 1 lemon. Blend in 2 tbsp. cornstarch. Bring mixture to a boil over medium heat, stirring constantly until it thickens and turns clear. Remove from heat, stir in 1½ tsp. brandy flavoring.

Let cool, then top Cure/81 ham for last ½ hour of baking. Lightly toast ½ cup Blue Diamond almond slivers. Garnish with almonds and cherries as shown.

Combine remaining almonds and glaze and serve in a serving dish.



Twenty Winners

continued

reheat oven to 325°F. Cut dough into eighths. Work with nall amount of dough at a time; keep remaining dough igerated. With floured hands, roll pinches of dough into ½-inch ropes; form into crescent shapes. Place on unased cookie sheet. Bake for 12 to 14 minutes until set, but brown. Cool on cookie sheet 10 minutes, then roll in Topg Mixture. Repeat with remaining dough. Makes 4 dozen kies. About 85 calories each.

PEANUT BLOSSOMS

nd to be a favorite with the younger set.

cups unsifted all-purpose flour
easpoon baking soda
easpoon salt
cup sugar
cup packed light brown sugar
cup shortening
cup creamy peanut butter
gg
ablespoons milk
easpoon vanilla extract
milk chocolate kisses, unwrapped

large mixer bowl, stir flour, soda and salt together. Add naining ingredients except candy and mix at medium speed electric mixer until well combined, scraping bowl occasionly. Chill dough 30 minutes.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Roll small amounts of dough into nch balls. Place on ungreased cookie sheet and bake for 12 nutes or until light brown. Remove from oven and immedily press a chocolate kiss into center of each (the cookie cks around the edge). Repeat with remaining dough. akes 4 dozen cookies. About 70 calories each.

FILBERTINES

ry popular with our LHJ cookie monsters.

cup butter or margarine, softened
cup sugar
gg
cups unsifted all-purpose flour
teaspoon baking soda
teaspoon ground cardamom
cup filberts or hazelnuts, finely chopped

large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, eam butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy, ping bowl occasionally. Add egg and beat until well l. Beat in flour, baking soda and cardamom. Chill for

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets; set de. Shape dough into 1-inch balls and roll in chopped nuts. ace on baking sheets, 2 inches apart. Bake for 15 minutes or til lightly browned and firm to the touch. Cool on wire cks. Makes 28 cookies. About 70 calories each.

PFEFFERNUESSE

anslated as "pepper nut," this classic German cookie must allowed to ripen for at least 2 weeks.

eggs
cup sugar
cups unsifted all-purpose flour
teaspoon double-acting baking powder
teaspoon salt
teaspoon white pepper
teaspoon cinnamon
teaspoon cloves
cup candied lemon peel, chopped
cup blanched almonds, ground
cup confectioners' sugar
apple slice

large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, eat eggs and sugar. Add next 6 ingredients and *(continued)*



THE BUTTER MUSHROOM FOR BETTER BEGINNINGS.

BinB,® the butter mushroom, is also the hors d'oeuvre mushroom. They get any meal off to a better start because of their special flavor. They're broiled in fresh, creamery butter then packed in their own butter broth.

So get creative with BinB Mushrooms. Try them with a vinaigrette sauce in avocados or tomatoes. Or fill a scalloped orange shell with our easy Cheshire dip. BinB Mushrooms—they're delicious, just for openers.



Dip recipe
(Blend 6 oz. cream cheese, 1½ tbs. each mayonnaise and BinB butter broth, 2 tsp. toasted onion, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce.)

Instant Maxwell House® presents the commemorative Bicentennial Election jar



A Limited Edition



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Save dollars now on these Bicentennial Election craft kits from Instant Maxwell House®

Create your own decorative American crafts – and save! These beautiful needlepoint kits are available in a choice of two colors. Or stitch a crewel set of adorable Moppets pictures for hours of creative fun. Just fill out the order form.

Bicentennial Election Needlepoint Kit

Comparable $12.00 retail value – only $4.75 plus 1 inner seal from Maxwell House Instant Coffee per kit. Each kit includes: stamped picture on cotton canvas 11″ x 15″, 100% wool yarns, stitch chart, step-by-step instructions, needle. (Frames not included.)

A. Federal Blue **B.** Colonial Red on Gold

C. Set of Crewel Moppets Pictures

Comparable $4.00 retail value – only $1.50 plus 1 inner seal from Maxwell House Instant Coffee per set. Each set includes: 2 stamped pictures on homespun fabric 8″ x 10″, 100% wool yarns, full-color instructions, stitch charts, needle. (Frames not included.)

GF
GENERAL FOODS

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Mail to: Maxwell House Instant Coffee
Craft Kit Offer, P.O. Box 7034
Kankakee, Illinois 60901

Please send me the kit or kits indicated. For each kit ordered, I have selected the appropriate letter, and I include one inner seal from any size jar of Maxwell House Instant Coffee plus a check or money order payable to: Maxwell House Instant Craft Kit Offer.

Quantity	Letter	Inner Seals Required	Price Per Kit	Total Price
			TOTAL:	

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for processing. Offer void where taxed, restricted or prohibited. Offer expires May 31, 1977.
General Foods, East Court St., Kankakee, Illinois 60901

Twenty Winners

continued

beat until well mixed, scraping bowl occasionally. Beat in lemon peel and almonds until well combined. Wrap and chill dough for 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Roll dough out onto lightly floured surface ¼-inch thick. With 1-inch round cookie cutter, cut out circles. Place on cookie sheets. Bake for 15 minutes or until lightly browned. Reroll any scraps. Cool on wire racks. Place confectioners' sugar in bag, add cookies and shake until well coated. Because these cookies are very hard, place them in a tightly covered container with an apple slice; cover and allow to ripen for 2 to 3 weeks (they'll soften). Makes about 16 dozen. About 15 calories each.

ROGELACH

These traditional Jewish cookies remind us of roly-polies we used to make with leftover pie dough when we were kids.

1 cup unsalted butter, softened
2 packages (3 oz. each) cream cheese, softened
2¾ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar
⅓ cup seedless raisins, chopped
¼ cup chopped walnuts
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 egg yolk slightly beaten

In large mixer bowl, cream butter and cream cheese until light and fluffy. Add flour and salt and continue mixing until well combined. Wrap and chill dough for at least 2 hours.

Meanwhile, combine ½ cup sugar, raisins, nuts and cinnamon. Preheat oven to 375°F. Divide dough into 9 equal pieces. Work with 1 piece at a time; keep remaining refrigerated. Roll dough into an 8-inch circle. Sprinkle with sugar mixture. Cut into 8 pie-shaped wedges. Start at base of each wedge and roll to the point.

Place point-side down, on ungreased cookie sheet. Brush with egg yolk and sprinkle with remaining ¼ cup sugar. Bake for 15 minutes or until golden brown. Remove to wire racks to cool completely. Repeat procedure with remaining dough. Makes about 6 dozen cookies. About 65 calories each.

SCOTTISH SHORTBREAD

Keeps indefinitely in a tin box; the Scots serve it with high tea.

2 cups unsalted butter, softened (1 lb.)
1 cup sugar
5 cups unsifted all-purpose flour

Preheat oven to 275°F. Grease four 8-inch round cake pans; set aside.

In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in flour, 1 cup at a time, until well mixed. Divide dough into 4 equal pieces. Pat each piece evenly into bottom of pan with hands. (If you only have 2 pans, refrigerate half the dough and bake only half at a time.) With tines of fork, prick dough all over to prevent bubbles from forming during baking. Bake for 1 hour or until pale and golden. (Do not allow to brown.) Cool in pans for 10 minutes; remove from pans and cut each into 8 wedges. Makes 32 cookies. About 200 calories each.

LEMON CHERRY COOKIES

Absolutely divine—we loved them!

½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup sugar
1 egg, separated
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
½ cup finely chopped pecans
24 candied red cherries

In small mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg yolk, lemon peel and juice and beat until well blended. Gradually add flour and beat until well mixed. Wrap and chill dough for at least 3 hours or overnight.

Preheat oven to 325°F. Divide dough into quarters. Divide each quarter into 6 pieces; roll each piece into a ball. Dip each in slightly beaten egg white and then into nuts. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Insert a cherry into center of each. Bake for 15 minutes or until lightly brown on the bottom. Cool on wire racks. Makes 2 dozen. About 120 calories each.

ALMOND COOKIES

Crispy, crunchy with delicate flavor.

3½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 cup butter, softened
1 cup margarine, softened
1 egg, beaten
2 teaspoons almond extract
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup whole, blanched almonds

In large mixer bowl, combine flour, sugar and baking powder. Add butter, margarine, egg and almond and vanilla extracts; beat at low speed, until well blended. Increase speed to medium and continue beating until dough is smooth, scraping bowl occasionally. Cover and chill dough for at least 2 hours.

Preheat oven to 375°F. Roll teaspoonful of dough into 1-inch ball. Repeat with remaining dough. Place on cookie sheets 2 inches apart. Flatten dough with bottom of floured glass. Place almond in center of each. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly brown around the edges. Cool slightly before moving to wire racks to finish cooling. Makes about 5 dozen cookies. About 125 calories each.

SPRINGERLE

This German cookie needs to be mad at least 2 weeks in advance for aging an best flavor.

4 eggs
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon anise extract
4¼ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda

In large mixer bowl, beat eggs at hig speed of electric mixer until light an fluffy. Add sugar and continue beatin at high speed for 15 minutes, scrapin bowl occasionally. Beat in anise extrac Gradually add flour and baking so and continue beating until well mixe Chill dough for 1 hour. On well-floure surface, roll dough into a ½-inch thic rectangle. Press springerle mold springerle rolling pin into dough. C dough apart at pattern. Place on greas cookie sheets. Reroll scraps and repea above procedure. Let stand overnight a room temperature to dry.

The following day, preheat oven t 375°F. Place cookie sheets in oven. Re duce temperature to 300°F. and bak for 25 to 30 minutes until cookies tur white on top and bottoms are slightl golden. Let cool on wire rack. Store i tightly covered container to enhanc flavor and to age for 2 to 4 weeks befor serving. Makes 3½ dozen cookies. Abou 95 calories each.

CARAMELITAS

Sinfully rich; utterly delicious.

1 cup plus 3 tablespoons unsifted all-purpose flour
1 cup quick oats, uncooked
¾ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
½ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup butter or margarine, melted
1 jar (12.25 oz.) caramel topping
1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate pieces
½ cup walnuts, chopped

(continued)

NEW YEAR

By Christie Lund Coles

The bells have ceased,
the snow outside
crackles on silence,
The year has died.

We know its hope
has vanished, gone,
the good, the bad
we dreamed upon.

And man stands shamed
at what is past,
praying that good
may come at last;

praying this year
all wars may cease,
And earth, please God,
may find its peace.

Holiday Cookies from around the World.

Six delicious international recipes, only in sacks of Pillsbury's Best® Flour.

Here's a very special kind of holiday cheer—six recipes from around the world, for cookies your family and guests will love.

Austrian Chocolate Balls, French Buttercreams and other delicious favorites, from recipes tested by Pillsbury so you know they're easy to make and your whole family will just love their great taste.

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Twenty Winners

continued

Preheat oven to 350°F. In large mixer bowl, combine 1 cup flour and next 5 ingredients and beat at low speed until well mixed. Evenly pat into an ungreased 13x9-inch baking pan. Bake 10 minutes. Meanwhile, stir caramel topping and remaining 3 tablespoons flour until well mixed. Remove pan from oven; sprinkle on chocolate pieces and walnuts. Drizzle on caramel mixture. Return pan to oven and continue baking 20 to 25 minutes more or until browned. Cool before cutting. Cut into 36 bars, (2¾x1-inch). About 105 calories each.

SESAME WAFERS

The South knows these as benne wafers.

1 cup sesame seeds
½ cup butter or margarine, softened
1½ cups packed light brown sugar
1 egg
¾ cup unsifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

In small skillet, toast sesame seeds over medium heat, stirring occasionally, until lightly browned. Set aside to cool.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets; set aside. In small mixer bowl, cream butter or margarine, sugar and egg until light and fluffy. Stir flour and baking powder together; add to creamed mixture and beat until well mixed. Add vanilla and sesame seeds and continue beating until well combined. Drop batter by ½ teaspoonfuls onto cookie sheets about 1½ inches apart. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes until slightly brown around the edges. Cool slightly on cookie sheets. Remove and cool completely on wire racks. Makes about 10 to 11 dozen. About 40 calories each.

TEA CAKES

Although called a cake, it is a cookie that is a universal favorite.

1 cup butter or margarine
1½ cups confectioners' sugar
1 tablespoon water
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¾ cup pecans, finely chopped

Preheat oven to 400°F. In large bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and ½ cup sugar until light and fluffy. Add water and vanilla. Gradually add flour and nuts beating until well mixed. Chill for 30 minutes or until firm. Roll dough into 1-inch balls. Place on ungreased cookie sheets, about 1 inch apart. Bake for 10 minutes or until light brown on bottom. Cool on wire racks about 10 minutes. Then roll in remaining 1 cup confectioners' sugar. When completely cool, roll again in remaining confectioners' sugar. Makes about 4 dozen cookies. About calories each.

SWEDISH CONES

Difficult to make but spectacular wh filled with a flavored whipped cream.

2 eggs
⅓ cup superfine sugar
3 tablespoons unsifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 400°F. Grease and flo 2 large cookie sheets. In small mix bowl with electric mixer at mediu speed, beat eggs and sugar until lig and fluffy, scraping bowl occasionall Gradually add flour and beat until w blended. Add vanilla and continue bea ing until well mixed.

Bake only 2 cookies per sheet. F each cookie, place 2 tablespoons batt on cookie sheet and spread with back spoon to a 4 to 5 inch circle. Bake 5 to minutes or until golden brown aroun edges. Remove from oven and let co on cookie sheets for 30 seconds. Wi spatula or knife lift off cookie and r into a coneshape around a greas wooden cone (krumkake roller) or greased tablespoon. (If cookie harden return to oven on cookie sheet for just few seconds.) Let cool, seam-side dow Repeat, making 10 more cookies, grea ing and flouring cookie sheets each tim Makes 1 dozen. About 45 calories eac



CASHEW NUT COOKIES

most too pretty to eat.

okies
½ cup butter or margarine
1 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
⅓ cup sour cream
1 egg, beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1¾ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¾ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup cashews, chopped
ng
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
Dash salt
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
¼ cup milk
Red and green food coloring
cup whole cashew nuts, about 5 ounces, for garnish

eheat oven to 375°F. Grease 2 large okie sheets. In large mixer bowl with ectric mixer at medium speed, cream utter or margarine and brown sugar un- light and fluffy. Add sour cream, egg d vanilla and beat until well mixed. ir flour, soda and salt together; add to eamed mixture and beat until well mbined. Fold in chopped cashews. rop dough by teaspoonfuls onto eased cookie sheet 2 inches apart. ake for 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly owned. Cool on wire racks. When cool, ost pink or green; top with cashew. akes about 48; about 115 calories each.

ing: In small mixer bowl combine all gredients for icing except food coloring. Beat with electric mixer until smooth, scraping sides of bowl occasionally. Divide icing in half. Stir in 3 drops red food coloring to one half; 3 drops green food coloring to the other.

BERLINERKRANSER

This Norwegian cookie came from our assistant food editor's grandmother.

4 egg yolks
¾ cup confectioners' sugar
1 cup butter, softened
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 egg white
¼ cup cube sugar, crushed
Red and green candied cherries, for garnish

In large mixer bowl, combine egg yolks and confectioners' sugar. Beat at medium speed until light and fluffy, about 5 minutes, scraping bowl occasionally. Add softened butter, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour and continue beating until well mixed. Wrap and chill dough at least 3 hours or overnight.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Divide dough into quarters. Work with one quarter at a time; keep remaining refrigerated. Cut each quarter into 16 equal pieces. Roll each, on lightly floured pastry cloth, into 5-inch rope. Place on cookie sheet and form a loop with ½-inch extending at both ends. Brush with egg white and sprinkle on crushed cube sugar. Garnish with candied cherries, if desired. Bake for 8 to 10 minutes until golden. Remove to wire racks to cool. Makes 64 cookies. About 55 calories each.

LACE COOKIES

Reminiscent of a crunchy praline.

1 cup unsifted all-purpose flour
1 cup almonds, ground
½ cup light corn syrup
½ cup butter or margarine
⅔ cup packed light brown sugar
4 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate
1 teaspoon shortening

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. On waxed paper, combine flour and nuts; set aside.

In heavy, 2-quart saucepan, combine corn syrup, butter or margarine and brown sugar. Heat to boiling over medium heat, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and gradually stir in flour and nuts. Drop batter by level teaspoonfuls onto baking sheet, 3 inches apart. Bake only 6 cookies at a time for 5 to 6 minutes. (If batter stiffens, soften over low heat, stirring constantly.) Let rest for 1 minute on cookie sheet. Remove and bend cookies around a greased rolling pin.* If cookies become too firm to roll, return to oven for a few minutes to soften. Let cool completely on wire racks.

In small saucepan, melt *(continued)*





Kids and Moms never grow out of Cream of Rice.

Cream of Rice® is a very special cereal. Perfect for babies because it's so gentle. Perfect for Moms because the creamy taste goes well with other flavors, too. So as this baby grew, they both could enjoy Cream of Rice any way they pleased—with honey or brown sugar, fresh strawberries and cinnamon, even with maple syrup and bits of bacon.

Creamy, delicious Cream of Rice—it's the cereal the whole family can grow up with.

So gentle, it's delicious plain or fancy.



Twenty Winners

continued

chocolate and shortening over low heat. Drizzle melted ch olate with tines of a fork on cookies in lacy pattern. Ma about 4 dozen cookies. About 80 calories each.

*Or, use a greased, foil-covered cardboard tube from a of paper towels or the handle of a wooden spoon.

CHOCOLATE MERINGUES

A crunchy, bittersweet little cookie; only 10 calories each

3 egg whites, at room temperature
1 cup sugar
6 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets; set asi

In small mixer bowl, beat egg whites until stiff but not d Add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, and continue beating high speed until smooth and glossy and sugar is dissolv Fold in chocolate and vanilla. Drop mixture by rounded t spoonfuls onto cookie sheets. Bake 15 minutes. Remove wire racks to cool. Makes 5 dozen. About 10 calories each

MADELEINES

An elegant French cookie that requires a special mold.

1½ cups unsalted butter (to equal 1 cup clarified butter)
4 eggs, at room temperature
1½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour

Preheat oven to 450°F. Grease madeleine molds well; aside.

To clarify butter: In small heavy saucepan, melt but over low heat. Skim off foam as it rises to surface (reserve use on cooked vegetables). Pour clear golden liquid into sm bowl, leaving any sediment in pan; set aside.

In large mixer bowl, combine eggs, sugar and lemon pe Beat at high speed until mixture is light, fluffy and tripled volume, scraping sides occasionally. Add vanilla. Gradua fold in flour, then clarified butter.

Fill molds ⅔ full, using spoon or pastry bag. Bake 10 m utes or until golden. Remove immediately from pans. Cool wire racks. Continue with remaining batter, greasing mol after each batch. Makes 6 dozen cookies. About 70 calor each.

RECIPE INDEX

Here is a listing of recipes appearing in this issue including those from the Journal kitchens and advertisements. All have been tested by our home economists.

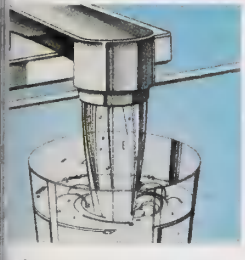
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Tareyton goes low-tar one better.

Of course Tareyton's filter reduces tar...

Tareyton has less tar than 75% of all other cigarettes sold!

...but it also improves the taste with activated charcoal.



The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water. As a matter of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.

Charcoal also helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.



And charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.





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King Size: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
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A. Do pirates dig for treasure?



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Searching for buried treasure can be a very dirty job. But to help you get out the dirt your buccaneer migh get into, Norge packs a 40-cents-off Tide coupon in every new automatic washe

Now 40-cents off may be a good reason to try Tide, but there's a better reason to keep on using it. 'Cause Tide was made to handle th different kinds of dirt you see so much of, like the toug ground-in dirt that actually goes through the pants legs to the inside. And even stuff like grape jelly and catsup. On tough problems like those, Tide gives you the kind of cleaning you need.

The dirt you see the most, is the dirt Tide cleans the best.



PAST FORGETTING
My Love Affair With Dwight D. Eisenhower



By Kay Summersby Morgan

The story you are about to read has been whispered about for more than 30 years. It is the true story of the passionate, moving, secret relationship between General Dwight D. Eisenhower and Kay Summersby, the beautiful English fashion model, who became his wartime driver and aide. This is not the revelation of a scandalous liaison; it is, instead, a woman's personal record of a rare and bittersweet romance between two people caught up in the tides of history. Here, at last, in an exclusive *Journal* book bonus—complete in this issue—are the memoirs of the "other woman" who loved Ike, and by this account, was loved by him.

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More than half my life I have felt like the girl in the hair-coloring advertisement, the one about whom they ask the question, "Does she—or doesn't she?" In my case, they were not speculating about my hair color. It used to distress me enormously, but as time went by emotional scar tissue formed over the raw nerve ends, and eventually "Did she—or didn't she?" became a curiously old-fashioned speculation. If, through some time warp, I were to be in my early thirties again, serving as driver, secretary and confidante to the Supreme Commander of Allied Forces in Europe, General Dwight David Eisenhower, no one would wonder "Did they . . .?" Today people would simply assume that we did—and, given the present state of morality, forget the whole thing.

But that was not the way it was. It took years and years, decades, for people to forget. And just when I thought the whole issue had disappeared from people's minds, it was raised again—this time with a vengeance that ripped open that emotional scar tissue—in *Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman* by Merle Miller. Late in the autumn of 1973, the few paragraphs in it about General Eisenhower and myself made the front pages all over the world.

It was absolutely unbelievable. The General had been dead for four years. And I had not seen him—except from a determinedly anonymous distance—for more than a quarter of a century. It was ancient history. Or so I had thought. But the world did not agree.

I was on the operating table when the story broke, but journalists tracked me down. Telephone calls and wires came into the hospital from all over the globe. I quickly learned what had prompted the calls, of course, and one of my friends brought me a copy of the book.

President Truman had told Miller that "right after the war was over, he (Eisenhower) wrote a letter to General Marshall saying that he wanted to come back to the United States and divorce Mrs. Eisenhower so that he could marry this English woman."

His request was brutally denied by Marshall. "Marshall wrote him back a letter," said the president, "the like of which I never did see. He said that if he . . . if Eisenhower even came close to doing such a thing, he'd not only bust him out of the Army . . . he'd see to it that the rest of his life was a living hell."

President Truman then said, "One of the last things I did as president, I got those letters from his file in the Pentagon and I destroyed them."

I would have liked to have stayed quietly in my hospital cot well away from the world and had time to think about those long-ago days with Ike. These few paragraphs had shaken me. I needed to get my emotions in order.

But such peace was unattainable. The full report had come back from pathology and, yes, it was cancer. Liver cancer. And, no, there was no hope. As soon as I could muster the strength, I fled the hospital to stay with friends, who promised tranquil anonymity.

For the record, I swear that I never knew that General Eisenhower had written such a letter to General Marshall.

I was interested to read that Major General Harry Vaughan, who had been President Truman's aide in the White House, told reporters that there had been rumors about those letters as early as 1952. "Before the Republican National Convention," he said, "Senator Robert Taft of Ohio and Eisenhower were jockeying for . . . the presidential nomination. The Taft boys heard about Ike's letters to Marshall and wanted to get copies. Truman heard about that. He ordered the Pentagon to send him the letters. He didn't want the Taft gang spreading them all over the country. But I don't think he destroyed them. I think he sent them to General Marshall with a covering note that said, 'These belong in your personal files. I don't think they should be used for dirty politics.' "

I myself have no way of knowing whether or not Ike really wrote those letters. But I have great faith in Harry Truman's integrity. I do not believe that he would have said such a thing if it were not true. I confess that I hope with all my heart that Ike did write to General Marshall. I believe that he did. And it is my belief that has given me the strength and the courage to write this book. I feel free to tell the story now. The General is dead. I am dying. Twenty years ago, anything that could have been construed as a shadow on the General's character would have been seized upon as a political weapon. But times have changed. I do not believe that anyone today will construe our relationship as shameful. It certainly can cast no shadow on the General's character. I believe that truth makes for better history than evasions.

The story I am about to tell happened a long time ago. My sources are my memory, my old, blue leather diary—and my heart. If an occasional time sequence is twisted or a fact misplaced, it is only because of the tricks that memory plays as one grows older. The events that I am writing about meant so much to me, however, that I think my story is as close to reality as if it were only last night that I said my unsuspecting goodbye to Ike, to the man I loved.

You never know when something important is going to happen, and when it does, you often don't realize that it did until long after. That is the way it was when I met Major General Eisenhower.

I was a member of Britain's Mo Transport Corps. This was *the* volunte corps that the debutantes and post-deb tantes flocked to when war was declare Most of them were wealthy. I was n I had recently separated from my hu band, Gordon Summersby, and w earning my living as a model. But I h quit on September 4, 1939, the day aft Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain to us we were at war with Germany. M sister Evie had joined the Motor Tran port Corps a few weeks earlier and decided to follow her example.

In May 1941, the American Embas requested the MTC to lend them couple of drivers who knew their wa around London. The Americans we not yet in the war, but their embassy w full of special observers. Some went see airfields, others inspected coast defenses, others conferred with Briti military and government leaders. Th embassy needed drivers to get thes visitors where they wanted to go.

This was not an easy job. London wa under the tightest security. There wer no street signs, no highway marker nothing that could possibly aid a Ge man parachutist. At night, there was total blackout. Add to this the infamou London fogs and it was easy to see wh American army drivers, who did no know London at all, were constantl getting lost.

I was delighted to be chosen as one o the drivers. I had known a few Amer icans before, and I liked their informal ity, warmth and energy. My social lif became all-American, and soon it fo cused on one American in particular Captain Richard Arnold. A West Point er. Very handsome.

Dick would be in London for three days, then fly to Washington for five then back for two weeks or two days After a few months, Dick told me tha he had asked his wife for a divorce and that she had agreed. "When I'm free Kay," he asked, "would you . . .?" I did not even wait for him to finish before accepting his proposal.

Then Pearl Harbor brought the United States into the war. One spring day our Motor Transport group was alerted to expect a very important group of American generals. I made up my mind that I would drive the top man. Any army man will understand how I felt. It was a matter of rank by association.

As it turned out, however, I got just about the lowest ranking officer—a two-star general—and I almost got off on the wrong foot with him.

It was days before the generals arrived. But finally, one bright May morning, they were here, closeted with U.S. Ambassador John Winant. Our cars were lined up out front. We waited and waited. The lunch hour passed. I became so hungry I risked ducking out for a sandwich.

When I came sauntering back, I was palled to see the other cars driving ay, leaving one lone khaki Packard the curb. There were two American icers standing beside it. I ran as if my e depended on it. Skidding to a stop d trying to salute at the same time, I ked if one of them was General Eisen- wer. One was. The short one.

"I'm your driver, sir," I panted. I ened the car door and stood at atten- n as General Eisenhower and General ark Clark settled themselves in the ck seat.

"We'd like to go to Claridge's, please," isenhower told me. I could have reamed. All that for a two-block drive.

Later that afternoon, one of the Amer- ans at headquarters asked, "How did u like Ike?"

"Ike?"

"General Eisenhower," he said.

I shrugged my shoulders. "He's all ght. I only saw him for a few minutes."

"There are a lot of rumors about him," e said. "They say he's going to be in harge of the whole shooting match."

I knew better than that. My father had en an army man. Two-star generals are ver in charge of anything important. ortunately, I kept my mouth shut. The ext morning I met my two generals on e dot of nine in front of Claridge's and elivered them back there 16 hours later. s I held the door, Eisenhower turned me and said, "We'll expect you at ine, Miss Summersby."

As the days went by, the two Amer- an generals lost their bounce. Their ces were drawn, their eyes bloodshot om lack of sleep. It seemed to be a real ffort for them to get out of the car and ride briskly into yet another confer- nce. One day they announced happily at they were going to take the after- oon off.

"The war can get along without us for few hours," Eisenhower said. "Now, here is a good place to have lunch, ay? You should know."

It took me a moment to gather my its. General Eisenhower had always alled me Miss Summersby. I was hrown by the new informality.

"The Connaught," I said finally.

"The Connaught it is then," he said. You'll join us, won't you?"

Never had such a thing happened to e. Generals don't ask their drivers to unch with them. But it appeared that American generals did.

It was the first time that I had ever ooked General Eisenhower in the face or more than a fleeting moment as I aid, "Good morning, General," or held he door for him. Now I had a good look cross the table. Brilliant blue eyes. Sandy hair—but not very much of it. A nice face, not conventionally handsome, ut strong and, I thought, very Amer- can. And I succumbed immediately to hat grin that was to become so famous.



Photograph from Black Star

General Eisenhower with driver Summersby. There was "the devil to pay," he told her, when, on a trip back to the U.S., he kept calling Mamie Eisenhower "Kay."

He and General Clark entertained me with stories from their army past. We laughed and had a glorious time. For that hour or two, the war did not seem to exist. A long time afterward Ike asked me, "Do you remember that first time we went out together? That lunch at the Connaught? I'll never forget it. I never laughed so much in my life."

It was that kind of day.

In a few days, the generals' mission was over. My last assignment was to drive them to the airport. But the weather that day was so bad that their departure was postponed for 24 hours.

On impulse, I called General Eisenhower at Claridge's. "General, this is Kay," I said. "I wondered, since you can't leave today, if you would like to do some sightseeing. I'd love to show you around." Suddenly I was horrified at my brashness and held onto the receiver expecting a curt, military "No, thanks."

"Just the thing," he said, sounding pleased. "We're at loose ends."

That day I showed them all the traditional sights. I even drove by Bryanston Court, where Mrs. Simpson had lived when the Prince of Wales was courting her. Eisenhower shook his head. "A shame," he said. "The king lost sight of duty." I remember thinking to myself that General Eisenhower was not a man who would lose sight of duty.

The next morning I drove them to Northold Airport. "If I'm ever back this way," General Eisenhower said, "I hope you will drive for me again."

"I'd like that, sir," I replied. I liked that man they called Ike. But I never expected to see him again.

It was a letdown, going back to the motor pool after the generals had left, but within a few days I was driving another two-star general—Carl Spaatz. "Ike says you're tops," he told me the first morning I reported. I was startled and flattered to think that these generals had found time to discuss my merits as a driver.

I settled down happily into air force life. When I heard that General Eisenhower had been appointed commander of the European theater and was back in London, I did not give it a second thought. One evening I pulled up in front of Claridge's and General Spaatz jumped into the car.

"Hendon Airport," he said.

There was an impressive array of brass at Hendon. This must be someone extra special, I thought. The plane taxied up. The door opened. And General Eisenhower came down the stairs. After he had greeted the brass, he came over to me. "Kay, where have you been? I've been looking all over London for you."

"Now, don't you take Kay away from me," Spaatz growled. "She's the only driver who knows her way around."

"We'll see," Eisenhower said. He turned to me again. "Kay, I brought some fruit back from the States for you, but it won't keep forever."

General Spaatz laughed and said, "Stop trying to bribe my driver."

I walked into General Eisenhower's headquarters the next day. He made time to see me immediately, and on his desk was a box of oranges and grapefruit, rarer than emeralds in England. I was deeply touched.

"I can't thank you enough, General," I said.

"I don't want any thanks," he said. "All I want to know is if you are willing to come back and drive for me. For good this time."

Within two days, I was back driving General Eisenhower.

Eisenhower's responsibilities as the commanding general were crushing, and to accomplish his mission he set about organizing his life in the most efficient manner. This included establishing a "family" for himself.

More than most men in public life, Eisenhower relished the comforts of home and hearth. His work and his home were the two great poles of his life during the war, and despite the fact that he was tremendously sought after by London hostesses, he was impatient with anything that took his time or energy away from the war. Eisenhower knew what he needed, and it was not a glittering social life; it was a home and a family and all the warmth and laughter and sympathy that a family generates. He had put together his immediate wartime family in Washington. It was a tight little group—Butch and Tex and Mickey.

Butch, Captain Harry Butcher, was the sparkler. Eisenhower had known him for years. Butch was charming, handsome, with a captivating smile and many friends. A former president of CBS, he handled public relations for Ike.

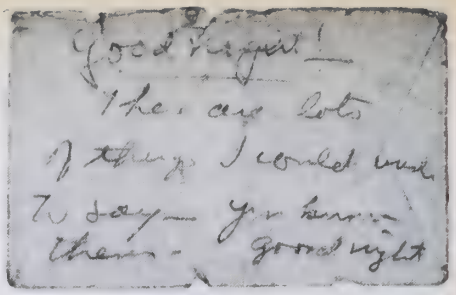
Tex, Colonel Ernest Lee from Texas, was a very different character. He resembled a worried bloodhound and was incredibly efficient. Tex ran the office and saw to it that everything worked.

Then there was Mickey, Sergeant Michael McKeogh, who was Eisenhower's orderly. Mickey polished the General's shoes, shined his brass, ironed his shoestrings, worried about him—and felt privileged to do it. He also wrote a weekly report to Mrs. Eisenhower. There were times when this self-imposed assignment of Mickey's made Butch and me a little nervous.

The last thing I had expected was to become a member of Ike's little family, but I found myself being included more and more. It could not have come about more naturally. When I was not driving the General, I had very little to do, so I would answer the telephones and help with the mail. I probably spent more time with General Eisenhower than anyone else did.

The more I did for the General, the more we had to talk about and the better we got to know each other. At one point, he said, "Kay, I've heard so much about your mother. I'd really like to meet her. Why don't you ask her to have dinner with us some evening?"

It was like the time he had invited me to lunch at the Connaught. Unprecedented. "Oh, I'm sure she'd love to, General. Thank you," I said.


Good Night!
The are lots
of things I could wish
to say— You know
them— good night

The note Ike wrote to Kay after they visited the Garden of Gethsemane: "Good night—There are lots of things I could wish to say—you know them. Good night."

We had a wonderful evening. Eisenhower wanted to know about every member of my Irish-born family and my mother was more than willing to tell him. Mummy was captivated by him. "A very intelligent man," she said, "and so warm and charming. I liked him, Kathleen." After that dinner, I truly felt as if I *was* a member of the family.

General Eisenhower's days were filled with meetings. Meetings to work out the details for Operation Torch, aimed at the liberation of North Africa. And countless meetings with Prime Minister Winston Churchill—usually held after dinner at 10 Downing Street.

The General's fatigue deepened. The famous Eisenhower temper erupted at the least provocation and he was a bundle of nervous tension. He was losing weight, and the wrinkles on his face were suddenly much too deep for a man of 52.

One night, when I was driving him and Butch back to London after an inspection trip, the General said, "There ought to be some place where I could get away and have some peace."

"Why not rent a place outside London?" Butch asked. "You wouldn't feel as if a spotlight is on you every second."

"Sounds good," the General said.

That was enough of a go-ahead for Butch, and one afternoon in August he walked into headquarters looking like the cat who had swallowed the canary. "I've got it!" he said. "Ike, I've found you a dream house."

He was right. Everything about Telegraph Cottage was right. It was in Kingston, a very pleasant suburb less than a half-hour drive from Grosvenor Square and only minutes from Bushey Park, then the U.S. Air Force headquarters. Set in ten acres of woods and lawns amidst flowering shrubs, Telegraph Cottage was like an adorable Tudor dollhouse, with a slate roof and a chimney that almost had a plume of wood smoke curling up into the sky. It looked as if it belonged on a Christmas card.

Naturally, no one knew that Ike was there. The fact that he had a hideaway outside London was top secret.

From the very first time we drove out there, the General felt at home and so did the rest of us. It was not a weekend house in any sense of the ter since Eisenhower worked a seven-d week. But it did represent an escap As time went by, the General spe three or four nights a week there.

One evening, early on, when I dro the General out to Kingston to spe the night, he said, "Kay, you'd bett wait and have a bite before you go ba to London." I was only too pleased accept. I knew I would be too tired even boil water for tea by the time I g back to my little flat.

"Mickey!" the boss shouted. "We starving and we're cold and we're tire Light the fire and rustle us up som thing to eat."

We sat sprawled by the fire. Two tire people, feeling absolutely relaxed an comfortable with each other. I don know exactly how to describe this qua ity Eisenhower had, but he was a ve comfortable man to be with. He w easy to talk to and, more important, h was one of those people who know ho to make a silence companionable. don't think that I have ever felt so muc at home with any other human bein nor as much at home ever in my life a I did in Telegraph Cottage.

"You know something, Kay," the Ge eral said, "we don't have enough fun i our lives. What should we do to mak life a bit pleasanter?"

"I know what we could do for fun," said. "Remember what a good time w had with General Gruenther?"

General Alfred Gruenther, who wa an old friend of Eisenhower's, also hap pened to be one of the world's grea bridge players. He and Butch had playe General Eisenhower and myself once and it had been a hard-fought game While we were playing cards, we ha forgotten all about where we were an why. And afterwards the boss had said "Goddammit, we should do this mor often." I could tell he liked the idea "We'll start tomorrow night," he said.

That was the beginning of a routin that lasted throughout the war, wher ever we were. Whenever the boss wa free in the evening we played bridge— concentrating fiercely on our hands.

Bridge was not our only game. Tele graph Cottage was next to a golf course When we walked through the gate tha marked the edge of the property, w were on the 13th hole.

We got to know that 13th hole very well. If the General left headquarter early on a Saturday or Sunday, he woul head straight for Telegraph Cottage an the 13th hole. We would play three o four holes; we never played the full 18 And just off the path that wound be tween the house and the golf course, we discovered a little rustic bench hidde behind some shrubbery. Later on, when we wanted to be completely alone, we would sit there and talk, away from everybody and everything.

After the first few evenings at Telegraph Cottage, Eisenhower decided that it was too much for me to drive back to London on the nights he decided to sleep over, so he requisitioned a billet for me at Bushey Park. I would arrive at Telegraph Cottage shortly before seven in the morning for breakfast.

One sunny October day I was driving the General back from Cheltenham.

"One of these days I'm going to have a farm," Ike told me. "Cows, horses, maybe some sheep. I want to have a real home. I've always gone from army post to army post. Telegraph Cottage is more of a home than most of the places I've lived in."

"It's the homiest place I've ever known," I agreed.

"That's the way I feel about it," Ike said. "All it needs are some youngsters running around playing ball and climbing trees."

"And a few dogs," I added. "I miss not having a dog. We always had dogs around the house. My favorite was a Scottie, MacTavish."

"Kay, would you like a dog? Another Scottie?" Ike asked.

"Would I? Oh, General, having a dog would be heaven!"

"Well," he grinned, "if you want one, we'll get one."

The whole headquarters staff combed London for the finest Scottie to be had. General Walter Bedell Smith, Ike's chief of staff, and I joined forces and found two Scotties that were close to perfect.

One dog was about a year old, very sweet but without much spirit. "Beetle" Smith liked him because he was already housebroken. The other, my favorite, was just a puppy, a three-month-old ball of black fur. I loved him. We decided to let the General choose, and in we went to his office, carrying the dogs in our arms. The older dog just sat there quietly, but the puppy was adorable. The first thing he did was make a puddle in the center of the rug, then he pranced around looking very proud of himself.

"Come here, fella," the General said, and that puppy went right over to him.

Ike looked at me. "Do you like him?"

"Oh, General, I love him," I said.

He grinned. "This is the one, Beetle." As far as the world knew, that was the General's dog. "You understand, don't you?" he asked me concernedly. "There would be such a rumpus if it got out that I was getting a dog for my driver. God knows what people would say—or think."

"Oh, I understand perfectly," I assured him. And I did.

"That's good," he said, "because I'm the one who is going to name him."

"Oh? And what is his name?"

"Telek."

"Telek?"

"T-E-L-E-K," he spelled it out. "It's a combination of Telegraph Cottage and Kay," he said. "Two parts of my life that make me very happy."

The formal presentation was on October 14, 1942, the General's birthday. Mickey produced a marvelous cake. And there was champagne. And Telek saluted Ike with another puddle.

The party broke up early and the General and I had a last drink in front of the fire. Telek fell asleep in my lap. Ike came over and scratched Telek's ears. We smiled at each other. "Thank you, Kay," Ike said, "for bringing so much gaiety into my life. I don't know what I'd do without you."

Men and women who are immersed in a creative process, whether it be waging war or making love or painting a picture or carrying a child in their womb, exist in their own special dimension. Their preoccupation is so great, their commitment so complete, that it is as if their days were being lived out in a tunnel. A transparent, invisible tunnel. They seem just like their neighbors—eating sleeping, walking and talking—but they are people apart.

General Eisenhower and I were embarked on a voyage through a tunnel of war. Never did we question the righteousness of our cause, nor did we consider ourselves as noble or self-sacrificing. We had a job to do. A war to win.

It was truly a star-spangled time. I was meeting people I would never have expected to meet, let alone be on friendly terms with. The most impressive was Prime Minister Churchill himself. One day, as I was waiting for the General in front of the building where he often met with the P.M., I looked up to see him walking toward the car accompanied by a familiar figure. The P.M.! I hopped out and stood at attention.

The General introduced us and the P.M. was charming. He told me that he had heard what a good driver I was and said, "Now I want you to take good care of your general. We need him."

The complete absorption of my time and energy disturbed my fiancé. Dick felt left out in the cold. "My God," he said one day, "you know all these top generals, the ones the rest of us only hear about."

"It's only because of my job. It has nothing to do with me."

Dick sighed. "You know," he said, "when the war is over and we are living in the States, you won't be associating with prime ministers and generals."

"Well, that will be another phase," I said.

The fact was that at this time I simply could not imagine leading any other life. I loved Dick. But at the moment, I felt closer to Ike. This was not a time for love, I felt. We all had a mission that was far more important than our personal lives and desires.

This knowledge was something that the General and I shared. His own family was far away. He rarely mentioned them. This was not through lack of caring. It was simply that we were in another world. The war overwhelmed everything; it forced relationships like a hot-house, so that in a matter of days one would achieve a closeness with someone that would have taken months to develop in peacetime.

Our nightly bridge games did a lot to bring Ike and me together. We had an almost telepathic relationship. From the very beginning we played well together and soon became so attuned to each other's thinking that we were a very effective team. Once I remarked on how uncannily we seemed to be able to read each other's minds at the bridge table. "That's strange," Ike said. "I was thinking the same thing. We never disagree."

He was right. I could not imagine us disagreeing. The discovery that someone who could share my thoughts and feelings made me feel secure.

Four buzzes on the intercom. That was my signal.

"Sit down," said Ike. "I've been meaning to talk to you."

Meaning to talk to me, I thought to myself. What else has he been doing every day? It must be something unpleasant.

"You know we'll be leaving for North Africa one of these days," he said. There was a pause. "Kay, would you like to come along?"

"I'd give anything to go," I said.

Kay and Telek, the Scottie Ike bought for her. "Tele" stood for Telegraph Cottage, their hideaway outside London; "K" stood for Kay. "Two parts of my life that make me happy," Ike said.



Photograph by UPI



Photograph by UPI

Ike caused a sensation soon after VE-Day, 1945, when he escorted not only Kay (center) but her mother (far right) to the theater in London. They were accompanied by Eisenhower's son John (left), his date Tony Porter (hand to face) and General Omar Bradley.

"It's settled then." He slapped his hands on the desk and leaned back. "You'll be following us. It will probably be a month or so before the situation is stabilized. And, Kay, this is top secret. Not one word to anybody."

"No, sir. Thank you, sir, for asking me." I saluted.

"And one other thing," he said.

"Yes, sir?"

"You've got the sloppiest salute in the whole army."

I laughed. "But, General, you forget. I'm a civilian."

And I was. The uniform did not mean a thing. And that added to the red tape, because I had to have a passport to go to North Africa and passports were not being given out freely in those days. Tex finally pulled all the right strings and I got one good "for one journey only."

On the eve of the General's departure we had a final dinner at Telegraph Cottage, just family and friends. The eve of battle is an eerie time. There were a few toasts drunk to a successful operation, but no one felt like talking. We did not even play bridge.

Butch turned on the radio and my mood brightened immediately. There was a whole string of Noel Coward songs being broadcast, including my very favorite, "I'll See You Again."

"Oh, I love that song," I said.

"It's pretty," Ike agreed.

"Pretty!" I exclaimed. It is the most romantic song in the world. What's your favorite song?"

"My favorite's 'One Dozen Roses.'" and he started singing it.

"It's nice," I said, "but it's not as romantic as mine." And I started singing "I'll See You Again." And that was the way the evening ended. We sat around, sang a few songs, then said goodnight.

The next evening I drove Ike, General Clark and Butch to the railroad spur where Bayonet, his private railroad car, was waiting to take them to Bournemouth. From Bournemouth they would fly to Gibraltar in the General's B-17.

"Well, Sunday's the day," Ike said.

"Good luck. And please take care of yourself." I meant it. I had grown tremendously attached to this man.

On November 8, 1943, 48 hours after General Eisenhower arrived in Gibraltar, Operation Torch, the North African invasion, was on. It went according to schedule. The Torch had been lit.

Now it was my turn. The departure date had been set and I was packing for North Africa; in truth, I thought of it more as packing for the rest of my life. I had heard from Dick. He had been in the North African invasion. He was fine, he wrote, and was stationed in Oran. He had received word that his divorce would be granted in a couple of months, and then we would be free to marry. Dick had no idea that I was going to Algiers. It would have been breaking security for me to have told him.

Life aboard the *Strathallen*, the troopship that took us to North Africa, was so awful it was funny. Fortunately, two good friends were sharing the cabin with me—Ethel Westermann and Jean Dixon. When the three of us crowded into the cabin with our baggage, it was like something straight out of a Marx brothers comedy. No sooner had we squeezed ourselves into the cabin than the alarm sounded for lifeboat drill. The commander wanted us to get used to the procedure before we hit the rolli troughs of the December Atlantic.

It was a very rough trip. There we German submarines reported in the ar and the *Strathallen* dropped a succ sion of depth charges.

The last night there were parties. was close to 1:30 when we got back the cabin. I perched on the edge of t bunk and kicked off my shoes when tremendous explosion threw me off t bunk. Ethel and Jean had fallen on t floor, too. The ship began rocking on nously back and forth. "This is it," Eth said. "Let's get going."

"I can't die now," I thought a grabbed my shoes, my life preserver a my handbag. Ethel and I followed Je who had a flashlight, to our battle st tions. We had done this drill every d and it had become second nature. W clambered into our lifeboat, me st clutching my shoes.

Everyone in our boat started leanin over the edge looking down. "Don't c that!" I shouted. "Sit still in the middl goddammit, or we'll all drown!" was pure Eisenhower language—and worked. The boat was lowered safel over the side and there we were—adri in the moonlight on the Mediterranea Not as romantic as it sounds. Not r mantic at all when the sea around yo is filled with soldiers and nurses swim ming about trying to find something t hang onto. Several lifeboats had cap sized. We pulled a good number of pe ple into our boat. The boat was bobbin madly about as depth charges explode far below. We could see the convo silhouetted against the sky, our siste ships steaming past, seemingly aloof an uncaring. The *Strathallen* was settlin lower into the water.

A British destroyer came up and megaphone voice told us that we woul all be picked up in the morning. It wa too chancy to try rescuing us at th moment because there was a pack o German submarines in the area. The destroyer steamed back in midmornin and picked us up. Climbing that rop ladder and finally feeling a deck under my feet—well, it was then that I realized how terrified I had been.

They landed us at Oran. I went straight to headquarters, where I immediately called Dick to let him know where I was—and that I was all right. As I stood there, the soldiers there stared at me. I could understand why. My uniform skirt was stained from the salt water and terribly wrinkled. My shirt was torn. I had thrown away my stockings. And my hair was a mess. Suddenly I realized that I should let General Eisenhower know I was safe.

The operator got Algiers on the line, and suddenly there was Tex's voice booming over the phone.

"Tex," I said, "we're here."

"Oh, that's great," he shouted. "We ard about the *Strathallen*. We've been orried sick. I'm going to put you on to e General. He wants to talk to you."

The next voice was Ike's. "Thank God ou're safe," he said. "Are you all right?" told him I was fine. "Great," he said. Tell headquarters to find a place for ou to spend the night and I'll send a lane for you tomorrow."

I felt a lot better when I hung up. ust hearing Ike's voice was comforting.

The next afternoon I walked into the eneral's office in the St. Georges Hotel Algiers. Ike pushed back his chair hen he saw me. "My God, welcome ome, Kay. Let me take a look at you."

He put his hands on my shoulders and turned me around. "Well, no damage that I can see. You're ere. And you're safe. When the news ame through that the *Strathallen* had een hit, well, I don't mind telling you I ever did get to sleep that night."

The North African operation, I arned, was not going well. There were efeats—and expectations of more deats. "It's bad, Kay," the General would ay. "We weren't prepared for these ains, this mud." The boss was also nvolved in the preparations for the asablanca conference. The P.M. and resident Roosevelt would be there.

Ike had had a case of flu and his blood ressure went up so sharply during this ifficult January that we were very worried. It wavered between 175 and 185. He was working long hours, and he ooked ghastly.

His healthy constitution and his determination pulled him through, but the asablanca conference did not do much or his state of mind. The war news was ad and the top leaders, while not criticizing Ike openly, were not praising him, ither. "The boss's neck is in the noose. f anything more goes wrong, he's had t," Butch said.

One participant in the Casablanca onference was wholeheartedly behind isenhower: George Catlett Marshall, hief of Staff of the United States Army -Ike's boss. Marshall terrified me. He vas cold and austere and terribly, terribly formal. He was the only person I ver knew who worked closely with the eneral and never ever once called him ke. It was always General Eisenhower. thought Marshall was a cold fish.

Butch insisted that I did Marshall an njustice, that while he had a stiff exterior, he was very fond of the boss. He may have been right. I know that Marshall worried about the boss's health, hat he felt Ike was working too hard.

Ike was willing to concede that he eeded some exercise to work off his ervous tension. "I need another Telegraph Cottage," he said longingly one ight. "Well, that's easy enough," Butch aid. And it must have been, because it was only a few days later that we drove ten miles outside the city to inspect the new secret hideaway. This one was a white stucco farmhouse, rather shabby, but quite comfortable, and there were tennis courts and stables on the property. It had its charm, a view of the sea, and it was private. Butch informed us that it was called Sailor's Delight.

It was at Sailor's Delight that Ike and I began riding together several days a week. Ike was an excellent horseman. "West Point," he told me when I remarked on it. "I used to ride farm horses bareback when I was a boy in Kansas, but at the Point they taught us to ride like gentlemen."

The army had cleared the area and there were guards posted—it seemed as if they were behind every bush—so we felt quite safe. We also felt as if we were on parade. There was always a security man riding discreetly behind us, as well as the sharpshooter guards. It is eerie, knowing that your every move is being watched. "I live in a goldfish bowl," Ike complained. And it had to be that way.

Some time later Ike got his fourth star, the one that made him a full general. That night he broke out the champagne and we had an impromptu party just for our headquarters group. I'll never forget the sheer pleasure that radiated from him. I remember thinking to myself, "There's a man who has never had very much fun in his life." The General was always very charming, always had that grin at the ready, but underneath it all he was a very serious and lonely man.

My divorce papers were on the way. When I saw Dick, I was able to say, "Now you're in for it. I'm a free woman." He was in Algiers for a few hours on his way to join his regiment. This was the first time I had seen him in months and Ike had given me the day off. It should be a June wedding, we decided—if conditions permitted.

Things could not possibly have turned out any better, I thought. I no longer had to worry about Dick being at the front. After the disastrous winter, spring had brought a change in Allied fortunes and the North African campaign was over for all practical purposes. Everything seemed to be coming up roses. Or orange blossoms. Romance was in the air. Even Telek had become a husband and father. Butch had gone to Washington for a few days and when he returned he had brought a surprise—a wife for Telek. Soon there was a litter of three of the most adorable jet-black puppies I had ever seen.

Headquarters routine continued at a somewhat less hectic pace. It was a time to catch one's breath before the next big push. One day I became very concerned about Ike. He was all tied up in knots about something. As the day wore on he became terribly withdrawn. I was truly worried when I drove him home from the office; he just sat there, slumped in the back seat. Ike was a master of small talk and always enjoyed chatting when we were going back and forth, but now he was silent. When we reached the villa, he got out heavily like an old man. I was positive that he was ill.

"Kay, come on in," he said, just as he said it every night. We went into the sitting room. Ike lit a cigarette. I asked him if he would like me to make him a drink. "That would be a good idea," he said. "Make one for yourself, too." I was about ready to beg, "Please, can't you tell me what's the matter?" when he said, "Kay, I am just going to give this to you straight. Dick has been killed."

I looked at him. I heard the words, but they had no impact. Very calmly I asked what had happened.

"Dick was with another officer, inspecting a mine field. There was no danger. The mines had been marked. But the other man stumbled and caught his foot on a trip wire. Dick was killed. The other man was badly wounded. I am very, very sorry, Kay."

I said nothing. I walked into the hall and paced up and down. "Dick has been killed. Dick has been killed." Finally, I went back to Ike. "It's all right," I said. "I'm all right." And I burst into tears.

Ike put his arm around my shoulders and led me over to the sofa. "Go ahead," he said, "and cry. It's the only way. Just let it out." And I did. I cried and cried. All the time Ike was there holding me, saying soothing things, not really saying anything, just making noises. He was so kind, so gentle.

"I'll be back in a minute," he told me. I stayed there huddled into a corner of the sofa, stunned. He came back with a cup of tea and spooned it into me as if I were a baby.

"Now let me tell you what I think," he said. "I think you ought to go out to Sailor's Delight for a few days. You can be alone. Get yourself straightened out a bit. Go riding. Activity helps. I know that myself."

Butch drove me out there that night. I walked back and forth on the terrace for hours and finally went to bed. I lay there listening to the rustlings and chirpings around that rustic Algerian house, and when the sun rose I was still lying there listening. My love was dead. And I was all alone.

This self-pity made me suddenly angry. Who was I to feel sorry for myself? I was alive. I should be thinking of Dick, not myself. And at this, I plunged even deeper into misery. I realized in the bright light of morning that I knew very little about Dick. Ours had been a wartime romance. There had been weeks and months when we had not seen each other. Each time we met it had been as

exciting as a first date and probably for that very reason our knowledge of each other had not progressed much beyond the first-date stage. Ike knew more about me than Dick ever had. Now when I tried to mourn Dick, I discovered that I did not really know the man I was grieving for.

That day I rode until I was exhausted. I was full of the most immense sorrow—for Dick, for myself, for all that might have been. But I had touched bottom. The realization that I had never really known him was as shocking as the knowledge that now I never would.

After a few days I came back to Algiers. Ike had given me valuable advice. Now he did his best to keep me busy. When I recall everything that he did for me in those first days, I wonder how he found the time to be so supportive.

The summer rolled on. War has its own kind of accelerated time, and the sad days of early June began to fade into the past.

Ike had recently given me a new responsibility—answering his mail from the public. "I just can't keep up with this mail," he complained. "How would you like to take it over?"

"I'll have a crack at it," I told him. I had occasionally helped him with some of his personal correspondence. One day he had asked apologetically if I would mind typing a letter to his wife for him. "I've got so much on my desk that I'll never get to it today," he said, "and she gets upset if she doesn't hear from me."

Naturally, I agreed. He told me briefly what he wanted to say and I went back to my desk and typed it out. When I brought it in, he read it through carefully and nodded. "That's fine, Kay. Thank you. You sound more like me than I do myself." He picked up a pen, added a few lines, folded the letter into the envelope I had prepared and sealed it carefully. I heard later that Mrs. Eisenhower had taken exception to this. No more typewritten letters, she had informed him.

One morning when I went into the General's office, he grinned and said, "I have a surprise for you. How would you like a new uniform? Seems to me you could use a couple."

He was right. I had been re-outfitted after my woebegone arrival in North Africa, but my two uniforms were now sadly worn.

"I'm having some made for myself," Ike went on, "and I've told the tailor to measure you for a couple, too."

"I'd absolutely adore a new uniform. You do so many nice things for me. How can I ever thank you?"

"You can't possibly know how much I would like to do for you," he said. There was a strange quality to his voice. He was looking at me, his teeth clenched. That kind of look when you cannot tell if a person is going to laugh or cry. Startled, I sat there at his desk looking at him. Neither of us said a word. Then Ike took off those reading glasses of his and stretched out his hand. "Kay, you are someone very special to me." I felt tears rising in my eyes. He was someone very special to me, too. I had never realized how special before. But he was. Very.

He laid his hand over mine. And he smiled. This was not the famous Eisenhower grin. This was a tender, almost tremulous smile, even a bit rueful. And full of love. I could not return it. I felt shaken, timid, almost as if I were undressing in front of him very slowly. In my face, in my eyes, there was nothing but absolute, naked adoration. I could not hide it.

We just sat there and looked at each other—silent, serious, eyes searching eyes. It was a communion, a pledging, an avowal of love. And it was an absolutely shocking surprise.

"Goddammit, can't you tell I'm crazy about you?" Ike barked at me.

"So this is love," I thought. I had been in love before, but it had never been like this, so absolutely logical, so right. For over a year, Ike and I had spent more time with each other than with anyone else. We had worked, worried and played together. Love had grown so naturally that it was a part of our lives, something precious that I had taken for granted without ever putting a name to it.

I don't know how long we sat there without speaking. Not too long. Tex burst in with a file of papers for the General. "I'm next, Kay," he boomed cheerfully. "That's fine, Tex," I told him. "I was just going."

Back at my desk I pretended to sort out some papers, not knowing what I was doing, but trying desperately to appear busy. It would never do for anyone to note how moved I was. Oh, yes, I loved Ike. I had loved him for a long time without ever being aware of it.

I thought of all the times our eyes had met across the bridge table. I thought of how easy it was to work with him, knowing just what he wanted and how he wanted it. I thought of how he had given me Telek, of the uncounted and uncountable ways he had befriended me, comforted me and involved himself in my life.

I thought, too, of the silly excuses we had made for touching each other all these weeks and months, excuses I had never admitted to myself before. A touch of the fingers as I handed him his appointment schedule for the day. His hand on my shoulder as he leaned over to look at some letter I had called to his attention. The occasional (was it really accidental?) touch of foot a knee at the dinner table. The tim when sitting together on the sofa, o hands had slid together and touch without either of us seeming to noti —or moving them apart.

That morning life took on a swee ness that was almost unbearable. I ha no thought for the future. This w headquarters. There was a war. Tl General's mail was on my desk. And a few minutes it would be time for n to drive him home for lunch.

I went into a panic. How was I goir to face him? What should I say? Wh would he say? It was a silent drive ba to the villa. Usually we had so much talk about. Today—not a word.

Mickey was at the door to take th General's hat and he followed us to th dining room. Now that I was aching fc privacy, I understood what a burden was to live one's life under constant ob servation. There was not a moment du ing lunch when we could exchange private word, a meaningful look. We sa there mute and poker-faced, completel caught up in thoughts and feelings tha could not, should not be expressed. A we were leaving to go back to the office Mickey whispered to me, worried, "Th General isn't himself today. Bad new this morning?"

"I don't know," I whispered back "Hope not. I haven't heard any," and rushed after Ike. As we were drivin out of the compound, Ike said, "I'm sorry about this morning, Kay. Tha shouldn't have happened. I spoke ou of turn. Please forget it."

Forget it! Impossible. It hac taken me long enough t realize it, but now—how could I forget it? I absolutely could not. "If I cry," I thought, "I wil never be able to live with myself." How ever, the tears slid down my cheeks.

"Goddammit!" Ike's voice crackle furiously into my ears. "Don't you understand? It's impossible. I was a damn fool. I'm asking you to forget it."

I did not say a word. There were no words.

"Goddammit, stop crying," he ordered.

I took a deep breath. Swallowed. Managed to say, "I'm not crying. And furthermore I do not understand what you are talking about." I stuck my chin up in the air, clamped my lips shut and drew up at the side door of the St. Georges with a flourish. I borrowed the General's favorite word and said, "Goddammit, I've got some of this bloody Algerian dust in my eyes." That afternoon I applied myself to the typewriter with a vengeance.

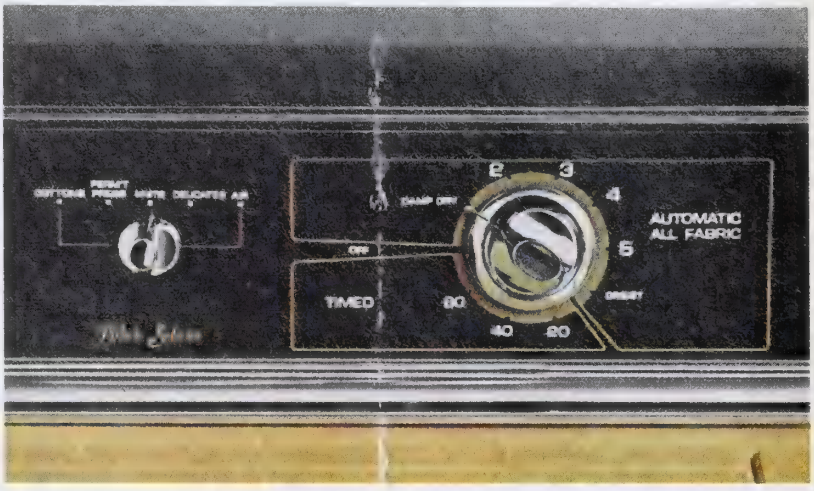
Suddenly, four buzzes. My signal. I grabbed my pencil and pad and marched in.

"Just wanted to tell you that the tailor will be at the villa first thing tomorrow morning to

(continued)

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PAST FORGETTING

continued

take your measurements." The General did not look at me. He was flipping through a folder as he spoke.

"Oh, I think not," I said coolly. "What I've got will serve perfectly well, thank you, but I think I should say no."

He got so red in the face that I thought he would pop a blood vessel. He stood up and walked around his desk. "You are a goddammed, stubborn Irish mule," he said between his teeth. "You're going to get measured for those uniforms. That's an order." He glared at me. I was just as angry as he was. We stood there like two fighters, each daring the other to make a move.

"Goddammit, can't you tell I'm crazy about you?" he barked at me.

It was like an explosion. We were suddenly in each other's arms. His kisses absolutely unraveled me. Hungry, strong, demanding. And I responded every bit as passionately. He stopped and took my face between his hands. "Goddammit," he said, "I love you."

God must have been watching over us, because no one came bursting into the office. It was lovers' luck, but we both came to our senses. Ike had lipstick smudges on his face. I scrubbed at them frantically with my hankie.

Ike put his hands on my shoulders. "We have to be very careful," he sa "I don't want you to be hurt. I do want people to gossip about you. Gc I wish things were different."

"I think things are wonderful," whispered. I knew what he was talki about. I understood the problems. A I did not believe for a moment that lo conquers all. But I was not one to de love. This is part of the business of li ing in that special dimension, in o case the tunnel of war. Your world different from that of other people divorced from the world outside t tunnel. What was important here a now was that there was love; pulsatin irrepressible love. And it was gloriou

Nothing had changed. Everythi had changed. The acknowledgement our love heightened the pleasure every moment Ike and I spent togeth —and heightened the frustrations as wel As long as we were in Algiers, all w could hope for would be a few stole moments of privacy—to talk. No mo mad embraces. There were eyes and ea everywhere.

Many, probably most, of Ike's to staff officers had mistresses. They wer able to meet for assignations in hote rooms, in rented or borrowed apar ments. But no one could slip discreetl in or out of the General's residence There were sentries posted 24 hours day. Furthermore, this kind of liaiso was not possible for Dwight David Ei senhower. He was a man of the utmos integrity. I have never known him t act with less than complete honor an fairness. He could not have acted other wise. And, second, it simply would no have done for there to have been gossi about the General. Too many people believed in him and looked up to him as a man representing all that was bes about the American character. This wa a tremendous responsibility for one ma to carry, a man who was a man like all others, possibly more disciplined and more scrupulously honorable than some, but certainly no less human. Ike had always led a life that was above reproach—and it had to remain that way. I would not have had it otherwise. He *could* not have had it otherwise.

For all these reasons, love made no visible change in our lives—the change was all within.

Yet I craved privacy now as I never had in my whole life. I said as much to Ike one day. "I know. I know," he said impatiently. "So do I. But it's the one thing that I can promise you that we will never have." It was relatively easy to find time to talk. It was hard to believe that there was anything about ourselves that we had not told each other already, but there were many things.

Ike was adept at small talk, but while seeming to be very candid, he rarely revealed much of the man *(continued)*



Back in Victorian days, a woman decorated her parlor with a lot of knickknacks and clutter because that was style of the day. Also because it was harder for her husband to see her if she wanted to sneak a cigarette.



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PAST FORGETTING

continued

within. He would tell fascinating stories about growing up in Kansas. But he never discussed inner feelings. One day when we were riding, I teased him. "I know more about how you felt about Belle Springs Creamery Company in Abilene than I do about how you feel about me." I was half serious, but I did not expect to raise the storm that I did. Ike hit his horse with his crop and then went tearing over the rocky fields as if ghosts were chasing him. He was back in minutes, slowly gentling his horse.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Let's stop and walk awhile." We tethered the horses and walked along the cliff above the beach. "I'm sorry," he said again. "It's hard for me to talk about things . . . about people . . . that mean something to me. I have always kept my feelings in check. Not talked about them. Not even thought about them much. I'm not used to talking about love. It makes me uncomfortable."

This came out slowly, a few words at a time, as if he were trying to explain himself to himself as well as to me. I would have given anything to have been able to hold his hand, put my arm around him—just touch him. I wanted to comfort him. He was upset and he had always struck me as a man who had had very little comforting in his life. But I could not touch him. There were all those hidden eyes. We scuffed along silently. "Your boots are getting dusty," I said irrelevantly. He grunted. Eventually we turned back. He helped me mount and we headed back toward Sailor's Delight.

The cocktail hour was often a time we could count on for ourselves. In Algiers, we would sit on the sofa in the living room, listen to records, have a couple of drinks, smoke a few cigarettes and steal a few kisses—always conscious that someone might walk in at any moment. We were more like teenagers than a woman in her thirties and a man in his fifties. We were certainly a curiously innocent couple, or perhaps it was simply the circumstances in which we found ourselves. But I was happy just to be with Ike—and to know that he loved me.

"If only things had been different," he would say. That was a phrase that he was to use over and over during our relationship.

"I've loved you for a long time," he said huskily, "and I'm going to tell you something so you'll never have to doubt my feelings. The night the signal came through that the *Strathallen* had been hit, I felt as if the ground had been ta away from under my feet. You d know how much I was looking forw to seeing you again. I followed the p ress of that convoy as I followed no ot I spent that night worrying about cursing myself for not having had fly to Algiers. I went through hell night. If there was ever any questio my mind as to how deeply I felt ab you, that night answered it."

There was no mistaking his sincer Or that those words cost him a gr effort.

"I'm very out of practice in l Kay," he said after a silence. I read significance into this. For a man ou practice in love, Ike did many very ing things.

He liked to come up with little prises. One night before dinner, he s "I've got some new records. Tell what you think of them," and he pla one on the turntable. "I think you n like this one." It was "I'll See Again," the song that I had told was my favorite many months ago England.

"I'll see you again whenever spring breaks through again.
Time may lie heavy between, but what has been is past forgetting.
This sweet memory across the years will come to me;



We added the fresh scent of baby powder to the

Tho' my world may go awry, in
my heart will ever lie,
Just the echo of a sigh, good-bye."*

The needle started spinning in the mpty grooves. "Oh, it's so beautiful, so omantic," I sighed.

"It's pretty, but it's too sad," Ike said. I don't like goodbyes and sighs and all hat."

I didn't care. When a man carries the ame of a song in his head for months, hen produces it at the right moment, hat is romantic. I felt terribly cherished. 'erhaps because of this song I always hought of these early days, when our ove struck us as a kind of thunderbolt, s a kind of bittersweet honeymoon. Bit- er only because unconsummated.

It used to be said that if a person sat ng enough on the terrace of the Café e la Paix in Paris, everyone he had ever nown would pass by. North Africa was omething like that in the autumn of 943. Our life seemed to consist of a ound of dinners for the most important ien in the western world.

First and foremost, there was Winston Churchill. The P.M. was a menace at he dinner table in more ways than one. His table manners were atrocious. He would slurp his soup, spill things, pick up food with his fingers. He would pick his nose while listening to the rare person who managed to get a word in edgewise and would quite uninhibitedly unzip his siren suit to scratch his crotch. The truth was that it did not matter. He was absolutely brilliant and all these possibly purposeful gaucheries seemed trivial when he started talking. He had the most fabulous command of the English language. I could have listened to him forever.

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Whenever Churchill was coming to dinner, he would instruct Ike, "Now, tell Kay to come. I want to see her." I didn't know whether Churchill sensed the special feeling Ike and I had for each other or was just being gallant, but either way I appreciated his courtesy.

One day Ike asked, "Can you keep a secret?"

I was reproachful. "I never breathe a word of anything," I said. "You know that." And I never did.

"President Roosevelt is going to visit us."

Franklin D. Roosevelt. I had listened to his radio broadcasts and seen his pictures, with that cigarette holder jutting out at a cocky angle. This was a man I would love to meet.

Ike wanted me to drive President Roosevelt's car, but the Secret Service people overruled him. When the day came and I drew up beside the president's plane on the airfield in Tunisia, the Secret Service chief, Mike Reilly, started shouting at me, "No woman will ever drive the president." Reilly banged on the top of the car to make his point. "No woman ever has—or ever will as long as I'm boss here."

The president and the general got into the car while all this fuss was going on. I ended up driving Ike's naval aide Harry Butcher back to the villa just outside Tunis where the president was staying. I was about to pull the car around in the driveway when one of President Roosevelt's aides came over and said, "Miss Summersby, the president has asked to meet you."

General Eisenhower and the president were in the library. FDR's sons, Elliott and Franklin, were with him. Ike took me to where the president was sitting in front of the big window. "Mr. President," he said, "this is Kay Summersby." The first thing the president said was not, "How do you do," or anything like that, but, "Why didn't you drive me? I'd heard you were going to be my driver and I was looking forward to it."

"Mr. President," I said indignantly, "your Secret Service wouldn't let me." Everyone laughed. There was no formality after that. The president said he would like it if I would drive him during his stay, and I said that there was nothing that I would like better. *(continued)*



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PAST FORGETTING

continued

Ike and I arrived the next day to take the president on a tour of the Tunisian battlefields. Our cavalcade of jeeps, weapons carriers, truckloads of armed M.P.'s got off with a roar of engines.

Suddenly Roosevelt said, "That's a pretty grove of trees there ahead. Let's have a picnic there." That particular grove of trees was not on the schedule, but I decided the president was boss and turned onto a track leading into the trees. Our escort vehicles lumbered after us. Soldiers jumped out and completely circled the car, elbow to elbow, their backs to us, bayonets fixed.

The president said, "Won't you come back here, child, and have lunch with a dull old man?" Tremendously flattered, I got in back and sat beside him while Ike took over the front seat and the picnic basket.

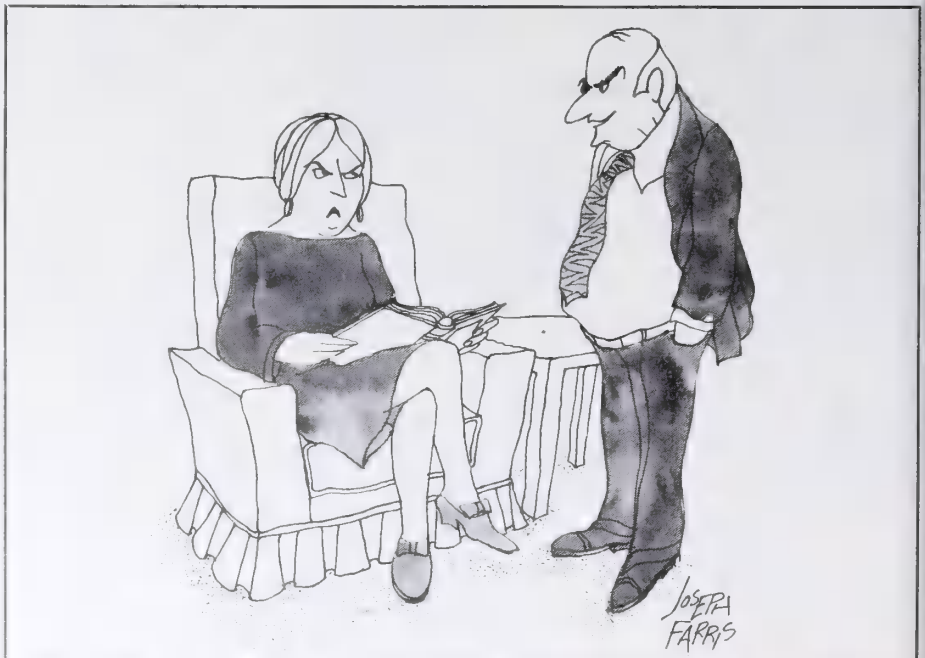
Roosevelt enjoyed himself immensely, laughing and telling stories. I soon got over my awe of him and was chatting as if I'd known him all my life. I told him about London in the early days of the war, about the trips to the front. I told him about the WAC officers with whom I shared a villa in Algeria.

"It seems to me you might like to join the WACs," he said.

"There's nothing I'd like more, sir," I told him. "But it's impossible. I'm a British subject and I'd have to become an American citizen to be a WAC."

"Well, who knows? Stranger things have happened," he said.

It is hard to imagine it now, but it seemed perfectly natural for me to be sitting in a car, parked in a grove of trees in Tunisia, eating sandwiches with the president of the United States—and having those sandwiches served by a four-star general who was in love with me —and I with him. *(continued)*



"What's this I never take you out? We went last week to get a swine flu shot!"

If you use any oil but Planters, your brochette won't taste like La Côte Basque's.



Côte Basque's Brochette d'Agneau

MAKES 4 SERVINGS

1 cup Planters® Oil
1 green pepper, cut in 1-inch pieces
1 large onion, cut in 1-inch pieces
8 mushroom caps
½ teaspoon thyme leaves
½ teaspoon coriander, crushed
10 peppercorns, crushed
8 bay leaves
1½ pounds loin or leg of lamb, cut in 1-inch cubes
Salt

Sauté pepper, onion, and mushroom caps in oil
l mushrooms are lightly browned. Remove from
ıt. Stir in spices. Cool.

Sprinkle lamb with salt. Marinate in vegetable
ture at least 12 hours; stir occasionally.

Beginning and ending with a mushroom cap,
ver lamb, pepper, onion, and bay leaves onto 4
al skewers. Reserve marinade.

Broil about 3 inches from heat about 10 minutes
o desired doneness. Turn and baste often with mari-
le. Serve with Confetti Rice and Mushroom Sauce.

Confetti Rice: Cook 1 cup rice according to package directions adding ¼ cup diced green pepper, ½ cup thawed frozen peas, and 2 tablespoons diced pimiento for the last 5 minutes of cooking.

Mushroom Sauce: Sauté ¼ pound thinly sliced mushrooms in 2 tablespoons Planters Oil until lightly browned. Blend together 1 cup beef bouillon and 1 tablespoon cornstarch; add to mushrooms. Bring mixture to a boil. Stir in 2 tablespoons diced pimiento. Serve hot over brochette.

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PAST FORGETTING

continued

Two major conferences took place that autumn—in Cairo among President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and the Teheran Conference, at which Roosevelt and Churchill met Stalin.

When General Marshall informed Ike that he was to attend the Cairo Conference, Ike said, "Well, here's a chance for a holiday. How about coming along?"

We all trooped into the big C-54 Marshall had sent for Ike and played a few rubbers of bridge just as if it were any other night. After the game we all settled ourselves for the night. One by one the others dropped off to sleep, leaving Ike and me the only ones awake. I suppose it seems ludicrous to think of two adults necking in a darkened plane, but we were dreamily content. Reality took precedence over romance, however. We were dead tired and did not want to risk falling asleep in a compromising position. We moved apart and went to sleep. I kept waking up and looking over at Ike. Every time I turned my head and saw him there in the dim light, I felt a surge of tenderness. Even when the sun showed every weary wrinkle and line, I could not imagine anything better than seeing that head on the pillow beside mine every morning. It was good just to have been close to him for those few hours.

Today, when sex seems to be so matter of fact, it may be hard to realize how terribly romantic and rather innocent people were only 30 years ago. To me, that night was as much an act of love as a more physically intimate encounter.

That night in Cairo, Eisenhower dined with General Marshall. I went home alone. Later, Ike's valet Mickey knocked on the door. "The General asks if you'd join him in a nightcap," he said.

Ike was walking up and down the long drawing room. "Did I hear something about a drink?" I asked.

"Correct, come on in. And Kay, close the door." I closed the door softly and ran straight to him. We stood there, our arms around each other, his cheek on my hair. "Oh, that's good," he said. "This is where you belong." We stood there, making cozy little noises. This was no passionate embrace. Just two people who ached to hold each other close and never got a chance.

After a few minutes, we drew apart and I opened the door again. There was no point in arousing anyone's curiosity. Ike sighed and reached for my hand. He sat there smoking one cigarette after another.

"General Marshall has ordered me to go on vacation," he said after a while.

My heart sank. In the last few weeks rumors had been flying, rumors that struck panic into my heart, rumors that Ike would be recalled to Washington to serve as Chief of Staff and General Marshall would come to Europe to lead the projected invasion of France.

There was not a chance in the world that I would ever see Ike again if he were recalled to Washington. He might be able to take other members of his personal staff with him, but there was no way that he would be able to bring a British civilian into the Pentagon as a member of his entourage. This was the first time that I had ever had a glimmering that there would be an end to our wartime world, that the future held changes that I did not want to face.

Now I caught my breath and very hesitantly asked, "They're sending you back to Washington?"

"No, just a couple of days off, that's all. And don't look so upset. If it has to be Washington, I'm never going to let you go."

The next afternoon we were in Luxor, a city built on the site of ancient Thebes. That night we went out to view the crumbling temples, the huge statues of pharaohs and the rows of sphinxes in the moonlight. It seemed like a dream. This was such a tremendous experience that there was very little talk. Ike pressed my hand. "You have to know how much it means to me to be seeing this with you," he said softly. We eventually sauntered back to the hotel, the desert moon lighting our way. We had a drink and then said our good nights. Ike tucked a piece of paper in my hand as we walked down the hall. A few minutes later, alone in my room, I read, "You know what I am thinking. G night. Sweet dreams." I went to sl thinking how much I loved him.

General Marshall was so plea when he saw how much better looked after his two-day vacation he insisted on his taking another sh trip immediately. This time we wen Jerusalem. A stroll in the Garden Gethsemane was the high point of visit. I felt that our visit was a form prayer. And I was praying very ha "Please God," I begged, "don't let th send him back to Washington."

Ike collected a lot of postcards, that night he handed one card to me. one side was printed "Souvenir from Garden of Gethsemane." And on other side, Ike had written, "Good ni —there are lots of things I could wish say—you know them. Good night." still have that precious card.

President Roosevelt made a retu visit on his way back to Washing from Teheran. It was definite, FDR sa Ike would command Operation Ov lord, the invasion of France. And would have a new title—Supreme All Commander. The General was so hap I almost thought he would burst.

By Christmas of 1943, we were bu winding up affairs in Algiers. Ike w going back to the States for a couple weeks of vacation—at Marshall's ins tence—and then would fly to London

Ike had left for Washington and I w alone, left behind in Algiers. Some of were preparing to join the General London; others would go to other pos It was a sad time. We had all been close for so many months. Although was going to London, I may have be the saddest of all. *(continue*



"Did you get the bottle of scotch I left by the fireplace?"

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PAST FORGETTING

continued

I was also jealous. Ike and I had carefully avoided one topic. He rarely mentioned his wife in my presence, only when someone asked after her. I never mentioned her. But I thought about her. For one thing, I thought her a fortunate woman to have this man as her husband, the father of her son. I had other thoughts, too. Some rather graceless ones. I kept them all to myself. It was anguishing for me to think of Ike going home to his wife.

For the first time in my life I had trouble sleeping. What lay ahead for us? For me? When I tried to look at our relationship objectively, it seemed like a schoolgirl crush on my part. But I was no schoolgirl. And my feelings were reciprocated. I was serenely certain of that. Ever since Ike had told me about his night of torment when he heard that my ship had been torpedoed, I had never doubted his love. And I did not doubt it now. I have never had such a perfect relationship with anybody in my life. Ever. If he took my hand and gave it a squeeze, I knew everything that was in his heart. He was like that. He was never able to come right out and say "I love you," after that first time. His way of telling me would be to say, "Kay, you know exactly what I would like to tell you. You have to understand." And I say, "Yes, I understand." And I did.

Unable to get to sleep, I went over and over Ike's last hours in Algiers. "I going to miss you a lot," I'd said. "T weeks seems like a long time."

"Twelve days," he corrected "You'll be with me all the time. know—you have to know—the things are in my heart. You know what I w to say. I don't have the right. But th of me. I'll be thinking of you." It wa long speech for Ike, the most taciturn men when it came to sentiment.

He held my hand and looked at for a long moment. Then we were on way to the airport. Telek was in fr with me, and in back with Ike and Bu were Telek's son and daughter, Jun and Rubey. The men had decided puppies were the perfect late-Christm gifts for their wives. A small crowd waiting to see him off. I was grate that he had arranged for those few vate minutes for us to say goodbye. shook hands with all his staff. I was last one. He took a slip of paper out his pocket and said, "Kay will you te to this for me?"

"Certainly, General," I told h "Have a safe trip."

I stood on the ground watching u the plane disappeared. Back in the c I looked at the paper he had given r "Think of me," he had written. "Y know what I will be thinking." I cri I simply could not help it.

After days and nights of heart-searc ing, I finally became very calm and cepting. I loved Ike. That was all th mattered. It was folly to think of t future. In wartime, one has an entir different approach to life—based on t here and now. Tomorrow would have take care of itself. I would follow m heart. And every one of my heartstrin led to Ike.

Because of his dislike for hotel livin the staff had found the General a love townhouse just off London's Berkel Square. Ike said, "Come on in, Ka Let's see where they've put me."

We were tired. The General had h a long trip down from Scotland. And had had a nerve-wracking couple hours driving through the fog to pi him up. But he was all wound up. "St and have a nightcap, Kay," he said. "I too wide awake to go to bed."

Ike told Mickey that that would l all for the night, not to wait up for hi We were alone. No one was going come wandering into this living roo tonight. There were no peering eyes.

"Come here," Ike said. I sat down b side him and he put his arm around m "I missed you," he said.

"I missed you, too." We sat and talke

Ike refilled our glasses and then, suppose inevitably, we found ourselv in each other's arms. Our *(continued*

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PAST FORGETTING

continued

jackets came off. Buttons were unbuttoned. It was as if we were frantic. And we were.

But this was not what I had expected. Wearily, we slowly calmed down. He snuggled his face into the hollow between my neck and shoulder and said, "Oh, God, Kay. I'm sorry. I'm not going to be any good for you." I didn't know what to say except, "You're good enough for me. What you need is some sleep." It was a bit embarrassing struggling back into the clothes that had been flung on the floor. Finally we were dressed. Ike looked troubled. "I don't want to let you go," he said, "but you can't stay here. God, I'm sorry. I can't even drive you home."

"Don't worry," I told him. "I'll be fine. It's just around the corner." We kissed good night.

I was ready to go to sleep then and there with my head on the steering wheel. Or was I ready to bawl my head off? I did neither; I simply drove home and went to bed. My last thought as I dropped off to sleep was that things are never the way you think they'll be.

I was back at the house at breakfast time. The inner qualms I had had about seeing Ike this morning disappeared in the daylight. Life seemed bright again. Ike was discussing plans with Butch. had decided to move Supreme He quarters Allied Expeditionary Force to Bushey Park.

I interrupted. "Does that mean we go back to Telegraph Cottage?"

"You're damned right it does." Bu and I beamed.

In no time at all, Ike and Butch w back in Telegraph Cottage once ag with Mickey. I was about two minu away, sharing a house with five WA Poor Telek had to go straight to a k nel for six months. The English qu antine laws are fantastically strict.

Not everyone shared our love Telek and his family. One evening asked after Telek's offspring. Were th thriving in Washington? "God o knows," Ike growled. Both Mrs. Eise hower and Mrs. Butcher had been d mayed at the sight of the puppies, said. Butch had spent a good part of l leave finding homes for the cuddly wai

Ike made himself a drink and settl down in his favorite big chair by the fi I was sitting across from him. It was co and dark outside, warm and cozy with "There was the very devil to pay," said. "And it wasn't only the dogs."

His lips twitched. He finally grinne "The big trouble was . . . I kept calli her Kay. That tore it."

"What?"

"I kept calling her Kay. Every time started to say something to Mamie, I call her Kay. She was furious."

I am ashamed to say that nothi could have pleased me more. No pity f Mrs. Eisenhower spoiled my enjoymen Today, I feel great sympathy for her. must have been a cruel shock to reali that another woman was uppermost her husband's thoughts. But at that tim she was far away. And I was in love.

"I'm sorry about that," I said. "It mu have been a bit upsetting for her. An for you, too."

"You have no idea. I thought abo you a lot," he said. "You know what like to think about before I go to sleep

I shook my head.

"The first time I ever set eyes on yo I saw you walking along Grosvenc Square. You looked very glamorou Beautiful. And all of a sudden, yo started running straight toward me. was as if you had read my mind. The you stopped. All out of breath. An asked if one of us was General Eise hower. Well! I thought I was dreaming You would never believe how disap pointed I was to discover that Claridge was so close to headquarters. I wante that drive to last forever."

"You never told me that," I said.

"You know me," he protested. "Ther are so many times I look at you and wan to tell you how beautiful you are an how much you mean to me, but some thing always stops me." *(continued*



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	⅔ cup honey	8 whole cloves
	⅓ cup lemon juice	4 whole allspice

Combine all ingredients in a saucepan. Bring to a boil. Lower heat and simmer for 10 minutes. Remove from heat, strain and pour into mugs. Serve hot. Makes 8 servings.

PAST FORGETTING

continued

When I think about the long talks we used to have at Telegraph Cottage, I am overwhelmed with nostalgia. Not that we were ever really alone. There was never once that the two of us had the house to ourselves, but we had privacy. We began to feel quite relaxed, sitting quietly in front of the fire, or on our favorite secluded bench hidden in the shrubbery, hand in hand, my head on his shoulder—talking our hearts out. There was something about the atmosphere of that little house that bred intimacy and trust. It was easy to talk about all the things that one had never spoken of before.

It was in that living room one sunny morning that Ike talked very seriously and at length about his relationship with his wife. I have never broken his confidence and I do not intend to break it in these pages. It is not my story to tell. There was deep hurt on both sides, hurt so deep that they were never able to recapture their earlier relationship—although it was not for want of trying. This was when Ike had discovered that "activity helps," when he had thrown himself so completely into his work that there was room for nothing else. It was hard for him to tell the story, even in the benign atmosphere of Telegraph Cottage. He would say a few words, then halt. His voice was low.

"Kay, I guess I'm telling you that I'm not the lover you should have. It killed something in me. Not all at once, but little by little. For years I never thought of making love. And then when I did . . . when it had been on my mind for weeks, I failed. I failed with you, my dearest. Didn't I?"

I sat on the arm of his chair and cuddled his head against my breast. "It's all right. It's all right," I crooned to him. "I love you."

He straightened up. His eyes were red. "I'm sorry. I'm a damned fool. But you know that. God, I don't know what's the matter with me."

"Nothing at all," I whispered.

"Somehow I just lost the way," he said, standing with his back to me, looking out the window.

"Some day things will be different," I promised him. "I'm not Irish and stubborn for nothing."

It would be incorrect to think that General Eisenhower and I spent most of our time exploring our feelings for each other. We were far too occupied for that. The General was very, very busy in those months preceding the invasion of the Continent. I was now acting as h appointments secretary. For two or thr days at a time, we would travel all ov England and Scotland visiting differe bases. Ike wanted to visit every install tion before the invasion, an almost in possible task. He wanted the men know that the Supreme Commander w concerned about them.

I still have my little blue leather a pointment book for 1944. I used to j down his appointments and add a wo or two about the subject under discu sion or Ike's comment on the meetin One Friday, for instance, the most in portant entry was "Lunch with the Ki and Queen at Buckingham Palac 1:30." Later that day, I added Ike's r port on the lunch—"Most enjoyable hours."

Little by little the small blue boo turned into a combination appointme book and diary. Ike would say, "Brin the book in, Kay." He would leaf throug it. Sometimes to check on what had bee discussed the last time he saw a certai general or sometimes just to relax. H would say, "Oh, that was a great da We had a good time, didn't we?" an laugh. Eventually he started writing i it himself.

Ike was as nervous as I had ever see him—and extremely depressed. The in vasion of France was imminent. At th end of May we left Telegraph Cottag

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nd moved to advance headquarters in ne woods outside Portsmouth.

On June 5, 1944, the night before D-)ay, Ike visited the U.S. 101st Airborne)ivision. They would be the first troops o land in Normandy behind the enemy nes. Ike's last task on the eve of D-Day vas to wish these men well. There was o military pomp about his visit. We rove up to each of the airfields, and Ike ot out and just started walking around mong the men. When they realized who was, everyone cheered and whistled.

There they were, these young para-roopers in their bulky combat kits, with heir faces blackened so they would be avisible in the dark of the French mid-ight. They looked so young and so rave. I watched as the General shook ands with as many men as he could. le spoke a few words to every para-rooper and looked the man in the eye s he wished him success. "It's very hard o look a soldier in the eye," he told me ter, "when you fear that you are send-g him to his death."

The planes began taking off. Soon undreds were circling above us. By this me the moon had come up—a full moon brilliant that it cast shadows. The lanes, wheeling like some immense ock of birds, blotted it out from time to me. It was a gigantic moment. My eart was pounding and I was practical-crying. Ike stood there, hands in his pockets, his face tipped toward the sky.

He turned and left without saying a word to anyone. I hurried after him, but then I stopped. He needed to be alone. Before he got in the car, he said, "Well, it's on. No one can stop it now." There were tears in his eyes.

For the next few hours, we just sat waiting for the first reports. There was nothing Ike could do. Just wait. The hours went by. Every once in a while, I would massage his shoulders, trying to relax him just a trifle. He liked that. "Um, that's good," he'd always say, but in those tense predawn hours, no matter how much strength I used, I could not undo the knots at the base of his neck. His eyes were bloodshot, and his hand shook when he lit a cigarette.

It is very hard to watch the man you love going through such a torture, waiting to find out the consequences of one of the gravest decisions that ever faced one man. It meant a lot to me that I was the person he chose to be with in those crucial hours.

There was a terrible letdown after D-Day. Everyone felt it. Ike was tired; it was as if he had run out of steam. And he was depressed. The Germans fought bitterly. We had a lot of casualties.

There was something that helped pull him out of his depression—the knowledge that his son John would be in England very soon. Ike had told General Marshall that he was worried that he and his son were becoming strangers. He had seen less of John over the years than most fathers because of the demands of the military life. And during the past three years he had seen practically nothing of him. Marshall, extremely sympathetic, had suggested that after John graduated from West Point in June, he might spend his leave in England with his father.

The afternoon of June 13, a tall, fresh-faced second lieutenant walked into the office at SHAEF, put his arms around the Supreme Commander and kissed him. Ike was just one big grin. After giving John a quick tour of headquarters, we left for Telegraph Cottage.

I was interested to observe that Ike was not a particularly doting father. He loved John very much and he was proud of him, but he was also critical, sometimes supercritical, I thought. John was a truly nice young man—intelligent, lots of fun, every bit as charming as his father and very simple and unassuming in manner. Not for one moment during his visit did he presume upon the fact that his father was Supreme Commander.

I was almost as sorry as Ike when John's visit drew to a close. It had really been nice having him around. But then Ike gave me the most glorious surprise. "How would you like to go *(continued)*

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Doctor-tested Vagisil is a gentle, easy-to-apply medication that helps stop external vaginal itching almost instantly. Leaves a cooling, protective film to help check bacteria, soothe irritated membranes, speed natural healing. Delicately scented. Greaseless. Non-staining.

Vagisil Creme Medication is available wherever feminine hygiene products are sold. **Vagisil**

KEEP FREEDOM
IN YOUR FUTURE
WITH
U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

PAST FORGETTING

continued

to Washington with John?" he asked. "Spend a few days there? Maybe go to New York?"

I opened my mouth, but could not get any sound out.

"I'm serious," he said. "I'm going to be in France all next week. There won't be much for you to do here. What do you think?"

"I think it would be smashing," I said.

On the last day of June, 1944, Ike and John and I drove to the airport together. As we said our goodbyes, Ike and I looked at each other. I really did not want to leave him. My face must have reflected this, because he said softly, "I want you to go. John will take care of you." He looked over at John, who was talking to Tex [Colonel Ernest Lee from Texas, an aide], and then back at me. "I'm putting all my eggs in one basket," he said somberly. "Come back safe."

Mrs. Eisenhower was at the airport in Washington and greeted me pleasantly before leaving with her son. John called me the next morning to invite me to have drinks with his mother and a few friends that afternoon. I really did not want to go. I told John that I thought it was an imposition, but he insisted.

It was not much fun. I felt very stiff and foreign and military among these women in their fluttery, light dresses. No other woman was in uniform. And certainly no other woman was being scrutinized as sharply as I was. As I sought out my hostess to say goodbye, John came up and told his mother that we were going to New York together, that he going to take me to see *Oklahoma!*

She made a face. "Oh, I'm sure Summersby doesn't want to go to N York in all this heat."

"Yes, she does," said John. "We're ing to New York and do the town."

I called him the next day and said don't think that your mother appro of this trip to New York. And I understand that. She wants to see much of you as possible. Why don't cancel it?"

"No," said John. "We're going."

It was in Washington that I beca aware of the virulent gossip about and myself. No wonder the women that little cocktail party had been eye me so closely. Wherever I went, I be to feel as if I were on display. Frie told me that there had been several g sip column mentions of the Gener glamorous driver and nastily pointed sinuations about our relationship.

I was glad when the holiday was ov I longed to be back where I belong I had stepped out of that special mension in which Ike and I had be living—and I did not like the world found outside, a world where war w only incidental.

I flew back to England, w straight to headquarters and opened t door to Ike's office. He looked up, ratl annoyed, and then he saw it was n When that grin flashed, I forgot h tired I was from the trip. The man w mattered was here. The time that m tered was now. I closed the door behi me. I had not felt his arms around since before D-Day. It had been a lon long time.

"I'm so glad to be back," I sighed.

(continued on page 15



Telek on Ike's desk. The Scottie was Kay's last link to the man she loved.



New Souptime® 10-second soups with the home-style stock.

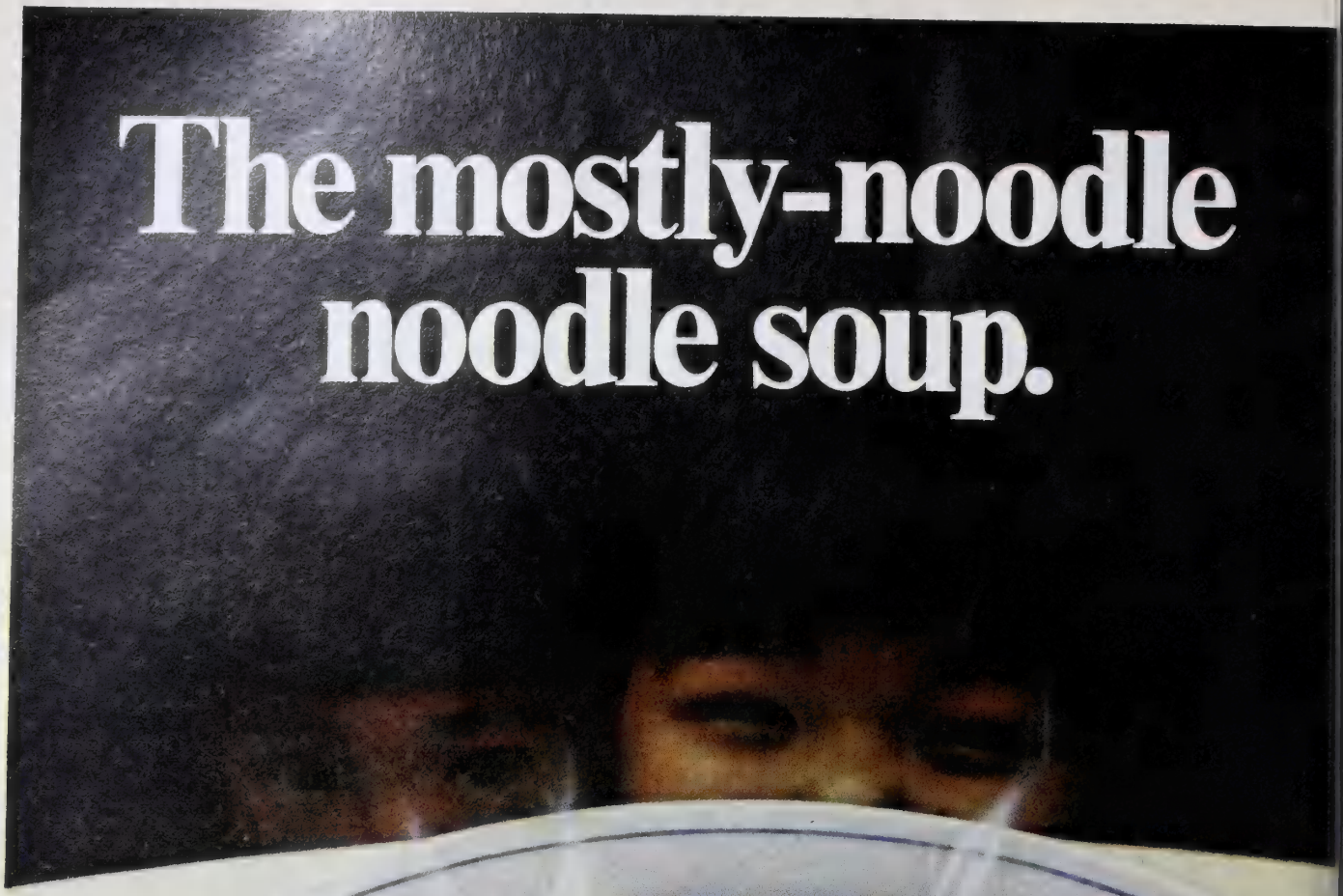
The secret of great tasting homemade soup? Good stock.

The secret of new great tasting Souptime? A unique home-style stock that brings out all the natural flavors of the meat and vegetable ingredients.

Nestlé Souptime® Instant Soups.

We're the new faces on the shelf.

The mostly-noodle noodle soup.



Top Ramen

ORIENTAL NOODLE SOUP

How to get a lot of noodles in not a lot of time:

Just cook for 3 minutes. Then add the savory flavor packet. Ah. Hearty Oriental noodle soup, brimming with curly, twirly, tender noodles.

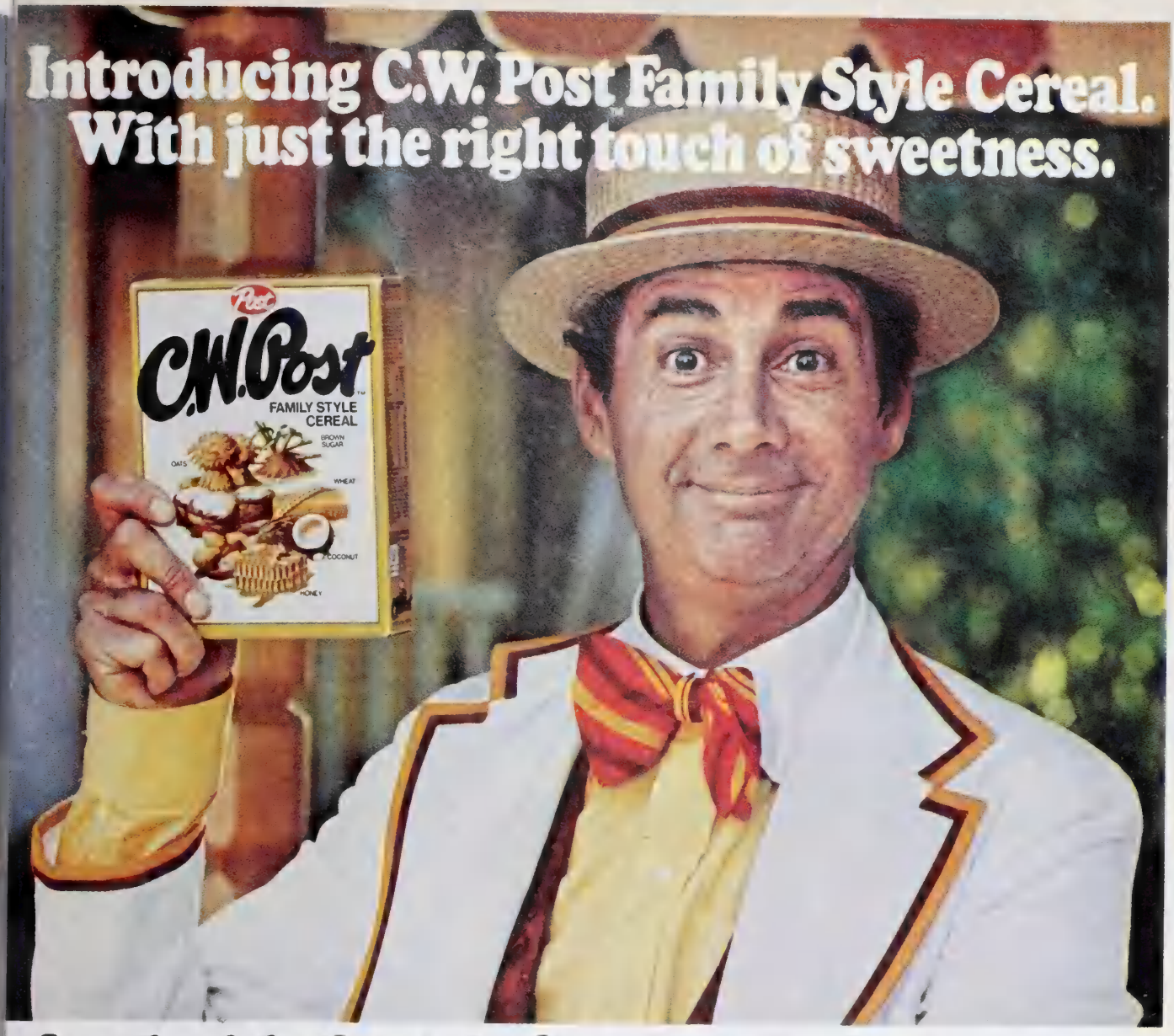
There's chicken, pork, beef, and Oriental flavors. Add your own touches or enjoy it all by its delicious self.

Top Ramen. It's not just a lot of noodles. It's a lot of great noodle soup.



Nissin Foods, Gardena, CA. 90249

Introducing C.W. Post Family Style Cereal. With just the right touch of sweetness.



Just the right time to try it.

Now, with this special offer, you can save 10¢ on any box of C. W. Post™ Family Style Cereal. And that's one really good reason to try it. But here's the best reason.

C. W. Post has a special in-between sweetness the whole family will love. Because it's sweet enough for kids, but not too sweet for grown-ups. It's got a light, crunchy taste that comes from good wholesome things like oats and rice, sweetened just right with brown sugar and honey. So pick up a box. Regular or with raisins. Your whole family will love to share it.

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STORE COUPON

10¢

LJO 2690-7

Save 10¢



To the retailer: General Foods Corporation will reimburse you for the face value of this coupon plus 5¢ for handling if you receive it on the sale of the specified product and if upon request you submit evidence thereof satisfactory to General Foods Corporation. Coupon may not be assigned or transferred. Customer must pay any sales tax. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Good only in U.S.A. Cash value: 1/20¢. Coupon will not be honored if presented through outside agencies, brokers or others who are not retail distributors of our merchandise or specifically authorized by us to present coupons for redemption. For redemption of properly received and handled coupon, mail to: General Foods Corporation, Coupon Redemption Office, P.O. Box 103, Kankakee, Illinois 60901.

LJO 2690-7

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LIMIT—ONE COUPON PER PURCHASE

Offer expires December 31, 1977

This coupon good only on purchase of product indicated. Any other use constitutes fraud.

GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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ISN'T IT NICE TO KNOW SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE.

Most wraps just wrap.

Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap® wraps and freezes best. It roasts, too.



From the Reynolds Wrap Kitchens

FREEZER-TO-OVEN ROAST BEEF

1. Remove foil-wrapped meat from freezer, place in roasting pan, roast at 400°F.
2. Loosen foil across top and at ends of meat to allow heat to circulate. Place meat in oven.

   Roasting Timetable: For frozen rolled top sirloin, cross-rib, or eye round. Oven temperature: 400°F. Approximate cooking time per pound: Rare, 40-45 min. Medium, 46-52 min. Well-done, 54-60 min. Use meat thermometer to determine desired degree of doneness.
3. During final ½ hr. of roasting, turn foil back from meat completely, so meat can brown. At this time, add desired cooked vegetables.

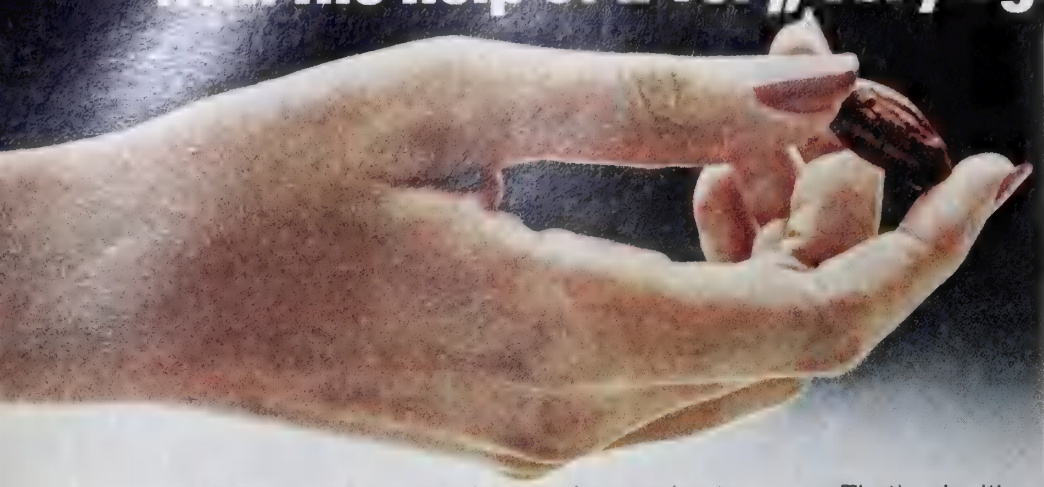
Gravy Trick: Bundle up juices in foil you cooked meat in, hold over a saucepan. Slit bottom of foil with knife. The juices will drain into pan and become the base for your gravy.

From freezer to oven, no other wrap protects better than Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. It's best for freezing because it molds and seals tightly to help keep out air, help prevent freezer burn. And a roast can go into the oven in the same foil you freeze in, without thawing. Reynolds Wrap holds in the juices and helps keep meat tender and delicious as it roasts. For wrapping, freezing, cooking, lining pans—one wrap does it all. Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap.



The Best Wrap Around.

Scholl can give you beautiful skin
with the help of a very, very ugly little bean.





In hand and body lotion departments.

A cocoa bean may not be very impressive to look at.

But when it's fermented, roasted, pressed into cocoa butter, then added to the other rich softeners and moisturizers that make up Scholl's exclusive formula—it becomes something very impressive indeed.

Scholl Softening Lotion helps prevent dryness by creating a unique moisture balance that lets skin retain its own natural moisture content. So, your skin will feel smooth, without feeling greasy.

That's why it's so good for the problem areas like legs that have to stand up to harsh, cold winters and hot, dry summers.

And that's also why it's a superior lotion for hands, arms and other parts of your body.

In fact, Scholl Softening Lotion will make you feel smooth and soft everywhere you use it.

A cocoa bean may be ugly. But it's one of the reasons Scholl can make your skin so beautiful.

Scholl

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Stuffings & Forcemeats

By Jean Anderson and Elaine Hanna

Some Tips on Making and Using Stuffings and Forcemeats

Mix stuffings and forcemeats just before using—there is danger of food poisoning if they are made far ahead of time.

To save last minute frenzy, have all ingredients chopped or minced beforehand, but do not mix. Keep ingredients in separate containers in refrigerator and put together just before using.

Never put stuffing into a bird, roast or fish until just before cooking.

Never stuff anything that is to be frozen, either before or after cooking. It is true that prestuffed frozen turkeys are available, but commercial packers have access to preservatives the housewife doesn't.

Always remove stuffing from leftover bird, roast or fish, wrap and refrigerate separately—again to reduce risk of food poisoning.

Team rich stuffings with not so rich poultry, meat or fish, light stuffings with heavier poultry, meat or fish.

Never use raw pork or pork sausage in a stuffing or forcemeat; always sauté first in a skillet until no pink color remains.

To mellow flavor of minced onions, garlic, celery and mushrooms, sauté lightly before mixing with stuffing.

When using soft white commercial bread in stuffings, reduce amount of moisture in recipe slightly. These breads are already oversoft and if mixed with additional liquid may produce a soggy stuffing. (*Note:* At holiday time, many supermarkets sell special "stuffing" breads.)

Always mix stuffings with a light hand. Never pack them into a bird, fish or roast—just drop or spoon in lightly. Stuffings expand on heating and, if too tightly packed, may become leaden. Moreover, they may rupture the bird, fish or roast.

Mix forcemeats with a deft hand from start to finish. Properly made, they should be moist, velvety and airy as a soufflé.

"How Much Stuffing Is Enough?"

For stuffing lovers, there is never enough. For practical purposes, however, figure ½–¾ cup stuffing per pound of food to be stuffed. It is unlikely that you will be able to get the full amount into the bird, fish, or roast—don't try. Wrap any extra stuffing in heavy foil, then add to roasting pan about 1 hour before bird, fish or roast is done.

Or, if there is as much as 2 cups, spoon into a lightly greased casserole and bake, uncovered, during the last ¾–1 hour of cooking, just until touched with brown. Use the following chart as a guide in determining quantity of stuffing needed.

Quantity of Stuffing	*Size Bird It Will Stuff*	*Number of Servings*
1 pint	3–4 lbs.	2–3
1½ pints	5–6 lbs.	4–5
1 quart	6–8 lbs.	6
1½ quarts	8–10 lbs.	8
2 quarts	10–12 lbs.	10
3 quarts	12–15 lbs.	12–14
4 quarts (1 gal.)	15–20 lbs.	18–20

What to Do with Stuffing Leftovers

Slice and serve cold with roast poultry or meat.

Fluff with a fork, place on a heavy piece of foil, dot with softened butter, wrap and heat 15–20 minutes at 350° F.

Fluff with a fork, place in a well-greased small casserole or shallow baking pan, drizzle with melted butter or smother with sliced sautéed mushrooms and bake about 20 minutes at 375° F. until heated through.

Fluff with a fork and spoon into hollowed-out tomatoes or parboiled onions or parboiled, scooped-out halves of summer squash. Dot well with butter and bake 20–30 minutes at 375° F. until vegetables are tender and stuffing lightly browned. **End**

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When your children get head lice.

Your child's itchy scalp could mean head lice.
There are lots of ways children can get head lice: from friends at school, at camp, the playground, even the movies. And at this time of year, cases of head lice occur more often than you might think.
Now you shouldn't be overly concerned if you find that your child has this condition. Just go to your drug store and ask for DOLEX. DOLEX is an easy-to-use shampoo that kills and washes away all types of lice.
The DOLEX™ Shampoo Treatment works in minutes.
It is pleasant smelling and non-staining.
So if your child comes home with head lice, give him the DOLEX Shampoo Treatment.
It's available at most drug counters without prescription.
DOLEX will make you and your children feel a lot better.

Dolex™ Shampoo.

Now there's an easy-to-use shampoo treatment for head lice.





LIVING WITH YOUR STARS

FOR DECEMBER

GITTARIUS (November 22–December 21) Life will be varied and stimulating: you'll look and feel great. Expect a busy social scene and super trends in your love life, whether married or single. *Good for health matters:* 21st.

CAPRICORN (December 22–January 20) The influence of Mercury in your sign brings a busy, amusing month. Changes will bring you luck as well as movement and change. Expect plenty of social activity. The outlook for 1977 is great. *Favorable for travel:* 24th.

AQUARIUS (January 20–February 19) Decisions made now will influence your fortunes for some time to come. Have confidence in your ideas; plan ahead. Start shopping after the 9th for best buys. You will receive super presents this year. *Lucky for romance:* 10th.

PISCES (February 19–March 20) If you need help, friends and relatives will give it willingly. Generally, this should be a relaxed month for you. Holiday festivities will be especially enjoyable. New friends prove lucky for you in 1977. *Good for finalizing plans:* 16th.

ARIES (March 21–April 19) Matters put into motion now will have a beneficial outcome around mid-1977, but will involve more effort than you think. You will be seeing a lot of your husband's or boyfriend's relatives over the holidays. *Favorable for buying gifts:* 4th.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20) This is a lucky period that will be important to your future. Between now and April 1977, take advantage of opportunities that may arise. You may be spending the holidays a long way from home—and in luxurious surroundings. *Lucky for cash:* 20th.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20) You'll take on too much over Christmas, which may make you too tired to fully enjoy yourself. Expect visitors who may be demanding and hard to cope with. Stock up on "convenience" foods. *Fine for self-beautification:* 23rd.

CANCER (June 21–July 22) A minor emotional upset may affect you early in the month. Most of December you'll be dancing to a tune others call so expect a restless month, with unplanned happenings. Your man has happy news to cheer you. *Good for shopping:* 11th.

LEO (July 23–August 22) Watch it or you'll be taking on work that others should be handling. Your love life is promising but problematical. You may be torn between the old and the new. *Splendid for new meetings:* 5th.

VIRGO (August 23–September 22) Your social life will be eventful. Expect a romantic, happy, festive season. It's probable others will be entertaining *you* this year. *Super for buying clothes:* 18th.

LIBRA (September 23–October 22) A fortunate month for you. You may receive good news regarding a property matter. Your budget can be put on more workable lines for the new year. *Great for communication:* 8th.

SCORPIO (October 23–November 21) You'll be meeting new and attractive people this lively month. You'll find short journeys and visits stimulating. You could be on the move over the holidays—or altering arrangements. *Fine for domestic plans:* 30th.—PETER VIDAL

STOP SORE THROAT PAIN!

Chloraseptic® provides fast, temporary relief of minor sore throat pain.

Its unique anesthetic action actually helps block the pain impulses that make your sore throat hurt.



With pain blocked, your sore throat doesn't feel so sore. It's really that simple. And that effective. What's more, Chloraseptic gets to your pain fast. And works in minutes.

Chloraseptic may still be new to you. But it isn't to doctors. In fact, of all the sprays, gargles and lozenges for temporary relief of minor sore throat pain, Chloraseptic is the one doctors recommend most.

So the next time you get a sore throat, get sore throat relief. With Chloraseptic. And be sure to read and follow label directions carefully.

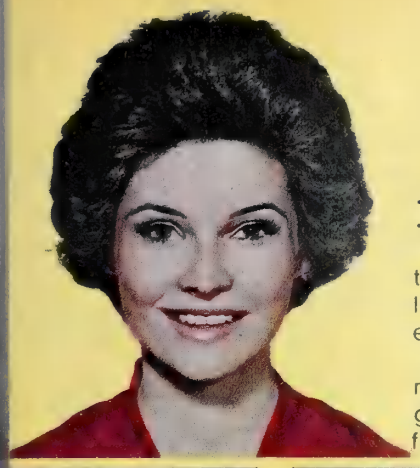
Chloraseptic can't cure a sore throat. But it can help you feel like you don't have one.



Chloraseptic is the sore throat product doctors recommend.

Chloraseptic®

MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE



FREE

10 SUPER PRODUCTS + $18 IN COUPONS

"We receive these products free of charge, because each manufacturer is sure that once you try his product, you will continue to use it. That's right! These fabulous products and coupons are free—all you pay is postage and handling. This enables us to ship the products from our warehouse, direct to your front door.

So act now to receive the actual products and sizes described below. There is no additional cost or obligation. Prompt delivery and total satisfaction are always guaranteed. Quantities are limited, however, and all orders will be accepted on a first-come, first-served basis." **Jane Petersen ▪ Former Miss America**



1. Daisy® by Gillette. The first twin bladed disposable shaver designed especially for women (one Daisy shaver).



2. New! . . . Vaseline® Intensive Care® Mineral Bath . . . enjoy a mineral spa in your own bathtub (1.75 oz.).



3. New non-alkaline **Suave® Softly Scented Floral Shampoo** from Helene Curtis! Select one: 3A - Honeysuckle, 3B - Jasmine, 3C - Hyacinth (1.5 oz.).



4. Certan-Dri Up to 84 Hour Anti-perspirant. A proven formula to solve problem perspiration. $1.00 off coupon also included (4 pkts.).



5. Multi-Conditioner de Pantene® . . . The Heat Solution.™ Protects hair from direct heat of blow dryers and hot curlers (1.0 oz.).



6. Bidette Towlettes, ideal for intimate feminine care. They cleanse and refresh as no spray or powder can (2 pkts.).



7. Woolite Cold Water Wash safely soaks fine washables clean in 3 minutes without shrinking, stretching or fading (.25 oz.).



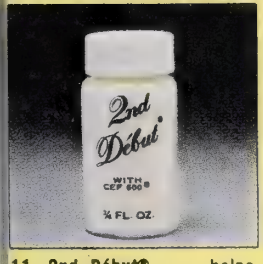
8. Rose Milk® leaves your skin soft, but not greasy. You can really feel the difference (1.0 oz.).



9. Tri-Chem® Craft Paints — color this bookmark or any surface with our quick-drying, magic-tipped paints (1 oz.).



10. Sea Breeze Antiseptic Lotion - all you need for really clean skin (5/8 oz.).



11. 2nd Début® . . . helps keep women looking younger . . . years longer (.75 oz.).



12. Handi Wipes™ . . . the reuseable bonded cloth that helps clean those household messes (2 cloths).



13. Alba'77 . . . the heavenly low calorie milkshake with a devilishly rich taste (1.75 oz.).



14. Vanquish® 15's - when you have headache pain, Vanquish is strong medicine.



15. Vitabath . . . turns your bath into one of the freshest, happiest experiences ever (.4 oz.).

Jane Petersen Former Miss America
900 E. Fayette St. - Box 66
Baltimore, Maryland 21203

For You 13

Check your choice and enclose amount stated for postage and handling:

A ☐ Enclosed is $1.00, rush me the 5 products I have circled below.

B ☐ Enclosed is $1.00, rush me the $18.00 in valuable product coupons.

C ☐ Special 10 Product Offer: Enclosed is just $2.00, rush me the 10 products (not just 5) that I have circled below. The $18.00 in valuable coupons will be included as a free bonus gift!

1 2 3A or 3B or 3C 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

Name _____ Age _____
(you must print)

Address _____ Family Size _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Jane Petersen Former Miss America
900 E. Fayette St. - Box 66
Baltimore, Maryland 21203

For a Friend 13

Check your choice and enclose amount stated for postage and handling:

A ☐ Enclosed is $1.00, rush me the 5 products I have circled below.

B ☐ Enclosed is $1.00, rush me the $18.00 in valuable product coupons.

C ☐ Special 10 Product Offer: Enclosed is just $2.00, rush me the 10 products (not just 5) that I have circled below. The $18.00 in valuable coupons will be included as a free bonus gift!

1 2 3A or 3B or 3C 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

Name _____ Age _____
(you must print)

Address _____ Family Size _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY GUARANTEE: If not satisfied return all products and receive double your money back. Limit one per person. Expires May 31, 1977.

ALMOND ROCA®.
A perfect gift, just between friends.



Oysters on the half shell: Allow about ½ dozen blue poin per person, ½–1 dozen Chincoteagues, depending on size. you splurge on Olympias, you'll have to order them especiall and allow 3–4 dozen per person.

Oysters to be cooked in the shell: Allow ½–1 dozen small medium oysters per person, depending on recipe richness.

Shucked oysters: 1 pint will serve about 3, more if stretche with other ingredients.

For top quality:

Oysters in the shell: Choose only those that are tightly shu or those that clamp shut when handled.

Shucked oysters: Select plump, sweet-smelling oysters wit clear liquor (juice) free of shell particles and grit.

About frozen and canned oysters

Shucked, raw Eastern oysters are now available frozen; the are also canned (either plain or smoked). Japanese or Pacifi oysters are also canned. *To cook frozen oysters:* Thaw in th refrigerator, then prepare as you would fresh oysters; coo immediately after thawing and never refreeze. *How to us canned oysters:* Because these are fully cooked, they're bes used in quick soups, stews, fritters and casseroles. The smoke variety is usually served as cocktail snacks, though they, too can be used in soups and stews.

How to shuck oysters: Wash and rinse oysters in cool wate Place oysters on counter, flat side up, and knock off thin edg (bill) with a hammer. Insert an oyster knife into broken edg and slip it around to back of oyster; sever hinge as close t flat upper shell as possible, lift off top shell and discard. Cu muscle from lower shell; carefully feel oyster for bits of shel and grit paying particular attention to the hinge. If oyster are to be served or cooked on the half shell, replace in deep lower shells. Always open oysters over a small bowl to catch any spilled juice.

End

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OYSTERS

By Jean Anderson and Elaine Hanna

There are three popular American species, one taken from the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico, two from the Pacific.

Eastern oyster: Found along the east coast from Massachusetts to Texas, this oyster accounts for 89 percent of America's catch. It includes the famous *blue points,* named for Blue Point, Long Island, where they were first found (but now simply a term referring to any oyster from 2″–4″ long), also the choice Virginia *Chincoteagues,* considered by many to be America's finest oyster. The subtle flavor differences among Eastern oysters depends on the oysters' diet and upon the composition of the waters in which they live.

Olympias: These sweet miniatures (it takes 300–500 to make a quart) are the pearls among oysters (and very nearly as expensive). Originally found all along the West Coast, they now come primarily from Puget Sound "farms."

Japanese or Pacific: This giant transplant from Japan is the West Coast's most popular oyster. Too large to eat on the half shell, it is usually cut up and fried, hashed or stewed.

About buying fresh oysters

Season: There is some truth to the old R month theory. Though oysters are edible between May and August, they aren't very plump or tasty because this is their season to spawn. Few markets sell oysters in summer.

Popular market forms:

Eastern oysters: Live and in the shell by the dozen; shucked by the pint or quart.

Olympias: Shucked and packed in small bottles.

Japanese: Shucked and packed in 10- or 12-ounce jars.

Amount needed: It depends—on the size of the oysters (and appetites), on how the oysters are prepared and served. But here's a guide:

For people on your "little something" Christmas list.



ALMOND ROCA is a gift you *know* will be enjoyed. Almond-filled buttercrunch centers, enveloped in rich milk chocolate and rolled again in crisp California almonds. Each piece is wrapped in gold foil and sealed for freshness in a pretty pink tin.

ALMOND ROCA®. For people you feel good about.

Can you think of a nicer gift, pray tell?



here are always special people to whom you'd like give more than a Christmas card. ALMOND OCA is the perfect answer. When thanks and preciation are due, why not put your feelings in is pretty pink tin?

LMOND ROCA®. For people you feel good about.

- Always cream fat and sugar thoroughly—it's virtually impossible to overbeat at this point. *But* mix in dry ingredients with a light touch, just enough to blend. Overbeating at this point will make the cake tough.
- Fold in beaten egg whites last, *very gently*, so you don't break down the volume.

About placing batter in pans: Always put batter in cool pans and never fill more than ½–⅔ full.

- Spread batter well to edges of pan. Once pans are filled, tap gently to break any large air bubbles.
- When making a layer cake, apportion batter evenly between pans so layers will be of equal size. Using an ice cream scoop and filling pans by adding a scoopful of batter first to one pan and then the other is an expert's trick.

About baking: Preheat oven 15 minutes before baking.

- Unless recipes direct otherwise, bake cakes as near the center of the oven as possible.
- When baking several cakes or layers at once, stagger on shelves, leaving room around them so heat can circulate evenly. Never let pans touch each other or even walls.
- Cake baking time breaks down into 4 quarters, the first 2 being the most critical (don't open oven door during this time or jar oven in any way). First quarter: cake begins to rise. Second quarter, cake continues to rise and browns slightly. Third quarter, cake continues browning. Fourth quarter, cake finishes browning and shrinks from sides of pan.

How to tell when cakes are done: Insert cake tester or toothpick in center of cake; if it comes out clean with no crumbs adhering, cake is done.

- Gently press top of cake; if it is springy to the touch and finger leaves no imprint, cake is done.
- Examine edges of pan; if cake has pulled away from pan, it is done.

End

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How to Make Better Cakes

By Jean Anderson and Elaine Hanna

About pans and preparing pans: For lightly, evenly owned cakes, use shiny baking pans rather than dark or colored ones, which will overbrown—even burn—the cake. e glass baking dishes if you compensate for their holding at longer by lowering oven temperature 25° F. When ng the new nonstick pans, follow manufacturer's directions sely, also watch baking cakes carefully until you learn how t or slow pans conduct heat.

Grease or grease and flour pans or not as recipe directs. a general rule, any batter containing butter or other fat ist be baked in a greased pan and, if extra rich, in a eased and floured pan. Grease bottoms of pans only unss recipes direct to the contrary. Cakes will rise more enly all around if they can cling to ungreased pan sides. For greasing, use melted clarified butter (unsalted), shortng or cooking oil. Apply thinly and evenly with a pastry ush or wad of paper toweling. To grease and flour, simply ake a small amount of flour into a greased pan, tilt back and th until there is a thin, even layer of flour over bottom, n tap out excess.

For best results, always use pan size recipes specify.

About mixing cakes: Read recipe before beginning. Have ingredients on hand, utensils out, pans prepared and indients measured and sifted before beginning.

Have all ingredients at room temperature (except in very weather) before beginning.

When using an electric mixer, use medium speed for cream, but low speed for working in dry and liquid ingredients less recipe direct to the contrary.

When mixing by hand, use a comfortable, long-handled, oden spoon.

The Christmas gift for people you feel good about.



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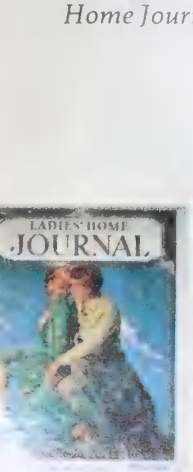
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Forest of Cookies

continued from page 97

FOREST OF COOKIES
pictured on pages 96–97

A simple sugar cookie dough provides the base for our festive, colorful tree cookie forest.

Sugar Cookie Dough

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, lightly beaten
¼ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder

In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg, milk and vanilla until well combined. Beat in flour and baking powder until well mixed. Wrap and refrigerate until firm.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Roll dough onto lightly floured surface to ⅛-inch thickness. With 4½-inch tree-shaped cookie cutter, cut out dough. Place on cookie sheets and bake for 10 minutes or until lightly browned around the edges. Cool on wire rack. Or, instead of using cookie cutter, use sharp knife to cut out triangular shaped tree cookies (don't forget the trunks) of desired size. The recipe makes 2 dozen 5-inch cookies. About 125 calories each, uniced.

See suggestions below for the ways we created our forest.

Scalloped Cookie Cone Trees

These call for just one-third of the basic Sugar Cookie Dough. Make more if you wish.

⅓ Sugar Cookie Dough
1½ teaspoons unsweetened cocoa
3 sugar cones
1 egg, lightly beaten
Silver dragees

Prepare dough as above, do not refrigerate. Divide dough in half. Knead cocoa into one half until well blended. Chill all until firm.

Preheat oven to 350°. Roll out each piece of dough (light and dark) on a lightly floured surface into 12x3½-inch rectangle. Cut each into 1-inch wide strips from 12-inch side. Cut scallops on one long side of each strip using tip of knife. Brush cone with egg. Press a strip of light dough, scallop side down, starting at bottom of cone. Pinch ends together and cut off excess dough. Repeat with dark dough.

Continue layering sequence using 6 more strips. Brush "tree" with egg. To decorate, place silver dragees into dough. Repeat, making 2 more trees, rerolling scraps. Place on greased baking sheet and bake for 10 to 12 minutes until lightly browned. Makes 3 trees. *(continued)*

Read this and cry.



Froilan lives in the highlands of Guatemala in a one-room hut with dirt floors and no sanitary facilities. Labor there is so cheap that, for men like Froilan's father, hard work and long hours still mean a life of poverty. But now life is changing for Froilan.



Her name? We don't know. We found her wandering the streets of a large city in South America. Her mother is a beggar. What will become of this little girl? No one knows. In her country, she's just one of thousands doomed to poverty.

The world is full of children like these who desperately need someone to care, like the family who sponsors Froilan.

It costs them $15 a month, and it gives Froilan so very much. Now he eats regularly. He gets medical care. He goes to school. Froilan writes to his sponsors and they write to him. They share something very special.

Since 1938 the Christian Children's Fund has helped hundreds of thousands of children. But so many more need your help. Become a sponsor. You needn't send any money now—you can "meet" the child assigned to your care first. Just fill out and mail the coupon. You'll receive the child's photograph, background information, and detailed instructions on how to write to the child. If you wish to sponsor the child, simply send in your first monthly check or money order for $15 within 10 days. If not, return the photo and other materials so we may ask someone else to help.

Take this opportunity to "meet" a child who needs your help. Somewhere in the world, there's a suffering child who will share something very special with you. Love.

For the love of a hungry child.

Dr. Verent J. Mills
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LH8BD0

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

Don't make the fudge without the Creme.

Creamier. Smoother. Home-made fudge with KRAFT Marshmallow Creme.

Fantasy Fudge

3 cups sugar
3/4 cup PARKAY Margarine
2/3 cup (5-1/3-fl. oz. can) evaporated milk
1 12-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces
1 7-oz. jar KRAFT Marshmallow Creme
1 cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine sugar, margarine and milk in heavy 2½-quart saucepan; bring to a full rolling boil, stirring constantly. Continue boiling 5 minutes over medium heat, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. Remove from heat; stir in chocolate pieces until melted. Add marshmallow creme, nuts and vanilla; beat until well blended. Pour into greased 13 x 9-inch pan. Cool at room temperature; cut into squares. Makes 3 lbs.

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KRAFT



Forest of Cookies

continued

Leaf Cookie Cone Trees

Again, we used only a third of the basic dough.

⅓ recipe Sugar Cookie Dough
½ cup green icing (see Decorating Icing recipe)
14 vanilla caramels
3 sugar cones
3 gumdrops (optional)

Preheat oven to 350°F. Roll out dough ⅛-inch thick on a lightly floured surface. With a small canapé cutter (we used acorn and leaf shapes) cut out dough. Bake until lightly browned, about 7 minutes. To decorate, spoon green icing into decorating bag with small writing tip or waxed paper cone. Outline shape of leaves. Melt caramels in a small bowl set in pan of boiling water; keep warm. Dip top of each leaf in caramel. Starting at the base of each cone, "glue" leaves around in layers, overlapping slightly. Top with a gumdrop, if desired. Makes 3 trees.

Slivered Almond Cone Tree

¾ cup blanched slivered almonds (3-oz.)
8 vanilla caramels
1 sugar cone
1 gumdrop (optional)
Confectioners' sugar

Preheat oven to 350°F. Place almonds in a single layer on cookie sheet and toast until lightly browned, about 10 minutes. Cool.

Melt caramels in a small bowl set in a pan of boiling water; keep warm. Set cone on slim-necked bottle. Starting at base of cone, dip one end of almond sliver in caramel and "glue" onto cone. Do this all the way around. Continue with next layer. Repeat layering to tip of cone, overlapping almonds. Decorate top with a gumdrop, if desired. Sprinkle confectioners' sugar over "tree" for snow effect. Makes 1 tree.

Decorating Icing for Trees

3 egg whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 package (16-oz.) confectioners' sugar
Assorted food colors (red, green, yellow, blue)

In large mixer bowl, with electric mixer at high speed, beat egg whites and cream of tartar until frothy. Gradually add sugar and continue beating for 5 to 7 minutes until thick and smooth. Place in container with a tight fitting lid until ready to use.

Once you begin working with the icing, be sure to keep covered with a damp cloth to keep the icing from drying and crusting on top. Using small bowls, mix small portions of icing with red, yellow, green and/or blue food colors. Mix until desired color is reached (see color chart).

To pipe: Fill decorating bag with small writing tip or waxed paper cone with desired tinted icing.

To paint: Mix icing until desired tint is achieved. Add a few drops of water until thin enough to paint on easily. Use small, clean brush. Be sure to wash brush thoroughly in water after each color use, or use a new brush.

COLOR CHART

COLOR	NUMBER OF DROPS REQUIRED Per 1 Tablespoon Icing			
	Red	Yellow	Green	Blue
Orange	1	3	–	–
Lavender	1	–	–	2
Purple	3	–	–	1
Olive Green	–	–	3	2
Chartreuse	–	12	1	–
Lime Green	–	6	1	–
Turquoise	–	–	1	3
Bright Red	7	1	–	–

To get some of the vivid colors used in our Forest of Trees we suggest investing in liquid or paste colors from Wilton Enterprises, Inc. (available in department and specialty stores across the country including Sears, J. C. Penney and Montgomery Ward). When using these colors you add the color a little at a time until you achieve the depth of shade you desire. **End**

One Dough —Eight Delicious Ways

continued from page 101

All pictured on pages 100–101

BASIC COOKIE DOUGH

Use as a base for all eight cookies.

½ cup butter or margarine, softened
⅔ cup sugar
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
2½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder

In large bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs and vanilla extract until well mixed. Add flour and baking powder and continue beating, at low speed, until well mixed, scraping bowl occasionally. Wrap and refrigerate until well chilled, about 3 hours or overnight.

DATE-RAISIN ROLL

Dates and raisins add flavor and nutrition to this recipe.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
Date-Raisin Filling
1 package (8-oz.) chopped dates
½ cup seedless raisins
½ cup sugar
½ cup water
¼ cup lemon juice
½ cup chopped walnuts
1 egg white, lightly beaten
1 tablespoon sugar

Prepare dough as directed.

For filling: In a small saucepan, heat the first 5 ingredients to boiling; stir and cook for 5 minutes, until thickened. Stir in nuts; cool.

Divide dough in half; keep remaining refrigerated. On waxed paper, roll each half into 14x6-inch rectangle, ¼-inch thick. Place ½ the filling down center of length of dough. Using waxed paper, fold sides of dough up and over filling. Pinch edge to seal. Wrap and chill. Repeat with remaining dough and filling.

Preheat oven to 350°F. With dough seam side down, brush top with egg white. Sprinkle each roll with 1½ teaspoons sugar. Cut into ¾-inch slices. Place on lightly greased baking sheet, sugared-side up. Bake 10 to 12 minutes until lightly browned. Makes about 3 dozen cookies. About 120 calories each.

MALTED MILK BALL COOKIES

A favorite with the youngsters.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
60 to 70 malted milk ball candies (one 6 to 8 oz. package)
2 cups flaked coconut

Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. For each cookie, roll 1 teaspoon dough in your hands around malted milk ball until smooth. Roll in coconut. Place on cookie sheet. Repeat with remaining dough, candy and coconut. Bake for 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool on wire racks. Makes 5 dozen cookies. About 65 calories each.

CHRISTMAS STARS

Use favorite cookie cutters for these.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
1 teaspoon almond extract
¼ cup sliced almonds
1 jar (3½ oz.) candied cherries, halved

Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed but add almond extract with vanilla. Refrigerate as directed.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Divide dough in half. On lightly floured surface, roll out half the dough to ⅛-inch thick. Keep remaining dough refrigerated. Cut out dough with a star-shaped cookie cutter, place on ungreased cookie sheet. Garnish with almonds and cherries. Bake for 10 minutes or until lightly browned around edges. Cool on wire racks. Repeat with remaining dough and rerolled scraps. Makes about 60. About 55 calories each.

NUTTY THUMBPRINT COOKIES

Fill with your favorite jam or jelly.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
1 egg white, lightly beaten
¾ cup chopped walnuts or pecans
⅓ cup jam or jelly

Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Roll dough into 1-inch balls. Dip in egg white then *(continued)*

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Kent Golden Lights Menthol: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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LOWER IN TAR THAN ALL THESE MENTHOL BRANDS.



REAL MENTHOL REFRESHMENT
AT ONLY 8 MG TAR.

One Dough —Eight Delicious Ways

continued

roll in nuts. Place on cookie sheets. Bake 10 minutes. Remove from oven. With end of wooden spoon, make a depression in center of each cookie. Fill with jam. Return to oven, continue baking for 5 minutes. Cool on wire racks. Makes about 4 dozen. About 80 calories each.

SPRITZ COOKIES

Here's a chance to use your cookie press.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel

Preheat oven to 350°F. Lightly grease 2 large cookie sheets; set aside. Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed but add lemon peel with vanilla. (Do not refrigerate.) Attach desired tip to cookie press. Place ¼ of the dough at a time in cookie press. Press dough onto cookie sheets. Bake 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned around the edges. Remove and cool on wire racks. Repeat with remaining dough. Makes about 5 dozen. About 50 calories each.

VIENNESE BATONS

Serve with ice cream or sherbet.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
4 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate, melted
¾ cup chopped nuts

Prepare Basic Cookie Dough as directed

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Divide dough into pieces. Roll each piece (keep remaining refrigerated) on lightly floured surface into a rope ½-inch wide. Cut into 2-inch pieces. Place on cookie sheet, 1 inch apart. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes until light brown. Cool on wire rack. Continue with remaining dough.

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Dip one end of cookie into chocolate, then into nuts. Place on waxed paper to harden. Makes about 4½ dozen. About 70 calories each.

PINWHEEL COOKIES

An attractive addition to your cookie repertoire.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
1 teaspoon grated orange peel, optional
2 squares (1 oz. each) semisweet chocolate, melted and cooled

Prepare dough as directed but stir in orange peel with vanilla. Do not refrigerate. Cut dough in half. Stir chocolate into one until well blended. Wrap, chill both doughs about 2 hours.

On sheets of waxed paper, roll out vanilla dough into a 14x5-inch rectangle; set aside. On another sheet of waxed paper, roll out chocolate dough into the same size rectangle. Invert chocolate dough onto vanilla dough and peel off top waxed paper. Lightly press doughs together. Roll, jelly-roll fashion from 14-inch side, peeling off waxed paper as you roll. Wrap and chill until firm.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Cut dough into ¼-inch slices. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool on wire racks. Makes about 5 dozen cookies. About 55 calories each.

WALNUT BARS

A tasty, nutty bar cookie.

1 recipe Basic Cookie Dough
Topping
2 eggs
1 cup packed light brown sugar
1 cup chopped walnuts
⅓ cup flaked coconut
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Prepare dough as directed.

Preheat oven to 350°F. Grease two 8-inch square pans. Cut dough in half. Pat each half into a prepared pan. Bake 12 minutes or until light brown around the edges. Meanwhile, prepare Topping. In small mixer bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, beat eggs and sugar for 2 minutes, scraping bowl occasionally. Add remaining ingredients and beat until well mixed. Pour half (1 cup) the mixture over each pan of partially baked dough. Return to oven and continue baking 20 more minutes or until set. Cool. Cut into bars. Makes 64 two-inch bars. About 75 calories each. **End**

What's a little water among friends?

Bath time is fun time with a few colorful friends that float. Baby Flutter Ball and Baby Water Friends are just part of Playskool's continually evolving line of fascinating, quality toys to delight babies everywhere.





The ham with all that smoked-in flavor deserves the robust wine that won't cook out.

It's delicious the way Holland House Sherry Cooking Wine comes together with Rath Hickory Smoked Ham in this Sherry-Walnutty Ham Recipe.

To begin with, Rath Hams are lean and hickory smoking makes them smoky-sweet and tender. Just great for your holiday entertaining.

And when you cook a Rath Ham in robust Holland House Sherry Cooking Wine, you'll be cooking it in a wine that won't cook out. Unlike everyday table wines or most cooking wines you've heard about, Holland House takes great care in selecting only fine *imported* wines. Wines with enough robust character for cooking, yet delicate enough to be savoured in the eating.

So when you pick up your scrumptious Rath Ham at the supermarket, you can also get your imported Holland House Sherry, Red, White, or Marsala Cooking Wines.

It figures, the wines that were made to be eaten have just got to taste great on a Hickory Smoked Ham.

SHERRY-WALNUTTY HAM

- *1 5-pound Rath Hickory Smoked Canned Ham*
- *1 cup Holland House Sherry Cooking Wine*
- *1 cup brown sugar*
- *1 teaspoon dry mustard*
- *½ cup Holland House Sherry Cooking Wine*
- *1 cup chopped walnuts*

Heat Rath Ham according to directions on can... use cooking rack. Baste every 15 minutes using the 1 cup Sherry Cooking Wine.

When all wine has been used, continue basting with drippings. Twenty minutes before ham is done, coat with mixture of brown sugar, dry mustard and ½ cup Sherry Cooking Wine. Cover with walnuts. Return to oven for 20 minutes. Save drippings from pan for serving over slices. Makes 14 4-ounce servings.

$1.00 REFUND OFFER

To receive your $1.00 refund (includes postage), send the "Certificate of Quality" from a Rath Hickory Smoked Ham, plus the front label from a bottle of Holland House Sherry Cooking Wine (soak off) with your name, address and zip, to: Rath/Holland House, P.O. Box NB-724, El Paso, Texas, 79977. Limit one refund per family. Offer expires 2/1/77.



COOKBOOK OFFER:

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Rath Hickory Smoked Ham/Holland House® Cooking Wines.

Grandma made it every bit as good.



Old-Fashioned Mince Meat Pie

Preheat oven to 425°. Follow Pillsbury Pie Crust Mix or Sticks directions for two-crust pie. Line pie pan with half of pastry. Fill with one 28-oz. jar ready-to-use or two 9-oz. packages of condensed None Such® Mince Meat prepared according to package directions. Cover with top crust according to pie crust mix directions. Bake at 425° till golden (about 30 minutes).

Holidays begin with Pillsbury and None Such

Child's Play

continued from page 103

Christmas cookie-making is a great time to introduce your kids to the kitchen. Obviously, close supervision is a must, especially if your youngsters are neophytes at cooking.

Even the youngest cook can help with the mixing (breaking the eggs is a big treat), and all ages love to roll, pat and decorate.

For young children the oven and range top should be off limits—this is a detail Mom should handle.

All of our seven cookies for kids featured here offer a chance for child participation. And do let the little dears nibble on the dough—for kids, that's the best part.

All pictured on pages 102 and 103

KOOKIE BRITTLE

Of all the cookies baked in our LHJ test kitchens for the Christmas issue, this was the one most frequently nibbled on.

1 cup butter or margarine, softened
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup sugar
2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 package (6 oz.) semisweet chocolate pieces
1 cup chopped pecans

Preheat oven to 375°F. Grease a 15½x10½x1-inch jelly-roll pan.

In large mixer bowl with electric mixer at medium speed, cream butter or margarine. Add salt and vanilla. Beat in sugar until light and fluffy, scraping bowl occasionally. Add flour and continue mixing until well combined. Stir in chocolate and pecans. Pat dough with hands into prepared pan. Bake 25 minutes or until lightly brown at edges. Cool in pan on wire rack. When cool, break with hands into pieces. Makes about 5 dozen. About 65 calories per one-inch piece.

CANDY CANE COOKIES

These cookies can also be formed into letters to make your children's initials.

Cookies
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ teaspoon peppermint extract
2½ cups unsifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon red food coloring
Topping
½ cup sugar
½ cup crushed peppermint stick candy

Preheat oven to 375°F. In large mixer bowl, cream butter, shortening and 1 cup sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg, vanilla and peppermint extracts. Stir flour and salt into butter mixture and beat until well combined. Divide dough in half. Stir food coloring into one half of dough until well blended. Roll 1 teaspoonful of each color dough into 4-inch rope. Place 2 ropes side by side, press lightly together and twist. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Curve top for the handle of the cane. Bake 8 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned. While still warm, sprinkle with Topping mixture. Makes about 4 dozen. About 90 calories each.

CHOCOLATE LOVES

Bound to please chocolate lovers.

½ cup butter or margarine
2 squares (1 oz. each) unsweetened chocolate
2 cups sugar
½ cup milk
1 cup walnuts, chopped
1 cup flaked coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
3 cups quick oats, uncooked

In heavy 2-quart saucepan, melt butter or margarine and chocolate; add sugar and milk. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until sugar is dissolved and thoroughly blended. Remove from heat and stir in nuts, coconut and vanilla. Fold in oats. Cool mixture to medium-warm. Roll teaspoonfuls of mixture into balls. Place on waxed paper-lined cookie sheets. Chill until firm. Makes about 6 dozen. About 30 calories each.

BUTTERSCOTCH PEANUT CHEWS

A nutritious no-bake cookie that is a breeze to make.

1 can (14 oz.) sweetened condensed milk
3 packages (6 oz. each) butterscotch flavored morsels
4 cups bite-size shredded wheat cereal
1 cup chopped salted peanuts

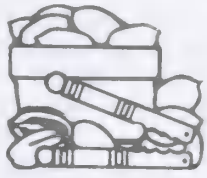
In top of double boiler, add condensed milk and morsels. Cook over hot, not boiling, water until mixture is thick and smooth, about 15 minutes. Stir occasionally. Meanwhile, in large bowl, combine cereal and peanuts. Pour butterscotch mixture over cereal mixture and toss until well coated. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto waxed paper-lined cookie sheets. Chill 2 hours or until firm. Remove and store in covered container in refrigerator. Makes 5 dozen. About 90 calories each.

COOKIE LOLLIPOPS

Refrigerated cookie dough makes these festive pops a cinch.

1 package (18 oz.) refrigerated slice-and-bake sugar cookies
10 to 12 wooden sticks
3 cups confectioners' sugar
4 to 5 tablespoons milk
Tubes (5 oz. each) of decorating icing (choice of pink, green, red, yellow, blue)
Red and green gumdrops

Preheat oven to 375°F. Divide dough in half. Roll out half the dough on lightly floured surface to ¼-inch thickness (keep remaining dough refrigerated). With 3-inch round cookie cutter, cut out rounds. Place on ungreased cookie sheets. Slip wooden sticks into edge of dough inserting about 1½ inches into cookie. Repeat with remaining dough and reroll scraps. Bake for 12 to 14 minutes until golden brown. Cool 5 minutes on cookie sheet; then cool completely on wire racks. Meanwhile, in small bowl, stir confectioners' sugar and milk until smooth. Frost one side of cooled cookies. Decorate each "lollipop" as desired with icing or gumdrops. Makes 10 to 12 cookies. About 185 calories each.



SUGARPLUMS

So good—and so good for you.

1 package (15 oz.) seedless raisins
1 package (11 oz.) dried mixed fruit
1 package (8 oz.) dried figs or pitted prunes
1½ cups chopped walnuts
Sugar

Chop raisins, mixed fruits, figs or prunes and walnuts in food grinder using coarse blade. Mix thoroughly. Shape mixture into 1-inch balls. Then roll in sugar. Place on waxed paper and let dry at room temperature 4 hours or overnight. Store tightly covered. If desired, roll in additional sugar just before serving. Makes 72. About 50 calories each.

MYRTLE-TURTLES

Kids will love these tasty little turtles.

½ cup butter or margarine, softened
½ cup firmly packed light brown sugar
1 egg
1 egg, separated
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
1½ cups all-purpose unsifted flour
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups pecan halves, sliced lengthwise
1 can (16½ oz.) chocolate frosting

In large mixer bowl, cream butter or margarine and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and egg yolk and continue beating until well mixed. Stir in vanilla, flour, soda and salt and continue mixing until well combined. Cover and refrigerate until chilled.

Grease 2 large cookie sheets. Preheat oven to 350°F. Beat remaining egg white in bowl. Roll dough into 1-inch balls; dip in egg white. For each turtle, press into dough 5 pecan pieces to resemble head and legs. Bake for 10 to 12 minutes. While warm, frost each with 1 teaspoon chocolate frosting. Cool on wire racks. Makes 3 dozen cookies. About 110 calories each. **End**

But grandma never had it so easy.



Holiday Fruitcake

2 Eggs
1/2 Cup Water
*2 Pkgs. Pillsbury Quickbread Mix—any flavor**
2-2/3 Cups (one 28-oz. jar) None Such® Ready-to-Use Mince Meat
1 Cup Nuts (halves or chopped)
2 Cups Candied Fruit

Generously grease and flour 10-inch (12-cup) Bundt† fluted tube pan. In large bowl, combine eggs and water. Add remaining ingredients; by-hand, stir until combined. Pour into prepared pan. Bake at 350° for 80 to 90 minutes until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool 15 minutes; invert on cooling rack. Cool completely. To store, wrap tightly in foil or plastic wrap; store in refrigerator. If desired, glaze with warm corn syrup; decorate with candied fruits and nuts.

High Altitude Adjustment—
5,000 feet: Add 1 tablespoon flour to mix; bake at 375° for 60 to 65 minutes.

*Date, Nut, Cranberry, Cherry, Apricot, Banana, Blueberry, Applesauce Spice or Oatmeal Raisin.

Holidays begin with Pillsbury and None Such

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PAST FORGETTING

continued from page 146

"I'm so glad you're back," he said.

I told him all about the trip. All the good things. But I said nothing about the gossip.

"What has been going on here?" I asked.

"The usual," he said. "I wrote everything down in the blue book. Why don't you catch up while I finish my messages and then we can go home."

I opened the little diary and saw that the General had made entries for every day while I had been away. One entry interested me very much: "Received message from Tex that he was still hanging about Wash. awaiting word from me on what to do about K and WACs."

This was real news. "What was Tex doing about me and the WACs?" I asked.

"I thought you might be interested in that," Ike said with a big smile. "Well, you've always said you'd like to join the WACs and I decided to do something about it."

"Me a WAC!"

"You a WAC," he said. "Seems the president put in a good word for you."

"Oh, my goodness," was all I could say. "But what about . . ."

Ike interrupted me. "I'm trying to plan ahead. I'm not going to be in Europe forever. I told you once that I was never going to let you go. If you're a WAC I can keep you on my staff later on."

A few days later we celebrated Telek's release from the kennel. I left the office early to pick him up. When we reached the cottage, he ran straight to Ike and rolled on his back, a signal that he wanted his stomach scratched.

"It's great to have that black scamp back home," Ike said.

I agreed. "It's like having a child come home after he's been away at school for the first time."

Then Ike said something that shook me almost as if there had been an earth tremor. "Kay," he asked very quietly, "would you like to have a child?" We had talked many times about how much we both liked children. Ike often said that he wished he had had a big family. Four children, he said, would be ideal.

I couldn't be coy about this. "Yes," I said. "I'd love to have a baby. Not *a* baby, your baby." I sighed. "It's impossible, you know."

"I know," said Ike. "But maybe things will be different later. I'd like it, you know. I'd like it very much."

We were quiet for a while, then Ike asked, "You don't think I'd be too old for the boy?"

He had decided it would be a boy too. "No," I said. "You won't be too old. Not you. Not ever."

We said nothing more about this, but every time our eyes met that evening it was as if we had advanced into a new level of intimacy. That night, after the buzz bombs had chased us to the shelter, Ike reached his hand out to me in the dark and we fell asleep holding hands between our cots.

D-Day plus 335. That little sum added up to VE-Day, victory in Europe. That period from June, 1944 to May 7, 1945, was a frantic, topsy-turvy time.

We were constantly on the go. I would drive Ike up to the front where he would visit the commanders and talk with the men.

We were rarely alone, even in the car. These days we had to be content with fleeting caresses and glances. Ike would squeeze my hand under the breakfast table or I would look up in the rearview mirror to find him watching me. Now and again when we were free from observation, he would put his arm around my shoulders and draw me to him, but these little intimate moments were rare and dangerous. Or so I felt. I had become coldly aware of the gossip about us in Washington and did not want to add fuel to that fire. If it had not been for Ike's habit of scribbling little messages on scraps of paper that he tucked into

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my hand almost every day, I might have felt lonely. I would have loved to do the same thing, but the Supreme Commander could not simply tuck a bit of paper away in his pocket. It would be found by Mickey when he took care of the General's clothes. Nor could he read a message, tear it up and throw it away the way I did. There were always eyes watching the General. I told him once, "If I ever write you a love letter, you'll have to tear it up and swallow it."

"You don't have to write to me, Kay," he said. "Every time you look at me I see a love letter in your eyes." He would say beautiful things like that when I least expected them, and they always meant a lot because he was usually so reticent.

In October I finally was commissioned a second lieutenant in the WAC. Ike pinned on the gold bars himself in a little office ceremony. Now that I was a WAC and an officer, I could no longer drive the General. As it turned out, I still traveled with Ike almost everywhere he went. I continued to breakfast with him and we still drove to the office together. The only difference was that now I sat in the back seat with him instead of in front behind the wheel.

Just before Christmas, Ike was told that he was getting a fifth star. There was a kind of glow about him for days after it had been made official. To Ike, becoming General of the Army, the highest rank, was like being made knight of some immortal round table.

Around the same time, he called me into the office. "Kay," he said, "I've been talking to the P.M. about you." Then he broke into a great grin. "You've got a medal for yourself. The P.M. says you're going to be awarded the British Empire Medal."

I had never imagined that I would get a medal. Medals were for people who had done something extraordinary, not for a woman who had spent most of the war behind a steering wheel. When I said as much to Ike, he said, "I don't think you realize how valuable your services have been. I do. And so does the P.M. If I were you, I'd just say 'thank you' and stop arguing." I took his advice and immediately wrote to the P.M. telling him how surprised I was and how humbly appreciative.

Later, Ike promoted me to first lieutenant and—even more exciting—made me his official aide. I was the first woman five-star aide in history. I glowed over the promotion every bit as much as Ike glowed over his fifth star. When Ike told me about the promotion, I asked him, "Is this part of your master plan?" and he said, "You bet it is."

The battlefield victories were coming thick and fast. We had crossed the Rhine. The Germans were on the run. When we heard that Hitler had killed himself, we knew it was just a matter of days before the Germans gave up.

Finally, at 2:41 in the morning of May 7, the Germans surrendered—unconditionally—in our headquarters at Reims.

Ike's office was full of people that day. The photographers rushed in to take pictures. Then, just as suddenly, it was empty again. Ike sighed, "I suppose this calls for champagne," he said. There was no triumph in his voice, none of the elation he had shown when *(continued)*

Journal Shopping Center

FASHION: YOUR NIGHT TO STAR

PAGE 90: HALSTON ORIGINALS 100% silk chiffon strapless gown and shawl, $560.00, available at: Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; Neiman Marcus, all stores; I. Magnin, all stores.
ACCESSORIES: K.J.L. earrings.

PAGE 91: ANTHONY MUTO for MARITA sparkled polyester chiffon toga over side-slit Dacron matte jersey dress, $140.00, at: Bonwit Teller, N.Y.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Woolf Bros., Kansas City; I. Magnin, all stores.
ACCESSORIES: T-strap shoes by Delman.

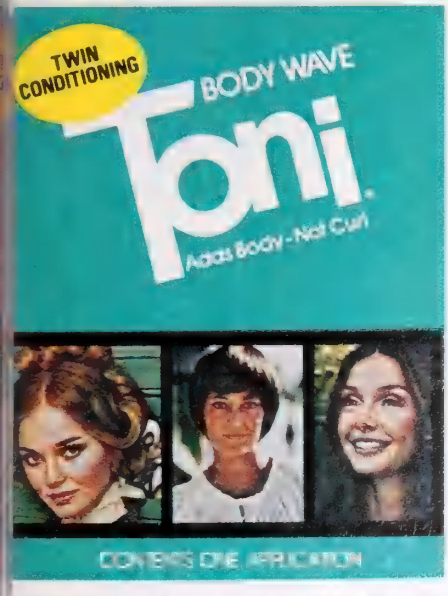
PAGE 92: JEANNENE BOOHER for DAVID MORRIS front-wrapped halter dress in polyester matte jersey, $78.00, at: B. Altman, N.Y.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Byk's, Louisville; Hudson's, Detroit; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Hovland-Swanson, Lincoln, Neb.; Sakowitz, Houston; J.W. Robinson's, Southern California.
ACCESSORIES: Rings, earrings and gold cuff bracelet by K.J.L.; Hanes pantyhose.

PAGE 93: HOLLY'S HARP evening pajamas in rayon matte jersey, $405.00, available at: Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores; Neiman Marcus, all stores.
ACCESSORIES: Glittery bow earrings by K.J.L.; rhinestone bracelet by La Cracia.

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PAST FORGETTING

continued

the photographers were there. Now he was alone with his wartime family. We drove back to the chateau where he lived in Reims—there were about ten or 12 of us—and drank champagne and discussed the events of the last few hours until dawn. It was a somber occasion. No one laughed. We had won, but victory was not anything like what I had thought it would be. There was a dull bitterness about it. So many deaths. So much destruction. And everyone was very, very tired.

"Let's take in a show," the General said a few days later. "Something light. A comedy or a musical. I'd like to go to London. Everyone else has celebrated VE-Day. I think we should, too."

"Grand," I said. "When do we leave?"

John Eisenhower was in Reims for a few days then, and on Tuesday morning Ike, John, aide Jimmy Gault, General Bradley and I took off for London. We went straight to Telegraph Cottage. Ike's golf clubs were still in the closet. "Goddammit," he said. "I'd like to try that thirteenth hole again." We walked to the golf course and played a couple of holes. We were pretty rusty. It was more than a year since either of us had swung a club. On the way back, we passed our favorite rustic bench. Ike took my hand. "Come on, let's sit for a few minutes."

That bench held lots of memories for us. Some happy. Some sad. We had done a lot of talking, sitting there hidden from the house by the shrubbery. This was the place where a long time ago Ike had told me about a great tragedy in his life: the death of his firstborn son, Icky, of scarlet fever.

Now Ike asked, "Do you remember what we talked about the day you brought Telek back from the kennel?"

"About having a baby?"

He took me by the shoulders. "Would you like it as much as I would?"

It was my turn to nod.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, darling. I am very sure."

"Then I'm going to try my damndest," Ike said. "That's all I can say. But I want you to know I'm going to try."

Actually, I was not too sure what he was talking about. Did he mean that he would try to get a divorce? I don't know. I want to think so. He was not a man to make careless promises. He always weighed his words. But he was very elated on this personal, very private VE-Day celebration of his, and I think that a lot of things had been going through his mind since the Germans had surrendered. I think he realized that he had to make decisions about the rest of his life. We had come to the end of the life we had shared for so long. There were a lot of adjustments to be made.

There was no more time to talk. Lunch was served and then it was time to leave for London. I didn't want to leave and I said so. "We'll be back," Ike said. I took one last look around the house and started down the walk. "Kay," he called, "can you come here a minute?" I went back in the house to see what he wanted. "Come here," he said, stretching out his arms. "You've never given me a victory kiss."

The next item on the celebration agenda was a buffet supper in General Bradley's suite at the Dorchester. Ike had invited my mother to spend the evening with us. John was there. A box had been reserved for the General at the theater. John sat on Ike's right and I on his left. General Bradley and my mother sat behind us. I had been dubious about sitting beside the General in such a public place and had suggested that I sit in the second row, but Ike said, "Come on, Kay. This is where I want you."

We settled ourselves very quietly, but people recognized the General and the word got around in seconds. There were cheers and everyone clapped and whistled. I don't think Ike had realized how popular he had become. He was a bit surprised, and very, very pleased.

Supreme Headquarters was moved to Frankfurt about a week later. Life in the aftermath of war was very strange. Ike was always flying off somewhere in Europe to be given a medal or a degree or some token of appreciation.

Then he left for the United States. He was America's hero, after all, and the nation wanted to honor him. We had discussed this trip. After my appearance with the General at our victory celebration in London, the gossip had become a factor to be reckoned with. The fact that my mother had accompanied us seemed to add fuel to the fire. There was plenty of gossip around headquarters, too. Butch had understood our special relationship for some time now, but he never said a word. And the WACs with whom I lived were discretion personified. But for everyone else, or so it seemed, Ike and I were the number one topic of conversation.

"How about it?" Ike asked. "I'm going to be busy, but you liked New York. This might be a good time for you to get to know it better."

"No," I said. "It would be a mistake." He didn't argue the point.

When Ike went off to the States in his Flying Fortress, I went off in his C-47 to spend a few weeks on the Riviera.

The next big event for General Eisenhower was the Potsdam Conference at which President Truman met Britain's new Prime Minister Attlee and Stalin. Toward the end of the conference, President Truman came to Frankfurt. Ike spoke with him about my becoming an American citizen. "I think it's going to work out," Ike told me. "There should be no difficulty." *(continued)*



"Now we owe them *a boring evening."*



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PAST FORGETTING

continued

I wanted to be an American citizen very badly. There was no other way that I could see for me to stay with Ike. It would be ridiculous to expect that the U.S. Chief of Staff, in that holy of holies, the Pentagon, could have a personal aide who was a British subject. And it was definite that Ike's next post would be Washington and that he would succeed General Marshall as Chief of Staff.

One day, Ike started to make a list of all the decorations and presents that he had received. "Where's that cigarette case that de Gaulle gave me?" he asked.

"It's in the safe," I told him.

"Let me see it."

I unlocked the safe and drew out the fine leather box that held the cigarette case. He opened it. "It's pretty, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's fabulous."

"I'd like you to have it, Kay," he said unexpectedly. "I'll never be able to give you anything like this and I'd like to think of you having it. The sapphires match your eyes."

He smiled that loving smile at me and I just did not know what to say. I would have loved that cigarette case. Not only because it was beautiful and valuable, but because it was a present from the man I loved. But I could not accept it.

I looked at Ike and my face got red. "Ike, I can't take it," I said. "Please. It wouldn't be right. I'd love it. But I can't."

He sighed. "I wish you would. It was a personal gift. I can see no reason why I can't give it to you. Kay, darling, please take it."

"I can't," I said. "I just can't."

"Okay," he nodded. And we went on with the list of honors and gifts.

One day we went riding. Afterward we went back to Ike's house—and then relaxed with a drink in front of the fire in the library. Ike got up and closed the door. "Come here," he said and I went right to him. "I've got a surprise for you," he said as he gave me a lot of little kisses. He told me that it had been arranged for me to become an American citizen. I had to go to Washington to take out my first papers. I was terribly pleased. I had been worrying that it might not have worked out, although naturally I had not said anything to Ike about it. More than anything else, I wanted to stay with Ike, work with Ike—and dream of a time when we would be free to love each other openly.

"I told you I'd work it out," he said. We were standing, our arms about each other. I kissed him. "I know you did. And I'm very happy."

We sat there on the sofa making daydreamy plans for the future, kissing, holding hands and being quite indiscreet for the rest of the afternoon. Never in all the time I had known him had I had to hold Ike back. He had always been very circumspect, but this afternoon he was an eager lover. The door was closed and I knew that nobody would be walking in. This was quite a formal household in Germany, not like the villa in Algiers or the cottage. People did not burst in and out of rooms here. A closed door would never be opened.

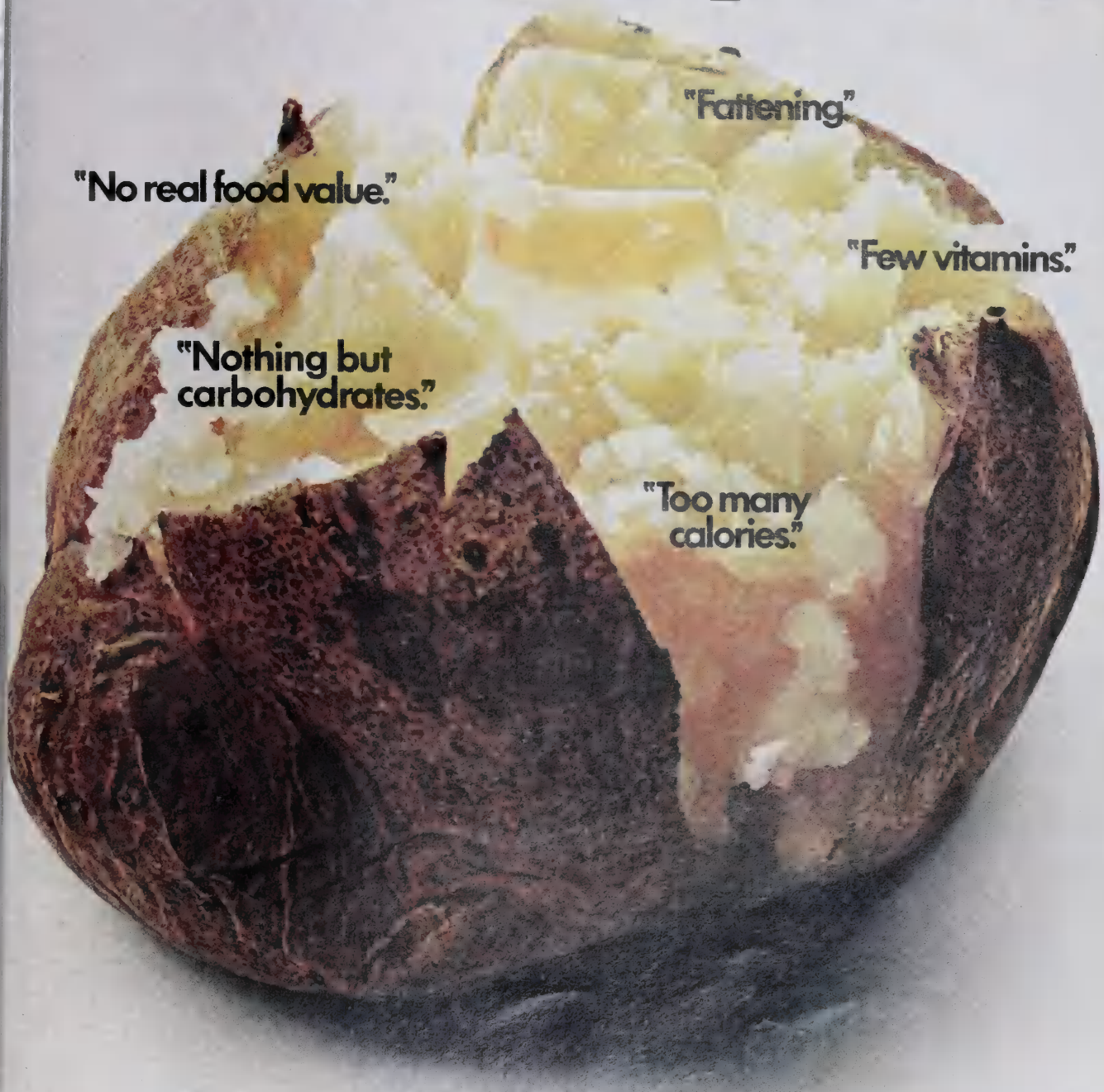
The fire was warm. The sofa was soft. We held each other close, closer. Excitedly. I remember thinking to myself the way one thinks odd thoughts at significant moments, wouldn't it be wonderful if this were the day we conceived a baby—our very first time. Ike was tender, careful, loving. But it didn't work.

"Wait," I said. "You're too excited. It will be all right."

"No," he said flatly. "It won't. It's too late. I can't." He was bitter. We dressed slowly. Kissing occasionally. Smiling a bit sadly.

"Comb your hair," he said. "I'm going to ask them to serve supper in here." When I came back from the bathroom, there was a small table in front of the fire—a bottle of white wine in a cooler, some chicken and a salad. We drank and ate and talked. The door was closed again. It seemed as if Ike had decided that he no longer cared what anyone thought or said. It was strange after all our years of discretion, *(continued)*

Lies, lies, lies.



To be perfectly honest, our headline should probably say, misconceptions, misconceptions, misconceptions. But whatever you call them, there have been a lot of not-too-nice and not-too-true things said about potatoes.

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PAST FORGETTING

continued

but there had been a lot of changes in our lives and I liked this change.

There was none of the embarrassment between us that we had felt that night so long ago in London. We were such a comfortable old couple by now that we were able to talk about what had happened. Or had *not* happened.

"It's not important," I told him earnestly. "It just takes time, that's all. And I'm very stubborn. You've said so yourself."

"I know you are," he said, "but I'm not sure that you're right." There was no point in arguing with him, I thought. Only time would show him that he was wrong.

Two weeks later I left for Washington in Ike's Flying Fortress. Everything went smoothly. On the return trip I sat there, willing the plane to go faster. I was terribly anxious to get back.

There was a bit of shock waiting for me when I arrived in Frankfurt. Ike was packing. "I'm going to Washington tomorrow," he told me. President Truman had asked General Marshall to undertake a special mission to China. That meant Ike was needed to take over in the Pentagon immediately. "It's just for a few weeks, though," Ike told me. "I'll be back and we'll both be leaving for Washington around the first of the year."

We had dinner together that night. People were coming and going all evening. The next morning we kissed each other goodbye in the office. "Hurry back," I said, and jokingly added, "I mean hurry back, *sir*," and I saluted.

"Christ!" Ike said. "If you ever expect to work in the Pentagon, you'd better learn how to salute."

Every night before I went to bed, I practiced salutes in front of the mirror, eager to surprise Ike when he came back.

The last entry in my office diary for 1945 was on Saturday, November 10. It read: "1:30. E leaves for Paris en route to U.S." After that the pages are blank. Ike never came back. I never showed off my snappy salute. Nothing was ever the same again.

If I had known that I was saying a final goodbye, that we would never talk together again in our easy, familiar manner, that our hands would never touch again, that our eyes would never meet again in the same meaningful way . . . if I had known. . . . Well, I don't believe that it would have made any difference. The tears would have come sooner, that's all.

There was not so much to do after the General left. Odds and ends to finish, files to sort out. Then we heard that he was ill, so ill that the doctors said that he would not be able to fly back to Frankfurt when he got out of the hospital. A cold had almost turned into pneumonia. We were notified that the General's personal staff should be ready to leave for the States in ten days. Almost immediately after that, a Telex came in from Washington saying that I was dropped from the roster of those scheduled to leave for Washington. There was no reason given.

For a moment I thought that Ike must have decided he wanted me to come on ahead of the group. Either that or he wanted me to stay behind for a few days to take care of his personal business. But no. There were no substitute orders. There were no messages for me at all.

I was stunned. It took nearly an hour for the truth to sink in. The General did not want me to come earlier—or later. I was here and he was there. I felt like throwing up. And I felt like crying.

I left the office very quietly and went home. I went to my room, closed the door, lay down on my bed *(continued)*

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PAST FORGETTING

continued

and stared at the ceiling. What had *happened?* There must be some mistake. I went over and over everything—everything Ike had said, everything I had said, everything we had done and said since we first encountered each other—searching for a clue. *What had happened?*

Finally I cried. And cried. "You're a bloody fool," I told myself. "Tears won't help."

The next morning I remembered what Ike had said—"activity helps"—and decided to go riding. It helped. The next morning I was back at work.

General Lucius Clay, the Deputy Military Governor, told me that he was very eager to have me work for him in Berlin—running the VIP guest house. "Ike has told me how good you are with people," he said. I thanked him for asking me and said that, of course, I would be delighted to take it on.

Any sneaking secret hope I might have had that the whole thing was some ghastly mistake was killed when I received a letter from the General. It had been dictated. It was quite impersonal. He said that it had become impossible for him to keep me as a member of his personal official family. The reasons that he gave were that there would be opposition to anyone who was not a completely naturalized American citizen working in the War Department and that also, it appeared that I would be discharged from the WACs immediately upon setting foot in the United States. Of course, there could be no question of a civilian working in the War Department. I could not understand. It seemed to contradict everything that we had been talking about for so long. There was a handwritten postscript saying that he was in bed and taking medicine constantly. The postscript ended, "Take care of yourself and retain your optimism."

I read and reread the letter. I looked for hidden meanings. I looked for something personal. He had written that he was distressed because he could not come back to give me a detailed account of the reasons I could not come to Washington. I told myself, however, that I should not misinterpret this or read something into it. Ike was always very courteous.

I packed up my things and Telek and I went to Berlin, where we stayed for almost a year. There I got over the worst of the hurt. I decided that perhaps my future lay in the United States. A transfer was easily arranged. I had a lot of leave coming, and since it seemed as if everybody I had worked with during the past three or four years was now in Washington, that was where I went. I had a marvelous few weeks there. I was in and out of the Pentagon a lot, seeing old friends. It would have been ridiculous not to say hello to Ike.

I took Telek along with me. It was a strange experience. The General stood up to greet me as I came in the office. I stopped and let Telek off his leash, and he ran straight to Ike after all those months and rolled over on his back, paws in the air, to have his stomach scratched. Ike got all red and it was not just from bending over to scratch Telek's tummy. We chatted for a few minutes. Ike seemed concerned about my plans. I told him that I thought I might stay in the WACs a bit longer to find out if I really liked the United States as much as I thought I did. And then I would probably look for a job in New York.

"Good, good," he said briskly. "That sounds sensible. If there's anything I can do to help you about the job, I hope you will let me know."

I thanked him. He had written a recommendation for me months ago that had been forwarded to me in Berlin. Addressed "To Whom It May Concern," it described my work during the war.

(continued on page 166)

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THE MIDAS TOUCH

continued from page 85

Both real and artificial materials are used to create a golden centerpiece, but you must be sure to select non-perishables—things that will not decompose after they've been gilded. Keep in mind, too, that shape and texture are important in a one-color arrangement. Almonds, Brazil nuts, filberts in their shells, as well as the walnuts we show; and stale breads that have good shapes or textures: round, braided, seeded loaves, rolls and bagels, as well as pretzels and breadsticks of various sizes. Use plastic fruits, vegetables and eggs—or glass nest eggs, or the blown out shells of real ones. Paper, fabric, plastic or dried flowers (honesty, Japanese lanterns, statice and baby's breath), dried grasses, seed pods, branches with leaves (eucalyptus, for example), dried gourds pinecones, all look effective when turned to gold.

Baskets seem to be the most suitable containers because of their woven texture, but you'll find the old-fashioned, thin wood berry baskets, miniature "bushel" baskets, oval mushroom baskets, plain brown paper bags and small size paper shopping bags look 14 karat when sprayed gold.

You can, if you wish, spray each element of your gold centerpiece separately, before you compose the arrangement, but that is necessary only when elements will be loose as are the artichokes and peppers spilling from the paper bag; most can be arranged completely, including paper doilies and ribbon bows, and then sprayed. Stuff baskets with crushed newspaper, then layer eggs or nuts on top, gluing them in place. When a loaf of French or Italian bread is too long to be pleasing in your composition, cut a bit off the end that is hidden in the basket and use toothpicks to pin breads together and hold them in place. When arranging flowers or dried materials, fill the basket (or a plastic container that will fit into the basket) with florist's clay, which will hold the stems firmly, then cover the clay with a layer of sphagnum moss. So that bounteous harvests of fruit or vegetables can be moved without disturbing the arrangement, compose the centerpiece on a sheet of heavy illustration board, glue them in place, then with a single-edged razor blade, cut the board to the shape of the arrangement.

Before spraying your centerpiece, read the directions on the can and follow them. It will take several thin coats to cover, and be sure that undersides of flowers and leaves have been sprayed with paint.

REGAL WRAPS

continued from page 87

CROCHETED POUCHES

MATERIALS: Reynolds Feu d'Artifice (20 gr. ball). For the small bag, 2 balls; for the large striped bag, 1 ball each of 3 or 4 colors. (Note: no bag requires more than 2 balls of color combined.) Steel crochet hook No. 0 or size to give gauge.

GAUGE: Using two strands of yarn, 9 sts = 2"; 5 rows = 2".

(continued)

The Bacardi rum cake. When people aren't eating it, they're talking about it.

We've received so much mail from people all over the country, it seems safe to say that the only one who doesn't like the Bacardi rum cake is the mailman! Here are some typical comments.

ELEGANT FLAVOR AND OUT OF THIS WORLD TEXTURE. GREENWOOD, ARK.

It was quick to make . . . AUSTIN, TEX.

Great! Moist! Tasty! OLEAN, N.Y.

All my friends and relatives liked it MARKESAN, WIS.

Fabulous. Have made three. WILLIAMSPORT, MD.

Delicious Party Cake ANAHEIM, CAL.

Wonderful Flavor. PARADISE, CAL.

****! MIAMI, FLA.

Excellent. Gave recipe to friends. Now they're all making it DARIEN, CONN.

BACARDI® rum cake

Cake:
- 1 cup chopped pecans or walnuts
- 1 18½-oz. pkg. yellow cake mix
- 1 3¾-oz. pkg. JELL-O® instant vanilla pudding mix
- 4 eggs
- ½ cup cold water
- ½ cup Wesson® oil
- ½ cup Bacardi dark rum (80 proof)

Glaze:
- ¼ lb. butter
- ¼ cup water
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup Bacardi dark rum (80 proof)

Preheat oven to 325°F. Grease and flour 10" tube or 12-cup Bundt® pan. Sprinkle nuts over bottom of pan. Mix all cake ingredients together. Pour batter over nuts. Bake 1 hour. Cool. Invert on serving plate. Prick top. Drizzle and smooth glaze evenly over top and sides. Allow cake to absorb glaze. Repeat till glaze is used up.

For glaze, melt butter in saucepan. Stir in water and sugar. Boil 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir in rum.

Optional: Decorate with whole maraschino cherries and border of sugar frosting or whipped cream. Serve with seedless green grapes dusted with powdered sugar.

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BACARDI® rum. The mixable one. Made in Puerto Rico.

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SMALL BAG

Base: Rnd 1: With 2 strands of yarn, ch 15. sc in 2nd ch from hook and each ch across. end 3 sc in last ch; working on opposite side of ch, sc in next 12 ch, 2 sc in last ch, join with sl st in first ch: 32 sc. Increasing 4 sc evenly spaced at each end of each rnd, work 3 rnds more: 56 sc.

Body: Rnd 5: Ch 1, working in back lps only, hdc in each sc around, join; 56 hdc.

Rnd 6: Ch 1, hdc in each hdc around, join. Repeat rnd 6 eight times more.

Eyelet Rnd: Ch 1, hdc in first 2 hdc, * ch 1, sk 1 hdc, hdc in next 3 hdc; repeat from * around, end hdc in last hdc, join.

Next Rnd: Ch 1, hdc in each hdc and in each ch-1 around, join.

Repeat rnd 6 twice. Fasten off.

Drawstring: Make 2. With 4 strands of yarn, ch 62. Fasten off. Begin at end of eyelet rnd, weave one drawstring through eyelets around bag; knot 2 ends together. Begin at opposite side, weave 2nd drawstring through same eyelets; knot ends together.

LARGE STRIPED BAG

Base: Rnd 1: With 2 strands of yarn, ch 19, work same as rnd 1 of small bag; 40 sc. Work through rnd 6 same as small bag; 64 hdc. Continue as for small bag, striping as desired, until 16 rnds of body are completed. Work eyelet rnd and last 3 rnds same as small bag.

Drawstring: Make 2. With 4 strands of yarn, ch 70. Fasten off. Finish same as small bag.

VELVET CASES

Make these cases of dress velvet; it's exactly the right weight and available in a wide range of brilliant colors. Scale the dimensions of the cases to the zipper lengths available and to the size of the gift you're going to put in it.

Use the zipper foot of your sewing machine and a heavyweight needle. Use threads of the proper color and size for the fabric, and be sure to test machine tension before you start to stitch; adjust if necessary. Pile fabrics slip, so basting is a very necessary step.

For each case, cut two pieces adding 1½" to length and width of each. If the finished case is to be 7" x 7", cut the sides for the case 8½" x 8½".

Make welting to match or contrast the color of the case. Cut lengths of ¼" cable cord a few inches longer than is needed to go around all four sides of the case (for a 7" square case, you'd cut 30" or 31" of cord). Cut 1½" wide bias strips of velvet the length of the cord. (Find the bias of the fabric by folding one end of the length from the corner diagonally so that the cut edge is even with the selvage edge of that same side; the diagonal fold is the bias of the fabric.) Fold the bias strip, right side out, around the cord with the raw edges meeting. Pin, then baste close to the cord. Adjust the zipper foot and machine stitch close to the cord. Remove basting stitches.

Pin the welting to the right side of one side of the case. Start at a corner, with the corded edge of the welting facing the center and the raw edges matching the cut edges of the sides of the case. Clip the seam allowance on the welting at each corner for a sharper, neater turn. Splice cording where ends meet, turn under and stitch the overlapped raw edges of the welting. Baste welting around all four sides, making sure that it is particularly secure at the corner where welting is joined.

To insert zipper, fold under ⅝" along one edge of the other piece you've cut. Pin the fold along the top side of the closed zipper, covering the teeth; baste along the under edge of zipper teeth; machine stitch. Remove basting. (This will be the placket that conceals the zipper.) Open the zipper full length and place the unstitched zipper tape right side down along the seam allowance of the welted side of the case, with the zipper teeth meeting the stitch line of the welting. Baste, machine stitch close to the teeth; remove basting. Close the zipper and you will have the two sides of the case joined at the center with a zipper. Open the zipper halfway (so that when you have stitched together both sides of the case, you'll be able to open the zipper fully and turn the case right side out), fold sides of the case together, wrong side out, with edges and corners meeting. Pin, then baste around all edges. Machine stitch, starting at the closed end of the zipper, and continue around the case ending at the open end of the zipper. Stitching should be very close to the cording. Remove basting, trim seam allowance. Turn right side out.

A TREASURY OF RIBBONS

continued from page 83

One of the prettiest and most lavish ways to say "Christmas" is with a length of ribbon (the more the merrier) to tie an arrangement up with a bow or two. Use them around everyday things like pitchers, goblets, footed bowls, cake stands, as we have done on pages 82 and 83, emphasizing various glass containers and holders. Any material will do: pottery, wood or whatever is at hand. Look around your rooms and picture several objects banded with ribbon and how pretty and seasonal they'd make a room look without too much trouble.

To hold those lavish ribbon bows and bands in place on the containers they decorate, use double-faced masking tape. Be sure to cut band of ribbon (like those decorating the neck of the carafe) just a bit longer than needed to go around, then turn under the raw cut end where they join.

Boxes covered with ribbons, or small pillow of ribbons are made by first stitching ribbons together in a pattern. For pillows, two patchwork ribbon sides are joined together, then stuffed, just as in making any pillow. For boxes, coat with adhesive, then cover with the ribbon patchwork.

THE PRINCE & THE PRINCESS

continued from page 89

Although inspired by the decorated baby blankets on pages 88 and 89, the royal wrapping for your little prince or princess should be your own creation, made in colors you prefer and with trimmings applied in a design of your own devising.

You may use a twin size, 66" x 90", washable sheet blanket (New Caprice by Fieldcrest) as we did, or a 45" x 60" baby blanket (non-thermal) and line it with 2¾ yds. o 45" wide fabric. You'll need an assortmer of washable trimmings—embroidered ap pliqués, colorful ribbons of various width ruffled lace or eyelet edgings for girls; ap pliqués, braids, fringes, striped ribbons an tassels for boys—but quantities needed wi depend on how and where they are place on the blanket. To estimate yardages o trimmings, add together the length and th width of the blanket and multiply by two To this measurement (45" + 60" x 2 = 210"), add from four to six inches for ruffle edgings and fringes so that you can gathe them a bit at corners so corners won't lool skimpy. For ribbons and flat braids that ar applied as bands, add four times the widtl of the ribbon or braid so you can miter th corners of the band. Divide this total by 3 to find the number of yards you must pur chase. Although you will need six yards o any trimming used around the outer edge of the blanket, slightly less will be needed of those placed two or more inches in from the edges. If you have chosen an expensive trimming, you may want to estimate exactly To do this, multiply by four the number o inches in from the edge the trimming wil be placed, and deduct this number of inches from the 210" total, then add allowances for mitering and divide by 36.

Carefully remove the binding from the blanket. From the sheet blanket, cut two 45" x 60" baby blankets. Since the cut edges of these blankets are apt to ravel as you work, turn under ¼" around all four sides of each, baste to hold and press smooth. Set one aside to use as a lining when you've finished trimming the other. Pin trimmings to the right side of the blanket, and when you've achieved an arrangement you like, stitch them in place. Braids and ribbons applied as border bands should be mitered at the corners. To miter, carry the band out to the end of the length it is to cover, fold it back on itself, then at a 45-degree angle, so that the outer edge of the band is even with the fold beneath and the inner edges meet neatly in a right angle. When the band has boxed all sides and you reach the corner where you started, simply fold the end of the band diagonally from the outside corner to the inside corner; cut the band, leaving a slight turn under, and stitch it down.

If you are edging the blanket with a ruffle you may not want to stitch down the outer edge of the outermost band until you've basted the heading of the ruffle under the edges of the blanket, so that you can stitch on the ruffle and stitch down the band at the same time. Whether you do this depends on whether the heading of the ruffle is a decorative one that you'd apply over the edge, or a plain band that should be hidden beneath the edge.

The last step is the lining of the blanket. It must be fitted carefully so that both layers are absolutely smooth. If you do not own a cutting table, spread a bedsheet on the floor. On the sheet, smooth out the trimmed blanket, trimmed side down. Stretch the lining out over the blanket, right side up. Pin, then baste the lining to the blanket before stitching the lining in by hand.

We have specified a washable blanket and trimmings because we feel that all baby's things should be launderable. Since some trimmings are washable only in cold water, we suggest that the blanket be laundered with a cold water soap. **End**



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PAST FORGETTING

continued from page 162

The General said that my outstanding characteristic was "reliability" and that I had an "engaging personality."

I told him that I would not call upon him for help unless it was absolutely necessary, but that I appreciated his offer very much.

And then I stood up and said "Goodbye." He asked me to drop in again with Telek. "Any time," he said. "I can alw find a few minutes." And I did b Telek back once or twice.

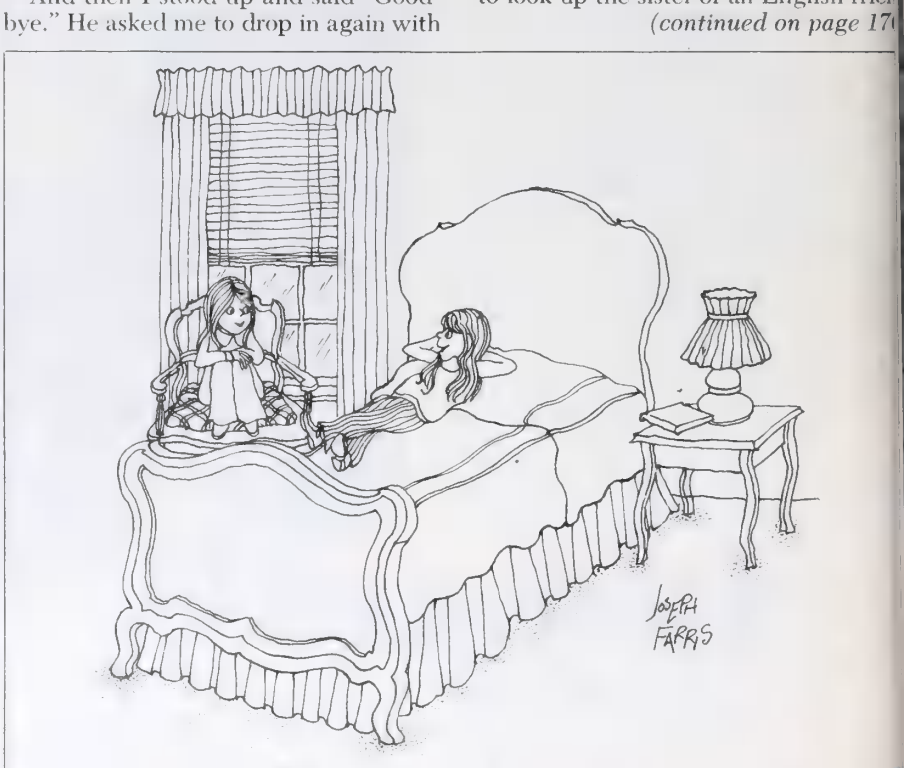
I soon got my new orders. I was s to California, assigned to a small pul relations unit. It was terribly dull applied for my discharge and hea straight for New York.

For the first time since I was a y young woman in London, I spent days sleeping late, having my hair do lunching with friends, going to cock and dinner parties and dancing all nig Weekends, I would visit friends in country and play bridge and golf. I v happy.

Then one day I picked up the pa and saw that General Eisenhower h been appointed president of Colum University and would be moving to N York. I had thought I was complet over the affair. I was having a v good time and had two quite attenti men friends, one of whom I was marry a couple of years later. But t newspaper story—well, my hands w shaking when I finished reading it. started thinking about Ike all over aga There was nothing I wanted more th to see him and talk with him. I w obsessed with the idea. I missed h bitterly.

I started haunting Columbia Univ sity. I would take the subway up to t campus, go through the iron gates a walk around. Finally one spring mor ing I ran into the General as he walk through one of the gates leading on the campus. He was very surprised see me. And I acted surprised, too. had a story ready. I told him I was the to look up the sister of an English frie

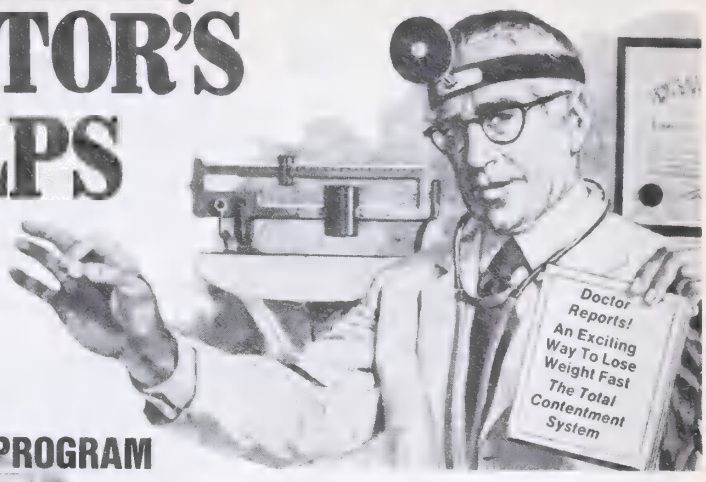
(continued on page 17



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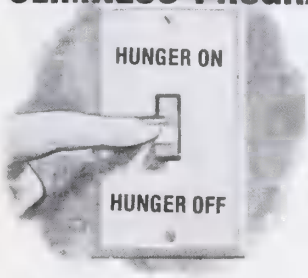
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YES! NOW LOSE 20, 30, EVEN 40 — OR MORE POUNDS, AND KEEP IT OFF FOREVER!

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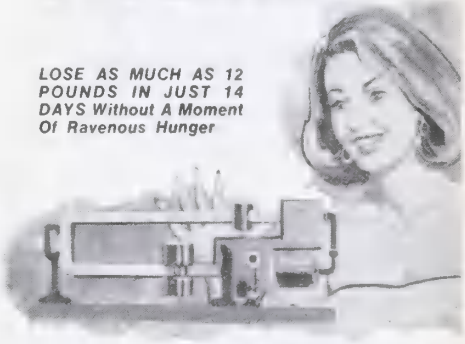
LOSE up to 4 to 6 inches off your waistline
LOSE up to 3 to 4 inches off your hips
LOSE up to 3 inches off your thighs
LOSE up to 4 inches off your buttocks
LOSE up to 4 inches off your stomach . . .

instead of torturous diet . . . instead of brutal exercise . . . instead of battling your will-power . . . you just take medical science's new TOTAL CONTENTMENT PILL as part of this "lifetime slimness program". SHUT DOWN YOUR OLD ENEMY, HUNGER — SHUT OUT FAT-BUILDING CALORIES . . . and for the first time ever, actually make yourself DEFEAT FAT BUILD-UP FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE — as long as you take an oath to faithfully follow this proven road to LIFETIME SLIMNESS!

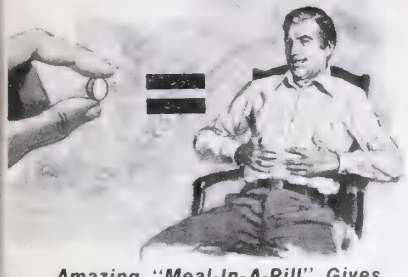
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So if you are seriously determined to transform your body into a new slim, trim you . . . if you've finally made up your mind that never again will you suffer the problems or embarrassment of overweight . . . if you want to see pounds and inches vanish from sight and stay vanished forever faster than you ever dreamed possible . . . in short, if you want to take advantage of this exciting medical plan that combines both a doctor's pill and program that makes lifetime slimness not a hope but a living reality . . . then take advantage of the no-risk offer described below.

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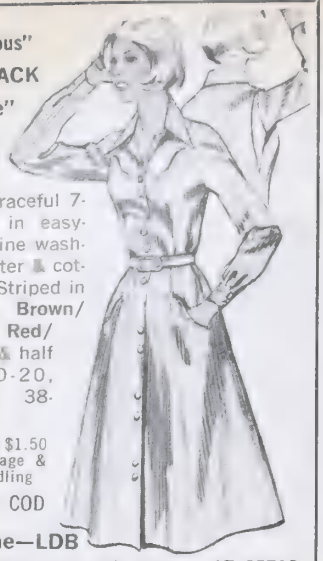
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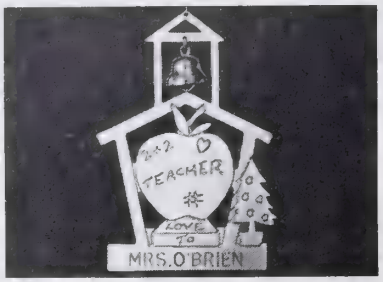


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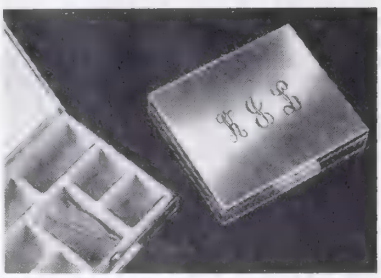
LYNN HEADLEY—EDITOR



Thank you, teacher!
Charming schoolhouse ornament of solid brass has a real bell and engraved with teacher's name. A nice way to tell teachers how much their giving throughout the year is appreciated. Print name. $1.50 each. 6 for $7.50. Add 50¢ p&h. Vernon, LDJE, 510 So. Fulton Ave., Mt. Vernon, NY 10550.



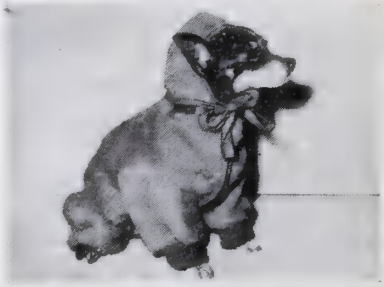
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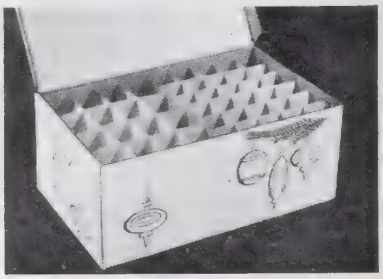
Pierced earring case
Smart looking brass case has 7 velvet-type compartments in two sizes. Comes with tiny tongs to pick up your precious earrings with tender loving care. The size, 2¾x2½x½", makes this case ideal for travel and trips as well as everyday use. Engraved with 3 initials (specify). Case. $4.95; 2, $9.50. Bruce Bolind, Dept. LH12, Boulder, CO 80302.



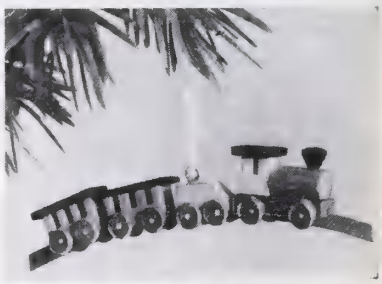
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You can safely store all your holiday decorations in this sturdy ornament organizer. Houses 92 ornaments (3 different sizes), 8 sets of lights plus room for under-tree items. Hand holes make easy toting. 27x17x12". Comes flat. Easy assembly. $8.95; 2 for $17. Bolind, LH12, Boulder, CO 80302.



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Goebel angel bell
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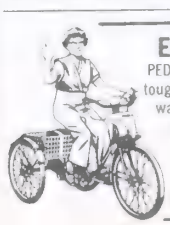

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PAST FORGETTING

continued from page 166

of mine who was in the graduate school. I am afraid that he did not believe me. He looked very bothered and after a few minutes, he said, "Kay, it's impossible. There's nothing I can do." He sounded terribly distressed.

I looked at him. There were tears in my eyes, but I tried to smile. "I understand," I told him. And I did. We had had a fabulous relationship, but it was over. Completely over.

After that I made a determined effort to put him out of my mind. And I more or less succeeded. One gets over everything. Time really does heal the wounds.

I went to England to spend the summer with my mother. When General and Mrs. Eisenhower visited London, Mummy said, "We should ask them for tea or drinks. The General was always so very hospitable." So I wrote a note to the Dorchester, where they were staying, saying that my mother and I would be very pleased if the General and Mrs. Eisenhower could come by for drinks.

There was no reply.

A few days later, a young major appeared. He introduced himself and said, "Well, I came around because General Eisenhower asked me to take you out for a drink."

I said, "Oh, that would be lovely."

We talked and it turned out that we had several mutual friends. Finally he said, "Kay, the General is really on a tight leash. He is not his own master." He told me a bit about how Ike was always surrounded by political people who practically dictated his every move. The General had obviously sent him to tell me there was nothing he could do.

I felt rather comforted that the General had cared enough to send this major around to see me. To me it was his way of letting me know that I still did mean something to him.

I wrote the General when I married Reginald Morgan, and Ike sent me a very sweet note wishing us happiness. From that time on, there was no contact whatsoever between us. I followed his activities on TV and in the newspapers. When he was elected president, I was so proud of him.

But somehow, there were always memories coming back to haunt me. I'd hear that old favorite song of mine, "I'll See You Again," and think of the time he had played the phonograph record to surprise me. It was a rather sweet sadness. There was one time that was very bad. That was when Telek died.

That Scottie was 17 years old when death finally caught up with him. One morning he staggered as he got up and fell down. He tried to get up again, but just could not manage. The vet had told me I must expect this.

I picked Telek up, put him in my lap and talked to him. I told him how much he had always meant to me, how much I had loved him. I talked to him about Ike. I told that poor, tired Scottie how much Ike had liked him. I reminded him of how he used to ride in the car with us. I suppose it was a bit silly, but Telek knew that I was loving him. I let my voice and my memories surround him. I wanted him to feel comfortable, loved and secure. Then I put him on my bed, buckled his little tartan coat around him and carried him to the veterinary.

"Please put him to sleep," I said, and burst out crying.

Such a gallant little dog. Such a faithful, loving friend. It hit me very hard. It was not just Telek's death I was mourning. He had been my last link to Ike, the man I had loved more than anyone else in my life.

I could never get used to the idea that the General was getting old. I always saw him as he was in 1945. Then I would see a picture of him in the paper and think, "Oh, God, I can't believe it!" With each illness, he seemed to shrink a little. During his final illness, my heart ached for him. It was so cruel. I felt relieved when he died. He had suffered far too long. And I had the feeling that he had craved the peace of death.

And that is the story of the Eisenhower affair.

Do I regret anything? No, truly not. I cried a lot of foolish tears. I was hurt. But I have no regrets. It was all perfect. A few regrets, perhaps, for what might have been. But it could not have been.

The General was a very ambitious man. While I think he might have been happy if, somehow, we could have found a way to spend the rest of our lives together, I do not think that he would have been able to respect himself if he felt that he had gained a measure of personal happiness by giving up the privilege of serving his country.

That is why when I read about the letter that the General was supposed to have written to General Marshall, saying that he wanted to marry me, everything seemed to make sense. It may have been all right for King Edward VIII to turn his back on his empire for the woman he loved, but with the General, duty would always come first. He told me once that if there are two paths a man can take, both of them honorable, then all things being equal, he should take the path along which he will do the most good and inflict the least hurt. And that, I believe, is what he did.

So let there be no more whispers. No more speculation. This is what happened. All that happened. We were two people caught up in a cataclysm. Two people who shared one of the most enormous experiences of our time. Two people who gave each other comfort, laughter, love.

Now that I am very near the end of my life, I have a strong sense of being close to Ike again. It is almost as if he were looking over my shoulder as I write. Laughing now and then. Saying, "Christ, I'd completely forgotten about that." Or, "Oh, that was a great day. Didn't we have a good time that day!" And right now he's saying, "Goddammit, don't cry." **End**

On January 20, 1975, Kay Summersby Morgan died of cancer of the liver. She was 66 years old.



"This year, let's just send cards to the cats that send cards to Muffie. Okay?"

